

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness
THE ORGAN OF THE
REFORMED BAPTISTS OF CANADA

Published Semi-Monthly at Moncton, N. B.
by a Committee of the Alliance

Editor and Business Manager - Rev. H. S. Dow
— Committee —

Revs. H. S. Dow, H. C. Archer, H. C. Mullen
F. A. Watson P. J. Traffon

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Per year, in advance	\$1.50
Ministers, per year	1.00
Four months' trial subscription40
Sample Copy	Free
Unoted States Subscribers	1.75
Ministers, U. S. A.	1.25

SPECIAL NOTICE

All correspondence for The Highway should reach us before the 12th and 25th of each month. Address: Rev. H. S. Dow, Moncton, N. B.

MONCTON, N. B., DEC. 15TH, 1933

EDITORIAL

THE RETURN OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Perhaps there is no day or time of the whole year that is more welcome to us all than the Christmas season. I know that tired overburdened hearts, and mothers, who are trying to make a Merry Christmas for so many, with very little to make it with, sometimes say: "Well I will be glad when it is all over". But these words are often the expression of a loving heart that longs to make so many happy, but, has so little to do it with, because of the scarcity of money. I fear that very many of us often forget that money with which we can buy gifts, is not the only thing upon which we can depend to bring happiness to burdened hearts. No! Money or material wealth is one of the cheapest blessings that God bestows on men. The most precious and costly blessings or gifts cannot be purchased with money, and yet they are within reach of all, and all may have them to impart to others. Love and sympathy and kind words, are some of the precious things that money cannot buy. There are many people who have money to spend, and fine, nicely furnished houses to live in, but, have no home because the essential elements upon which homes are built are wanting viz, love and mutual sympathy and understanding. Edgar A. Guest said: "It takes a heap o' livin' to make a house a home". There are many courageous souls that we know of perhaps who are bravely battling to do their duty in their families and toward their God, who are feeling the pinch of poverty and lack of human sympathy, and because of this they are often strongly tempted to be discouraged and give up the fight. If we know of such let us speak or write to them a few words of kindness and sincere sympathy and tell them that we have noted their courage and that they have been a source of inspiration to us. I am sure that a few timely words of encouragement, from a sincere heart, will mean more this Christmas season to them than gifts of silver and gold. Then again, let us give as we can of our scanty stores of material things if need be, such things as we can spare to those who are in real need.

Yes, Christmas season is always welcome. It seems to bring round with it a spirit of good cheer, genuine feelings of kindness and love toward all, which are not so noticeable at other seasons of the year.

It brings back to us tender and sacred memories of our childhood days, when we gathered

about the old kitchen fire on Christmas Eve, and heard stories of the Christ Child coming to Bethlehem's manger, so long ago. And we beheld with keen delight the kind sweet smile on fathers and mother's faces, while we children talked with each other about Santa Claus and wondered what he would bring to each of us, as we hung our stockings with great care along the wall. And who can describe the scene of next morning, when long before daylight a half dozen or more of boys and girls were out of bed and downstairs to the kitchen where the stockings were hanging, or to the Christmas tree, and with trembling hands from sheer excitement, each found its own, often times very simple gifts, and ran with great haste and delight to father and mother's room to show them what Santa had brought, and the parents seemed to enjoy it all fully as much as the children. And we still enjoy looking at the sweet, happy faces of innocent children at this season with their wide open, wondering eyes, looking for Santa. And also, there are the homecomings of relatives, loved ones and children, the family gatherings for the holidays, the exchanging of gifts, that speak louder than words, I love you. And which all contribute to the joys of Christmas season. And the world seems to lose its rough, hard edge for a time, as men of strife cease hostilities to greet each other with a "Merry Christmas" to you. And it seems that such a feeling of brotherly love prevails that it might be in order once again for the heavenly messenger who appeared to the humble shepherds on that quiet night, to lift his triumphant voice in angelic notes of praise to Him who so long before through His prophet Isaiah, broke to a sad world the glad news: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given". While myriads of the heavenly choir strike their harps of gold and sing again. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men".

It is very sad indeed to think what havoc sin hath wrought in this beautiful world that our God hath made, for because of this principle of evil in men's hearts, the war clouds again cast their shadows across the sky, and the clanging of the workmen's hammers as they build larger navies and armaments and implements of war and the howling of the fierce war-dogs while they thirst for the blood of our noble manhood, are all evidences of the fact that "the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked", and can only be subdued and cleansed as it is surrendered to Him who was born in Bethlehem and suffered without the gate that He might sanctify the people with His own blood", that we might enjoy the Christmas spirit all the year. Let all our readers offer praise to Him this Christmas season, with the editor who sincerely wishes you all A Joyous and Happy Christmas.

ALWAYS CHRISTMAS

Used to think that Christmas was nothing but a day

To get a lot of presents and to give a lot away. Shouted "Merry Christmas" and helped to trim the tree—

Just a day of Christmas was all that I could see, Since then I've found that Christmas is more than any day.

Since, Christmas came to our house and never went away.

Struck me of a sudden that friendliness and cheer

Was meant to be on duty more than one day in a year.

If we're happy Christmas, why not the day before,

An' the day that follows, and so on, evermore, Got to thinkin' of it—an' that is why I say, Christmas came to our house an' never went away.

Lots of us go plodding along the road of life An' think one day of gladness will make up for all the strife.

But the Christmas spirit can show you how you need

To make each day a Christmas in thought and word and deed.

Used to pack the kindness in camphor balls next day,

Till Christmas came to our house and never went away.

Used to think that Christmas was nothing but a date

Till I learned that truly you would never have to wait;

But that it's the spirit that never stays apart If you let it find you and keep it in your heart.

Since I found that Christmas is more than just a day

Christmas came to our house an' never went away

We just keep on givin' to strangers and to kin An' find that what is going out is always comin' in;

Makes the sunshine brighter where we've got to live

To learn that givin's keepin'; what you have you give.

Holly in December, violets in May—

And Christmas came to our house—an' never went away.

THE LAW OF MORAL AND SPIRITUAL GRAVITATION

(Continued from Page Five)

seemed to really belong to the band. They were in it but not really a part of it. They fretted because of the humble crowd and the crude expressions of experience. They had received that culture that demanded a more learned ministry. Of course they said "those old people were good and well-meaning and went to Heaven. But their vision was limited, and their theology was crude and their attitude was very narrow. Now these have found the company that makes the church of God a sort of a show-house with a little religion sprinkled in to take off the harm. They have found their OWN company with those who are socially refined and ceremonially religious but who experience their higher joy in the movie-theatre, the lodge room, or some other place of entertainment and amusement, but have no real joy and satisfaction in the house of prayer where, loud shouts of praise and exclamations of devotion would to them be either fanaticism or hypocrisy or a little of both.

Again, circumstances of labor and of place may hold the most devout people from their company for a while. But when the restraints break how glad are they to get back to their OWN company! Here is a girl saved and sanctified, who is compelled to work in a factory along with a lot of girls whose moral standards are very low. She is compelled to listen to their cheap and at times vile conversation. She eats lunch by herself as far as possible. She lets her light shine and they all think her crazy. She tells them she goes to the prayer and class meeting for enjoyment, and has no desire for the movies and the dance. When work is over she goes home, eats her humble meal and then in neat simple attire goes out into the street. The doors of the movie houses swing open on every side, but she