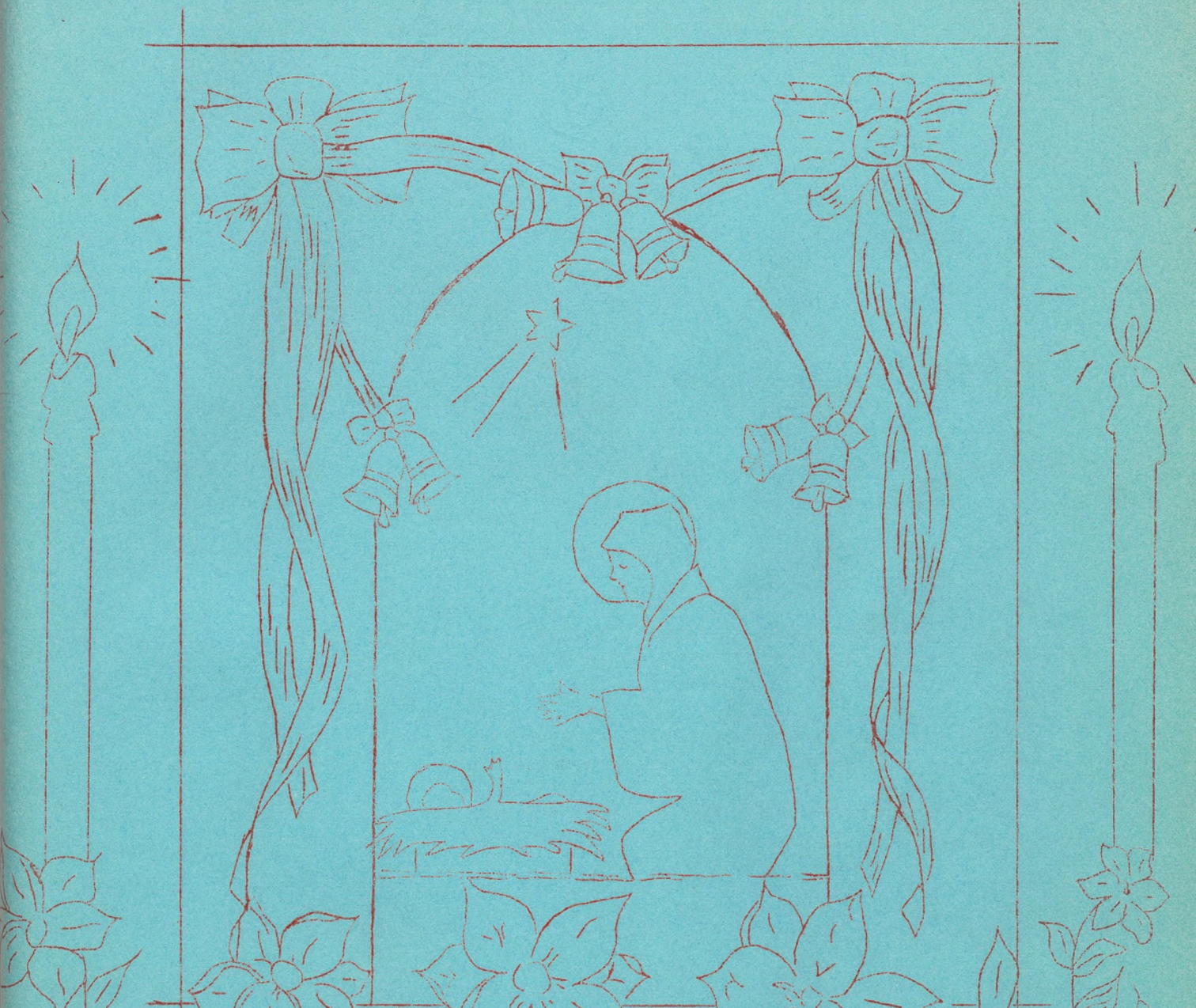


Note: This Work has been made available by the authority of the copyright owner solely for the purpose of private study and research and may not be copied or reproduced except as permitted by the copyright laws of Canada without the written authority from the copyright owner.

The College Broadcast (Toronto Bible College), (December, 1938)

CHRISTMAS '38



THE
COLLEGE
BROADCAST



Merry Christmas

For unto us a child is born,
unto us a son is given.....

.....

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

To _____
From _____

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor.....Andrew H. McKenzie
 Ass't Editor.....George A. Lewis
 Sec'y Treasurer.....Zaida England
 Cabinet Representative.....Millie McElrea
 Typists.....Isobel Thompson
Edna Jefferson
Grace Whitley
Adele Beech
 Designer.....Ceecil D. Fletcher
 Evening Class Editor.....Bessie Glenday

GUEST EDITORIAL

by

Canon R.A. Armstrong

The kindly Christmas makes beautiful all life wherever it touches. Old Scrooges, if any such exist to-day are softened by it and Tiny Tims, wherever they are confer a blessing. "God bless us everyone", Tiny Tim's prayer, echoes the very spirit of Christmas.

My hope for the students of the Bible College is that they may have in full measure the merriment of the glad feast. I conclude that each one of you knows those deeper joys that are imparted by our Saviour and having them, the merriment can be all the more free, spontaneous and contagious. So I picture each one of you the leader in the merriment in the house where you spend the great feast.

Christmas is a wonderful time for children. It is the festival of the home and central in the home is the little child. Old people become young again at Christmas and enter as best they can into the joy and merriment of the young. It almost seems to me that it is harder for people in their twenties to unbend and become children again than for people in their fifties. Any students who wish to prove me wrong in this can do so on Christmas by being a child again, whole-heartedly and without reserve and going the whole way with the children in their joy. I hope that everyone of you will prove me wrong about this spirit of a child.

As students in the Bible College you are well instructed as to your duty of passing on your faith to others and bringing others to a like experience of the Saviour's transforming grace that you yourselves have known. I suggest that there is one great way in which to commend your Lord and Saviour and that is by the joy He gives you, by the radiance of your countenance and the sheer joy of heart that you

show through Christ the Saviour. A sad faced Christian is a contradiction in terms and never in the world will such an one make anyone else want to be a Christian. On the other hand, a radiant Christian makes everyone who comes in contact with him want to have what makes him so radiant. He is our Saviour's best advertisement.

Everybody catches a glimpse of this joy at Christmas. I urge you as Christians to seek it from Christ as a permanent possession -- the full and overflowing joy of Christ who came at Christmas.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

from

The Missionary Society

A Christmas message and a Missionary message have much in common. The element of joy is present in both: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people".

Christmas is a joyful season; the gospel is a joyful story.

The story brought by the angels is the foundation and source of the missionary's message. The message "to all people" is the "good tidings of great joy". Had it not been for the missionary's message, we would not be celebrating Christmas.

Both messages centre around a birth. One proclaims a Saviour born into a sinful world and the other tells how a soul is born into a spiritual world. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins".

But the greatest thing in common is the theme. It is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. He was the One about whom "good tidings" were published and He is the One who "shall be to all people".

That is the reason that we, through prayer, provision and preparation seek to make known "to all people" the Saviour Christ who came at Christmas.

--- Doug. Muir

"And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

--- Matt. 2: 11.

OUR PRINCIPAL'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE
 THE
 CHALLENGE OF CHRISTMAS



This year it would be the most natural and easy thing to dwell on the fact that the angels' Christmas message, "On earth peace, good will toward men", sounds like a mockery in our present world. But we should beware of the pessimistic note. It is not in keeping with the Christian spirit. The world into which Jesus was born was not different in character from our own world. In that day Herod, the most cruel of men, ruled over the Jewish people; and the greatest totalitarian state of all time -- such was the Roman Empire -- had subdued and absorbed nearly all the nations of men.

Let us rather take the angels' point of view. They saw the event which happened that first Christmas day from the heavenly side, and they overflowed with joy. In the Babe that was born in Bethlehem the God of heaven had come down to earth and had become incorporated in the human race. The heavenly hosts, who understood the significance of that descent, broke out from their invisibility to herald the news to men. "Glory to God in the highest": the most glorious revelation of God since the creation of man was about to take place. "And on earth peace": He had come down to make peace in a world that was ruined -- made "by the blood of his cross". Bethlehem was but the first step on His way to Calvary.

We should never cease to wonder at the way He came. The evangelical prophet, who had foreseen His coming ages before, described it in this way: "Unto us a child is born and his name shall be called wonderful". He would enter the world as simply as the humblest member of the human race, but everything about Him would be wonderful.

The Babe who lay in the manger that night was the same Person whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting". He was none other than "the Word", who had been with God in the beginning before the world was. It was He who had made the world: and now He himself "was made flesh". He had consented to be confined within all the limitations of human nature and to be subjected to all the conditions of human life on earth. This is the wonder of the ages, the mystery of the incarnation.

In this way God has given Himself to us. As the prophet went on to say: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given". In giving His Son He has given Himself. Here, then, lies the deeper significance of Christmas giving, the giving of oneself. Behind all our giving of gifts should be the giving of ourselves. The state of the world to-day only emphasizes the call of this present Christmas season for a new surrender of ourselves to Him for His service in the world which He came to redeem and which needs Him so much.

J. W. W. W.

THE BROADCAST STAFF
 WISHES ALL ITS READERS JOY AND HAPPINESS
 AT THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON

MESSAGES AND GREETINGS
FROM
OUR FACULTY

"THE WATER THAT I SHALL GIVE"

- John 4:14

In the midst of all that is confusing and disappointing in life, it is the joy of those who know the Lord as the Gift of the Father's love to glory in Him as Saviour, Sustainer and Satisfier. How many there are who need this lesson as they struggle amidst earth's broken cisterns seeking something to quench the soul's thirst, that can never be satisfied apart from Him who said, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water... .." And so at this Christmas season I am reminded of a touching story told by my friend, Dr. Tucker of our United Church Mission, Angola, Africa, in his book, "Drums in the Darkness":

A native boy named Sanji heard the Gospel and accepted the Lord as his Saviour. He told his family what he had learned, hoping they would follow his example, but instead they beat him and finally threw him out of the village. He was found, thus beaten and bruised, on the roadside by a trader who, hearing his story, took him to a mission station some distance away. There he was cared for and nursed back to health and strength.

"One day he went to the missionary and said, 'I must go back to my people.' But the missionary, fearing for his safety tried to persuade him to remain at the mission. His reply was, 'No, I have thought it all out and I must go back home.' Then he told of a fable he once had heard about the animals.

"There was a great drought in the jungle; all the streams and rivers were dried up. The animals were dying of thirst. They came together to see what they could do, as they feared they would all die. While they were talking a tortoise crept in and said, 'You don't have to die. I know where there is water.' But a leopard pounced on it and threw it out of the gathering. Coming back again, it said the same thing. This time an elephant moved over and stepped on it, crushing it into the ground. But its strong shell saved its life. When it got out of the ground, it called out again, 'I know where there is water'. A little antelope came over and said, 'Tell me where it is and I will go with you'.

They went to a cave in the mountain where the tortoise showed a spring of sparkling water and, having had a drink, the antelope returned to tell the others what he had found.

"Now I must return to my people, no matter what they may do to me, for I know where there is water'."

May we be as brave as Sanji, as we seek to share with others the blessing that has come into our lives.

J. Bradley Hyde

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS, in the minds of many folk, is nothing more than a glorious occasion of fun and festivity. This is not, however, altogether a selfish conception. For often enough today in preparation for the event, those who have a beautiful supply of good things are very ready to share with others, less fortunate, their Christmas cheer. There is thus an element of altruism in the popular celebration of Christmas Day.

Yet Christmas means nothing more, for many folk, than the time of year when they spare a thought for friends who, in the rush of daily life, are too often forgotten; when they seek to knit, even though it be but for a day, those ties that time and circumstance have severed; when they find it in their hearts to break down their natural reserve and to open up in friendliness and spontaneous goodwill to others.

But if that is all the meaning we find in Christmas, can that story that will be read again in all our Churches be more to us than just "A Winter's Tale"? There are indeed many who so regard it; as a beautiful legend which, rather wistfully they have decided, is to be treated as an immortal romance, not as the record of a sober reality. A story, they admit, that will never lose its charm as a symbol of man's hopes and aspirations; but only a tale that we outgrow, when we come to years of maturity and discretion, as we outgrow Santa Claus and other childish things.

(Continued on the next page)

Continued from previous page.

Is that all that Christmas means to us also? Or do we find in it the commendation of God's love? Christmas, as someone has said, is "God's miracle of love, that He should build a bridge to earth, and cross by Christmas birth". It tells of a God at once eternal and humble; majestic yet gentle; "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns", yet who does not disdain to find lodging within the circle of a little home. It will always be a mystery and always a miracle, yet the quiet in heart will always find in it the sign of a Divine goodwill. May that be our experience this Christmastide.

"I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe
Could in the Godhead be,
I only know the Manger Child
Has brought God's love to me".

J. B. Rhodes

CONSECRATION

To Thee I bring, O Lord, in consecration
My life, my all, Thine, only Thine to be,
O take me now, a living, glad oblation
Completely willing, offered unto Thee.

Purge from my heart the dross that Thou
dest find there,
With sorrow's flame, if need be, make
it pure
Thine image Lord, I pray Thee, may I bind
there
Above all other loyalties, secure.

May I, in seemly Christlike meekness
Thy love forth know, to those I daily meet
Unto bewildered souls bring strength in
weakness
And lead their steps unto Thy pierced feet.

My daily path be fashioned from above Lord
My daily speech be reverent and kind
Each thought be purified and shaped in
love, Lord,
All Thine my body, all my soul and mind.

Thus purified and kept for service ready
May I await the Master's welcome call
Where'er, whene'er - to go with purpose
steady
Thee would I honor, Thee - my All in All.

Frank S. Hedrick

* * * *

Once again has come the opportunity of expressing one's wishes to the College family for a truly happy Christmas. "Joy to the world" will be sung the world over and will be the burden of all our praise and prayer these coming days. And how the world needs joy, and longs for it and seeks it, -- so often in vain. For joy is not an indigenous growth. True joy is an exotic and needs to be transplanted into hearts prepared by the Holy Spirit. May the joy which always fills our College life overflow this Christmastide as we remember the One who promised that His joy should "remain" with us.

E. M. McCarthey

Dr. Theodore L. Guyler spoke of our Lord as "Jesus, the Joy-Bringer" and we know that the joy of the Gospel is the joy of the Lord.

Our Lord brings us the joy of Salvation. This is more than salvation itself and we may lose it without losing our spiritual security.

Our Lord brings us the joy of Forgiveness. We may carry our burdens instead of accepting God's provision.

Our Lord brings us the joy of Service, lifting mere work on to the higher plane of service for Him.

Our Lord brings us the joy of Peace, the inner attitude in the experience and power of which we are able to appreciate all God's gifts.

And so, we offer our greetings in the words of the Old Gaelic Rune,

Deep peace of the running wave to you,
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,
Deep peace of the shining stars to you,
Deep peace of the watching shepherds to you,
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.

Dixon H. Burns

The Christmas season again reminds us of the angels' message, "glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men, and good will".

The secret of the world's peace lies
(Concluded two pages over).

CHRISTMAS AS IT IS CELEBRATED
IN THE HOMELANDS OF SOME OF OUR STUDENTS

In Korea

A little boy skips merrily down a dark and dingy street, just as if he couldn't see all the evidences of poverty and disease which crowd into that filthy alley. And in truth he can't, for his mind is far from there as he hurries along, for all the world like a bright sunbeam which might vanish in a moment.

"Where are you going Yohan?" called a ragged urchin, from a dirty corner.

"To Sunday School. Want to come too? It's a lot of fun."

"Why is it fun? What do you do?"

"We hear all about the Friend of little children, and I love Him too," replied Yohan.

Chungogi decided he might as well see too, so off the boys went.

Soon they were hearing about Yesu who died for them, and singing of the Christ who loved "all the children of the world". They learned that the next week would be Yesu's birthday, so everybody was eager for the day to come.

The following week Chungogi was just as delighted as Yohan to go to Sunday School. But, this time he too was shining with cleanliness, and a face radiant in expectation. As they hurried into the church they thought there would be no room for them, because it seemed as if the whole matted floor were covered with people sitting with their knees crossed in front of them. However, just then the pastor asked everyone to rise, walk forward as far as they could, and sit down again. When this was done there was plenty of room for many more at the back. So the boys sat down on the side where the men and boys were. They couldn't even see around the partition to the women and girls side, but knew by all the talking and the mingled cries of many babies, that that side was quite as crowded as their own.

All the "ah's" and "oh's" from scores of children who had never seen a Christmas tree before, were much appreciated by the missionaries, who had so gladly worked for this occasion.

My how heartily the voices joined in the lovely Christmas carols, which many had never heard till the last few weeks. Then followed a pageant of the first Christmas story, put on by the older members of the school.

"Why," said Chungogi, "then Yesu was once a little boy too!"

"Yes," replied Yohan, "and now He is up in Heaven, and someday I'll be with Him. You can be too, if you give your heart to Him."

"Oh I do! I do!" eagerly answered Chungogi. "I want to love Him too."

"All right, let's tell Teacher afterwards," said Yohan, "she will be very glad."

Just then a big jolly Santa Claus came in, and the boys could hardly believe their eyes. They soon got acquainted with him, though, while he passed out gifts from the huge tree, for every child in the school.

"My but it was wonderful," said Chungogi, as the boys ran home to tell their Mothers all about it.

"Yes, and I think Yesu is wonderful too," said Yohan, "because He came to earth for us, don't you?" --- Ruth Young

.....
In Denmark

In Copenhagen, the capital, we have also the Christmas spirit, perhaps more than anywhere else.

On December the 24th we see women running to and fro doing their "last minute" shopping. At four o'clock in the afternoon the business man closes his door. The Church bell is then ringing Christmas in. We all hurry home and change and are off again this time to church.

Coming back home we find that mother has done the best she could, which is more than sufficient in preparing for us a Christmas dinner.

The first course is a small portion of rice pudding. One little nut is hidden somewhere therein, and when we all are finished the lucky finder makes himself known and he receives a prize.

The next course is either goose or turkey, with roasted potatoes, red cabbage, cranberry sauce and delicious brown gravy as only mother can make it.

Then mother brings in a masterpiece in the art of cooking -- the applet cake -- pudding with whipped cream. She smiles when proudly placing it on the table, she knows she is presenting to us that whereof we would eat till we nearly burst.

After a rest, we go to the next room. There in the middle of the room is a beautiful ceiling-high Christmas-tree, the candles of which someone has lighted. The light from them combined with the decoration provides a wonderful sight. We then take

(continued on next page)

Continued from previous page -
 each others hand and start to walk and dance around the Christmas-tree singing Christmas carols.

About one hour later we gather around the big table and one of the members of the family acts as Santa Claus. He brings in all the presents, each parcel bearing two names, "to" and "from". He takes them up one by one and calls out the name.

Twelve o'clock, and again the Church bells ring. We hurry to Church and then the Christmas celebration is over, and Christmas day is spent very quietly.

---G. Gregerson.

CHRISTMAS IN FINLAND

"Aatto joulusta jaloin" which interprets "Eve is the most precious of celebrations" is a saying well lived out by the Finns. Our Christmas begins on eve. All the stores are closed at five p.m. and the streets which for many days have been crowded by busy shoppers begin to look empty.

One of the main preparations, beside shopping and the cooking of plentiful Christmas food, is the cleaning up of one's physical being in a Finnish steam-bath -- "Sauna". That is such a speciality of the nation, that the average Finn would not even think of keeping his Christmas without first attending "Joulu-sauna".

The dinner is served on Christmas eve also, in the light of the candles in the Christmas tree and on the table. Instead of turkey, we have ham, certain kinds of fish, pies, rice-porridge and many other things. One almond is put into the porridge and according to tradition, the one who is lucky enough to get it in his plate will find his other life-mate during the coming year. Often the cooks are too kind-hearted and to spare the disappointments, throw a handful of almonds into the rice.

After the dinner the time is spent singing Christmas hymns around the Christmas tree, waiting for the arrival of Santa Claus, which, no doubt, is the climax of the evening.

We have the Christmas service at six a.m. and in spite of being up late the previous night people will turn out well and the churches are filled.

Christmas day is spent within the family circle, but the second Christmas day

* * * * *

"And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory." Jo.1:14

"Tapaninpaiva" is a day of visitation. It is a jolly day, especially in the country, where young and old go out sleigh-riding. They go from house to house and make merry. In Finland as in other countries Christmas is a time of joy and adoration of Christ who came "that we might have life and have it more abundantly".

Dagmar Suna

.....
 FACULTY MESSAGES CONTINUED

in our lives and by regarding every man for whom Christ died as a true brother, regardless of colour, class or creed,

Do we cultivate a love for "the stranger within our gates"? Take but one nationality --- do we try to love our Chinese brothers-- these law-abiding, industrious representatives of the greatest race on earth, a race with a civilization and a history dating back two thousand years before British history began?

China set the noblest, most Christian example of modern times, when last June, twenty-four Chinese bombing planes flew over the cities of Japan dropping, not bombs, but printed messages of good will to the people, whose war lords are carrying destruction and death to millions in China. The expedition was planned by Madam Chiang Kai Shek, that splendid Christian woman. The fellowship of the Christians of these two countries has not been interrupted by this cruel war. Shall we not seek to emulate the example of our Oriental brothers? May a love for mankind characterize our loves this Christmas-tide, and throughout the years to come?

Emmanuel

.....
 EMMANUEL

"They shall call His name Emmanuel, God with us." -- Matt. 1:23.

"God with us" in this world of sin,
 This life of weakness and of woe:
 His love, His power and His strength
 With us wherever we may go,
 Since Jesus came to earth to dwell
 And be for aye Emmanuel.

No weary days, no starless nights,
 No sorrow deep, no trial sore,
 But we can feel His presence near,
 "God with us" now and evermore;
 Since He hath come to earth to dwell
 Whose name is still Emmanuel.

1531 Sinza Road,
Shanghai, China.
November 3, 1938.

15 rue des Orchidees,
Paris 13 e, France,
November 13, 1938.

Dear Friends:

It is with a great deal of anticipation that I have looked forward to this time when I would be in China proper. Perhaps you would like to hear about our trip over, when many interesting things happened.

We had a great farewell in Vancouver at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Then on the steamer, we had morning services, to which some of the First and Second Class passengers attended. The Sunday services were taken by a member of our group. During the voyage, a Chinese and Philippine were converted, so we have much to praise the Lord for setting His seal upon the party.

We arrived in Japan the morning after the fall of Hankow and saw the parade of the victors. The buildings were decked with the flags of the three countries: Japan, Italy, and Germany. We saw the ruins of Woosung and the devastation was appalling to say the least. This was the city where the Chinese made the greatest stand against the invaders. The buildings were shelled from the river and the air and so a whole district was the scene of ruin with soldiers everywhere on guard.

We had the pleasure of testifying through an interpreter at the Bible Seminary of Shanghai, and received a great blessing. They opened the service like our devotional service with the singing of that old favourite, "I Surrender All," but it was a new hymn to me that morning. Here was a group of young men and women singing with hearts aflame for God, and I can still hear them as they sing their own words. They are all going into full time service for the Lord.

We are going to Chefoo on November 12, and so we will get into the language study as soon as possible and get to work, for we have enough to make us want to tell forth the good news. Pray that I may apply my time and heart unto wisdom in the work here. God has been good to us in giving us journeying mercies. Pray that we may be made adaptable to our new surroundings.

As ever in Him,

Hector Goodall

Dear Friends:

Grace be unto you and Peace from God our Heavenly Father and from Jesus Christ our Lord. Truly we have a Saviour who knows how to help us and also to keep us in every sphere of life. I praise God for His Grace to me since I have bidden farewell to you.

The experiences of the last month have made an indelible impression upon my life and will not soon be forgotten. I have come to know our Lord Jesus Christ in a more intimate way, and as I look back over the days spent at dear old T. B. C. and the training received, I thank God for it.

As you perhaps know I have been to Germany and also to Southampton before I finally got to France. I have seen many new things, some very interesting and others very heart-breaking. Day by day I pray that God will engineer my circumstances, so that I must take things as they come as God's will, and endeavour by the Grace that He continuously supplies in every set of circumstances, no matter how hard, to allow the sweetness of the Lord Jesus Christ to shine from my life, that others seeing Him will come to a knowledge of Him who is able to save to the uttermost.

I am attending a French school and enjoy it very much. I praise the Lord for the way He is helping me with the language. It is coming nicely, but requires a lot of hard concentrated study. I am able to purchase the things that I need and to carry on a broken conversation. It takes time, prayer and study to get this language, so please keep praying earnestly for me.

I attend a French Reform Church, the service of which is in French. It is quite different from that which we have at home, but it is quiet and very reverent.

I have been over to the Eiffel Tower and also the Arc de Triomphe, and to many other interesting places, including the catacombs, which is a very interesting place. It is a quarter of a mile down into the solid rock under Paris, and there are multitudes of tunnels and chambers.

Your brother in Christ,

Jack V. Brotherton

GREETINGS FROM OUR DAY CLASS CABINET

OUR HEAD GIRL

Dear T.B.C. -ites:

On a still, starlit night nearly two thousand years ago, on the grassy slopes of a Palestinian hillside, sat a little group of humble shepherds. As they kept careful watch over their flock, suddenly the darkness was dispelled by a glorious light and a messenger of the Lord was in their midst. Great fear filled the heart of each but this soon gave way to eager interest as the words of the angelic creature began to take on meaning -- "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Before they could hardly comprehend the significance of this awe-inspiring announcement, the whole atmosphere was filled with music as the heavenly choirs joined in proclaiming the birth of Israel's Messiah -- "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." During the long night watches the topic of conversation of these rugged men had often centered around the coming of their promised Redeemer. Now they joyously hastened toward David's City to behold and worship Him Who is the Source of all peace.

The scene changes and some thirty odd years later another little group of men are listening intently. The speaker is their beloved Master. He has just announced that He must soon leave them and return to His Father in glory. Seeing their look of sorrow, Jesus Christ, their Messiah, reassures them with the utterance, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you -- let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." With this peace permeating their lives, they went everywhere carrying the glad news of salvation.

From that time, right on down to our own day and generation, the peace of God has indwelt the heart of every humble believer in His Son. But many in every age have spurned His great Gift and consequently forfeited this peace. Particularly is this true of the Jewish people, who have suffered such great tribulation as a result of this rejection. Since they are passing through another severe wave of persecution at this Christmas season, could we not pray earnestly "for the peace of Jerusalem"

that the veil may be removed from their eyes enabling them to recognize and receive Jesus of Nazareth, their long looked for Messiah, the Prince of Peace, as did the shepherds and disciples of old. Then, in the midst of the tempests of life they too shall hear Him saying unto them, "It is I, be not afraid ... peace be still."

Withing each of you a joyous Christmas and a New Year enriched by His constant companionship.

Sincerely yours,


OUR HEAD BOY

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us." - Luke 1 ; 73

The song of Zacharias is an exceedingly beautiful song. It sets forth the advent of Christ as the rising sun; the dawning of a new day. The worth of Christ to the world and His advent are frequently set forth in Scripture under the idea of the rising sun, a star, or a light in the world. Isaiah says: "The people that have walked in darkness have seen a great light." In Malachi we read: "The sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings." In the New Testament John the Baptist calls Him "the true light"; Christ Himself said: "I am the light of the world"; Peter speaks of the "day star's rise in our hearts"; and in Revelation He is spoken of as "the bright and morning star."

It is said that in the North when the night lasts for months, the Eskimo becomes depressed and very lazy, and even his dogs show very little sign of life. When the sun returns, there is great joy as he stands to "Behold the sun." Even the dogs revive and respond to the sun's rays.

The world was in darkness. Long centuries the people had lived in ignorance and in sin. The cry of Zacharias was joyful, "Behold the Sun!" "Behold the sun of righteousness is rising with healing in his wings!" "The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

The message is still the same. The rising Sun, Jesus Christ, can dispel the gloom and darkness of the night of sin.

(Cont'd on next page)

(Cont'd from the previous page).
 As Weymouth translates John 1:5: "The light shines on in the darkness and the darkness has never overpowered it."

Russell K. Vickers

(Conclusion of article "SEEING IS BELIEVING") yet the writings form a perfect homogenous unity. The Book as a whole is a perfect mosaic.

And so by hearing, seeing and handling they came to believe. "For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show to you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested to us."

They wrote for a supreme purpose, in obedience to God's command by Christ: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," that you might exercise your faith on Christ, the Living Word, that you might be saved from the judgment to come, and the death of "the soul that sinneth."

In conclusion, I wish to say that the cause of my message is greater than the effect: because of that Cause, I have 'tasted' according to God's promise by Christ in John 14:26-27.

Hence, I am very glad to add my voice to the great throng of the people of all races and standings that "the middle wall of partition is broken down" - because Jesus Christ lives!

The writer is a Hebrew of the House of Israel, and my heart rejoices in exclaiming my first Christmas wishes to you for a very happy celebration of the birth of the Prince of Peace. (Sholim Ah-Lachim!)

...Oh, soul that search for things that never die - "Come unto me and I will give you rest" - Jesus.

--Edward Daniel Brotsky
 Evening Class Student

EVENING CLASS ANNOUNCEMENT

CHRISTMAS DINNER AND CAROL SERVICE December 20

The will commence at 6:30 P.M. and we would like as many as possible to join us. If, however, you cannot have supper with us, try and come along to the service of song at 8:30 P.M.

HE SHALL REIGN

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord.....and He shall reign forever and ever."--Rev. 11:15

Earth gave Thee a Cradle,
 O Christ, and a cross,
 Hard roads for Thy journey,
 Reviling and loss;
 Earth gave Thee Thy wounding,
 Thy shroud and Thy tomb,
 But earth gave no welcome
 And earth gave no home.

Oh, Wronged One, return
 To the land Thou hast left.
 The land that is desolate,
 Lone and bereft;
 The world is a chaos
 Of comfortless woes;
 Men's wisdom has failed them,
 No help they propose;
 Thou art the one Hope, Lord,
 Oh, lend us Thine aid
 And save Thy creation,
 The world Thou hast made.

A new earth shall greet Thee,
 A new world shall sing
 The greatness and glories
 Of Jesus its King.
 Earth that once gave Thee
 Its scolding and shame,
 Its thorns and its scourging,
 Shall yet hail Thy name.
 The world, once rebellious,
 Allegiance shall own,
 Shall give Thee a sceptre,
 A crown and a throne.

---Annie Johnson Flint.

JOHN 3:16

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

God	"The greatest lover"
So loved	"The greatest degree"
The world	"The greatest company"
That He gave	"The greatest act"
His only begotten Son	"The greatest gift"
That whosoever	"The greatest opportunity"
Believeth	"The greatest simplicity"
In Him	"The greatest attraction"
Shall not perish	"The greatest promise"
But	"The greatest difference"
Have	"The greatest certainty"
Everlasting life	"The greatest possession"

GREETINGS FROM OUR HEAD GIRL AND HEAD BOY

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy."

Every word of the gospel is a joy bell. It is always good news. Who was ever made sad by it? At this happy Christmas time when we are singing the hymns of joy telling of Christ's wonderful birth, truly they bring joy to our hearts. Those hymns of joy that have been sung down through the Christian centuries remind us of the heavenly songs in which millions will unite eternally.

No, there is no sadness about the gospel. It brings good news to the guilty sinner when it comes to tell him of forgiveness. It brings good news to the tempted when it comes to offer him help to overcome. Wherever the gospel goes it tells good news and never bad news. Think what joys it has started, what sadness it has chased away.

Let us be glad and rejoice at this Christmas season that He has come to give us this gospel of good news. Let us remember the annunciation of the angel, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

When this good news is in our hearts we must in turn become joy-bearers by repeating the good news. As we see the sin and distress in the world around us, as we see those to whom Christmas means nothing, may each one of us who knows the joy of the Lord realize more and more that it is our responsibility to share the good news that Christ came to be Saviour.

Oh, that we might be used this Christmas to make Christmas of real meaning to someone who has not yet received the good tidings of great joy. Surely our term at Bible College has made us realize more and more that God is still yearning after men and women and certainly it has given us a greater desire to tell forth His Word to others.

Stella McCallough

"Count your many blessings and see what God hath done."

May we as we approach another Christmas lay cast our thoughts back over the past year and review the countless blessings which God has so bountifully bestowed upon us.

Away from all the wars with their terrific toll of human life and all the threats of war so prevalent throughout Europe and the Orient, God has been pleased to place us in a country abounding in rich natural resources and with a rugged beauty unsurpassed by any country.

In this Canada of ours, we enjoy a wonderful freedom which permits us to attend the House of God to listen to His messages and to unite our hearts in prayer and praise without fear of molestation.

Surely our hearts have burned within us as we have been conscious of God's presence with us in the class room and as we have fellowshiped together in the prayer room, as well as in the other activities of the College.

As the word of God has been unfolded to us through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, we have received a greater knowledge of Him who came down from the very presence of God to earth to bring peace and joy and reveal unto us the way, the truth and the life. He came that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

I am sure that our hearts are united in thanking God for answered prayer in restoring to us our beloved Principal, Dr. Mc Nicol, after his prolonged illness.

Let us praise God above all for His unspeakable gift to us at this Christmas time and may our gift to Him be a life of full and glad surrender.

It is a joy and a privilege to have this opportunity of wishing every student a happy and joyous Christmas and may His peace and joy remain with you throughout the days of this coming year.

Chris Thompson

In just a very few words, we would like to say how much the Devotional Service meant to us. We were very conscious of God's presence with us and encouraged and strengthened by the many testimonies. The solo, sung by Marjorie Gray, certainly went home to our hearts. Truly it was a message in song. The title will certainly provide us with food for thought. "Power in prayer Lord, power with men."

"SEEING IS BELIEVING"

I John 1

(..but 'tasting' is testing the truth thereof
John 14:26-27)

"THAT which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life....declare we to you." (I John 1). The writer quoted was a person, like yourself, by the name of John, who declared the great experience of an eternal truth. These words were written in about the year 90 A.D.

John's terrific impulse about the Living Word his eyes beheld, his ears heard, and his hands handled, pulsates with living truth in his written declaration. If ever you have received a letter from a friend who is telling of a unique and daring experience, you will know what it means to sense the impulse of the writer's experience and the pulsating reality of its truth.

Here is one of the many well-preserved letters in the Divine Library, a man who had to write because he SAW - and the Subject was not illusion. His was a personal and conscious experience, and to confirm his declaration, there was the power of unity in "we bear witness!" Two witnesses for the defence are sufficient to win a case in the courts of justice.

However, you may say, even as I have said, "What has this to do with me in 1938? Granted, John wrote in 90 A.D.!" and the letter continues in verse 5 of our chapter in reply. "This then is the message which we have heard of Him (the Living Word), and declare to you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."

We might believe we have enough 'light' about ourselves, and about the powers in the world in which we live, but "if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

We must therefore confess that every man has sinned, at one time or another, even ourselves. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Now that a "witness of the Living Word" arrives at the necessity for confession, and a Subject is introduced with authority to grant forgiveness, perhaps you may withdraw and say, "I am not too sure I have sinned, at least, to the ex-

tent of a confession."

I once read of a convicted man sentenced to die who declared in his final words, "There is no crime in anything a man does. The only crime is in being caught." During the time of this denial of his terrible sin, he made God a liar, and His word of truth was not in him. But had he not been caught by the law of man, he would have finally ended up in the courts of eternal judgment anyway.

These select and judicial words of the Law come to us out of the Book of the Law of Life. The Author of life, the eternal moral Judge, HAS BEEN REVEALED TO THE CONSCIOUS AND INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES OF MEN, as the Fountain-Source of all life, the actual Source for all things, the Cause of the great effect of world and man, and His method of employ has been through human-beings, by letting us know the things of His infinite and revealing His will for our way.

John SAW and, naturally, the impulse was too terrific to reject or deny as illusion. It was an experience both conscious and personal!

Man cannot find out God by speculation and contemplation. The effects of His Cause have been treated with by science to such advancement that today there are no scientific contradictions of the Bible; but rather they confirm the Scriptures, along with the advances of archaeology in this hour of time.

The mysteries about the intelligence of the Designer of the design would have to be pure revelation. If God was not Personality He would not be understood by human intelligence. Therefore, by the experiences of men in the biographies of the Book, we discover man is eternally linked with God, whose concern for you and me is a general one. There are sixty-six books comprising the Divine Library, written by about forty different authors. Some of the standings of these men are, namely: kings, statesmen, priests, a man trained in the universities of Egypt, a Greek and Hebrew philosopher, a herdsman, a tax collector, a physician, and fishermen. Their writings, in many cases, are about a thousand years apart, extending over a period of about 1600 years.

They all write to the world of ages yet unborn, the concern of God for man, in one theme - Redemption. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word will never pass away." Many of the writers employed by the Creator have never seen one another

(Concluded 2 pages back)

GIFT FOR PETER

Prize Story

"And was it a really truly angel on top of the tree, Mummy?"

The mother laughed in her quiet, mellow way, almost with a note of gaiety in her voice in spite of the pale, care-worn features, which constant pain had lined so deeply.

"Well--not exactly, really, truly, one, Peter, but a lovely, fluffy one with chubby face and arms, and beautiful shiny wings. It always held its little arms outspread as if it were begging us to come and unburden the poor old tree of all the mysterious looking parcels, which simply weighed it down to the ground."

Peter's eyes were shining as he watched his mother's face. He nudged his knees tighter up to his chin as he sat on the floor beside the old dilapidated couch on which she was lying.

Peter liked to talk about the Christmas Eves; his mother remembered when she was young, better than anything else. She often would tell him of the great grounds, spreading out from the large old house, where she and her brother played and frolicked and had such good times together, or of the jaunts which the family constantly took to the seaside. But best of all were the stories of Christmas Eve around the huge fireplace in the living room, where mother and brother Dick would roast chestnuts, with their father and mother and friends, and gaze longingly at the wonderful tree in the corner containing so many secrets--not to be revealed until the morning!

Peter loved it so because he knew nothing of it in his own little world. The tiny cottage was lacking even the bare necessities of life, let alone anything as wonderful as a Christmas tree. His mother had been upon her back for almost two years now, and if it had not been for the Providence of God and kindly friends and neighbours of the district, Peter and his mother would long ago have been separated and placed in institutions.

But though that little home was so bereft of physical comforts, there was something of infinitely greater value than earthly treasure possessed within its four walls. Above the mother's couch hung a small white card bearing a floral design encircling the words, "THE LORD KNOWETH THEM THAT TRUST IN HIM." That little card

expressed the spirit of that home, the secret of the patience and quiet confidence in the sick mother's face, the happy, joyful countenance of the lad.

"Mummy," said Peter, suddenly, "Have I ever seen your brother Dick?"

A shadow crossed the mother's face. She turned her face away from Peter as she spoke.

"No, Peter. He's a big man now, you know, and you would call him 'Uncle' if he were here. But I don't know where Uncle Dick is now, Peter. You see he was the only one in our family who never came to love Jesus as his Saviour, and when we were both quite grown up, Uncle Dick thought that he was much too old and wise to stay with a family who believed such old-fashioned things as were in the Bible. So he went away--and we never saw him again." Tears stood in the tired eyes as she spoke.

Peter snuggled closer to the couch, and said softly, "Did you love him very much, Mummy?"

"Very, very much Peter. He and I were everything to each other and always had such good times. I cried for days when he went away."

Peter sat very still. Tragedy had never touched his young life and he was trying very hard to think what it would be like to lose someone very dear to him like that.

His mother's voice startled him suddenly. "Peter, you've forgotten about the milk! Mrs. Dodger will be wondering what- ever could have happened to you. Hurry, now, and be sure to come straight back. It's snowing and may come heavier. Take care you don't get lost!" Peter was already pulling on his shabby little coat and heavy cap, and in a few moments was swinging along the hard, snow-packed trail toward the Dodger's small farmhouse over the hill.

It was Christmas Eve in very reality. Great flakes drifted slowly down, clinging to Peter's coat and lingering ere they melted away. The air was crisp but not too cold, and as Peter reached the brow of the hill and caught sight of the tiny twinkling lamp in the farmhouse window below him, he could almost see old Santa Claus himself, alighting upon the housetop with his "eight tiny reindeer", just as it said in the lovely poem mother had often repeated to him. Peter waited breathlessly as she described the jolly old red-cloated figure, his big pack of gifts on his back, and he always

imagined Santa Claus on their very own roof, bringing all the beautiful toys and books for which Peter's little heart longed. But Santa had somehow always passed by the humble cottage each Christmas. Peter had often wondered how such a jolly, generous person as Santa Claus would ever miss them, but mother always said, "Never mind, dearie, maybe he'll remember next year. He's an old, old man, you know."

Peter trudged over the crackling snow deeply engrossed with thoughts of the time when Santa would actually visit him and how he would listen for the bells and pattering of the tiny hoofs, and see if Santa's beard really was as long and as white as the picture-book showed.

Oh, if he should come tonight! Peter's heart leaped up at the thought, and his little fists drew hard together at the mysterious ecstasy of the thought.

Suddenly Peter stopped in his tracks.

His heart beat loudly in his ears. He strained his eyes to see and listened with all his might. Faintly, far ahead of him on the road he could hear just the merest tinkle--the gay note of sleigh bells--the soft indefinite clop-clop of hoofs. It was a sound Peter had heard often, singing across the snows on a clear winter's night, but tonight something within him spoke to his heart--and he knew it was Santa gliding down the road toward him!

Tinkle-tinkle---clop-clop-clop---tinkle-tinkle, closer and closer, clearer and clearer! Peter suddenly had a great desire to run away, yet his feet remained rooted to the spot. He peered through the sifting snowflakes--yes, there it was! The black bulk of something against the white fields.

And then, suddenly, Peter could see it all quite clearly. Just a small cutter drawn by a trim, spirited animal, called a horse! The driver could not be clearly distinguished beneath the upturned collar of a great fur coat, warm, woolly cap, and numerous rugs.

Before Peter could quite swallow his disappointment, the cutter had drawn up beside him and a deep voice was addressing him.

"Son, can you tell me where the widow Marks and her boy live?"

Peter stared. With an effort he pulled himself up, touched his cap and stammered: "Y-ye-yes sir. Just over the hill on this side of the road."

The driver gathered up the reins quickly, paused, and turned to the boy

again.

"Do you know them well, boy? Are they friends of yours?" The man peered closely at Peter through the falling snow.

"Y-yes sir. I'm--I'm Peter Marks, sir."

There was a sound as of breath being drawn in sharply, and then for a full minute nothing but the restless tinkle-tinkle as the horse stirred impatiently. The man and boy stared into each other's eyes.

Suddenly the driver grasped one of the side-lanterns and held it close to the boy's face.

"Peter Marks--Peter Marks--," he repeated softly to himself, scrutinizing the childish features.

At last he seemed to become aware that the boy actually was real flesh and blood, and very much alive, standing there before him. He stepped back from him, and drew a long breath.

"Do you know who I am, Peter Marks?"

Peter trembled from head to foot without quite knowing why. "N--No, sir."

"Then I shall tell you. My boy, I am someone whom you should have known many years ago and but for my stubborn pride you would have. I am your only Uncle, Peter. Your mother is my sister."

The snowflakes peeked in upon a scene of utmost happiness and bliss through the tiny cottage windows a few hours later. The brother and sister still clung to each other's hands as if loathe to part even for one moment again after the long night of separation. Happy tears were in the woman's eyes and her heart overflowed with thanksgiving to God for restoring this loved one to her. He had come home indeed, for already he had intimated to her how the Tender Shepherd had found and restored him, the lost and wandering sheep, and how, from that moment of restoration to his Lord, he had not ceased to search for the "little" sister who had loved him so much and who, he somehow knew, needed him now so desperately.

And so they sat, talking quietly, happily, with the boy's adoring eyes resting upon them both. After a long, long time of careful scrutiny of this newly-found relation, Peter walked over and stood in front of his Uncle, gazing shyly up into his face.

"Uncle--Uncle Dick," he said, almost as if the name were an interrogation.

The man stretched out his arm and drew the boy to his side. "Yes, Peter?" he said kindly, watching the boy's every expression.

The boy looked down at the floor, half smiling, half hesitatingly. The loving pressure of the strong arm encouraged him to go on. (Cont'd on first column, Poetry Page).

CHRISTMAS POETRYSilent Night, Holy Night

Silent night, holy night!
 All is calm, all is bright
 Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
 Holy Infant so tender and mild;
 Sleep in heavenly peace,
 Sleep in heavenly peace.

What is said to be the most beautiful of all Christmas carols, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" (Silent Night, Holy Night), is today known all over the world. The carol was first sung on Christmas Eve of the year 1818 in the little Austrian border village of Oberndorf. The words were written by the priest, Joseph Mohr, and the beautiful melody was composed by the village school teacher, Franz Gruber.

In the parish church at Oberndorf, there is now a relief memorial to the creators of the carol.

The Glory of the Lord

The glory of the Lord shines round about
 'Tis Christmas! Hearts are open! Stars
 are out!

Angelic voices down the ages sing
 The cradle song of Christ, our Lord and
 King.

We see His glory all around today!
 The peace of God lights up a weary way
 The poorest soul is touched with glory
 bright;
 From tired eyes there gleams a heavenly
 light.

In baby smiles we see the Holy Child;
 In mother eyes the blessed Mary mild;
 And 'round the Christmas candles, halos
 bright,
 Heaven touches earth with love - 'tis
 Christmas night.

--- Beatrice Eliza Leek.

GIFT FOR PETER, Cont'd.

"Out there----out on the road Uncle Dick, at first I thought, I thought ----" a pause, then a rush of words. "I thought you were Santa Claus!"

The man's eyes were very tender as he hugged the little figure closer to him. His gaze travelled to a large bundle in

the corner of the room, which had somehow come there mysteriously at identically the same time as he had himself. He smiled down at the little lad.

"Perhaps," he said, "I am."

---G. Mileson---

-ANNOUNCEMENTS-

The Annual Christmas dinner will be served in the College on Thursday, December 22nd at one o'clock. Tickets are on sale now and the students are requested to get theirs as soon as possible.

After the dinner there will be a Christmas programme in the auditorium. Friends of the College are invited to attend.

Next Tuesday night, December 20th, the annual Christmas Carol Service will take place in the auditorium at 8 P.M. As the accommodation is rather limited it is advisable to come early.

The College will reopen after the Christmas and New Year vacation, on Wed. Jan. 4th, 1939, at 9 P.M.

The students are asked to return any books that have been borrowed from the College library, before the Christmas holiday.

We were happy to welcome to our Devotional service on Tuesday, December 13, Dr. and Mrs. Judd, who have been labouring in China under the C.I.M. for the past forty-two years. In a few words Mrs. Judd brought before our minds some of the remarkable changes they have witnessed in China during their years of service there. Dr. Judd spoke for a few minutes on the missionary work itself. He said that there are in China to-day, probably three million people who have never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

AT ST. PAUL'S

GIRLS' SPORTS

On Sunday, December 4th, the College had charge of the evening service at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church on Bathurst Street. The College choir attended with thirty-eight members being present. Harold Lambshead led the service and Laurie Chubb gave a very fine Gospel message on Gen. 17:1 -- "I am the Almighty God (El Shaddai)". A large number of students were also present in the congregation.

After the regular service a Fireside Hour was held. For this fellowship more of the students came, after attending the evening services in their respective churches. Choruses were sung and Scripture was read, followed by prayer. Max Warne played "The Holy City" and a number of testimonies were given.

.....

Our missionary speaker on Wednesday December 14th was Mr. Arnold Paynter, graduate of Oxford and Director of the India Christian Mission. He is the son of the founder of the Mission and his mother is a Christian lady of one of the higher classes in India. Mr. Paynter showed interesting slides of the work among the Eurasian children in Northern India. Concluding his message, he made a strong appeal for prayer for this work.

.....

BOYS' SPORTS

The enthusiasm of the six volleyball teams among the boys is still high. During the past two or three weeks there have been several very good contests. The stronger teams have now forged ahead and the weaker ones have dropped behind. Thus in ranking, the teams are drawing apart. To-day, December 14th, the standing of the teams is as follows:-

Team	Played	Lost	Won
Butler	4	1	3
Taylor	4	1	3
Leach	3	1	2
Muir	4	2	2
Holmes	3	2	1
Hawkins	4	4	0

The girls' sport activities have taken a new turn this year in the form of badminton. Every Monday afternoon the Baraca Club is the scene of a graceful presentation of modern art. There are moments of "still life", when, for instance, a girl, having missed the birdie and also her balance, sinks on one knee in a sweetly humble attitude. But the scene is usually one of swiftly changing motion. When May Pirret and Edna Jefferson really "get going", the poor bird is terribly up in the air, with little chance of rest for sometime.

But some of us aren't so good at it - and it is amazing how slowly birds fly, isn't it? You make a dive upwards with your racket, expecting to see the birdie sailing back over the net into the right court -- and nothing happens! You glance around and see the birdie innocently lying on the floor behind you-----. Well, badminton is certainly a girl's game, for it takes a great deal of patience; and patience is a virtue which, as you possibly remember "is never found in men".

Since so many of us who "live in" have only one day "off" a week and that day is Thursday, it is only to be expected that there would be a better turn-out at the gym on Thursdays than on Mondays. This year we are very glad to report an increase over other years. It certainly is great fun when a good number attend. Volley-ball has been very much enjoyed -- watch your play, boys! -- as well as basket-ball and bowling. Many of the girls go in swimming, and Mary Littlewood's helpful advice is greatly appreciated.

Keep on keeping on, girls,---remember "the best is yet to be!" (with apologies to Browning.)

- A Badminton Enthusiast -

As this is the last issue of the Broadcast for the year 1938, the Broadcast Staff wish to voice their appreciation for the support given to it by the students of the College during these months. We also thank our readers outside the College for their kind interest in this expression of our fellowship at Toronto Bible College.



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER - THUR. DEC. 22, 1930.

* * * * *

'Tis said by some in circles rare,
Whene'er they scan the bill of fare,
"Despise the cheap, endorse the dear,
E'en though the rent is in arrear.

This bill of fare, we all agree
Insures a rare and costly dish,
Yet takes in all of low degree,
And what could more fulfill our wish.

MENU

CROUSTADES OF TURKEY AND KING

CRANBERRY SAUCE

SCALLOPED POTATOS - CAROL AU BEURRE

CHRISTMAS PUDDING WITH BUTTER SAUCE

DINNER ROLLS

NUSS

CAKES

SOFTEN