

THE CHRISTMAS POINTER

Dr. H. E. Jessop

The fact of Christmas is a pointer—a road sign—showing the way. It would be as senseless to distrust the pointer and deface the sign on the highway because of the temporary roughness of the road as to question the ultimate of the Christmas message because of the present seeming hopelessness of its fulfillment.

Peace on earth among men of goodwill is what the angels sang on that historic night when Bethlehem's Babe was born, and again we recall it to the accompaniment of booming guns, bursting shells, shouts of fighting men, and groans of the wounded and dying. Surely says the disillusioned heart, after so long a time, if this were at all practicable, the world by this time should have worked out the ideal and found its peace, but on the contrary, its best endeavors have been blasted and we are no nearer peace now than we were then; in fact, in some respects we seem to be farther away.

From the world's point of view such a lamentation is warranted, for the peace workout has certainly failed, but the conclusion to which it seems to lead is unwarranted. Certainly instead of the road becoming more even, it has roughened and now lies in alarming ruts, but the remaining length must not be judged by the present roughness. To be frank about it, the road is rougher than it need have been, for man by his folly has made his own ruts.

God's purpose is peace on earth, and that peace must come, for God has willed it. Man has approved the ideal and has regarded it as a desirable ultimate, but has seen it as coming through centuries of progress—his progress—and has boasted of the civilization that would ultimately bring it. The cart road of bygone days has been fashioned into a mighty modern highway along which he has speeded until it has seemed that only a little more acceleration has been needed for the goal to be reached; then suddenly, and seemingly unexpectedly, the luxurious highway has become a rough road of ruts, jolts, and bumps. How and why has all this happened? For the obvious reason which all who have illuminated eyes may see. Man is on the wrong road; he himself has sought to furnish the highway instead of taking the one on which God would have him travel, namely, the road of obedience to God and faith in Jesus Christ.

We are now planning to mend the road by talking about an armed peace, a policed world, and the like. These are ideals, noble and grand, but they are simply a patching up of the old road. We are nearer world peace than many of its advocates dream, but it cannot come along the human highway. It will not be through world courts but by Christ's Kingdom reign, and that reign will come only by the personal coming of the King. Man has tried every device he has been able to conceive in his endeavor to produce a self-made millenium, but every one has failed. This last device of a world court of which he is now dreaming will fail. The ruts in the road are too deep to admit of repair. What must he do then? Abandon the road sign? No! seek a new road, then repaint and repair the old sign—Peace on earth among men of goodwill through the personal reign of the Prince of Peace.—Heart and Life.

ADORATION

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf, His praise ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

—Charles Wesley

A SUCCESSFUL CONVENTION

A convention called to consider closer affiliation and co-operation among the Holiness churches of Canada was held in Broadview Free Methodist Church, Toronto, Nov. 24-25.

Denominations represented were Wesleyan Methodist, Free Methodist, Pilgrim Holiness, Nazarene, Holiness Movement, Standard Holiness, Gospel Workers, Mennonite Brethren in Christ, Salvation Army, and Reformed Baptist.

The meetings of the Convention were presided over by Rev. R. H. Hamilton. Rev. L. Mack, of the Standard Holiness Church, led a discussion on the subject, "Our Mission to Spread Scriptural Holiness over this Land."

Other subjects discussed were: "Some Handicaps Facing Our Smaller Denominations and How to Meet Them," led by Rev. S. W. Blanchard, Wesleyan Methodist; "Is the Time Ripe for Organization of an Association of Holiness Churches in Canada," led by Rev. R. H. Hamilton, Free Methodist; and "Some Ways in which we may Co-operate Successfully in Advancing the Cause of Full Salvation in Canada," led by Rev. H. S. Dow.

By unanimous vote an organization was formed to be known as the Canadian Holiness Federation. The organization consists of an Advisory Council of twenty members (the elected representatives to the Convention acting for this year) and an Executive of five members. The executive is as follows:

President—Rev. R. H. Hamilton (Free Methodist).

1st Vice Pres.—Rev. S. S. Shantz (Mennonite Brethren).

2nd Vice-Pres.—Rev. H. S. Dow (Reformed Baptist).

Secretary—Rev. S. W. Blanchard (Wesleyan Methodist).

Treasurer—Rev. H. R. Whiting (Gospel Workers).

An historical record of this Convention is being prepared and will be circulated among all churches affiliated with the Federation.

A rally is to be held over Labor Day weekend next year.

ABIDING IN CHRIST

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can be fruitful even down to the last year and month and week and day of your life. God says so. "They shall bring forth fruit in old age."

The second consequence is that of being effectively prayerful. "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." When you know that you are in him and he in you, it gives you confidence. "Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." "Ye shall ask what ye will" doesn't mean that you will ask for the first thing that pops into your mind. You'll be abiding in him and asking for the things that he wants you to ask for. G. Campbell Morgan says, "If God can have his way with you, you can have your way with God." Hallelujah!

The third consequence of abiding in Christ is that you will be abundantly joyful. Here's the climax! "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might be full." The Lord Jesus Christ wants a contagiously happy people. It's a libel on Jesus to say that when he comes into one's life, he becomes as a kill-joy. He takes away the pleasures of sin and gives you the fullness of joy. There's a notable thing about the person who has the fullness of joy—you don't have to jostle him very much before he will run over.

And the prophet Habakkuk said it was good for hard times. "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation." "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say unto you, Rejoice!" When Paul wrote that, he wasn't on Mars Hill or in Caesar's palace. He was in a dungeon.

REMARKABLE

Did you know by chance that—
Tennyson was eighty years old when he wrote "Crossing the Bar!"

Victor Hugo wrote a great novel when he was eighty.

Verdi wrote the great opera of "Falstaff" when he was eighty.

Luther Burbank did some of his greatest work when he was seventy-nine.

Gladstone was the Prime Minister of Great Britain when he was eighty-two.

Von Hindenburg was President of Germany at eighty-five.

Chauncey Depew was very active at ninety-two.

Julia Ward Howe was still writing at eighty-six.

I don't care if you're one hundred and five, you may be just starting in on the most wonderful year you've ever had.—Exchange.

A NEW START

So I wish that there were some wonderful place

Called the Land of Beginning Again,

Where all the mistakes and all the heartaches,

And all of our poor selfish grief

Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door

And never be put on again.

—Louisa Fletcher Tarkington