

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

"Let no man despise thy youth"—I. Timothy 4:12

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A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION

Once more we are in the season in which we commemorate the natal day of Jesus of Bethlehem and Nazareth. Again songs and messages relating to the Nativity will be repeated, a story that is so familiar that many, yea, multitudes, can repeat it in detail. But repetition does not rob the story of its thrilling note and wondrous beauty, for each year an increasing throng are inspired to sing with deep fervour and sincere devotion the anthem of the heavenly choir, "Glory to God in the Highest."

The historic scenes related to the Saviour's birth, beautifully portrayed in the Word by inspired writers, have become peculiarly sacred to us. The heavenly halo which so gloriously illuminated the pasture land of the Judean shepherds, has lost none of its effulgence during these many centuries. The guiding star, which so long ago led men to the manger bed of the new-born Messiah there to worship and give precious gifts, has shone undimmed through nineteen hundred years.

Drawn by the influence of this Yuletide season into the atmosphere of meditation which, although familiar, is most holy to us, we feel sure that if we had lived in that day of His birth we should have done, not as the inn-keeper or Herod, but as the shepherds and wise men. We are confident that if we had been among those tending the sheep, we should have received the announcement of the angels with gladness and said with them, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see the thing which is come to pass." Or, when the star of guidance appeared we would have "rejoiced with exceeding great joy," fixed a steadfast gaze on that heavenly sign, come with all speed to where the young child was, and then, as they, worshipped and poured at His feet our richest treasures. But the Light of the Gospel, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, reveals the deep significance of the manger-birth and by that revelation brings the incident very near to all of us. The Yuletide season is to the Holy Spirit a convenient time to impress us with the truth that Christ was born into the world that He might be born in our hearts, that He came, not to create and establish an earthly throne and material kingdom, but a spiritual dominion which was to have its center of rule in the will and nature of man.

If you have a longing that you might have hastened with the shepherds to behold the Christ-child, or journeyed with the wise men to worship and give, may I point you to a more excellent way. Yours is the privilege of knowing Him in a far more intimate way than the shepherds could that night, and you may present to Him this Christmas season a gift that is to Him far more excellent than gold, frankincense and myrrh, you may give Him your life. "Let us go, let us live."

YULETIDE GREETINGS

The Editor and Associate Editor of the Young People's Page wish to extend to all our young people and every reader of this section of the Highway, our most sincere greetings and best wishes for a joyous Christmas season.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry night.
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light 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 of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they strung 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 host depart;
Again the day-star guilds the gloom.
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

—Thomas Campbell

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end."

Ring, O ye Christmas bells, ever ring,
"Peace, good will; peace, good will,"
Till to the hearts of all men you bring
Peace, good will; peace, good will.
Ring till the nations hear and heed,
Till the hard hearts shall softened be,
Till for all men in word and deed
Peace and good will the world shall see.
As of the Christ child now you tell,
Gift of all gifts to man the best,
Over the earth let the sweet spell
Both on the high and lowly rest.

—C. W. Naylor.

GLEANINGS

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry:
And the star rains its fire
While the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!"

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."—Isaiah 9:6.

"They shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."—Matt. 1:23.

"Unto us is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord"—Luke 2:11.

"Sinners, wrung with true repentance
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship, come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King."

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2:14.

NO ROOM

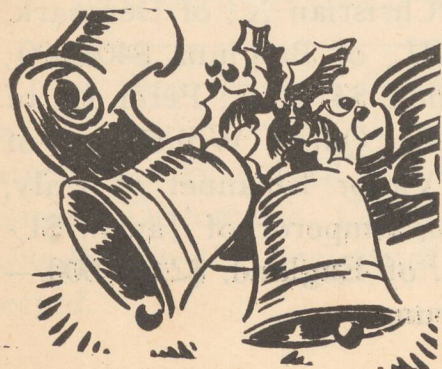
Annie Johnson Flint

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke 2:7.

There was no room in the inns of the world
For the Lord of the world to come;
In a manger bed He must lay His head,
In a stable make His home.
There is no room in the inns of the world
For the Saviour of men today;
The feasts of the earth, with their song and mirth,
Leave Him no place to stay.
There is no place in the inns of the world
For the Lord of the world to rest,
But again and again in the hearts of men
He has found a shelter blest.
There is no room in the inns of the world
That border the world's highway,
And they bid Him depart from school and mart;
He is homeless still today.
There is no room in the inns of the world
For the Lord of the earth and sea;
Let us give Him room and bid Him come
To the hearts of you and me.

"I will confess Him to all the world; and I will declare unto you, in the presence of the Holy Trinity, I am now 'dead indeed unto sin'."

Thank God forever, fear is defeated through the salvation of Christ, wrought out at Calvary, the empty tomb and a personal Pentecost!—Sel.



Season's Greetings

