

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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EDITORIAL

GIVING TO CHRIST

The giving of gifts is ever associated with the observance of the anniversary of the Lord Jesus. That was the occasion when God impoverished heaven by sending His Son to earth to be the Saviour of fallen humanity. While the commercial spirit and the "giving expecting in return" attitude is prevalent in the world, yet I think there are some who appreciate, and are capable of entering into and enjoying the high motive which gave us the Christmas season.

As suggested, the true spirit of Christmas springs from God Himself, and the revelation of His love in the gift of His Son. The contagion of that spirit was revealed clearly at the incident of the visit to Bethlehem, of the eastern magi. "When they saw the star," the guiding light which brought them to where the child lay, "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." There is a picture of the spirit of Christmas in its original beauty and purity. The discovery of the Gift of God, the realization of the character and value of the same, and the pouring out of precious gifts as a spontaneous expression of love and gratitude.

The dollar-seeker, the pleasure-seeker, the self-seeker, may miss the way to Bethlehem and terribly abuse the sacred spirit of our Yuletide season, but we need not follow in their train. There were mercenary inn-keepers, fun-loving holiday crowds, and ruthless Herods at the time of Christ's birth, but the wise men followed the star, found the Lord, and fell at His feet in gift-worship. So we may reject and resist the worldly influences of this time-serving age, and, following the guiding light of the Gospel, go "even unto Bethlehem," until we have a personal revelation of the glorious Redeemer, and in the atmosphere of His saving presence realize and enjoy the true meaning of the nativity we commemorate. Let us go, let us worship, let us give!

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

To God the Father it Meant Giving His Son . .

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

To God the Son it Meant Leaving Heaven's Glory to Become a Servant Obedient Unto Death . . .

"Christ Jesus, who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and, being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, yea, the death of the cross" (Philippians 2:5-8, R. V.)

To the World it Means that God has Provided a Saviour . . .

"I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:10-11)" Christmas hails the birth of Him who was born to die—to die in the sinner's stead, to purchase the redemption of his soul. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah 53:6).

To You it Means that God Offers You Eternal Life as a Gift . . .

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans 6:23). . . . "To as many as receive Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John 1:12).—Tract.

MY CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS

By Ida M. Kierstead

For weeks I have been thinking of Christmas, with all that it means to us. How we love it all! In my mind's eye I can seem to see the angel Gabriel when he appeared to that sweet Virgin Mary to announce the news that she was to become the mother of the Saviour. I can imagine with what wonder and awe she heard it and said, "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord: be it unto me according to Thy word." Later on I fancy I can see her hurrying on her way over that hill country of Judea to make known to her cousin, Elizabeth, the unspeakable news. She found Elizabeth filled with the Holy Ghost and spake out with a loud voice saying, "Blessed art thou among women and whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me," etc.

Then Mary sang praises saying, "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour, etc. As we follow Mary in her next journey, we see her riding a donkey with Joseph leading over that rough country; weary with the weakness of body they come to Bethlehem, looking for a night's lodging, but there was no room for them in the inn or hotel. At last they were offered a stable. How pathetic, no room for the Blessed Babe to be born but this, no crib for His bed.

That night of nights while shepherds watched their flocks the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone about them, and they were afraid, but the angel said unto them, Fear not, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. He gave them a sign by which they would know that their words were true. Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men. That angelic song was wafted over the hills and reverberated again and again.

The shepherds were anxious to see for

themselves so they hurried down the hill and found as the angel had said, a Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. They bowed down and worshipped Him and spread about the glorious news.

All down through the centuries, multitudes have believed and worshipped Him also, for He is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. In spite of unbelief and skepticism this sweet story has never lost its power.

That is the reason I love to meditate upon it often. Praise the Lord forever.

I. M. KEIRSTEAD

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 1)

Man was also rich when he was first formed. Before He fell, he was rich in the possession of God, in the favour and friendship, the care and bounty, and protection of His Creator. Rich in the knowledge, love, and enjoyment of Him. But all this, and everything of value that man possessed, he lost, when he gambled with satan, his great enemy and deceiver. Adam staked his all against satan's lie that if man ate the forbidden fruit he would not die, but would become very wise, even as God. But man lost and instead of becoming wise, he became ignorant, guilty, sinful, wretched, poor. He was driven from his beautiful home, Eden, and from the presence of God his maker, and became subject to the powers of darkness, a child of wrath, a lost soul. He gambled with satan, and lost all, became poor indeed, doomed to eternal hell. And because he had nothing to pay with which to redeem himself, satan held a mortgage on his immortal soul.

"But," saith the Apostle, "God, who is rich in mercy, and for his great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, and by grace we are saved." Eph. 2:4. **But note:** Christ became poor. The debt against man was so great, that it took all that Christ possessed to redeem us, to pay the mortgage satan held against our souls. He became poor in His incarnation, in putting off the form of God, appearing no longer as Creator but as a creature, a servant, concealing His glories from our human eyes. Yea, He became sin for us, and touched the lowest stratum of human need, for He took the place of a criminal, and died on the cross, where He, by the grace of God, saith the inspired writer, tasted death for every man so that all who will may come and be saved.

This marvelous plan of redemption was so great, says Peter, that "angels desire to look into" it. And when the Christ laid aside His heavenly glory and clothed Himself in our humanity, He put on as it were, our poor human rags, being born of a poor virgin in a stable. No marvel that hosts of angels left Bethlehem and accompanied Him to earth, to celebrate such an event, and sang the old, earth and good will toward men." And, as another poet puts it:

"Oh Zion lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of Eden rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

So as the festive season comes round again, we do well to celebrate the greatest of all events, the gift of God's love to a needy world, by giving of our gifts to the poor and needy, while we sing again our songs of Praise to Him who for our sakes became