

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.—Isa. 35-8

VOL. XXXI.

MONCTON, N. B., DEC. 15, 1934

NO. 33

Christmas Greetings to Our Readers

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth, Peace, Good Will Toward Men."

THE NATIVITY



When Jordan hushed its waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujah stole,
Wild murmurs o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky:
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came;
High Heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps and sung:—

"O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

"See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

"He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart;
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

"O Zion; lift thy raptured eye:
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

CHRISTMAS!

By Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Bales
When your Christmas fires are lighted,
And are bright with old-time glow;
Don't forget the scenes of childhood,
And the friends you used to know.

Think of Mother, and of loved ones
Who long since have passed away;
And the Christ they used to worship
Is the Christ we need today.

Think of how the lowly manger,
Held the Christ, so long foretold,
How the Wise Men came to worship,
And the angels sang of old.

Christmas bells will soon be ringing:
Heaven and earth will be aglow,
Don't forget the days of childhood
And the friends you used to know.

"This is the time of happiness, the time
When eyes should smile, and tender hearts
should sing—

This is the Birthday of the Christ, the King,
When gift trees bloom, and silver church bells
chime.

This is the time when life seems full and new,
And glorious with faith and high desires.
When hope and courage seem like warming
fires.

And no task is too hard or dull to do!

"This is the time when all the world seems
giving,
Of kindness and friendship and good
cheer—
For when the blessed Christmas day draws
near,

A certain glow creeps over simple living.
A halo, almost, guards all homely things,
The fireplace, the well worn, easy chair;
The cradle and the baby sleeping there,
Rest in the shadow of an angel's wings.

"The Christmas season—ah, the time is
blessed,

With joy more tender than most joy can
be

When Yuletide rests upon land and sea,
One feels as if the whole world were caressed
With a far-seeing gentleness and care;
The Holy Infant's hand seems very near . . .

We put away each trouble, every fear—
To join, with all the earth, in praise and
prayer!"

—Margaret E. Sangster