

1881



1895

Woman's Missionary Society

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* On furlough.

"THIS IS THE VICTORY, EVEN OUR FAITH."

N.B.—Communications for this Department post-marked after the 18th of the month will appear in following month.

N.B.—All subscriptions for the OUTLOOK must be sent to the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

N.B.—Certificates of Life Membership may be obtained by addressing Miss Ogden, Room 20, Wesley Buildings.

Editorial Notes.

ONCE more the glad season, bearing on its bosom its message of "Peace on earth, good will to men," has reached us. How we all love Christmas! What tender sacred memories cluster around the day! The sweet story of the Babe cradled in Bethlehem's rude manger; the Star in the East; the adoring Magi; the rich gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, never seem a more blessed reality than on this day of days

How near it brings us to God and heaven, and all things sacred. Gladly, yet reverently, we hail this holiday (holy-day) and attune our hearts in unison with the hour and its surroundings.

We pity infinitely the man or woman who can spend the day unmoved by tender thoughts past and present, to whom Christmas morning brings no recollections of Christmas trees and Christmas gifts, of visits from Santa Claus, of family reunions, and all the brightness and cheer that from time immemorial has marked the day. There is a woful void in the life of that one who knows naught of Christmas joys and Christmas cheer. Let us strive to make the day the *happiest and brightest one of the year* for our children. We well remember a simple little incident that happened in the gloaming of one Christmas day. A little three-year-old boy, tired out with play and happiness, was being tucked away for the night. We noted the quivering lips which had so lately been wreathed with smiles, then sobs, deep and heavy, shook the little frame. Upon an explanation of this sudden change being asked for, we were touched beyond measure to hear, "I am so sorry Christmas is over." Perhaps some of us older ones, though in less demonstrative fashion, have been privileged in being able to echo the same sentiment.

There may be some just near your own home who, because of the pitiless demands of poverty, cannot make the day, to all outward seeming, different to the ones preceding or succeeding it. Cannot you, to whom God has given so much, spare one ray of brightness out of your life to help lighten the heavy shadows surrounding theirs? Do not let us forget those whom God has surely delegated to our sympathy and attention. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Thank God for the blessed privilege of ministering to his needy ones; and if to do this our gifts to our own are of the simplest nature, and we may have to retrench in many ways, perhaps before unknown, let us do it cheerfully, gladly, because done for love of Him, whose advent upon our earth we could not commemorate in a more acceptable manner.

We would like to make a strong plea for a Christmas thank-offering from every member of our Woman's Missionary Society. Could we but spend one Christmas day as millions of our heathen sisters have spent it, and will spend it, methinks our missionary treasury might overflow with our thank-offerings. The day for them will be passed in one round of drudgery and degradation unspeakable; no rift in the heavy clouds overhanging their life, unless made by the Sun of Righteousness. Will you withhold your offering at this season to help speed the message of One who will "arise with healing in His wings," and carry balm to their tortured hearts. Let our earnest prayers accompany our gifts and the "windows of heaven shall be opened," and the heathen world shall be touched and reached, and the Spirit of the Lord will breathe upon it, and His command, "Let there be light," shall go forth as it did in the morning of the world's creation, and Christmas in its most holy, most sacred sense, will come to those who as yet know nothing of the day and its associations.