



GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

Official Publication of God's Missionary Church, Inc.
Penns Creek, Pa.

"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it." Psalms 68:11.

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No. 4

A CHRIST-FILLED CHRISTMAS TO ALL

We take this opportunity to wish each reader of the **STANDARD** a spiritual Christmas-time, when the joys of that Season will mean much to hearts who are longing for His glorious Second Advent! May you also have a blessed New Year if Jesus tarries!

Rev. Thomas E. Frantz, Editor

Rev. Marlin E. Moore, Associate Editor

Miss Eva Bailey, Business Manager

The Guiding Star

Rev. George I Straub

"When they had heard the king, they departed and, lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Matthew 2:9, 10.

We have come to the time of the year when our attention is drawn to the story of Christmas. Old as this story may be, it is ever new in the appeal it makes to the human heart, as it goes far beyond the purchasing of gifts, the shining lights, and the sounding of church chimes.

Christmas is the fulfillment of an Old Testament prophecy: "There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel." (Numbers 24:17). The Prophet Isaiah looked across the years with telescopic vision and penned these words, "For unto us

a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulders: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace, and of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end." Isaiah 9:6,7. Isaiah was at a loss for words to express the greatness of his vision and revelation of the One Who was to become the world's Redeemer. However, enough has been said to let a lost world know that His greatness goes beyond human comprehension.

To the Apostle Paul he was the "Unspeakable gift." Peter said He would produce "a joy unspeakable and full of glory" to those who make their acquaintance with Him.

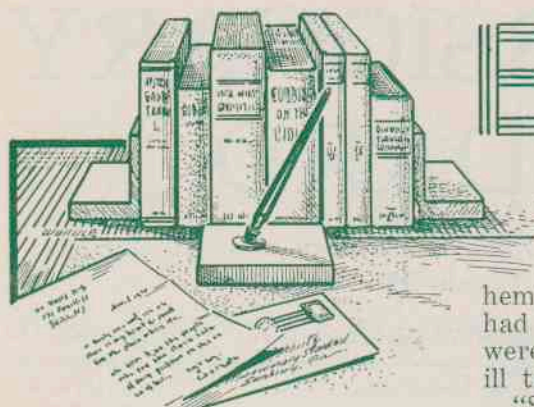
Christ's birth was marked by a super-natural light in the hea-

vens. To the wise men of the East it was a guiding star and a signal that the Star of Jacob had arisen upon the world. It was this light and star that set speculation astir in the hearts of these astronomers and wise men and caused them to seek and search after the newborn King. God has never lacked the means to guide earnest seekers, as He goes the limit to assist hungry hearts who are interested enough to put Him first in their lives. Every follower of Christ must be willing to do what these wise men did: forsake friends and home to follow the light, as "Christ is that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." John 1:9.

Had these men taken the attitude that the journey was too far; the way too rough; look what it will cost; measure the sacrifices, etc., they would have missed out on the greatest blessings of their lives. These things cannot be considered nor compared in the light of eternal values, as God's Word declares, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 1 Cor. 2:9. Is it not true that men will not earnestly seek Christ until firmly convinced of the unsatisfactory nature of other things. The merchant mentioned in the parable of the pearl of great price did not give up his possessions nor sell all until first convinced his all and all could be found in the pearl, which symbolizes the Christ, the Gospel, and its benefits.

The same holds true with every sinner: He must first see himself in the light of God's Word, and then, as the wise men, with faith

(Continued on page 10)



God's Christmas Gift To The Whole World

By Thomas E. Frantz

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Matt. 2:11.

Trying to put one's self into that First Christmas finds one admiring the (1) **Job of the Shepherds**—Shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night." Matthew 2:8. These were common men, men acquainted with toil and long hours; "Abiding in the fields," almost their second-home out there in the wilds of the hill-country of Judea. (2) **Joy of the Angels**—singing in chorus over the hills the songs of Christmas, "Peace and good will toward men." (3) **The Journey of The Wise Men**—How many miles they came we will never know, and their journey was made with danger and much expense. Yet that came! Lew Wallace in his book, "Ben Hur" describes the stir in the courtyard of Herod and in the small, narrow streets of Bethlehem when the three milk white camels crossed the brook and came into town. And yet...all of the above fades when we consider the Miracle Birth, and the Child which was God's Christmas Gift To The Whole World.

A Birth of Lowliness

He who had companions of Divine Creation in His Glory was made to pillow His head with the beasts in the barn where He was born. The lowly cattle and sheep of that enclosure never had such an illustrious guest as they had that very night, the night when Christ was born! When Bethle-

hem discovered the Prince of Peace had been born in their midst, they were, doubtless, ashamed at their ill treatment of the Son of God.

"Swaddling Clothes" of the poor were made to shine with regal splendor because of the Divine One Whom they encircled. A lowly manger, filled with hay, had never taken on such a glow of glory as this one, because of the Divine Parsonage Who slept there. Appearing thus to the common folks: "Unto you is born this day..." Christ made it plain He was concerned about the poverty, loneliness and obscurity of the Shepherds.

A Birth of Lordliness

The angel had well described His coming Kingdom to Virgin Mary, saying, "With God nothing shall be impossible," (Luke 1:37) as "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Luke 1:35.

The angel also said to Joseph: "And thou shall call His Name Jesus (Saviour) for He shall save His people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

The gifts of the Wise Men testified also of His Divinity. "Gold"—type of Divinity or Kingship. "Frankincense"—spices used in the Presence of Kings. "Myrrh"—embalming spices, telling of His Divine Mission to Calvary. The attitude of these Wise Men also testified loudly of His Lordship: "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his Mother, and fell down, and worshipped HIM." Matt. 2:11. Wise Men, possibly princes of their own native lands, bowing to but a mere babe! Note, also, their questions to Herod: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His Star in the East, and are come to worship Him?" Matthew 2:2.

EDITORIAL

Thomas E. Frantz...

A Birth of Life, Eternal LIFE

"Born that men may never die, born to give us second birth," says writer of the sacred Christmas song. "Immanuel, God with us," gave hope through His coming (Continued on page 10)

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The Bulletin Board—Items of Interest to All

The annual Camp Meeting will be held on the grounds at Hobe Sound, Florida, February 7-17, 1963. Workers: J. Percy Trueblood, Glenn Griffith, H. E. Schmucl, Kenneth and Lillian Knapp will be in charge of the singing. God has graciously blessed these meetings and we solicit your earnest prayers for a great outpouring of the Holy Ghost this Winter. Hobe Sound is located between Stuart and West Palm Beach on Route 1. Bring bedding. Write: H. Robb French, Route 1, Box 115, Hobe Sound, Florida.

Stamps for Foreign Missions

Used stamps from packages and letters, carefully removed and not torn or mutilated, can be preserved and mailed to: Mrs. Evelyn Hoy, Rd 1, Milroy Pa., to be used to help send the Gospel to India.

Preachers' Convention At Millmont

Rev. M. J. McCleery of Titusville, Pa., will be the speaker at the Ministers' Convention at the Millmont Church on Friday, Dec. 28, 1962. Services at 10:00 a.m.; 2:30 p.m.; and 7:30 p.m.

—Rev. Marlin E. Moore, Reporter

Western Zone Youth Sing Christmas Songs

Friday night at 7:45 p.m. on December 17 the youth of the Western Zone will meet at the Church in the Valley at Milesburg for a Christmas Carol Sing. Last year's service was a special blessing. Plan to attend this year!

Flash! Subscription Report! Extra

As the December issue goes to press (November 5) we can report nearly a hundred subscriptions in the present campaign. Among the high reporters are:

Zerby Church.....	40
Allenwood Church.....	13
Herman Noll.....	10
Milesburg.....	16

Others have sent in several, and the count is not accurate at this writing. Remember NEW subscribers are what we are looking for in this drive. Renewals will

also be accepted, of course, but our main theme is to enroll NEW readers in the fold of the Standard Family! Letters, cards, communications have reached us from all over the United States telling us of their appreciation of the paper, and we want to do our best to keep it going out in the same way. Preachers, help us with your quota arriving soon at the Business Manager's office.

The time is short. What we do, must be done quickly.

New Phone Number

Rev. H. Ray Styers can be reached at Millheim exchange, Dickens 9-8777. He can be addressed at Rebersburg, Pa. Brother Styers is open for supply work, and will do an acceptable job, to be sure.

Victory In Zerby Revival

God is blessing and rewarding in the Zerby congregation of God's Missionary Church for the faithfulness of the past months, perhaps years, of breaking up the "fallow Ground" and the sowing of Gospel seed. The prayers of the saints and the faithful ministry of the Word by Evangelist M. J. McCleery of Titusville, Pa., We rejoice with the Church, and those who have taken the Will of God for their lives. No less than four families have been deeply moved by the Spirit of God. Some have discarded their jewelry, Television, have been moved out, and others are still making adjustments as they walk in the light. This causes the whole Church to rejoice, and the fires of revival burn throughout this area, for



which we praise the Lord. God is still in the business of saving those who will take His way. We press the battle with renewed courage, praying for Divine Wisdom to Shepherd God's flock safely toward and into the Eternal fold. We truly say from the deep of our soul with the Psalmist, "He sent redemption unto His people: He hath commanded His covenant forever. Holy and Reverend is His Name."

—Rev. Marlin E. Moore

Zerby Has Record Sunday School Attendance

On a recent Rally Day the Zerby congregation reports 143 in Sunday School. May God bless them!

General Rally Report

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." Matt. 9:37 b and 38.

This passage of Scripture was the basis of a soul-stirring message brought by Sister Gordeuk to the Missionary Crusaders at a General Rally in the Pleasant View Chapel on October 29. The need of praying until God comes and revival fires sweep our communities was presented. Young and old alike were challenged to consecrate all to Jesus Christ so that they might be used to Him in this great task of soul winning. A dedicated Communist will sacrifice more for the spread of Communism than a Christian will to spread the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, or so it seems! We claim to have the best thing this side of God's heaven. We do have. Salvation is the greatest thing we can receive in this life. Therefore let us begin to act like it by being a consecrated soldier of the cross. To do nothing would be tragedy. How can we be a Christian and not serve the Lord? We must be willing to pray and do whatever the Spirit of God bids us to until we see the Kingdom of God advance.

The above is just a glimpse of the truth that was given to the more than 165 Crusaders who were privileged to attend this rally.

—Rev. Alvin Shaffer

The Queen of The Purple Locks

By FRED T. FUGE

Songs of Solomon Chapter 7:5-6

- 5 Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.
6 How fair and how pleasant art thou O love, for delights!

This strange little text may not seem quite so strange when I tell you that the purple of ancient times came nearer to blood color than to what we know as purple today. Indeed, the most wonderful purple dye in all the ancient world was the blood of little shellfish called "Murex," and found in abundance along the coast of Tyre and Sidon, and the shores of the Red Sea. These little creatures were killed by the millions, and their blood sold at a high price in all the ancient markets.

The old Grecian and Roman kings used the blood of Murex to decorate their crowns, embellish their robes, adorn their palaces, and beautify their chariots of state. They gloried in the blood of Murex, and set the death penalty on all outside of royalty who dared to use it.

The fish was captured, and the large vein in its neck opened, and all its blood taken from the body. This of course resulted in a martyred death for the glory of others. At first the blood of Murex looked like cream, but the longer it was exposed the richer and more brilliant it became. Under the strongest test, even when subjected to lye, it would never lose its glorious color. Thus, it became the most wonderful purple dye that the world had ever known.

It was in the decorations of the Tabernacle of Moses. The High Priest wore it in his holy robe, and in his High priestly girdle. King Solomon used it in the canopy of his chariot of state; and dressed in the same royal purple, his wonderful bodyguard.

It was the only purple recognized by God. After all, it was nothing more or less than martyred blood, the blood of creatures that had died, or were killed for a great and noble cause.

Now, it may be more readily understood what Jesus is here al-

luding to, when He tells His Bride that the Hair of her head is purple; it is an allusion to persecution, suffering and death.

He had just told her that her head was like Mount Carmel! That is, her head was fixed, settled and steady, with no crazy notions, wild schemes or fanatical plans. Her head was devoted to God and His Holy Cause, just as great Mount Carmel was, when heavenly fire descended upon it and consumed the sacrifice. Foolish notions crooked schemes and foolish thinking had gone! And, like Mount Carmel standing high above the Mediterranean, looking proudly down on the tumbling tossing Kishon river rushing madly to the mighty sea, so the Church with sanctified heart and holy head, stands high above this madly rushing world.

Mount Carmel is fixed and unchanging. The wild and windswept sands of the desert may rage about its summit, and the stormlashed waves of the great sea thundered about its base, but still Mount Carmel stand undaunted and unchanging. And for Christ to tell His Church that her head was like that glorious and God-honored mountain, was a compliment indeed!

But HE carried the picture farther by telling her that her hair is purple, stained with martyred blood, as His hair and beard was when dying on the cross. She had



"And the angel said unto them, Fear not for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Luke 2:10, 11.

gone the way He went, she had been baptized with His baptism and shared in suffering and death similar to what he had suffered.

Here then, the persecuted and suffering Church stands in the presence of her Lord and Master eulogized and complimented for all she had suffered for His name. The Queen of the Purple Locks is the Church on earth changed to the church in Heaven, to be honored by her Lord on earth He kept count of every hair in her flowing locks, and at last in His divine presence with the marks of battle upon her, to receive His blessed commendation. Below she suffered, but above her suffering will be over. In the presence of His glorious Church brought home from the far-flung battle-lines on earth, Christ stands captivated. It states here that the King is held in the gallery, just as some earthly king sits in the golden gallery of his royal theater, held spellbound by some wonderful picture on the screen. So Jesus Christ, the King of Heaven, is literally held fast, spellbound in the golden gallery of the skies—while His Church marches in from her bloody trail below to honors and rewards above. In thousands of cases she has gone through flaming fire, and sailed through bloody seas. Therefore, I sound no false alarm when I speak of the Church of Jesus Christ as the Queen of the Purple Locks.

I Asked The New Year

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,

Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;

I asked, and paused; He answered soft and low:

"God's Will To Know!"

Will knowledge then suffice, New Year? I said;

And ere the question into silence died,

The answer comes, "Nay," but remember, too,

"God's will to do!"

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"

And once again the answer sweetly fell:

"Yes! This one thing, all other things above,"

"God's Will to Love!"

—Anonymous

The Old Year And The New

Rev. G. W. Ridout—
Corresponding Editor

Life is a dream, says the poet.
Life is a voyage, says the sailor.
Life is a fight, says the soldier.
Life is a struggle, says the toiler.
Life is a task, says the teacher.
Life is a religion, says the Christian.
Christ's conception of life was: I came to do the will of him who sent me.

To Paul, at the end of the journey, he thought of life as a fight, a course, a faith, hence he said, as he anticipated his martyrdom, "For I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." 2 Tim. 4:7.

The poet sings of it thus:
O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Let our future days not fail in holding a steady, persistent faith in God.
Like Job in the fiery furnace of affliction, may we be enabled to say,
"Though he slay, I will trust him."
Then it is good to constantly keep before us the guiding, governing, providential blessing of God, so that we may sing:

I know not what awaits me.
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes arise.
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

As we look back and take a review of the old year we find wonderful proofs of the Providence of God, we sing about it.

His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all, with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

I think the best hymn on Providence in the hymn book is Cow-

per's: "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Three verses sing thus:

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Jehovah Jireh "The Lord will provide," are beautiful words. Abraham came down from the mount where he went to sacrifice Isaac singing these words, he was bringing Isaac back with him; he was full of joy because the Lord had provided another sacrifice.

Amanda Smith, colored evangelist of other days, tells of a debt of \$50.00 which she was praying about. She was a servant in a home in Lancaster where a certain friend of the family was visiting. One day he went to the bank to change a bill and got three hundred dollars in three one hundred dollar bills; thinking he had put the bills in his pocket, he came back to the house and passed through the kitchen and in some way the roll of bills was found on the kitchen floor after he left and was picked up by Amanda. Going to the barber shop the gentleman found that his money was gone; 'twas now dark; he got some boys with a lantern to look along the street for the money. He said he would give \$50.00 if the money was found. When he came into the kitchen Amanda asked about the trouble. He said he had lost \$300 and would give \$50.00 of it if found. Amanda handed him his roll of bills and he passed to her \$50.00 she had been praying for. This happened in her servant days before she became a nationally known evangelist.

As we study the life story of great men of the church who wrought wonders for God and the kingdom, we meet with many examples of God's providence.

In reading the life of George Mueller, I noticed a reference to Psalm 37:23. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," and a notation is made thus: "And his stops also." How often we want God to order our steps but fail to ask him about our stops. Reading recently of Luther I recalled again that very providential thing which happened to him on his way back from the diet of Worms, 1521. Luther was captured while riding through a wood and carried by devious ways to Castle of Wartburg, where he was held captive by his friends for his own safety, and it was here he began his translation of the Bible in the German language best understood by the people. The Pope raged against him and ordered his books to be burned, but in translating the Scriptures he started a fire in Germany that brought on the great conflagration known as the Reformation.

As we contemplate another year we think with gratefulness of those words of Moses in Deut. 33:25: "As thy days so shall thy strength be," and I think, in connection with that scripture of another one found in 2 Cor. 12:19: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

"I heard it when starting the voyage of Life;
I heard it in calm days, I heard it in strife.
My grace is sufficient, My grace is enough,
When anchored in harbor when tempests are rough.
"My grace is sufficient! I know all thy need,
I know all thy labor poor, weak, bruised reed.
But lo! I will strengthen, and make thee my rod:
My grace is sufficient, for I am thy God."

As we contemplate another year of life with its responsibilities and privileges, its duties and trials and tests, its vicissitudes manifold, how blessed to be able to say with Psalm 31:15: "My times are in thy hand." If our times are in God's hand we are at his disposal and he may choose for us our places and our calls.

And as we look ahead into the weeks and months of the year be-

(Continued on page 6)

THE JOURNEYS OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL—A BIBLE STUDY

Church In The Valley, Milesburg, Pa. Rev. Thomas E. Frantz
Study No. 9 (See Gen. 25 and 26)

In the last study we found the willingness of Rebekah to go with Abraham's servant on the long, tedious journey from Mesopotamia to Canaan, and the journey now is drawing to a close. As the camels come close, Isaac, the Son of Promise, is out in the fields meditating and praying, and anxiously awaiting the return of Eliezer, the servant. As they draw nigh, Rebekah sees the man ahead, and—leaping from her camel—she asks the servant his identity. "And the servant said, It is my Master." (Gen. 24:65). This, then, was the bride's first glimpse of her companion. What a parallel between this meeting and that of the Church when she meets the Saviour, the spiritual Isaac! As a sign of submission to the will of her husband-to-be, Rebekah covers herself in a veil, just so the Church is in complete submission to Christ!

After Isaac had been re-assured by Eliezer that this was his proper bride, and that she was indeed a virgin, and being "briefed" on all the events that had transpired in Mesopotamia, he is introduced to Rebekah by Eliezer, possibly, as the Church will be presented to the Master by the Holy Spirit of God. Little is said of their marriage, but we can assume it was a happy affair, for in that day the "marriage feast" was much a part of the events. Let us quote some descriptive and informative words from Dr. William Smith's Bible Dictionary:

"We now come to the wedding itself; It is probable, indeed, that some formal ratification of the espousal with an oath took place, as implied in Ezekiel 16:8 and Mal. 2:14. But the essence of the marriage ceremony consisted in the removal of the bride from her father's house to that of the bridegroom or his father. The bridegroom prepared himself for the occasion by putting on a festive dress, and especially by placing on his head the handsome turban (Isa. 61:10) and a beautiful crown (Song of Solomon 3:2) he was re-

dolent of myrrh and frankincense and 'all the powders of the merchant' (Cant. 3:6) The bride prepared herself for the ceremony by bathing. (Ruth 3:3; Ezekiel 23:40; Eph 5:26, 27). The distinctive feature of the bride's attire was the "veil" a light robe of ample proportions, which covered not only the face but the whole person. This was regarded as a symbol of her submission to her husband (1 Cor. 11:10). She also wore a peculiar girdle, named Kishshurim, the 'attire' which no bride could forget (Jer. 2:32); and her head was covered with a chaplet. If the bride were a virgin, she wore her hair flowing. Her robes were white (Rev. 19:8), and sometimes embroidered with gold thread (Ps. 45:13,14) and covered with perfumes (Ps. 45:8)."

Dr. Smith further tells us that when the hour of the wedding had come, the Bridegroom set out from his house together with a group of attendants and musicians, with persons going before bearing flaming torches. "Having reached the house of the bride, who with her maidens anxiously expected his arrival (Matt. 25:6) he conducted the whole party back to his father's house, with every demonstration of gladness (Ps. 45:15). On their way back they were joined by a party of maidens, friends of the bride and bridegroom, who were in waiting to catch the procession as it passed (Matt. 25:6). At the house a feast was prepared to which all the friends and neighbors were invited (Gen. 29:22; Matt. 22:1-10; Luke 14:8; John 2:2), and the festivities were protracted for seven or even fourteen days (Judges 14:12)." Now the couple entered into direct communion, having been conducted to their bridal chamber as the last part of the ceremony. A honeymoon of one year was enjoyed by the happy couple! This was possibly a picture of Isaac and Rebekah's own wedding, and a spiritual view of the Church's Marriage!



Bethlehem's King

*There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire
While the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a King!*

*There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire
While the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a King!*

*In the light of that star
Lie the ages imparled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Ev'ry hearth is aflame,
And the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations
That Jesus is King!*

*We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down thro the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely
Evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle
Our Saviour and King!*

—Josiah G. Holland



The Old Year And The New

(Continued from page 5)

fore us we must look Godward and Heavenward. We might cry in the Apostle's language: "Who is sufficient for these things? and have the answer come back, "Our sufficiency is of God." 2 Cor. 3:5.

"No confidence in self, for we are weak and frail,
But in the living God, who will—
who must prevail;
So we can rest in Him, and know
that He will be
Our Confidence and Guide, until
our Lord we see.



Missionary Message

Christmas in Mission Lands

PHILIPPINES

By Flora Bell Slater

Down the street came a parade led by a band. In a long line, followed the marchers. They were not soldiers and tanks, not a mob threatening violence, not a political rally, nor some convention. The parade is a line of children carrying Christmas stars. The stars were of all sizes, colors, and shapes.

Each year the children make the stars in a contest at school, and prizes are awarded for the largest, smallest, most colorful, most delicate, most artistic, or most unique. The frames are made of slender pieces of bamboo, tied together with string, and then carefully covered by pasting small pieces of tissue paper or cellophane on the frame. Sometimes the star is enclosed in a huge circle of shredded paper and points of the star are hung with long, intricately-cut paper tassels. Some have candles burning in them.

No home, however humble, is without one or more stars. It is a lovely sight to see these beautiful stars outside and inside of every home and store. There is always one or more in a prominent place in all of our churches for the Christmas program.

How lovely and fitting that a star should be the emblem of Christmas. Perhaps it was the star the prophet Isaiah wrote of in chapter 60, verse 3, "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." Matthew records the fulfillment, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." The Christians in the Philippines are trying their best to help souls who are in the darkness of sin to see and to follow His star.

The custom of having godparents is prevalent in this country. Parents request their most influential friends or richest acquaintances to stand with them at the christening of their children. On Christmas day, dressed in the finest clothing that can be afforded, the children are taken to each godparent and each grandparent and relative to receive the gifts which have been prepared for the children. Your Pilgrim brethren are telling of the Gift which God sent from heaven and some are receiving Him as their own personal Saviour.

If it is convenient, the children of a family try to gather at their home for Christmas day. The exchange of gifts is not so prevalent, but all share in the

best food that can be provided in the home. Rice cakes, cocoanut sweet, special meat and fish dishes, and fruits are some of the special treats. Only a few have tasted of that Bread which came from heaven to feed the hungry hearts of men; but your brethren are sharing with all who will receive.

Long before Christmas arrives, organized groups begin to go from house to house, day and night, singing Christmas songs and carols. Strange to say, the most popular song is "Whispering Hope." It seems that the only reason is because of the phrase "Soft as the voice of an angel." But, sad to say, most of the caroling is done only to gain money. Some think that in giving to the singers they will earn merit. Others give simply



to get rid of them. Some groups earn many pesos in this way, but most of it is used for worldly pleasures and vices. It is for this reason that we Pilgrims usually do not carol. Those who have found the Saviour do have a song in their hearts and can sing the song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest."

One of the outstanding things in our Luzon district is the young people's convention held during the Christmas holidays. What a joy it is to see them gather in to study God's Word, tell of their victories, settle their calls, and find help for the needs of their souls.

Though millions about us know of the birth of Christ, only a few have found him precious to their hearts. It is our privilege to point them to a "light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your (their) hearts" (II Pet. 1:19).

MEXICO

By Nellie Carroll

Christmastime is here again and what a wonderful season of the year for young and old alike! It is a time of joy and gladness for our people in Mexico because nearly two thousand years ago, Jesus was born in Bethlehem. When Simeon saw the child Jesus, he said he was "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." This Light has, through consecrated missionaries and national workers, been taken to our neighbors South of the Border and truly it can be said of them, "the people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."

At this special time of the year, our people all want to have a part in the Christmas programs, so from the first of December, practices are begun. The little ones learn recitations and choruses which they proudly present on the night of the program. The young people and adults also have their part—singing—repeating Bible portions, and retelling this wonderful story of love. However, before the different numbers are presented by the people, the pastor gives a salvation message and invites all who do not know Christ as their personal Saviour, to open their hearts and let him come in.

One year, I attended the Christmas program in La Pimienta, one of our Aztec Indian churches. Everyone was very attentive during the message, and at the close of it, our hearts were blessed to see a number of people step forward to receive Christ in their hearts. After the altar service, they proceeded with the program with everyone taking part. Those who had been saved that night gave their testimony too, which was an extra number on the program.

After the program was over, we all went outside where we had a "pinata" for the children, with some of the young people even taking part in trying to break the clay pot blind-folded. Afterwards, little bags of candy and cookies were given to the children and we all partook of "patlache" a typical Indian dish especially enjoyed during the holidays. Many of our pastors and deaconesses are adept at making decorations, so the churches are all decorated, in one way or another.

The real meaning of Christmas, of course, is not found in Christmas lights and decorations, but in the hearts of our people. Sometimes I think perhaps our people in Mexico, and in other mission lands, really appreciate their salvation more, for they realize what it costs to truly follow Christ. Last Christmas was a happy one for our fellow

(Continued on page 9)

Whiter Than Snow

Flake by flake, softly
the snow came down,
Hiding the old earth
barren and brown,
Fluffy and soft, glisten-
ing and white,
Transforming the whole
world over night.

Once for the world, on
an old rugged cross,
Life-blood was spilled
at terrible cost.
For the soul dead in sin,
our Saviour did go,
That we might be trans-
formed, and be whiter
than snow.

—Marlin E. Moore



OUR PRAYER: A CHRIST-FILLED CHRISTMAS FOR ALL

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

*I heard the bells of Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of "Peace on earth, good will to
men!"*

*And thought how, as the day had
come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song,
Of "Peace on earth, good will to
men!"*

*And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth,"
I said,
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to
men!"*

*Then pealed the bells more loud
and deep
"God is not dead; nor doth he
sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will
to men!"*

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

"His Name"

*Wonderful that He should love me,
All unworthy, stained with sin;
Wonderful that He has saved me,
By His blood I am made clean!*

*Counsellor—yes, mine to guide me
When the way seems lone and
dim;*

*All His wisdom, mine for
asking—
All is plain when I trust Him.*

*The mighty God—no one above
Him,*

*Ruler of all things is He!
Glory—power—might—dominion,
Yet He knows and thinks of me.*

*And The everlasting Father—
With a Father's love and care;
Gentle, thoughtful, kind, forgiving
Watches o'er me, hears my
prayer.*

*Prince of Peace in a world of tur-
moil?*

*Peace, when there seems naught
but strife?
Yes, for when He dwells within
me*

Peace and joy fill all my life.

—John R. Martin

"Christmas Message"

*Over a scarred and war-torn world,
The message, still sweet and
clear,*

*Is ringing with hope and triumph
for those,
Whose hearts are attuned to
hear.*

*"Peace upon earth, the Saviour is
born,"*

*Yes, born, and He still lives
today.*

*With love that is strong and sted-
fast and sure,
Though evil may seem to hold
sway.*

*The din of no battle can ever
drown out,*

*The song that still rings through
the ages,
Nor fire extinguish the clear Word
of God,
or scoffer obscure its pages.*

*For the Bethlehem Star shines on
through the night,*

*Through war, with its anguish
and sorrow,
With peace for the heart and
strength for today,*

*And a glorious hope for tomor-
row! —Alice Mortenson*

Christmas in Mission Lands

(Continued from page 7)

Pilgrims in San Miguel, Oaxaca. This Christmas, in the Carrera family, seven members will be missing, because they refused to give up Christ out of their hearts, preferring rather to give their earthly lives, to live with him eternally.

It would be erroneous to say that all have received this Light. It is to these that we must hasten with the message, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" and again, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

As for the missionaries, Christmas is one time when we all plan to be together if possible. Since our churches are all pastored by nationals, we do not need to help with the program preparations, but of course, there are other duties which must be done and it is a busy time for us all. On Christmas Eve, we have a time of worship together and then open the gifts we may have received from relatives and friends and through the kindness of our churches and missionary societies back home.

Thank you for making our Christmas happier and a "Muy Feliz Navidad" to you all!

AFRICA

By John Blann

"Ndipa Klissmas"
Give me Christmas

What? Christmas already! It doesn't seem possible. We have the feeling that Christmas has slipped up on us in Rhodesia, Africa. There is such a multitude of duties and, then, the seasons in the southern hemisphere are different.

Yes, Christmas is here again. As we pause a few moments before the day's activities begin, we note with some measure of satisfaction that it is not raining, at least not as yet. The skies are overcast, and it might rain before the day is over, for the month of December marks the beginning of the rains.

Yes, yes, ndilaboola (I'm coming). Someone is knocking at the door. We are sure we know what is wanted. As we open the door, we are greeted with cries, "Ndipa Klissmas" (Give me Christmas). We have prepared ourselves for this by buying a quantity of hard candy packaged in small plastic bags. To each of the children we give some candy, and as they leave we admonish them, "Don't forget to come to the church when the bell rings for the Christmas service."

Several preceding Sundays we announced the regular Christmas day service to be held in mid-morning. This is a highlight in the lives of many of the African people. For many years the missionaries have given some small gift to all that come to the Christmas service. In recent years it has been a small bag of candy such as we gave to the children at the door.

At the appointed time we make our

way to the church and find that a few people have already gathered at the church. Along the church stand bicycles on which the young men have ridden. These are decorated with branches plucked from the trees.

By the time the last bell rings, the church is nearly filled with people from the nearby villages. More come in as we sing the first songs. Only a few of the familiar Christmas songs are translated into the Chitonga language so we do not have many from which to choose. But "O Come All Ye Faithful," "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," or "Silent Night," are among the songs sung before the prayer.

The special singing is of interest for it shows the initiative of local mission station teachers. The little ones from the elementary school sing, "Away in a Manger" in English. Due to the children's peculiar accent, we have to use our imagination a little to understand. The Christmas story is presented by some of the older pupils.

The main part, as well as purpose, of the Christmas service is the gospel message. And what more touching story of the love of God to mankind can be told than the story of the birth of our Lord. It is in this story that we have the meaning of missions, the reason for building churches, and the necessity of training ministers; in fact, all that we count as the work of God.

Some who attend this service may not be back again for another year. We pray that this message will strike deep within their hearts as an arrow that will pierce their indifference and lead them to him.

As we go back to the mission home, perhaps you wonder what kind of a meal those that have been to the service will be eating. If you had a chance to share with them, you would find that the meal is very simple according to our standards. Bread, jam, and tea with plenty of sugar are the special things they will enjoy. The bread, baked in a hollowed-out anthill, is coarse, in texture and tough in consistency; but is a treat to those who live mainly on corn meal porridge. Tea, made with water boiled in an iron pot over an open fire, does not taste of wood-smoke to those who seldom have food cooked in any other way.

Christmas may be celebrated in many ways by people of varying culture around the world. But, in this holiday season, let all of us give praise unto him who has made salvation possible for "whosoever believeth."



BARBADOS

By M. L. Peterson

In this gospel-enlightened area of the Caribbean, Christmas is a special day. It is a time to buy special articles for the house, and for months they have been saving up their meager earnings for these. To a very poor family it may mean the obtaining of a fresh new straw tick. To another it may mean a new chair or table made out of native mahogany.

Christmas always means the most appropriate time for a general clean-up of the premises such as scrubbing the bare floors with sand, varnishing and painting various pieces of furniture, patching up the palings around the house, and even brushing up the yard with a broom until everything looks neat and tidy.

As early as December 1, you will begin to hear familiar carols. About the middle of November the churches will begin preparations and practices for the important Christmas programs. Sometimes there will be one by the young people's society in addition to the customary one by the Sunday school. The people in the English speaking islands seem to have a great liking for reciting, making speeches, and utilizing ceremony for nearly everything.

Here is an interesting side light. Over in St. Vincent, just before Christmas, they have what they call "the nine-day walk." That is, for nine days preceding Christmas, the people, many of them, will arise about 2 a. m. and start out walking, just to be walking, to enjoy the Christmas breezes. They will usually keep walking until about day-break.

To witness the arrival of Christmas day in the West Indies is an unforgettable scene. As early as daybreak, the people begin to make their way to the places of worship.

By 5 a.m. the churches are well filled. Here the choir is heard singing the familiar carols and hymns of yuletide. In the absence of a choir, the congregation will join together in singing. How impressive it is to sit on the platform and look down upon the worshipers in their predominately black and white attire, hailing the new-born King in their traditional early Christmas morning service. The service is complete with an appropriate message. In many of the churches there will be another worship service at 11 o'clock which is again well attended. Then on Christmas night most of the traditional programs will be rendered.

We are thankful to God that we have Christmas in the West Indies. Each year we are made to wonder if we will have Christmas next year. As we observe present trends of godless communism, unless we soon experience a strengthening of our spiritual forces through prayer and effective evangelism, we may find it necessary to sing our Christmas carols under secret shelters with our lives constantly endangered. May God ever help us to be ready!

—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate

The Guiding Star

(Continued from page 1)

and confidence in the Star of Bethlehem go to seeking and walk in the way that leads to Calvary where peace and pardon is awaiting every penitent heart. It is quite likely these men met up with much opposition from friends, relatives, and even perhaps from the Church of which they were members, when they packed up for the long, wearisome journey to Jerusalem and on to Bethlehem. This is not unusual to hear the words of Matthew 10:36. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." None of us will deny the fact that it takes courage to bid farewell to the world, its pleasures and vices, in paying the price and seeking a place in His kingdom. Paul testified, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3:13, 14.

Perhaps one of the saddest things mentioned in the Wise Men's search for Christ is in Verse 3. "When Herod the king heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." Jerusalem was the seat and the headquarters of the Church and yet unable to assist these hungry seekers in finding the new-born King. We need not turn the pages of history back to those days of long ago to find spiritual ignorance as we have it all around us today, for churches that once served as soul-saving stations evade the teaching of the New Birth and the Holy Life. In many places the altar has been discarded, with the excuse that it is too embarrassing and humiliating to be seen kneeling before a congregation of people. This was not the Wise Men's attitude when they came to Christ, for witness the story in Verse 11: they fell down and worshipped Him. They could have set themselves up as great men, calling attentions to their degrees in Science and the Arts. Many are the seekers who go down before the Lord to tell Him how good they are, and what they have done, confessing they are in need of nothing from God. Rather than going away as they came, these

men declared: "We have seen his star in the East and are come to worship Him."

The disappointment the Wise Men met at Jerusalem could have brought their seeking to an end, as they lost sight of the Star, getting little or no help from the Church or its priests, since their religion was little more than form. The doctors of the law did give a bit of encouragement from the Old Testament promise: "And thou, Bethlehem in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel." This helped them in a measure as they felt their journey now was not in vain, but they tarried not with this group of religionists as they could be of little help to earnest seekers.

Both Herod and his people were upset over the visitors' testimonies. So, too, today it is remarkable what happens when people pray through and go to witnessing for Christ in the modern churches. This was too much for Herod as it upset him when these humble seekers told how far they had traveled to find a meeting where they could enjoy the presence of Christ. It didn't take long for the three Easterners to get straightened out and back on the way, once they separated themselves from those who where none other than blind leaders leading the lost and blind.

As soon as the men turned aside and departed, they saw the Star and it went before them, until it came and stood over where the young child was. The shining star lifted all doubts and question marks as it directed them to the very place where the Christ child lay. In the case of the Wise Men, God used a star to guide them to the One who is the answer to our many doubts, fears, and problems. Since the coming of the Holy Spirit it is not necessary for God to hang a star in the heavens to lead us to Christ, as Jesus said: "Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come He will guide you into all truth..." This is part of the office work of the Holy Spirit: to both lead and introduce the sinner to Christ.

Another feature that helped to make seeking easy for these men is the fact that they sought with determination. They had one goal

and that was Christ. When they found Him, they recognized His divinity, and worshipped Him as the King of Kings. During their worship service they gave Him their best, as this is revealed in verse 11: "And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh." They had put their very best into the service of God, and as a result of this they heard from heaven, as God spoke to them in a dream and forbade them to have anything to do with Herod or the dead religion at Jerusalem, but to return to their home "another way".

This is always the result of finding Christ, as it spoils one for the world and starts him out on another way. One of the greatest evidences of finding Christ is mentioned by St. Paul in 2 Cor. 5:17—"Therefore, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away, and, behold, all things are become new."

No greater blessing could come upon us at this Christmas season than for poor, wretched, sin-blinded hearts to give their lives to Christ and in return become the recipient of God's unspeakable gift, Christ the King of Kings.

God's Christmas Gift

(Continued from page 2)

in Bethlehem's lowly manger, that the "Tabernacle of God was with men," and that the hope of Eternal Life was fostered in His Birth.

"He shall save His people from their sins," gave hope to a freedom from the galling fetters of iniquity, which would grant unto all men everywhere, Eternal Life, if they would but give their hearts in surrender to this Babe!

Simeon said in the temple: "Behold, This Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel." Luke 2:34. If they "fall" down on their knees in repentance, they can "rise again" with hope eternal springing forever in their breasts. Anna "Spoke of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem," telling us there was a group of saints awaiting the news of the Redeemer Who would give them hope of Eternal Life. "He that believeth in me shall never die," said the Master in His Ministry, and, Brother, I believe it! !

A Fortune in Smoke

Julia A. Shelhamer

Mr. Roper returned from France after the War an inveterate cigarette smoker. His young wife tried her best to dissuade him from the use of the narcotic, but all in vain, so she dropped the matter. But one night when her husband came in from work he found her and their five-year-old baby Ralph sitting by the fire smoking. Mr. Roper was astonished and began preaching to her as she had preached to him. After some discussion, she agreed to let cigarettes alone if he would, until their child was of age. The money thus saved she was to put in the bank. Mr. Roper found the cords of habit hard to break, but he was determined, and through supernatural help he obtained perfect victory.

When Ralph became a senior in high school, he was strong and vivacious—possessed of sparkling health of body and mind. As a result he won great distinction in various contests. The newspaper gave him considerable notoriety. A Tobacco Trust sent a representative to talk with him and get him to sell his name for an advertisement. The offer was attractive—one thousand dollars cash for a statement that he owed his success to the use of a certain brand of cigarettes.

"But I don't smoke," answered Ralph promptly.

"That would be all right," said the agent consolingly, and explained that many of their best testimonials came from persons who would not smoke for any amount of money. Seeing that Ralph had a conscience against telling what was not true, the representative suggested to him that he should merely say, "I have never used any other."

"That might be true, still this is an implied lie," thought Ralph, so he would not consent.

The agent left, to return after the boy had thought it over. Ralph was alone, his books were before him, but his mind was too agitated to settle down to study. "One thousand dollars, that's a large sum for merely my signature. Besides I've just been wondering how I could get money for college next year. One thousand dollars! Quite an offer, but..."

He glanced up at a calendar which hung over his table, and read the words of the wisest man who ever lived. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." A good name! He certainly had that, but would he sell it? would he sell it for any amount? Alone with his conscience and his God, he decided for the right.

Later in the day Mrs. Roper entered the sitting room with a small bank book in her hand, and asked her husband and son each to guess how much it recorded. They had forgotten all about it, but each made a low guess. She shook her head.

"Then we'll raise it a little," said her husband. "Let's make it three hundred dollars."

Opening the book she placed it on the table before them.

"That's impossible, Mother," gasped the lad, as he stared at the figures before him. "It couldn't possibly exceed three thousand dollars in twelve years."

"I haven't attempted to check up on the bank's tabulation, but a bank statement is generally pretty accurate," she said.

"But you have added something to it," declared Mr. Roper. "Three packages of cigarettes per day would not cost three thousand dollars in twelve years."

"Just the interest has been added. Each month I have systematically deposited, in our savings account, our cigarette money on the basis of one package for each of us per day. The total, including interest, is now before you."

"Who would ever have believed it?"

"Now here are some more figures," she continued, as father and son sat dumb with amazement. The bargain was made for a period of sixteen years—or until Ralph is twenty-one years of age, you know. Four years of time still remain, and that will make it possible for him to graduate before any of us resume our expensive habit—even if we should want to do it," she added with a knowing smile.

"After we have deducted six hundred dollars per year for college, there will be left approximately twelve hundred dollars in the bank at graduation. With this balance, I propose that we do one

of two things: either make a first payment on a house and lot, or the three of us take a trip. I've always wanted to travel, and never had the privilege to do so; but this is one of my dream castles that may yet be realized, if everything works out all right."

"What is the annual cost of a daily package of cigarettes?" It was Ralph speaking.

"Fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents."

"That's one chain I'll never bind upon myself again," said Mr. Roper. "But here comes your visitor again, Ralph, and I think Mother and I had better let you settle your affair with him alone."

For several minutes Ralph patiently listened, while the agent argued, but he persistently held to his decision.

"I'm sorry I've kept you waiting so long," he apologized, "but my decision must stand."

"If you don't like my wording of the statement, suppose you write out one for yourself. I can't promise that it will be accepted, but I'll be pleased to submit it to the company for their consideration."

"Very well, since you insist, I'll do it." Then turning to the typewriter he inserted a sheet of paper and hastily wrote the following: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Folding the paper carefully, he placed it in an envelope, and as he gave it to the agent he said with a smile, "That's my final answer."



The Manger

*I've built a little manger,
Within my heart tonight
To welcome in the Stranger,
The Lord of Love and Right.
I've built a manger lowly
Where He may come and rest,
And here the Infant holy
Shall be my welcome Guest.
For many a door has turned Him
Into the evening gloom,
And many a voice has spurned Him,
Saying, "No room. No room."
I've made a little manger
Because I have no more.
Come in, thou blessed Stranger,
Possess it evermore.*

—Clarence E. Flynn

Picture on the Wall

(A Hospital Story)

Not a fine work of art; the keen critic would have pronounced it a daub. It did not cost much money and the frame was of plain, uncarved wood. But the picture told a story and told it well.

For the background a rough stone wall, above it a leaden sky; in the foreground a pale, sad-eyed weary looking girl had fallen on a stone bench and in her arms she held a sick boy, a white hand around his forehead just above the sunken, faded eyes. And just in front of them the Christ stood; the patient, eversuffering, ever-loving Christ. His hand, not yet pierced rested upon the head of the sick boy; and His eyes, so tender, so loving, so true, caught the upturned eyes of the lad, and in the faded eyes of the boy the light was beginning to come back.

The picture hung in a hospital on the bare, whitewashed walls. On a bed right opposite the picture, tossing in fever, wild with delirium, was a boy of the slums. Born of rum-cursed parents and tossed in the nervous arms of a drunken mother, the boy was born to the heritage of woe. He knew nothing of what the word "father" meant; he knew the "old man" well enough to keep out of his way; he carried marks of his cruel beatings on his face, and when fever came, the blue-coated policeman found him alone in the straw on the damp floor of his cellar.

They brought him to the hospital, and hands soft and delicate ministered to him, while the white-souled nurse trembled with fear at his oaths.

He grew better; the doctor said he would pull through.

One morning when the nurse came, and pulled up the blind to let the light fall upon his face, she said, "Shall I read to you?"

"No," said the boy, and his eyes sought the picture. "No, tell me about that picture; who is He?"

"He is the Christ," she said; and then with a prayer in her heart she told the story of His life to the boy, and as she closed she said, "Do you believe in Him?" "I believe in you," said the boy, and the next morning he said to the nurse, "Tell me more about Him."

How glad the sad-eyed nurse was to tell him. Her life had been one of trial, but now she was anchored in a haven of rest, and the Christ's voice had brought a calm to the troubled water of her life.

As she told the old, old story, the boy said, "You know Him, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "thank God, I do."



Where is Christmas?

*Christmas in India, do you say?
India scarcely knows the day!*

*Grieving for sins that are unfor-
given,*

*Toiling for peace and hope of
heaven.*

*Christ they know not, nor His
birthday fair.*

*Christmas? You never will fill it
there!*

*Christmas in Africa, dark and
old?*

*Ne'er in their ears was the story
told.*

*Buried so deep in their jungles
wild,*

*Nothing they know of the Christ-
mas Child;*

*Buried 'neath the burdens they
daily bear,*

*Coming of Christmas they know
not, there!*

*Christmas in China, grim and
grey?*

*Star of the East, with its gold
ray,*

*Gleams o'er their land, but they
see it not,*

*Low is their vision, their heart
untaught;*

*Filling their days with a weight
of care,*

*Christ and His Christmas they
know not, there!*

*Christmas is found at His cradle
stall,*

*There we must lead those who
find it at all.*

*Show them the Star beaming
bright on the way,*

*Cheering them onward to walk
in its ray*

*Up to His Cross and His love so
rare,*

*Christmas? Yes, surely they'll
find it there!*

—Nell R. Roffe

"And He loves boys?"

"He loves everybody."

"Rough boys like me?"

"Everybody."

And so, day by day, she talked of Him, and at last there came a time when she said again,

"Do you believe in Him?"

And he said, "I believe."

And two faces bathed in tears were lifted up to the picture.

The boy went from the hospital carrying next to his heart a small Bible, and in his heart the Christ.

As the years rolled on, the nurse thought often of the boy; but she was shut out from the world, and her hours were long hours, so she heard nothing of him. But when gray-haired and bent with age, she finally became ill, they brought her, at her request, and placed her on the bed opposite the picture of the Christ and the child.

She was fading away as a cloud at sunset is kissed by the dying sun into the glory of Heaven. Many came to see her; old people whom she had nursed back to life, children who loved her because her love had stood between them and death; the whitecapped nurses crowded around her, for her life had blessed them.

The gray light of a new-born day stole through the windows; all was still in that quiet ward; around the bed, dewy-eyed, stood the nurses, for she was dying.

A young clergyman had been called in from the next ward. He looked upon the face on the pillow, then his eyes sought the picture; then as he fell upon his knees he said, "Thank God."

"Who are you?" she said.

The eyes of the dying nurse sought his. Oh, how her face was beautiful with glory, not of earth, as she listened, for he said: "I am the boy to whom you told the story of the picture. My work is with the poor. We shall meet again."

"Lift me," she said.

"Ah," he whispered, "you lifted me."

His strong right arm lifted her up; together their eyes sought the picture. The first ray of the rising sun fell upon the face of the Christ, and when he gently lowered the dead face to the pillow he knew that she saw "face to face."

—Sel