

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.

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Christmas Greetings

To All Our Friends and Readers

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."



THE STAR THAT SHONE

"The star that shone o'er Bethlehem,
Today is shining still;
And through the night its silvery light
Falls soft o'er vale and hill.
The busy crowds of earth go by,
And hustle to and fro,
And will not sight the glorious light
Of Him who loves them so!

"The Star that shone o'er Bethlehem,
Today is shining still;
Its fire of Love rains from above
And rests on Calvary's hill!
And earth wends on its weary way,
And knows no rest or peace,
And will not see on Calvary
The Love that can not cease.

"The Star that shone o'er Bethlehem,
Today is shining still;
To point the way to endless day—
And all may see who will.
But earth's great mass of aching hearts
Gropes onward in the night,
And weeps for aid, alone, afraid,
And will not see His light!

"The Star that shone o'er Bethlehem,
Today is shining still;
And till the dawn shall break upon
The farthest midnight hill,
To point the way to Calvary,
Where glows the Light Divine,
Thro' sin's dark night till morning bright,
His Star of Love shall shine!" —Sel.

STILL UNWELCOME

By Rev. F. A. Watson

Amid all the joyous festivity of the Christmas season there is a note of sadness. It lies in the fact that as He was an unwelcome guest at Bethlehem, so He is still unwelcome in the hearts of men and women for whom he died. Why should this be so? How is it possible that so many refuse to admit Christ into their lives? He is still waiting patiently to gain admittance to every heart that will receive Him. "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man will hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and sup with him and he with Me," said Jesus, Rev. 3:20. We see in that statement first, A CLOSED DOOR.



I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have
been to me,
I'd like to be the help that you've been always
glad to be;
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute
of the day
As you have meant, dear friend of mine, to me
along the way!

I'd like to do some big things, and some splen-
did things, for you,
To brush the gray from out your skies, and
leave them only blue;
I'd like to say the kind things which so often I
have heard, and
Feel that I could rouse your soul, the way
that mine you've stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy that you have
given me,
Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will
never be;
I'd like to make you feel as rich as he, who
travels on,
Undaunted in the darkest hours with Christ
to lean upon!

I'm wishing at this Christmas time that I
could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn
along my way.
And could I have one wish this year, this only
would it be,—
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have
been to me!

—Selected by the Editor of the King's
Highway and Dedicated to his Friends.

We have bolts and bars and locks to keep thieves and robbers from gaining admittance to our homes, but why shut CHRIST outside? Room for so many things that are relatively unimportant, the fleeting pleasures of life, the cares of business, the bid for popularity, the struggle for success, all these are given a welcome, and CHRIST is crowded out. Earthly friends are cherished, and the friend of friends is slighted, the door is too often swung wide open to receive that which is unworthy and bolted against the KING OF GLORY. Impure thoughts, unholy ambitions, wrong motives, illicit affections are entertained, and Christ is spurned. He knocks at a closed door.

HOW THE KING CAME

Henry J. Zelle

Not with the sound of rattling drums,
Nor piercing bugle call;
Not with the wealthy nor the great,
Came Christ the Lord of all.

And not with any outward show,
To earth which He had made—
The King came down, a little child,
In lowly manger laid.

And why so quiet was His birth?
The angels did not know;
And so they asked that they might haste
And spread the news below.

Consent was giv'n and off they flew
On strong and rapid wing;
On Bethlehem's plain they paused awhile
To show how angels sing.

They told the shepherds of their King
Who came in peace to reign;
And then with glad and joyous song
Flew back to Heav'n again.

Our King is here and reigns today,
But not on gilded throne;
He lives and reigns in every heart
That claims Him as its own.

No eye can now His kingdom see:
But those who Christ possess,
The kingdom find within their hearts—
Joy, Peace and Righteousness.

Then open wide each heart today
And bid the King come in;
He'll purify the trusting heart
And there His reign begin. —Sel.

The second thought is that of THE PATIENT CHRIST.

"I stand and knock," said He. Would you do that? at the door of your closest friend would you do it? Knowing that your presence was known, and your knocking heard, would you continue to wait and to knock? We would consider it discourteous indeed to ignore the knock of the humblest person at our door and yet His knocking is ignored.

The hand that touched blind eyes, restoring sight, and leprous sores, to cleanse them, the hands that were nailed to a cross of wood are knocking at your heart's door this Christmas-tide. Will you let him in?

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