

HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOUR!

Babe of Bethlehem — GOD translated into terms of human life that man could comprehend!

Not that He came into existence when He was born on earth! For "all things were made by him"—"created by him and for him."

But He was not always flesh! Not when the worlds were created! Not when the first rays of light shot across the uncharted darkness!

He who was the preexistent Son of God became flesh at a predetermined time. One day there was a mysterious "begetting." A pure maiden was found with child and an angel gave her the explanation.

His every heart-beat was a pulsation of the very life of the God-head. His baby prattle was like zephyrs from heaven. His every thought—a pure thought from God! His every desire—God's will! Those who saw Him, saw DEITY!

Deity cradled in a manger! Deity entering human existence through the gateway of a virgin womb, later to be laid in a virgin tomb!

The Second Person of the God-head sees the light of day as the Son of man, while angel hosts carol their glad anthems!

Have we begun to grasp the tremendous truths bound up in the Christmas story? As a "child"—BORN, but as the SON of God — GIVEN! "I came from the Father," He said, "and am come into the world: again I leave the world and go to the Father."

We say Jesus has hallowed the grave by being laid in one. He has hallowed the cradle also, and what a bond to bind mother to newborn child and the estate of infancy!

In all our carols about the newborn King, we must not forget that "This is He that shall save his people from their sins." His sacrificial office was the first thing revealed about Him in the New Testament. His very name, "Jesus," proclaims His mission. Angels announced Him as "the Saviour, Christ the Lord."

Our thoughts must quickly span those thirty-three years to a day when noonday brightness was turned to midnight darkness. All nature put on a crepe and the sun was hidden behind thick curtains while the black sin-burden of us all was laid upon the spotless Lamb.

Yes, Jesus touches man at the cradle, but man the sinner is reached only by what happened at the Cross.

The great Christmas Gift is not a babe in Bethlehem but "the grace of God which bringeth salvation." Though a thousand times He be born in Bethlehem, our hearts might still be forlorn did we not know Him as our Sin-bearer.

From the manger of Bethlehem we trace Him to the Mount of Calvary. But such a life could not end there. He was raised from the dead, proving that the Father had accepted His sacrifice as an infinite oblation for sin. "The Son of God with power . . . raised for our justification."

Even there the Christmas story does not end. He was last seen on earth as, with outstretched arms to bless those who accept Him as Lord and Saviour, He ascended up into the heavens.

Only the born-again can catch the vision of the unutterable love upon His face, as He parted from His disciples with the promise that in the appointed time, He would come

again in like manner as He had ascended, to gather unto Himself all His own.

If angels rejoiced when He was born into this scene of tears and death, with what ecstasy must they have greeted Him, glorified Man, as He again entered the heavenly world to begin His highpriestly work?

Such an one had never entered heaven before. A great day it was when Abel, first human spirit representing fallen humanity, appeared in the unsullied light of heaven redeemed through His recognition of the Lamb of God in his blood sacrifice!

But Christ, the Last Adam, first of a new race, entered by the right of His own perfect humanity—perfect from cradle to grave—needing no Mediator, no mercy! The Holy Child Jesus, first Sinless Man, entered to make heaven bright with a beauty and glory unknown before His ascension.

Rejoice, believer, not only in seeing in Bethlehem's Babe the "Word made flesh," but rejoice because, after journeying through the sorrows and fatigues of life, and going to the cross to bear your sin, He ascended through the blue canopy to the right hand of the Throne of God, to ever keep the interests of His trusting people before the Mercy Seat.

Rejoice—for soon He will be coming back to receive His own. The morning breaks: the shadows flee away. The blest who have gone on before us shall return with Him to put on immortality. Those of earth who love Him shall be translated to meet Him in the air—to be with Him forever!

—Prophecy Monthly.

GOD IS IN EVERY TO-MORROW

God is in every to-morrow;
Therefore I live for to-day,
Certain of finding at sunrise
Guidance and strength for the day.
Power for each moment of weakness,
Hope for each moment of pain,
Comfort for every sorrow,
Sunshine and joy after rain.

God is in every to-morrow,
Planning for you and for me;
E'en in the dark will I follow,
Trust where my eyes cannot see.
Stilled by His promise of blessing,
Soothed by the touch of His hand
Confident in His protection
Knowing my life-path is planned.

God is in every to-morrow
Life with its changes may come,
He is behind and before me
While in the distance shine Home;
Home—where no thought of to-morrow
Ever can shadow my brow,
Home—in the presence of Jesus
Through all eternity now.

—Author Unknown.

COST OF LIGHTING, AND SCARCITY OF FUEL

(Continued from Page 3)

difference in our manner of dress, or conversation, or habits of living and eating, or even in our means of entertainment. We heard recently of a so-called holiness church that had a big Hallowe'en party, where the men and women (not children) dressed up in each others apparel, men like women, and women like men. With powdered hair and painted

faces, then acted foolish, giggled, laughed, etc., for three or four hours. Then they had a big lunch and went home. They had just recently had revival meetings. How much more profitable and Christ-like that time could have been spent in prayer and waiting on God.

It seems that in much of our church work and in our camp meetings we are more and more stressing entertainment for our young people instead of emphasizing the need of more prayer warriors with a spirit of sacrifice and a passion for lost souls that will make them leave the easy way of self-indulgence, and take the way of crucifixion of our old self-life and embrace the doctrine and obtain the experience of scriptural holiness and glory in the cross of Christ and furnish fuel for God to use to light the world. Let us pray.

OBITUARY

The community of Millville was saddened by the death of **Mrs. Edgar Clark**, in her 83rd year. She was a life-long resident of Upper Hainsville and of Millville. Sister Clark was well known in Reformed Baptist circles, having held her membership, along with her husband, who predeceased her a number of years, with our Denomination.

She leaves to mourn her passing, one son, Mr. Roscoe Clark; two daughters, Mrs. H. C. Greenlaw and Mrs. William Morgan, all of Millville.

Hers was a bright Christian experience and her life endeared her to all who knew her. Her testimony to her pastor was "It's all right, everything is all right."

The funeral service was from her daughter's home (Mrs. H. C. Greenlaw) to the Church, with interment in Upper Hainsville cemetery, where along with her husband, her body awaits the resurrection morn.

The service was conducted by her pastor, J. A. Owens, assisted by Revs. H. S. Mullin and B. M. Hicks and Mr. Billington, U. B. The Reformed Baptist Choir rendered several appropriate hymns.

May the comfort of the Holy Spirit and of the Word solace all sorrowing hearts is our prayer.

The funeral of **Howard Cox**, whose sudden passing occurred at his home at Rosedale, was held Friday afternoon, Dec. 9th, in the Reformed Baptist Church at Victoria. Brother Cox was a deacon of this church and his passing will be keenly felt, not only by our local church, but by Christians in general, in this area. He greatly enjoyed the work of the kingdom and his testimonies and contributions were a blessing to all. Local friends sang several beautiful selections. The pastor, Rev. A. D. Cann, spoke from the text: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." He was assisted in the service by Revs. John Parschauer, Kenneth Robins, Mark Breden and O. W. Shaw. Besides his wife and two children, Clarence and Ada, Mr. Cox is survived by three grandchildren, and a brother, Paul, of Saint John. To the sorrowing ones we extend our sincere sympathy.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Paul).