When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Matt. 2:10
"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR"

Matt. 2:2.

Once again we are thinking of Christmas day, the best and happiest day of all the 365 days of the year. Why? Because it is the birthday of Jesus—the Saviour of men. "We have seen His star," the wise men told King Herod, and the joy of seeing that star made them start off on a long, long journey to find the Baby King. They were willing to leave home, and friends and people for His dear sake. To find Him was more than all else beside.

I wonder, as we draw near to Christmas day, if this is what our hearts are saying, "we have seen His Star... and we are coming to worship Him."

Following a star brought the wise men to the feet of the baby King to worship. They brought Him wonderful gifts—for they were rich men—gifts that made the place where He was beautiful and bright, and full of sweet perfume, but if you and I have seen the Star, which is really Himself (Rev. 22:16), we can bring Him gifts too. We can bring Him hearts that love Him ears to hear His voice, eyes to read His word, and feet and hands to move at His command.

You know the shepherds did not bring costly gifts to the baby Jesus, for they were only poor men, but they came as soon as they heard the angels' message. The Bible says they came in haste, that is, they hurried and gave Him the gifts of their voices. That was a very precious gift, and one we can give if we have found Jesus as our own Saviour.

When they had seen the lovely Babe lying in the manger, they went away and told everyone they met, for the news was too good to keep to themselves—so they used their voices to tell of a wonderful Saviour.

Here is a wonderful story of a star:

Long years ago, there lived a lady who dreamed of a wonderful star. She had learned to love the Lord Jesus, as did the shepherds and the wise men, but she often did things which she knew did not please God. She had tried and tried and tried, but failed over and over again; Satan held her fast. One day she fell asleep and dreamed she fell into a horrible slimy pit. Great high walls, nasty and slippery, prevented her escape, and the more she struggled the more she sank into the miry clay. She was ready to perish, for there was no one to help her, and no one to hear her cries. At length she gave herself up for lost, and lay, helpless and hopeless in the mire and dirt. Far, far above her she could see the sky where a single star was shining. It was a wonderful star, so big and bright, and seemed to call to her to come out of the horrible slimy pit and the miry clay. She watched and watched the glittering star and felt as if she were being drawn out of the pit. She turned her eyes to look down and found it was really true, she was being lifted up, but when she looked down, she began to sink back into the awful slimy mire. Again she watched the star, while she told herself she must keep looking up. She did this, and slowly but surely began to rise up and up, until at last she stood on firm ground. Saved. Then she awoke.

Jesus says of Himself, "I am the bright... Star," "Look unto Me, and be... saved." We said the wise men have seen His Star "and are come to worship Him." "Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord."
Dear Young Cousins,

It is lovely to think that we are so close to Christmas, that "Best" time in all the year. I know you are all looking forward to your Christmas Tree, so on page 7 you will find a story about the very first Christmas Tree.

Then I want you all to go in for our special Christmas Competitions. I am very, very pleased with the way the boys and girls are trying hard, and I am sure you enjoy your part. The Special Girls' Competition was a very hard one to mark as so many girls sent in beautiful work. It just shows what our girls can do, doesn't it?

We welcome new cousins again this month, and two of them are only six years old! Their names are Doris King of Menindee, and Harry Kelly, of Coombie Station. I think they are very clever little people, don't you?

Ben Charles, Agnes Glenbar, Ruth Fay, June Fay, Flora Smith, May Barlow, Edie Shaw, Howard Edwards, Ben Towney, Theresa Walsh, are all new cousins or old ones come back again. If you don't win a prize straight away, keep on trying, won't you?

I hope you all have the happiest Christmas you have ever had. With love and best wishes, Yours in the Lord Jesus Christ,

COUSIN EVANGEL.

Our Christmas Competitions

Class 1 (11 years and over): Write out in your own words the story of the birth of the Lord Jesus.

Class 2 (under 11 years): What did the angels say to the shepherds who were watching their sheep on the night Jesus was born?

Send your answers in to Cousin Evangel, 62 Johnson Street, Chatswood, N.S.W., before the end of January. There will be a first and second prize in both classes.

Results of October Competitions

CLASS 1.

1st Prize: Cousin Carrie Cora, from Tweed Heads.

2nd Prize: Cousin Kevin Kyle, from Palm Island.

All these Cousins tried hard and did very well: Ruth Fay, Doris Currie, Mary Browning, from Tweed Heads; Kathleen Burrows, Lorna Cooper, Cora-

lie Class, Howard Edwards, from Cummearagunja; Ben Charles, Jack Pettitt, Ada King, May Barlow, Topsy Biggs, from Menindee; Doreen Lambett, Norma Governor, Edie Shaw, from Bulgandramine; Bertha Murray, Molly Parkes, from Tooomealah; Kathleen Newman, from Condobolin.

CLASS 2.

1st Prize: Cousin June Fay, from Tweed Heads.

2nd Prize: Cousin Theresa Walsh, from Cummearagunja, and Cousin Margaret Charles, from Menindee, equal.

Other little cousins who nearly got a prize were: Charlie Daisy, Ettie Saunders, from Woorabinda; Harry Kelly, John Kelly, Ronald Kelly, from Coombie Station; John Browney, from Tweed Heads; Mickey Marks, Betty West, Norma Solomon, Thora Governor, Kathleen and Ivy Read, Ben Towney, from Bulgandramine; Amy Clark, Doris King, Janet King, Bella Bignes, Beth Williams, Walter Clark, Willie Clark, from Menindee; Elsie Cooper, Edna Burrows, from Cummearagunja; Esther Goolagong, from Condobolin; Delma Wright, from Tooomealah; Harry Williams, Norman Brown, from Cowra.

Special Competition for Girls

After much thought and examination of the very good work sent in, the prize has been awarded to Cousin Flora Smith, of Menindee.

Special Mention: These girls found all the names and put down the references: Mary Browning, Carrie Cora, Roslyn Browning, Doris Currie, from Tweed Heads; Kathleen Burrows, from Cummearagunja; Gwen Munro, from Long Gully; Betty Clark, from Menindee.

Honourable Mention: Then these found all the right names but did not put in where they found them: Agnes Glenbar, from Maryborough; Mavis Williams, from Long Gully; Audrey Ridgeway, from Karuah; Norma Governor, from Bulgandramine; Anna Willis, Ettie Saunders, from Woorabinda; Isabelle Ferguson, from Dubbo.

Some tried hard but did not get them all quite right: Ruth Fay, from Tweed Heads; Dulcie Johnson, Mae Kennedy, from Darlington Point; Amy Clark, Margaret Charles, from Menindee.

We are sorry that Willie Muir, of Cummearagunja, sent in his answer to the October Competition too late for last month's "Evangel." Send it in earlier next time, Willie.
STORIES OF JESUS

Jesus was the Son of God, so He knew everything that would happen. He knew that very soon He must suffer and die.

One day when He was talking to His disciples He told them that He must go up to Jerusalem, and that He would be cruelly treated by the people there, and that they would kill Him, by nailing Him to the cruel cross. He also told them that He would be raised again the third day.

The disciples could not bear to think of Jesus, their dear Master, suffering and dying, for they loved Him very much. Peter said: "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." They did not understand that Jesus must die to save sinners.

Who saved us from eternal loss?
Who but God's Son upon the cross!
What did He do? He died for you!
Where is He now? Believe it thou,
In heaven interceding!

Why did some people hate Jesus? Because He told them of their sins. Most of these people lived in Jerusalem. The great temple was there where all the Jewish people went to worship God.

Jesus told them that they were not true. Why He said: You pretend to love God, you make long prayers, but your hearts are wicked. You clean up the outside, but your hearts are hard and unclean. You are unkind to the poor people and you want to kill me.

Jesus tried to turn them from their wicked ways, but they only got very angry with Him.

Jesus told them that God was His Father, but they would not believe Him. In fact, they took up stones to stone Him. But the Lord Jesus knew that it was not time for Him to die, so "Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple."

Jesus and His disciples went away from Jerusalem and did not come back till it was time for Him to be crucified.
Mrs. Rowlings picked up the bundle of wood from the stove, and quickly put it in the man's arms.

"Here is some wood for you and welcome, John will help you carry it, won't you John? Poor Janie! May God heal her, and comfort your hearts this night."

"Will Janie die, Mother?" asked Jennifer.

"No, no, Jennifer," and the mother's face shone with the joy which comes to those who give their all.

"No, dear, Janie will get well when she feels the fire, and the dear Lord will make it up to us His way, never fear."

"How can we be sure, Mother?" and Jennifer's teeth chattered together.

"What did Father tell us Jennie? God has not failed us yet and He won't fail us ever." Even as she spoke a greater faith came into her own heart.

John returned home and now sat at the bare fireplace with Jennifer on his knees. He put his strong arms around the child to try and warm her. Then he began to pray to his Heavenly Father. "Father," he began, "it is cold for us here; it is cold for our little girl. Will you not change the weather, or send us the wood we so much need?"

"Can God alter the weather like that, Father?"

"He can, but we shall see what He will do. We can leave it to Him." And for the next half-hour Jennifer listened to the story of a time when God changed the weather, long years ago...

The wonder of the story was still in Jennifer's eyes when the dog jumped up and ran to the door, growling and wagging his tail.

"What is up, Jock?" laughed John. The dog's ears were up and he went on growling. "He hears something, John; what can it be?" said Mrs. Rowlings. "You know he only growls like that when a wagon is near." All three listened and then Jennifer said, "Father, I heard the crack of a whip!" and even as she spoke a sound of a "Wo-aa!" came to them across the snow.

Mr. Rowlings opened the door, and held the lantern over his head so that the light would shine out, and listened again. Then he heard "Hull-oo!" "Hull-oo," answered John.

In ten minutes a great waggon piled high with firewood pulled up at the door. "Can you take me in for the night, friend?" asked a voice by the horses' heads; I have lost my way, and I don't know where I am?"

"Come right inside," said John. "and let me say, too, that your load of wood has come right from the Father's hand!"

"How do you make that out?" asked the stranger, coming in at the door. "Come in and we will tell you," said John. "You see, we have not one piece of firewood left and we prayed the Father either to change the weather, or send us some wood."

"Ah, I see, I am glad our Father used me," said the happy man. "Well glad I am to be of any use to Him, our Lord, Who has done so much for me. Take all the wood you are needing, friends."

When the fire was blazing in the stove, the family stood around to give thanks to God. Who can either change the weather or send the wood for fire just as He chooses.
A Convention at Cherbourg, Queensland

Mrs. Jim Stanley writes:

The night before the Convention started we had a prayer circle, praying for a revival, and that many might come to the different meetings.

The Convention lasted from the Friday to the Sunday night. Rev. and Mrs. Barnard and a band of workers from Murgon took the meeting the first night. Saturday was a day much looked forward to when the different Native Workers spoke on the theme of the Christian life as “A Fight,” “A Walk,” and “A Race.” In the afternoon Rev. McAlister from Cloyuna gave the message and Mr. R. Barnard at night.

On Sunday morning Miss Tyler spoke, and in the afternoon Rev. Barnard came out again to take the Baptismal service, when H. Brown, E. Norman and G. Shaw were baptised, following which we all came from the creek to the hall, when the candidates were accepted as church members.

The Sunday night service was taken by our Associate worker, Mr. N. Smyth, and it was in the form of a consecration service when Mr. and Mrs. Wally Phillips were set apart as Native Workers.

We thank the Lord for each chosen servant and also for the messages on the theme which was a great help to all the Christians and which caused a great revival among us—some backsliders being restored and a sinner brought into the fold.

Mrs. Arthur Conlan tells us what impressed her most during the Conventions.

The music on the Friday night by the Murgon Church Orchestra and a duet on steel guitars.

An address by Mr. A. Brown, a Native Worker, on the Saturday morning, in which he spoke of “Pilgrim’s Progress.” Thinking over all the Convention, the Saturday morning session was the most impressive of all.

A Wedding at Toomelah.

A wedding ceremony was performed at Toomelah on October 10th, by Rev. Shaw, of Mungindi, when Thomas Binge and Evelyn Cook were united in marriage.

The bride was dressed in a pink silk frock, and wore a white veil fastened with brilliants and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white stocks. The bride was given away by Mr. Harry Lang, and was attended by Mrs. Whiteman, who wore a blue frock. Mr. Leslie Lang acted as best man.

Before leaving the hall, the congregation joined in singing: “Joy, joy, joy, with joy my heart is ringing,” and we trust this will ever be the experience of the bride and bridegroom.

A Letter from a Cousin at Darlington Point

Dear Cousin Evangel,

I hope you are keeping well. I am getting much better now because God has answered prayers on behalf of my illness. He has healed me and made me better because I love Jesus and He loves me.

I have something else to say; it is this: I am going to ask all the Sunday schools to pray for my dear little cousin who is in the hospital very sick and his name is Mick Glass, that God will heal and restore him to health and strength, and we know He can heal the sick. So I hope and trust that all the Sunday School children will pray for my little cousin Mick, and may God bless each and every one of you. My text is, “The hand of my God which was good upon me.”

Yours in Christ Jesus,

MAE KENNEDY. (Darlington Point).
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

Would you like to hear the legend of the first Christmas Tree? It is an old German story of Saint Wilfred and the Teutons.

About 732 years after the birth of Jesus Christ, Saint Wilfred took a band of priests with him and went to try to convert the worshippers of the god Thor, the god of thunder. It was on Christmas Eve as they were wading through deep snow in a thick forest that they came on a savage tribe gathered together under a thunder oak-tree, which was a symbol of the god of thunder.

The tribe had a priest, an old white-haired man, and he was just going to kill as a sacrifice to this god, Thor, the beautiful young son of the chief of the tribe. When Wilfred saw what they were going to do, he went forward and warded off the blow that was about to slay the boy.

The tribesmen were all pleased that this boy, whom they loved, was saved, and because of this kind act they soon all became Christians. Saint Wilfred then began to cut down the oak-tree with his axe. As the tree was about to fall, lightning struck it and tore it all to pieces, and in its place in due time sprang up a lovely little green fir-tree. The men carried the little fir-tree to the captain’s hall and set it in the middle of the room and made merry around it. It was round this first Christmas tree that the old story of Jesus and His love was told to the Teuton tribes, and they soon were all Christians.

You know the Bible says Jesus wants our hearts. Won’t you give Him yours this Christmas? In return He will give you joy and peace which will not only last through Christmas, but all the year.

NEWS OF OTHERS

We hear:

That when Mrs. Long was in Melbourne lately, she went to Bundooora to see the Trackers there—George Kirby from Cherbourg, and Tippo Powder from Woorabinda. They both looked well. The Police Officer and his wife are very kind to them, and the lady told us they are very fine men.

That we have some new Native Workers to welcome. They have been appointed on trial and we believe they will become faithful true workers. Two are in N.S.W.—Manuel Cooper of Barmah (really Victoria), and Oliver George Cormier of Goolagong. Three are in Queensland—Mick Richards, Herberton, and Watty and Maudie Phillips, Cherbourg.

That Gayndah had a beautiful anniversary when the Sunday School children gave a splendid programme, being trained by Mr. Davison, who used to be at Palm Island. Besides the children singing special sea-songs found in Sankey’s Hymn Book, the following gave special items: Ted Hazel, Vera Ragge, Ida Pickering, Winnie Barnard, Kitty Cobbo, D. Pickering, D. and T. Law, Jessie Mimi, H. Couchy, Gladys Couchy, Ruth Mimi, Nita Couchy.

That those who have come to the Lord Jesus at Darwin are now learning to read God’s Word, and Mr. Taylor is going to give the Darwin people their first Christmas tree this year.

That the Karuah children sent little gifts made by themselves to sixteen of our Missionaries, and wrote a letter to each Missionary to accompany the gifts.

That the Darlington Point people are beginning to make mud bricks for their new church, and were very pleased to receive the iron for the roof.
CHRISTIE’S OLD ORGAN

By Mrs. Walton

(Continued from last month)

The dismal lodging-house had a charm for little Christie now. Night after night he returned there, that he might hear his mother’s tune. The landlady began to look upon him as one of her regular household. She sometimes gave him a crust of bread, for she noticed his hungry face each night as he came to the large lodging-room to sleep.

One night, as he was kneeling at the attic door, the music suddenly ceased, and Christie heard a dull, heavy sound, as if something had fallen on the floor. He waited a minute, but all was quite still; so he lifted the latch and peeped into the room. There was only a dim light in the attic, for the fire was nearly out, and old Treffy had no candle. But the moonlight, streaming in at the window, showed Christie the form of the old man stretched on the ground and his poor old barrel organ lying beside him. Christie crept to his side and took hold of his hand. It was dead cold and Christie thought he was dead. He was just going to call the landlady when the old man moved, and in a trembling voice asked, “What’s the matter and who’s there?”

“It’s only me, Master Treffy,” said Christie, “it’s only me. I was listening to your organ. I was, and I heard you tumble, so I came in. Are you better, Master Treffy?”

“Yes, yes,” said the old man, “it’s only the cold boy; it’s very chilly o’ nights now, and I’m a poor lone man. Good-night.”

And so the old man fell asleep, and Christie lay down by his side and slept also.

That was the beginning of a friendship between old Treffy and Christie. They were both alone in the world, both friendless and desolate, and it drew them to each other. Christie was a great comfort to Treffy. He went messages for him, he cleaned the old attic, and he carried the barrel-organ downstairs each morning when Treffy went on his rounds. And, in return, Treffy gave Christie a corner of the attic to sleep in, and let him sit over his tiny fire whilst he played his dear old organ. And whenever he came to “Home, Sweet Home,” Christie thought of his mother, and of what she had said to him before she died.

“Where is ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ Master Treffy?” he asked one night.

Treffy looked round the wretched attic, with its damp, weather-stained roof, and its rickety, rotten floor, and felt that he could not call it “Home, Sweet Home.”

“It’s not here, Christie,” he said.

“No,” said Christie, thoughtfully; “I expect it’s a long way from here, Master Treffy.”

“Yes, said the old man, there must be something better somewhere.”

“My mother used to talk about heaven,” said Christie, doubtfully. “I wonder if that was the home she meant?”

(To be continued next month)