

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

— THE ORGAN OF THE —
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EDITORIAL

"IF CHRIST HAD NOT COME"

A few years ago a striking Christmas card was published under the above title. It represented a clergyman falling into a short sleep in his study on Christmas morning and dreaming of a world into which Jesus had never come.

In his dream he found himself looking through his home, but there were no little stockings in the chimney corner, no Christmas bells or wreaths of holly, and no Christ to comfort, gladden and save. He walked out of the house and into the street, but there was no church with spire pointing to heaven. He came back and sat down in his library but every book about the Saviour had disappeared.

Hearing the door bell ring, the minister went to find a boy who asked him to visit his dying mother. He hurried with the weeping child to the home and sitting down in the sick room said to the mother: "I have something here that will comfort you." He opened his Bible to look for a familiar promise, but it ended at Malachi and there was no Gospel and no promise of hope and salvation, and he could only bow his head and weep with her in bitter despair.

Two days later he stood beside the coffin of the dead woman and conducted the funeral service, but there was no message of consolation, no word of a glorious resurrection, no open heaven, but only "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and one long, eternal farewell. He realized at last: "He had not come," and burst into tears and bitter weeping in his sorrowful dream.

Suddenly he awoke with a start and a great shout of joy and praise burst from his lips as he heard the choir singing in the church close by:

"O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him, born the King of
Angels,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!"

The dream of a world without Christ and without Christmas is a grim reality to millions of people. They are the unevangelized who have never seen the Gospel light, who have never been thrilled with the news of God's great love Gift, and who have never heard

the sweet music that gladdens the souls of the redeemed, the melody the angels sang to the shepherds: "Good tidings of great joy." In these lands to which the Gospel has not been borne, there are no bright lights, cheery greetings and beautiful songs such as belong to our wonderful Christmas season. Children hear nothing of the beautiful story of the babe of Bethlehem and adults still wait to hear the heart-warming announcement, "unto you is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

How favoured we are and how richly blessed! "Through the tender mercy of God . . . the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet in the way of peace." Let us rejoice in the light. Let us lift our songs of praise and prayers of thanksgiving to God the Giver for the enriching Gift of His Son. Thus we shall enjoy and impart the true spirit of Christmas.

"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!"

"In the light of that star lie the ages impearled,
And that song from afar has swept over the world:

Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing,
In the home of the nations that Jesus is King!"

"We rejoice in the light, and we echo the song
That comes down through the night from the heavenly throng.

Ay! We shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King!"

TEMPERED TRUTHS

F. A. Dunlop

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us"

Christmas is a commemoration of this sublime fact. It is, therefore, more than a holiday. It commemorates the birthday of the King of Kings. All the customs we associate with the day—giving, caroling, visiting, arise out of the nature of that first Christmas, an event that easily holds first place in the annals of history. On this day a New Dispensation began, a new Calendar, and a new Creed. Well might the poet sing: "The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight."

Go back to that night in Bethlehem and one finds the whole setting wrapped in solemn yet magnificent mystery. A virgin, yet a mother; a son, yet a Saviour; a helpless infant, yet the Eternal God. Heavenly choirs, wondering shepherds, worshipping wise-men, these all abound in mystery, yet are but a part of the greater Mystery—the mystery of the Incarnation, the word, Immanuel.

The Word, "was made flesh." There never was a time when the Word was not. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God, and the Word was with God." But, at that first Christmas, the Word was made flesh. God came down to us. He drew up into Himself all that is perfect man. The babe, presented to the world by Mary, possessed in His Person all the attributes of Deity and perfect manhood. The crowning condescension of God and the highest exaltation of man met in Him, who is the Word, "made flesh." The

qualifications of a world Redeemer—One who could represent the lowest of the low, and satisfy the Highest of the High, were found in Him. Mortal, that He might die, Eternal, that He might live; Human, that He might sympathize; Holy, that He might honour; Sinless, that He might atone; Sovereign, that He might forgive. The perfect Sacrifice, the perfect Saviour—Christ, the Lord.

Added to the greatness of the first, is the glory of the second: "And dwelt among us." How much would have been lost to humanity had it not been so. Christ honored us with a lengthy visit, considering. He lived through the stages of babyhood, boyhood and manhood. He played, He worked, He taught. He slighted nothing. On the eve of His going He said, "I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do." During His sojourn on earth we come to know, quite intimately, the God that was, and is, and is to come. He made such an impression upon the world that we who live today seem to have all but seen Him. A familiar figure on the highways of earth, we seem still to follow along, and to be challenged by His manliness. Since God, the Invisible, is what we have seen Him to be in the Person of Jesus Christ, we can cast away all our fears, and coming to Him find pardon and purity.

Shall we not guard ourselves against a commercialized Christmas that makes only for distraction and confusion, and recognizing the exalted place that man found in God when the "Word was made flesh," let us unite our hearts in praise to Him who bears the Name, Son of God, and Son of Man.

HIS NAME

Isaiah 9:6

Wonderful that He should love me—
All unworthy, stained with sin.
Wonderful that He has saved me;
In His blood I am made clean.

Counsellor—yes, mine to guide me
When the way seems lone and dim,
All His wisdom mine for asking;
All is plain when I trust Him.

The mighty God—no one above Him!
Ruler of all things is He!
Glory—Power—Might—Dominion
Yet He knows and thinks of me.

And The Everlasting Father—
With a father's love and care,
Gentle, thoughtful, kind, forgiving—
Watches o'er me—hears my prayer.

Prince of Peace in a world of turmoil?
Peace, when there seems naught but strife?
Yes, for when He dwells within me
Peace and joy fill all my life.

—John R. Martin, in Sunday School Times

