



Bethany Bible College

# the King's highway

## CHRISTMAS EVE

### BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW

O Christmas, merry Christmas,  
Is it really come again,  
With its memories and greetings,  
With its joy and with its pain!  
There's a minor in the carol  
And a shadow in the light,  
And a spray of cypress twining  
With the holly wreath tonight.  
And the hush is never broken  
By laughter light and low,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas,  
'Tis not so very long  
Since other voices blended  
With the carol and the song!  
If we could but hear them singing,  
As they are singing now,  
If we could but see the radiance  
Of the crown on each dear brow,  
There would be no sigh to smother,  
No hidden tear to flow,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas,  
This never more can be;  
We cannot bring again the days  
Of our unshadowed glee,  
But Christmas, happy Christmas,  
Sweet herald of good will,  
With holy songs of glory  
Brings holy gladness still.  
For peace and hope may brighten,  
And patient love may glow,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the "bells across the snow."  
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

"Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all People"

Luke 2:10

"His name shall be called Emmanuel . . . God with us." (Matt. 1:23). "The Prince of Peace." (Isa. 9:6.)

"There's a song in the air!  
There's a star in the sky!  
There's a mother's deep prayer,  
And a baby's low cry!  
And the star rains its fire  
While the beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem  
Cradles a King."

A few years ago a striking Christmas card was published, with the title, "If Christ had not come." It was founded upon our Saviour's words, "If I had not come." The card represented a clergyman falling into a short sleep in his study on Christmas morning and dreaming of a world into which Jesus had never come.

In his dream he found himself looking through his home, but there were no little stockings in the chimney corner, no Christmas bells or wreaths of holly, and no Christ to comfort, gladden and save. He walked out on the public street, but there was no church with its spire pointing to Heaven. He came back and sat down in his library, but every book about the Saviour had disappeared.

A ring at the door-bell, and a messenger asked him to visit a poor dying mother. He hastened with the weeping child and as he reached the home he sat down and said, "I have something here that will comfort you."

He opened his Bible to look for a familiar promise, but it ended at Malachi, and there was no gospel and no promise of hope and salvation, and he could only bow his head and weep with her in bitter despair.

Two days afterward he stood beside her coffin and conducted the funeral service, but there was no message of consolation, no word of a glorious resurrection, no open Heaven, but only "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and one long eternal farewell. He realized at length that "He had not come," and burst into tears and bitter weeping in his sorrowful dream.

Suddenly he woke with a start, and a great shout of joy and praise burst from his lips as he heard his choir singing in his church close by:

O come all ye faithful joyful and triumphant  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem  
Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels  
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

## REMEMBER!

Debt Reduction Sunday,  
January 16, 1966