



THE CHRISTMAS CANDLES

"Can we buy the candles now, Mommie? Can we?" Jessica pulled at her mother's sleeve excitedly.

"May we, Jessica—not can we. And please stand still. I declare I'll never take you shopping again. You wear me out."

"I'm sorry, Mommie, but please let's buy the candles now. And they must be red and white and green."

"Red and white and green?" Mother eyed her strangely. "Shan't we look at the dolls first?"

"No, no, Mommie! Let's get the candles."

"All right, all right, come along then. I never saw such a child. Whatever started you thinking of candles anyway?"

"Miss Ellis, my Sunday school teacher."

Jessica selected three tall candles, red, white, green. All the way home she clasped them tightly, as she skipped by her mother's side.

Christmas Eve arrived and the house was gay with evergreens and red berries. Jessica's stocking hung by the chimney. Mysterious packages lay under the tree. In a holder on the mantel Jessica carefully placed the candles. They were too tall for her to light, but Mommie could do that later.

Her mother came in, dressed for the street. Jessica's face fell. "Are you going out tonight, Mommie? It's Christmas Eve!"

"I know it's Christmas Eve," her mother replied shortly.

Then, seeing the child's disappointed face, she added, "But I'll light your candles before I go. They look pretty up there, don't they?"

She struck a match and held it to the middle candle, but it would not light. She struck another—and another—and another, with the same results. "What candles!" she muttered.

"But you can't do it that way," Jessica said in a choked voice.

"I can't do it what way? What way is there to light a candle except by striking a match?"

"You can't light the white one first," Jessica said.

Jessica struck a match and lit the red candle, then the white, then the green. Bright and steady the flame glowed in the center of each tall taper, and the child smiled happily.

"I guess the wax melted down far enough on that white one for the flame to take hold now," Mother said.

"That's not it at all," said Jessica.

"Well, how did it happen then? Don't tell me it's the way I hold the match."

"No, it's not that," Jessica laughed. "But you have to light the red one first."

"But why? Suppose you tell me about it."

"It would take quite awhile and you have to go out."

"Well, I have a few minutes. Come and sit by me and tell me."

"You see it's like this," Jessica began. "The candles stand for something. The red one means sacrifice, and the white one purity, and the green one growth. It's just like your heart. You want it to be pure as that white candle but you can never make it that way. Only the

sacrifice of Christ can do that. Just as the song says: 'What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.' But, after you light the red candle—and that means after Jesus comes into your heart—then you can light the white one, for He makes your heart pure by His sacrifice."

"I see," said Mother, thoughtfully. "And the green one—what is that for?"

"Oh, that's for growth. All green things grow—grass, shrubs, trees. And we must 'grow in grace and in the knowledge' of Jesus."

Mother sat with her head bowed for a moment. Then she got up and took off her coat. The child looked at her in surprise. "Aren't you going, Mommie?" she asked.

Her mother looked down at her fondly. "I'm not going, honey. And thank you, child. I think I am going to like my Christmas gift from you very very much."

"Oh, you've been peeking! That's not fair. But I think you'll like it, anyway. It comes in a bottle and is very sweet."

"No, I have not been peeking, honey. But I know that what you have given me is very sweet—and so are you."—Helen Frazee-Bower from the King's Business Magazine.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

On old Judea's winding road,
The sound of hurrying feet
Betoken soon the journey's end,
Their mission to complete.
For all must bow to Caesar's will,
To David's City go,
The rich, the poor, the young and old,
Their tax rate thus to know.

Frail Mary, weary as she rode
With Joseph at her side,
Looked forward to the hope of rest,
A place there to abide.
But searching through the thronging crowd
No shelter could be seen,
And thus compelled, they had to take
A stable, low and mean.

That night, the angels hovered near
Their ear attuned to earth.
To listen for that first faint cry,
Betokening a new birth.
And in a manger there was laid
A Babe, the Prince of Peace,
A Gift from God to all mankind,
From heaven's grace released.

The shepherds watching flocks by night
A wondrous sight behold,
From riven skies bright angels sang
And touch their harps of gold.
"Fear not," they sang, "Peace and Good Will
Is the message that we bring,
A Saviour has been born tonight,
A Lord, a Priest, a King."

The wise men saw a glorious star
That led them to the place
Where Jesus lay, to offer gifts,
Charmed by His love and grace.
Then hurrying back another way,
King Herod to confuse,
They praised and worshipped as they went
To spread the joyful news.

That Babe was Christ,
Our precious Lord, Who gave His life for all,
Redeeming man from sin's foul snare,
Brought in by Adam's fall.
A Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Exalted be Thy name,
We praise the love that made Thee ours,
Live in our hearts to reign.

—Mrs. M. MacBrien

the hammering of brass, loud, empty and annoying.

Even deeds of life, which are properly performed so far as this love is concerned, when practiced to make it seem as though we do love, the deeds are still of no value. That is what Paul meant when he said, "Though I give everything I have to the poor and do not have that real love in my heart it does not profit me at all."

"Let love be without hypocrisy."

—American Holiness Journal.

OBITUARY

Oct. 21st, Mrs. Armenia Smith died after a long illness at the home of her sister, Mae (Mrs. James Garron, Sr.), of Upper Wood Harbour. She left a testimony of salvation through faith in Christ. Rev. Lawson Saunders conducted the funeral service in the home with a choir from the church singing twice and a duet by Rev. and Mrs. Saunders. Mrs. Smith celebrated her 80th birthday just two days before her death. Besides her sister, she is survived by two brothers, Hartley Blades, Pubnico, N. S., and Robert Blades, Upper Wood Harbour, N. S., and several nieces and nephews. We trust that the sorrowing ones will look to God for comfort and solace.

Upper Wood Harbour was deeply saddened by the passing of a dear friend to all. November 16th Mr. Austin Smith died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lester Malone, after a short illness. He left a clear testimony of saving grace in Jesus. The funeral was held in the Central Wood Harbour Baptist Church with Lic. Lew Farrell, assisted by Rev. Lawson Saunders. Three duets were sung by Mrs. Gladwyn Goodwin and Mrs. Alvin Nickerson. He is survived by five daughters and three sons residing in the States, one daughter and a son in Nova Scotia, thirty grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Lester Malone and their children, Douglas, Larry, Barbara and Marilyn are members of the Reformed Baptist Church, Upper Wood Harbour. May God comfort their sorrowing hearts and draw them close to Him.

WEDDING

Price-Sanders—Miss Miriam Sanders, of Amherst, N. S., and Mr. William James Price, of Armdale, N. S., were united in marriage on November 25, at Amherst, N. S. Rev. E. W. Tokley officiated, assisted by Revs. H. S. Dow and R. Benson.

Pure Love

S. E. Nothstine

Paul's letter to the Roman Church is a great treatise on Sin, Salvation and Service. In chapter twelve he begins to set forth the outworkings of the indwelling Christ into a life of service. Salvation must be put into life or it isn't any good. It must be more than doctrine or creed it must be life! Principles as good as they may be are not enough, there must be living.

In the middle of the twelfth chapter we find this jewel, "Let love be without dissimulation" or as the margin gives, hypocrisy. "Let love be without hypocrisy."

This is a simple statement. So simple we are apt to pass lightly over it. But it is a very important and searching statement. Everything in salvation comes from the great love of a holy God.

The ultimate and glorious result of salvation is this same love, the love of God, this love possessing and mastering us. Hence there is always danger of that love being professed when it is not possessed. There is always danger that such love should be untrue to holiness.

Love must be true, must be real; no "put on," or "play acting." The language of love where love is absent is as the clanging of cymbals or

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The King's Highway