

The King's Highway

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Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace



To all our Highway readers we send out warmest Christmas Greetings. As the shadow of the grim monster of war casts a gloom over the homes of the world, let us be cheered by the sure hope of the coming of the King, and the day of Peace He will usher in. The hour is near



when the angelic hosts will once more sing of the personal visit to the world of the Son of God, and this time it will be a Coronation hymn. Not as a babe in a manger, but as a King on a Throne will He come again. Then Peace shall be on earth and war will be no more. Glory to God in the Highest.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By the Editor

As the Christmas season approaches again this year, we hear some people saying, "there won't be any Christmas this year because of the war." And some children with a serious look on their young faces, are asking, "Mamma, will Santa not come this year?" It is true that this awful war has made many changes in every phase of life; so much so that things will never be as they were again. This world will never recover from this deadly wound that it has received, in spite of all this cheap talk which we hear from superficial optimists about a new and better world when this war is over. They don't seem to realize that we are sustaining losses which cannot be replaced.

Perhaps there is no place that these losses are felt more keenly than in our homes, especially at the Christmas season. Places which were previously filled by loved ones around the festive board, will be empty, and some of them never will come back to take their places in the home again. We want to tell these sorrowing ones, of which there are so many, that as we think of them at this Christmas season, we mourn also, and sympathize deeply with them in their losses, and we commend them to our Heavenly Father's care, and pray that the Comforter, whom Jesus promised to His people, will minister to them in their need.

Yes, war is destructive wherever it goes. Family circles are broken by it, homes destroyed, property wasted, and great suffering which many of us know nothing about, results. But, in spite of war, suffering and poverty, there is something which cannot be destroyed, as is suggested by the caption of this article, that is, the Spirit of Christmas.

We have noted many times that when the Christmas season comes round, there seems to take possession of people generally a desire to make others happy, and this desire expresses itself in giving to one another, in exchanging gifts. Even little children save their nickels and pennies to buy presents for

brother and sister. And not only the recipient of the gift is made happy, but the giver also proves that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

This spirit which does not change with the passing of the years, and cannot be annihilated, is heaven born; it originated in the great heart of God, our heavenly Father: It is the expression of true love: "God so loved the world that He gave," etc. He expressed His love toward us in that "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "God is love," and "love never fails." So wherever the gospel of God is preached and men become partakers of the divine nature, they will love one another, and that while the ages roll on. Moreover, that love will find expression in giving to the poor and needy, and to those whom we love.

So as long as our Heavenly Father reigns on high, and sheds His love abroad in the hearts of men, we can truly say to the children that Santa will come again, for that is the Spirit of Christmas, which is prompted by love which cannot fail, and it is indestructible.

With sincere wishes that all our readers will enjoy a peaceful and happy Christmas.—H. S. Dow.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Annie Johnson Flint

I question if Christmas can ever be "merry"
Except to the heart of an innocent child.
For when time has taught us the meaning of
sorrow

And sobered the spirits that once were so
wild,

When all the green graves that life scattered
behind us

Like milestones are marking the length of
the way,

And echoes of voices that no more shall
greet us

Have scattered the chimes of the bright
Christmas Day,

We may not be merry, the long years forbid it,
The years that have brought us such manifold
smarts;

But we may be happy, if only we carry

The Spirit of Christmas deep down in our
hearts.

Threefold is the Spirit, thus blending together
The faith of the shepherds who came to the
King

And, knowing naught else but the angels' glad
message,

Had only their faith to His cradle to bring;
The hope of the Wise Men that rose like the
daystar

To lighten the centuries' midnight of wrong,
And the love of the Child in the manger low-
lying,

So tender and patient, so sweet and so
strong.

Hence I shall not wish you the old "Merry
Christmas,"

Since that is of shadowless childhood a part,
But one that is holy and happy and peaceful;

The Spirit of Christmas deep down in your
heart.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS

Almighty Framers of the skies,

Oh, let our pure devotion rise

Like incense in Thy sight!

Wrapt in impenetrable shade,

The texture of our souls was made,

Till Thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleam'd, the ray

Refined the darkness into day,

And bid the vapours fly:

Impelled by His eternal love,

He left His palaces above

To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate this day

When God appeared in mortal clay;

The mark of worldly scorn.

When the archangel's heavenly lays

Attempted the Redeemer's praise,

And hail'd salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead wore,

The pains of poverty He bore.

To gaudy pomp unknown:

Though in a human walk He trod,

Still was the man Almighty God,

In glory all His own.

—Thomas Chatterton

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