

strong backing and in prayer. She should not be compelled to bear your load and her own too.

And if you have no Band, talk the matter over both in and out of Circle. Pray about it. Write to our two Bureaus of Literature and to your Band Secretary. By the time you have heard from us all you will know what to do next. If you feel that you are the one the situation demands, meet it bravely and a great joy may be yours. For the contact with our young folks is a joyous business.

If each Circle will devote at least 15 minutes of its next meeting to prayer for our Bands, I believe the results would be far-reaching.

The boys and girls of today are our men and women of tomorrow. Let us do our part towards helping to train them as Christian leaders for the next generation. For our greatest need in all things worth while is Leadership.

Maude H. Withrow,  
Sec. of Bands.

### IN THE SHEPHERD STREET

It was a cool December day and in the cold season in India the people are usually late getting up in the mornings. So when a little after seven o'clock we entered the Shepherd's quarters, the sheep, goats, cows and buffaloes were all in the street, for they had not yet been led forth to pasture.

Some eight or ten boys and girls were huddled together in a sunny spot, trying to keep warm, while a dog covered with mange stretched lazily at their feet; snapping at the flies that were beginning to trouble him.

Why do you shiver so? I asked a little girl with a pale pinched face. "I have had fever and I feel cold now that it has left me" she replied, and she drew her clothes more tightly around her.

Poor little tots, I thought they might have most any kind of a disease living in a place like this; for the street was anything but clean and there was not a tree or shrub of any kind to be seen.

Are there any more children to come before we begin our lesson? I again asked. "Yes,

they will be here presently, Ramaswamy has gone to call them." said a bright faced lad sitting in the centre of the group.

I looked them over carefully as they sat before me. Their clothing for the most part ragged and dirty. Their hair matted and tangled and their face all unwashed. Perhaps if we had gone to their street a little later in the day they would have been cleaner. We will hope so anyway. But if we hadn't gone to them early in the morning we would not have found them. For in this county the children of the shepherd class have to guard the flocks and herds by day. They seldom rarely go to school and their fathers and mothers rarely ever think of sending them.

We were to teach them the Christmas lesson this morning. So the teacher read to them from Luke's gospel, where it tells how the angels appeared to the shepherds as they kept watch over the flock by night, and told them that Christ was born in Bethlehem.

There was a hush when the Scripture reading was finished. Then someone said "It was to the shepherds that the angels appeared and it was they who saw the glorious light and heard the voice". "And they were glad" said another. "Yes, they were glad!" Why? "Because the Messiah for whom they had waited long had come into the world, and He was to be their Saviour and King.

He might easily have been born in a palace, but he preferred to come to the poor, and there was not a room in the town where His mother could lay Him. So she made Him a little bed of straw in the box from which the cattle ate their food."

It would be a place much like that, said the pale faced girl, pointing to a cow shed near by which had only a roof of dried grass and the wall of the house by which it stood to protect the animals from the sun and rain.

"And" the teacher continued. "They went out to find Him. How many of the boys and girls here would like to find Jesus? The wise men brought Him gold and precious gifts. But what He wants most of all is our love. He is your Saviour, too and He will dwell

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