

The King's Highway

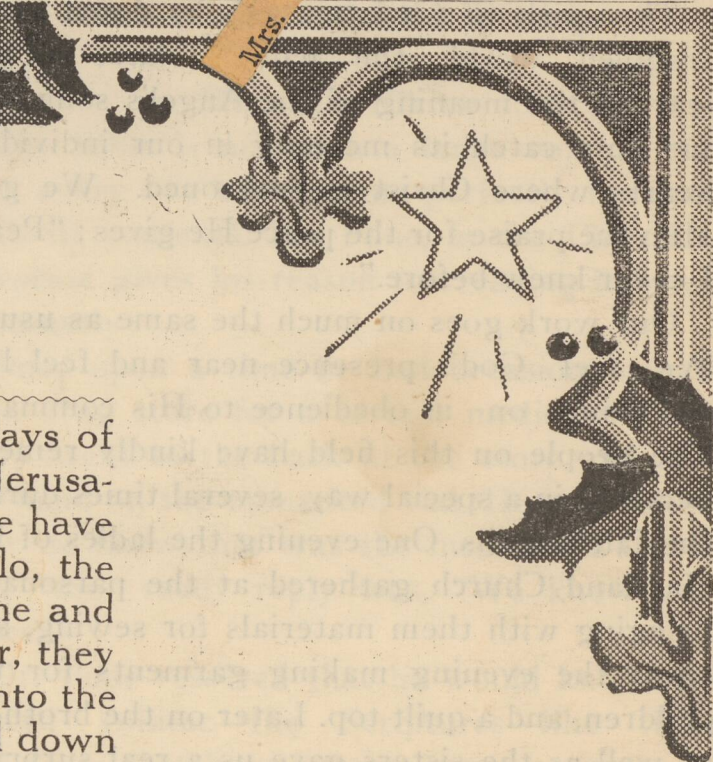
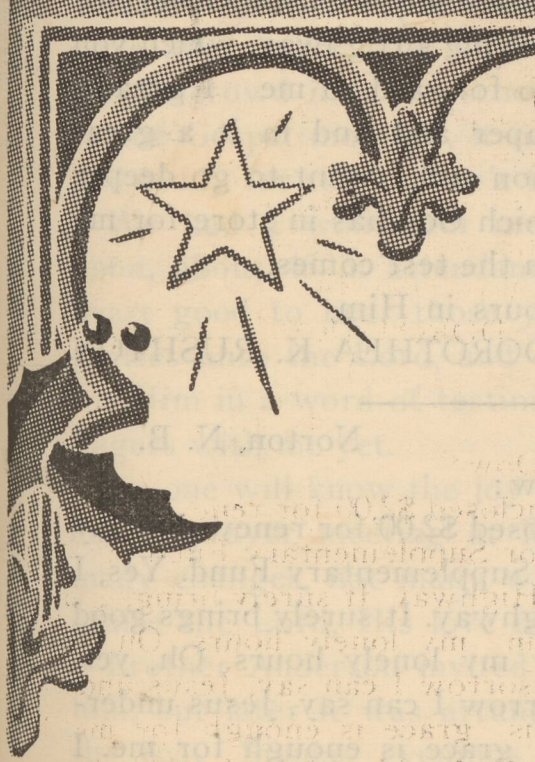
An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.—Isa. 40:3-8

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"Thou Shalt Call His Name Jesus For He Shall Save His People From Their Sins."

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem. Saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

"O come all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,

To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord:

Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Through true God of true God,
Light of light eternal,

Our lowly nature He had not abhorred:

Son of the Father,
Not made but begotten:

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,

Through heaven's high arches be your praises
poured:

Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,

O Jesus! forever be Thy name adored:

Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!"

—Sel.

CHRISTMAS

By the Rev. Canon Allan P. Shatford

The Time draws near the birth of Christ. All hearts are sensitive with sympathy. It is the one festival of the year that overrides every barrier and sweeps all humanity into its glow and charm. There are no Scroogers left today—Charles Dickens made that type of person so melancholy and lonely that no one desires to stand out so tragically from the happy celebration. It is not difficult to understand the fascination of the day. The happiness is so beautiful and hearty, the atmosphere so radiant and warm that everybody wants to share in it. It is making others happy that constitutes the attraction of Christmas. There

THE FIRST NIGHT

The stable door was closed that night,
But through the cracks no bolts could bar
The light of holy innocence
Burst like a spraying star.

Even the beasts were glad He came.
They knelt in patience where He lay,
Content to yield for His baby head
Their evening meal of hay. —Sel.

is no selfishness in it—the thought everywhere is for others. Watch the crowd go hurrying by, each one laden with parcels to cheer and make radiant the day for others.

Take a peep into the places of "Christmas Cheer" and note the bundles of good things being prepared for the lonely and the stranger. The whole world is happy—there are no differences or disunities here. People work together without a thought as a social and creedal cleavages. There are no dividing gulfs at Christmas—love is the cement that binds all the elements together. How good it is to have at least one day in the year when divisions are forgotten and the fundamental unity of humanity is the dominant note!

A little girl, at bedtime, was being comforted in her loneliness at night by the assurance that God was always with her "Yes, mother," she replied, "but I want a flesh God." And so does all humanity! That has been the eternal cry of the human heart. God in Heaven was too remote. His majestic Power and awful Holiness produced awe and reverence but could hardly inspire love. He must draw near and fellowship with humanity. Only by taking on flesh and dwelling with men could He really command affection and confidence. Christmas is the time when "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Heaven is brought close to earth. The angels are singing over the fields and the star sheds its light over the town.

Everywhere it is true that ideas and ideals

must become incarnated before they can have influence with the sons of men. Music must be "made flesh" by the art of the singer before it can touch human hearts. Thought is expressed in the language of the lips ere it can have any influence. Once an orator was described as "eloquence made flesh." God can best be made known in human personality. That is the beautiful Christmas truth and explains its universal appeal. And where is there humanity so tender and spotless, so unspoiled and beautiful, as in a little child? The Babe is the epitome of all loveliness and goodness. Its little hand pulls at the heart. Its very helplessness summons our strength, its innocence commands our admiration. The ancient prophecy summed it all up in the golden sentence: "A little child shall lead them."

Christmas is a day of joy. That increases its appeal, for the great hunger of humanity is for happiness. "I bring you glad tidings of great joy," sang the angel. The world needs that message, for in recent days there has not been too much joy. The laughter has died in human hearts and the songs have not been sung. It will be good, then, to hear the joy-bells ringing at Christmas time and to listen to the carols outside the window. "Let joy be unconfined"—let it spill over into shadowed homes, find its way down dark alleys and pour its throbbing notes into every aching heart. There must be no grudging or careful economy at Christmas! "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son"—that must be the standard and measure of giving, a brimming, overflowing surrender of love in the ministry of joy.

One more note needs to be added to make the festival complete. It is the casting out of fear. That was the original word of the angelic message: "Fear not." Just now the world seems engulfed with fear. Nations sleep on the borders of terror. Individuals are faced with intolerable anxieties. Let this season be free of fear. Help

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"Merry Christmas" To All The Highway Family