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## EDITORIAL

Christmas comes again, with its age-old story of shepherds watching their flock by night, of herald angels singing, and of Wise Men following a star to the birth place of the King.

Our packages are gay with dainty tissues and ribbons, our trees are illumined with the brilliance of light and ornaments, our feasts are abundant; and our hearts sing out with joyous Christmas carols in praise of the Saviour-King.

There seems little hope for peace today, but below the rumble of guns, and the reverbrations of boms, there is a love Spirit which quiets the heart and brings mankind a little nearer to Heaven. The world does not present an auspicious setting for the obervance of this season of, "Peace On Earth, good Will to Men." But mankind cannot afford to despair. It must not.

If, in our former observances of Christ-mas, We have been somewhat ostentatious in our worship, let us this year turn back to the worship of that Holy Waild in a lowly manger and find peace and joy and happiness in a re-dedication of our humble services.

Dark hours have ever preceded the dawn Love has always conquered evil. Despair has always been brightened by hope. God is still God and the right shall prosper. So as the Lord has loved us, let us love him more passionately than ever in this Christmas season and offer up our prayers for, "Peace On Earth, Good Will to Mon."

And in despair I bow'd my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
For hate is strong, and mocks the
song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then peculed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep:

The wrong shall fail, the right provail,

With peace on earth, good will to men."