

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Dear Friends,-

What joy and blessing are for those who know of the Redeemer's coming. Think of what it means to you and me who cannot remember when first we heard the story. Think also of our friends here and in other parts of the world who have more lately known or have been blessed because others knew.

Here is a little one, the special pet of all who know her, surrounded with love and care. What might life have meant to her? Paralyzed, with bad ~~exams~~ ^{legions}, with no possibility that her mother could give her away for a daughter-in-law and they were starving. Several times she was taken to the river but mother love would not give her up even to save suffering. There was the hospital opened in His Name and a home for crippled children because one who suffered herself knew Him and influenced others who knew Him, to give. Here she was brought to love and care and healing. Will she not have a happy time with all the Christmas songs and happiness about her?

Here is another who was found an orphan, living with a blind aunt. She was brought to school and had her chance because others knew Him and gave of substance and self in His name. After graduation and service further opportunity was given in memory of a child who loved the Christ and who had planned to give her life in China but was called Home. Now she is back and vice principal of the school. And what is Christmas to her? The joy of knowing His spirit dwelling within, of opportunities for service in leading others to the Redeemer and of influencing the lives of her pupils to lead those in darkness to light. But what might it have meant?

There have been women studying in a little school and who have heard the story for the first time this year. Already faces and lives tell the changes within. Can you imagine what their very first Christmas will mean? See these youngsters picking up sticks for firewood, selling candies, peanuts and cigarettes. Rough and naughty they were throwing stones and calling dreadful names, dirty, ragged and hungry. Others who had come to know Christ gave of their time and love to these little ones and to-day the attitude of the whole community is changed. What a good time they will have as they sing with vigor of the Babe in the Manger as Christmas comes. There are cleaner faces, more polite actions, more of real joy in life even the clothes are still few and food scarce. And why is this? He came.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imports to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming
But in this world of sin
Where meek hearts will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

May He enter anew in your heart and mine this blessed Christmas season.

Yours in His service

Kiukiang, China
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Mabel A. Woodruff

