

THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK

## W. B. M. U.

Of The Maritime Provinces.

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MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DECEMBER:—*For Chicacole, that the Spirit's power may be experienced in a large measure by the missionaries and their helpers, the schools, reading-room, hospital; and that a lady medical missionary may be called by the Spirit for this station; also, that generous Xmas gifts may be given to our Home Missions.*

## A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

*My Dear Friends:*

Nineteen hundred years ago there lived a man who had a wonderful vision of things eternal. Among other objects strange and holy, "he saw the dead, both small and great, stand before God and the Books were opened."

What a day that will be! The day of days! Will the Judge of all the earth find your name written therein? In that day, will there be seen some who have found an entrance through your influence and mine? Already our eyes are turned towards the birthday celebration of our Lord. We look backward naturally, and wonder where the weeks and months have flown. We say to ourselves "Old Father Time travels swiftly." We are almost face to face with another year. Is the record just as you would like it to be? Have we always kept in mind the "book of remembrance?" As we work and plan for the happiness and comfort, the joyous re-unions, the blessed fellowships of earthly friends and loved ones, during this holy Christmas time, will there be any special gift to Him who is the source of it all?

There are many who stand in the Christ child's place. Do not forget to make a special offering at this season of the year, for them. Do you know we are nearly \$100 behind in our Home Mission Collection for this first quarter?

Soon the bugle note will sound from eternity's shore. What we have been, and what we have done will be recorded on high. "Search me O God and know my thoughts, try me and know my ways," was the cry of the man after God's own heart. Shall we as a Union re-echo it, until the very throne is shaken and Jehovah Himself looks down in pity, saying, "O woman great is thy faith be it unto thee even as thou wilt?"

Life seems so small and eternity so large. Death but removes the bridge and lo we already stand on the borders of that vast unending sea. How much more are we occupied with the lesser things instead of the greater.

What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and where with all shall we be clothed, are necessary questions to be asked and answered. But after that, what is this life? Surely something higher and nobler was meant

by "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

When we think of Moses the law giver, Joshua the leader, Caleb the faithful, Elijah translated, Paul the great apostle, Peter the martyr, John in exile, Judson in prison, Carey, Paton, Williams, Chalmers and hosts of others who carried about with them the marks of the Lord Jesus, we cannot help asking, "What is life?" What is *my* life? Do we know the meaning of the words *power, prayer, sacrifice*, as these men knew it? Does He reveal Himself to some and not others? Why are we so indifferent while others fought to win the prize? Why has He put this treasure in earthen vessels? Why does He not work without us and bring lost souls to Himself? Oh why should there be such need of human help?

God who at sundry times and in divers manner revealed Himself, can in these last days manifest the true life to His people. Has the Christian world gone wrong regarding the interpretation of the birth and life of its Redeemer?

Do we merely gratify earthly ambition, vain glory, and selfish pride in our giving and exchanging of gifts? Does the merit of sacrifice always enter into the act? Can we ever know what it meant to Him who spared not His own son, but delivered Him up for us all?

The dear Father in Heaven who yearned over a lost world until He gave such a gift, looks with tender compassion upon mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, friends and loved ones, as they commemorate His glorious act.

But there are so many "out in the desert wild and drear," with no loving hearts to shield them, no tender hands to guide, and these He would have us bring.

Sometime, somewhere these lines brought a message to one who sought the easy walks of life. May they speak to all who read, their sweet meaning, at this happy Christmas time.

I said, Let me walk in the fields;  
He said, No, walk in the town.  
I said, There are no flowers there;  
He said, no flowers, but a crown.  
I said, but the skies are black.  
There's nothing but noise and din.  
And He wept as He set me back.  
There is more, He said, there is sin.