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CONSTANT CHRISTMAS.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The sky can still remember
The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
The Saviour Christ was born.

And still in darkness clouded,
And still in noonday light,
It feels its far depths crowded
With angels fair and bright.

No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.

No eager strife of mortals,
In busy field or town,
But sees the open portals
Through which the Christ came down

O never failing splendor!
O never silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the grey earth strong.

Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.

O angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King.

Till we too, boldly pressing
Where once the shepherds trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of Blessing
And find the Son of God!

A DELEGATE'S EXPERIENCE.

DEAR COUSIN BESSIE:—I have had such a delightful experience lately, that I feel I want to tell you all about it. It seems such a funny thing for a little girl like me to be a delegate to a Missionary Convention—but such I was last month. One day at our Mission Band meeting our President, Miss Campbell, told us that the Woman's Missionary Society was going to hold a Convention in S——, a town a few miles away, and she wanted to appoint one of our Band members as delegate. Well, what do you think they did? They chose me. I was so delighted and excited about it, mamma said she was seriously afraid something would happen me before I got away, but nothing did, and Tuesday morning saw Miss Campbell and me safely on the train on our way to S——.

We went directly from the station to the church where the meeting was to be held, and found about one hundred ladies there before us. We were a little late and when we entered two ladies were conducting the opening devotional exercises. As I listened a great hush came over me for I felt there was One there whom we could not see.

There was a sweet-faced lady sitting behind a little table whom the ladies called "Madame President," and when the opening exercises were concluded, she asked the officers to come upon the platform. Then she brought forward and introduced such a dear, old lady, whom she said had at one time been President. She was so sweet I could not but think of my dear, old Grandmamma at home and wish I could see her. I would like to have gone up to the platform and kissed this dear, old lady, but of course this would not have been in keeping with the dignity of a delegate.