December 1967

HIS NAME IS WONDERFUL Billy Graham

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WHAT ARE YOU READING? BIBLE STUDY (J) Esther; John

COME TO THE FEAST! **ග** T. DeWitt Talmage

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MESSAGE IN THE MAKING 14 Christmas Basket





Whether it were angels Heard music in the fields When the shepherds watching TITULI OPON MIN MINOROLLE ... or the bright stars singing. and marveling could not tell by their folds ere the dawn that first Christmas of all

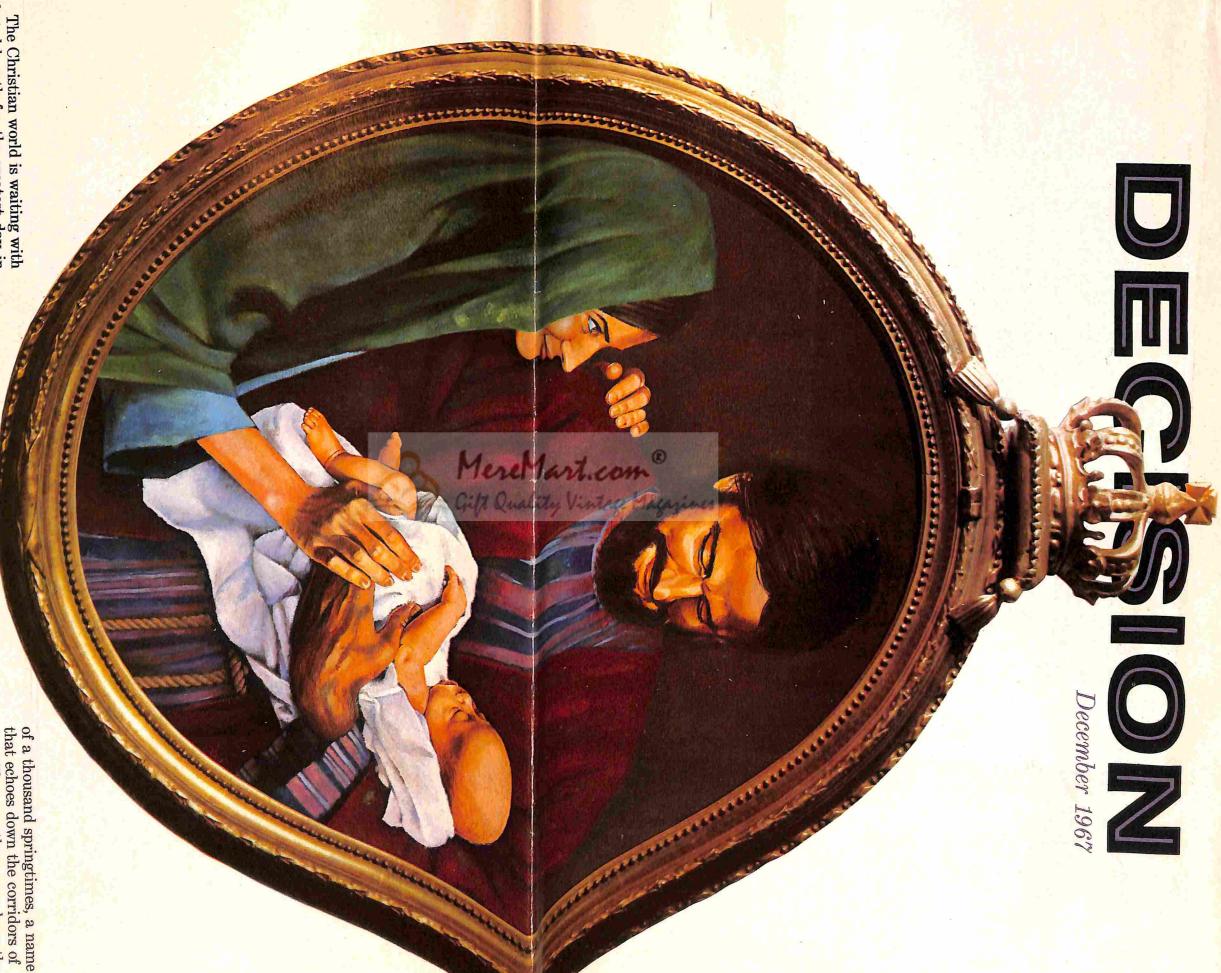
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the rattling ropes that race Into the dark above With arms lifted to clutch Who are ringing for Christ Blessed be their founders Now blessed be the tow'rs That stand up strong in prayer and the mad romping din. in the belfries tonight (said I) an' our country folk unto God for our souls that crown England so fair,

Heark'ning in the aspect The old words came to me, Mellow'd and transfigured, Angels' song, comforting But to me heard afar as I stood on the hill, as the comfort of Christ. of th' eternal silence. by the riches of time it was starry music,

- ROBERT BRIDGES

"Christmas," by Hedley Lucas, from "Later Poems, 1954-1960," Independent Press, London, 1961; "Skies," by Hedga Skogsbergh, from "Songs of Pitgrinage," Covernant Press, Chacago, 1962; "O Holy Child," by Meta Rorem, from "I Sing of Mary's Child," by Meta Rorem, from "I Sing of Mary's Child," by Meta Rorem, from "I Sing of Mary's Child," Augsburg, Minneapolis, 1966; "Noel: Christmas Eve, 19 by Robert Bridges, British poet laureate, from "The Oxford Book Oxford; selection from "Diary of an Old Soul



The Christian world is waiting with bated breath for the greatest day in our calendar year. Nearly two thousand years ago, on a night the world has been pleased to call Christmas, a Jewish maiden went down into the mysterious depths of motherhood and came back with a child. This child was given a name, a name that blossoms on the pages of history like the flowers

by Billy Graham

thousand monuments of purest stone. is a name that after 1,967 years of scrutiny shines in the galaxy of the earth's great souls like the glory of a thousand continued on page 18

time like an anthem sung by a thousand choirs, a name that adorns the records of the centuries more than the splendor of a thousand monuments of purest stone. It

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