

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."

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RING ON, SWEET CHIMES

Ring out, sweet chimes of Christmas morn,
Ring out your notes of hope reborn;
Ring on till all the world shall hear
Your pealing, sounding loud and clear;
Ring on, for discord's clash is heard
In clangings loud in deed and word;
Ring on, for power and greed and lust
Are trampling freedom in the dust;
The iron shard and singeing flame
Are symbols of the tyrant's name.
Ring out till earth's last woe is gone,
And darkness fades to deathless dawn;
Ring, sweet chimes, ring!

Ring on, sweet chimes, ring out your lay.
Ring on till shadows flee away;
Fair lands are sodden red with blood
Where God meant peace and brotherhood;
The angered skies are dark with hate,
The maddened seas are foul with fate.
Ring on, ring on, e'en though the roar
Of battle rocks from shore to shore.
Ring on! Earth's madness soon must cease
Amidst your chimes of love and peace.
Ring on till war's black flag is furled,
And golden music fills the world;
Ring, sweet chimes, ring!

—Robert E. Goodrich

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Mrs. May Roberts Whitmore
The evening sun sank low
O'er Bethlehem's village street,
And the toilers turning from their work
Trode home on weary feet.

The shepherds in the fields
Their nightly vigil kept;
While they together watched their flocks,
The townfolk sweetly slept.

When suddenly a host
Of angels joined in song,
Proclaiming tidings from the skies,
"The Saviour Christ is born."

Their glorious song was peace,
Good-will to men on earth,
'Twas thus the angels from the skies
Proclaimed the Saviour's birth.



HIS NATAL DAY

(A Christmas Poem)
By Margaret A. Baldwin

Again the choirs in anthems praise;
The Christmas chimes in rhythm ring,
While children's voices round the world
Extol in chants the Infant King.
The Holy Child of sinless birth,
Incarnate Son of woman born,
To whom the wise men from afar
Gave precious gifts on Christmas morn.

The Infant King to manhood grew;
The world's best gift from heaven above.
Mankind He told, where'er He went,
Of God's most wondrous, living love.
The stars that in the heavens shone
Upon the babe in swaddling clothes
Have through the ages vigil kept
Until the world His message knows.

To be the Christ to earth He came;
His followers in all the world,
Until He comes to be the King,
Will keep the Christians' flag unfurled.
Again the children carols sing
In every land and every state;
Again love-token gifts are made
His natal day to celebrate.

CHRISTMAS STAR

Softly the night came down
Over the quiet town,
Where some in silence slept,
And some their vigils kept.
Above the darkening world,
The arch of the heavens unfurled,
And stars in the midnight blue
Sped on their courses true.

Then from the East afar
Came one, the blessed star,
Whose radiance led the way
Where the infant Jesus lay.
Send forth, ye stars, the story,
Shine in eternal glory
Of Him who was born that night!
Under thy golden light.

—Beatrice Evans

THE STAR THAT SHONE

"The Star that shone o'er Bethlehem,
Today is shining still;
And through the night its silvery light
Falls soft o'er vale and hill.
The busy crowds of earth go by,
And hustle to and fro,
And will not sight the glorious light
Of Him who loves them so!

"The Star that shone o'er Bethlehem,
Today is shining still;
Its fire of Love rains from above
And rest on Calvary's hill!
And earth wends on its weary way,
And knows no rest or peace,
And will not see on Calvary
The Love that can not cease.

"The Star that shone o'er Bethlehem,
Today is shining still;
To point the way to endless day—
And all may see who will.
But earth's great mass of aching hearts
Gropes onward in the night,
And weeps for aid, alone, afraid,
And will not see His light!

"The Star that shone o'er Bethlehem,
Today is shining still;
And till the dawn shall break upon
The farthest midnight hill,
To point the way to Calvary,
Where glows the Light Divine,
Thro' sin's dark night till morning bright,
His Star of Love shall shine!" —Sel.

HARK, THE GLAD SOUND!

Hark, the glad sound; The Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasure of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

