

The White Ribbon

For God, and Home, and Humanity.

Thought for the Month.

"His name shall be called Emmanuel: God with us."

—Matt. 1:23.

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At the End of the Road

By the time this is in the hands of our readers, we shall have reached the end of our special activities for another year. We shall have passed the Poll, and will know its result. All the year has been a road leading to this unknown end. We have prayed, worked, planned and spent, in preparation for the contest. Its success or failure are in other hands than ours. If today, we are joyful in the knowledge of a convincing vote on the side of Abolition, or are, on the other hand, suffering the pain of a disappointing conclusion to a long campaign in the cause of righteousness, it is really immaterial. That is to say, in either case, God, His truth and right, are still unassailable, and we are immovable in our Faith that He will make His foes His footstall even though that time may be delayed. Whatever lies ahead of us in our Union life, let us gird up our loins and face it, thanking the Father that we are allowed to be His co-workers.

This issue, it is hoped, will contain most of the District Convention reports. Other articles and reports may have to be held over. Poll work and propaganda have taken a good deal of space which accounts for the non-appearance of expected articles. We are especially sorry to be unable to include No. 5. of the splendid series of "Great Evangelists and Temperance," contributed by Mrs. F. J. T. Grigg, M.A., which we commend to Unions as providing excellent material for study at meetings. Our January-February issue will give opportunity for publishing some of the very good copy we have on hand, but are unable to use in this number. We are grateful indeed to those who have provided it.

And Christmas is almost here again. To all our readers, near and far, we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the blessing that came with the Holy Babe of Bethlehem be upon us all, in our festal joys, our family reunions, and in our care for those in need of love and sympathy, as well as in our own questing for rest and recreation.

THE EDITOR.



A Christmas Carol

*"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."*

*"What means that star," the Shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

*'Tis nineteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!*

*But it was said, in words of gold,
No time of sorrow e'er shall dim
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.*

*All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the Wise Men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life, which is the Law.*

*So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

*And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."*

—James Russell Lowell.

