

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Business

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

VOL. XXXII.

MONCTON, N. B., DEC. 15, 1935

NO. 7

Happy Christmas to All Our Readers

Mrs. Hartshorn Mullen,
Jan. 87

Unto Us a Child is Born, Unto Us a Son is Given—Isaiah 9-6.

AND SHE BROUGHT FORTH her first born 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 flocks 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 angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward men.

SING IT AGAIN

By O. M. Albig in Ex.

Sing it again, sweet seraphim,
That message of song this Christmas night.
Not to the hills of Bethlehem,
Sing to the crowded marts of men.
Here, where the millions know no peace,
Here, where the heartaches never cease,
Where the sordid steal the children's bread,
Where the weary mourns her dead,
They need the peace of the angel's song.

Like the Hebrew host in the wilds of sin,
The millions march to the promised year,
Leaving their dead hopes buried here.
On manna from God they daily feed
And, thankless gather the spoils of greed.
'Tis the march of death in the midst of life.
'Tis the soul's defeat in the midst of strife.
How they need the peace of the angels' song
To lift their load as they march along!

So, sing it again, sweet seraphim,
The anthem of peace on earth and Him,
For the mighty hope of the angels' song
Is the power of God to right the wrong,
When the hosts of earth shall know this
peace
Shall the sin and sorrow and suffering cease,
And the golden age will come again,

The eternal reign of the Son of Man.
So, sing it again, sweet seraphim.

A CHILD'S SONG OF CHRISTMAS

My counterpane is soft as silk,
My blankets white as creamy milk,
The hay was soft to Him, I know,
Our little Lord of long ago.

Above the roofs the pigeons fly
In silver wheels across the sky,
The stable-doves they cooed to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Bright shines the sun across the drifts,
And bright upon my Christmas gifts,
They brought Him incense, myrrh, and gold,
Our little Lord who lived of old.

Oh, soft and clear our mother sings,
Of Christmas joys and Christmas things,
God's holy angels sang to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear,
And earth seems sweet and heaven seems
near,

Oh, heaven was in His sight, I know,
That little child of long ago.

—Marjorie Pickthall