

## UNTO YOU IS BORN A SAVIOUR.

Rev. F. A. Dunlop

What a word is this! Believe it, and the heavens light up with a radiance never seen before; angel voices chant a wondrous song; shepherds, forgetting their fears, go to see; and wise-men from afar come to worship.

Once more the Christmas season, with infinite regularity has arrived: once more the wondrous fact of the Saviour's birth confronts us. How shall we come to it, believingly, or sceptically?

As I ponder these facts the joy of simple faith rushes in upon me. Their mysteries I cannot fathom, but when angels are singing, and the heavens are ablaze, and a virgin brings forth a son, my spirit tells me that reason is a weak instrument by which to face these wonders. My faith is challenged and my faith is adequate.

My only alternative is denial, and Robert Browning tells us where the sceptic finds himself:

"But the critic leaves no air to poison,  
Pumps out with ruthless ingenuity  
Atom by atom, and leaves you-vacuity."

However, history leaves the sceptic with some things he must grapple with. We have the wise-men's story of a strange luminary guiding them to where the child was. We have the testimony of Joseph and Mary of a heavenly visitant announcing a supernatural birth which evidently was sufficiently clear to satisfy each of them. We have a Life that demands acceptance in the face of repeated happenings which human reason finds no answer to. The record of this life that has walked through history for the last Two Thousand years is a greater miracle than reason can explain, and after all, this is the point where faith is challenged: The record of His life says to me, here is Deity in human form condensed. His life answers to everything reason might ask of Deity, therefore if God chose to come into history via the womb of a virgin I assent to His prerogative in this. My faith for salvation is challenged to believe in Him:

"What is the point where Himself lays stress?  
Does the precept run: 'Believe in good, in justice,  
Truth, now understood for the first time? - Or  
Believe in Me who lived and died, yet essentially  
Am Lord of Life?'"

Believe in Him I must even though I may present the argument badly. He is our peace. Through the blood of His cross my pardon is granted. Alienated I was, but I am brought nigh by His death, and am now possessor of a wondrous treasure.

"For the preacher's merit or demerit  
It were to be wished the flaws were fewer  
In the earthen vessel holding treasure  
Which lies as safe in a golden ewer,  
But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?  
Heaven soon sets right all other matters."

Soon I must face a New Year. Let me meet its untried ways with steady faith in that Saviour who was the theme of the angels' song. Without this I would miss the joy of living, even though in the end I might have my faith restored like the professor in Browning's story:

"Nor may the Professor forgo its peace  
At Gottingen presently, when in the dusk  
Of his life, if his cough, as I fear, should increase.  
When thicker and thicker the darkness fills  
The world through his misty spectacles  
And he gropes for something more substantial  
Than a fable, myth, or personification, -  
May Christ do for him what no man shall,  
And stand confessed as the God of Salvation."

In the Bible I read of a man who on earth had every good which life can afford, yet when he turned away from Christ he went sorrowfully. Thus is the record of every man since, who has done likewise. Various reasons could be found why men turn away from Christ, but whatever the reason the result is identical. He is the source of soul-joy, and vainly we seek for it elsewhere. For all the lost of Adam's race, a glorious truth is this, "Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

## OBJECTIVES

(Continued from Page One)

churches. No church in our conference should allow the people within a radius of several blocks to say truthfully that the church has not tried to reach them for Christ and the Church.

I am not so much concerned with material progress. We are too near the end of this Gospel Age to worry about numbers and size, money and buildings, just for their own sake, but soon our opportunities to win people to Christ will be over. Either Jesus will come or the Communists will stop the spread of the Gospel, so what we do must be done quickly.

Beloved, let's make this year—if we have that long—a year of all-out effort for our Christ. To this end, we pledge our best, and our all.

—The Wesleyan Methodist

## IMMORTAL VALUES OF LIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

the "highway" can be found. Through the example and leadership of holy men and women the "way" has become plain. No one need err from its provision.

God showed to his people still another favor if they would walk with him.

III. Divine Destiny — "I will give thee rest." Exodus 33:14.

Obedience always leads to blessings. The Israelites were led to the land of Canaan, a place of prosperity and satisfaction. God had kept his promise. Canaan was a paradise of material wealth, but more important, a place of spiritual paradise. God's people learned that it payed to serve Him.

You, too, can realize spiritual victory and prosperity if you will cry with Moses of old, "Shew me thy path." By God's grace get up out of the wilderness of doubt and uncertainty and by faith travel into the rich provisions of God.

## REV. R. H. NICHOLSON ILL

On Monday, Dec. 21st., Rev. R. H. Nicholson, of Sussex, N. B., underwent a throat operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, Saint John, N. B. Two small growths were removed from the vocal chords and the surgeon reported the operation as completely successful. The growths were non-malignant. Bro. Nicholson is at home now, but he will not be able to use his voice at all, not even in a whisper, for a month. After that, he will be allowed to get back to speaking gradually. Let us pray for a speedy and complete recovery.

## WEDDING

Richardson-Pinkham: At the Grace Reformed Baptist Church in Halifax, Nova Scotia on December 12th at 7:30 p.m. Miss Ruby Pinkham was united in marriage to Austin Richardson.

Both parties are residents of Halifax, N. S. The officiating clergyman was Rev. B. G. Bridgeo.