

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

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The King's Highway wishes all its readers a Very Happy and Joyous Christmas

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

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name

shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

'Hosannah! Hosannah! Lift up your heads and sing: All glory in the highest to Christ the new born King."

Mrs. Harishorn Mullen,
Jan 87



A CHRISTMAS HYMN

By Ernest Wesley

O Morn of morns the dearest
The world has ever known;
When Heaven to earth came nearest,
And God's great love was shown!
When to the Virgin's keeping
God trusted His own Son;
Then, in that sweet Babe, sleeping,
Redemption was begun.

O Morn of morns most holy,
When angels came to earth
And told Salvation's story,
Of Incarnation's birth!
With them we sing with gladness:
"To men good will and peace,"
Thus banish tears and sadness,
From fear to give release.

If I had lived in Bethlehem
When Mary passed that way,
Would I have made a place within,
Or bid her go away?

If I had lived in Bethlehem
Would I have heard the song

O Morn of morns whose glory
Extends from shore to shore;
We love to hear thy story,
Which raptures more and more.
Its radiance ever streaming
Brings light and love and peace,
With God's own mercy beaming
Doth cause all sighs to cease.

O Morn of morns most glorious,
For which men waited long;
O'er sin to be victorious,
Glad news of Heaven's song;
We bring Christ gifts unmeasured,
Most worthy He of all
As at His feet we fall.
Our best and choicest treasures,

Of glory in the highest
Sung by the angel throng?

If I had lived in Bethlehem

Season's Greetings

THE GIFT

What shall I give to Thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on Thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems and gold.

The martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood
Their ashes strewed Thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust
To speed Thy coming day.

Thou know'st of sweet and precious things
My store is scant and small;
Yet wert Thou here, in want and woe,
Lord, I would give Thee all.

Then came a voice from heav'nly heights:
Unclose thine eyes and see;
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto me." —Sel.

Ere wise men from afar
Journeyed over desert sands,
Would I have seen His star?

I never lived in Bethlehem,
Not in its humble part,—
But would I give a little child
A place within my heart? —Sel.