

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness.
THE ORGAN OF THE
REFORMED BAPTISTS OF CANADA
Published Semi-monthly at Moncton, N. B.,
by a Committee of the Alliance.

Editor and Business Manager - Rev. P. J. Trafton
Committee:

Revs. P. J. Trafton, H. C. Archer, S. H. Clark,
H. C. Mullen, L. J. Sears

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Per year, in advance	\$1.50
Ministers, per year	1.00
Four months' trial subscription40
Sample copy	Free
United States Subscribers	1.75
Ministers, U. S. A.	1.25

SPECIAL NOTICE

All correspondence for The Highway should reach us before the 12th and 25th of each month. Address Rev. P. J. Trafton, Moncton, N. B.

MONCTON, N. B., APRIL 15TH, 1930

EDITORIAL

EASTER

The song birds are returning and nature is beginning to take on its springtime hues. It is Easter, the springtime of Christianity. There was the winter or night of death, when everything was dark and chill. The Son of God had been crucified; although He was poor in life, He was with the rich in His death, for Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of Jesus and laid it in his own new tomb. The rulers of the Jews, ever watchful, had secured a guard from the Roman governor, and the tomb had also been sealed with the Roman seal after the great stone had been rolled before the entrance. It certainly was dark and cold for the little group of His followers. They believed He was divine and a king, but they expected it was He that should redeem Israel; they expected Him to set up His kingdom and proclaim himself their king. He had said, "Except a corn of wheat fall in the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." He also had declared: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up again." How wonderfully things were working out in the plan of God, and to the human mind it seemed all wrong, and so it is many times, the darkest hour is just before the day, and the blackest cloud has the most glorious and beautiful lining.

On the first day of the week, very early in the morning, came the women with the spices that had been prepared, but they found not the body of Jesus. An angel answered the heart enquiry of these women, saying: "He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him. Lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word."—Matt. 28-6, 7, 8.

The stone rolled away, the empty tomb, the grave clothes lying, as they had enshrouded the Lord, the word of an angel, was a fourfold testimony to the resurrection of Jesus.

Later he appeared to his disciples; at one time to as many as five hundred. His resurrection was the greatest testimony to His divinity. His gift of the Holy Ghost to the church was the seal of His resurrection and ascension. We do not have to view the open grave, etc., to believe. He said to Thomas, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. They that believe have the witness in themselves, and the Holy Spirit coming into the life makes Jesus

real. Thank God, Jesus lives, and as He lives we shall live also.

He dies; the Friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead—revives again!
The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(In vain the tomb forbids Him rise)
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout his welcome to the skies.
Break off your tears, yes saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains!
Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

EASTER

The tragedies of that never-to-be-forgotten day must have been burned in upon the very souls of that grief-stricken group of disciples. They saw their beloved Master fall beneath the cross, from sheer exhaustion, after that long night of torture at the hands of those who hated Him. They witnessed the cruel nails being driven into the quivering flesh of His precious hands and feet, and were eye-witnesses of His dreadful suffering that livelong day—the burning sun beating down upon His thorn-pierced brow, the jeering crowd, relentless in their insults, while they mocked him, saying, "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." Even the chief priests, with the scribes and elders, joined the rabble in this, but "He was despised and rejected of men." "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, yet He opened not His mouth." Only we hear Him saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." What matchless love!

Darkness settled down upon the land for the space of three hours—then came that heart-rending cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." It seemed that for awhile the Father's face was veiled from Him. He was bearing the sins of the whole world upon his shoulders, and did He not have to bear them alone?

Again His voice was heard crying, "It is finished, and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost."

He carried out the great commission that was given Him, and made the supreme sacrifice in order to purchase salvation for all who would accept on the terms of the Gospel. Then—veil of the temple was rent in twain—the earth shook, the rocks were rent, the graves were opened, and fear came upon the people, until at least some said, truly this was the Son of God.

Joseph of Arimathea, having begged the body of Jesus, wrapped it in a clean linen cloth and tenderly conveyed it to his own new tomb, followed by those whom He loved, after which they sadly turned homeward, to talk over the scenes of the day, and long into the night, how they must have mourned and wept, as they recalled the gracious words which fell from His lips during those three years of companionship.

At the dawn of the third day the women who had prepared spices and ointment for His body, went to the sepulchre. There they found the

WITNESSING WITH POWER

(Continued from Page One)

radical change from a life of sinning to a life of victory and blessing in the Holy Ghost. We have all seen men who were slaves to habit, who blasphemed the name of Christ, who wore the very marks of sin on their countenance, come and kneel at an old-fashioned mourners' bench and pray themselves in touch with Christ through the person of the Holy Ghost and in a moment's time arise to walk in newness of life.

I believe every man who is filled with the Holy Ghost is an irrefutable proof of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

What faith ought we to have who are living in this twentieth century. True, we were not at the empty tomb on that blessed Easter morning when angels spoke words that brought back life to blasted hopes, neither have we thrust our fingers in the nail-prints in His hands, but we stand and gaze with wide-open eyes on the evidences of the centuries. While each year has rolled on from Pentecost until now, the scoffers of earth and the forces of hell have been in deadly combat against the workings of the Christian church, but the "builders build on" and the works of this present day are as great and Christ-honoring as were the days of the apostles and martyrs. Through the power of His name the sick are being healed, the unbelieving are being convinced, sinners are being converted, believers sanctified holy. Whole nations are throwing their doors open and pleading for missionaries to haste with the glad news of salvation. Kings and presidents are declaring from their places of authority that the religion of Jesus Christ is the only answer to the world's crying need.

May God save the Christian ministry from giving any quarter to the subtle theories of modernists and anti-Christians which is dishonoring to Jesus and death to our faith, but through the power of the Holy Ghost in a real Pentecostal blessing that cleanses from sin and impowers for service, let us continue to give witness to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus.

May we on this Easter Sunday get a fresh revelation of Him who declared to John on Patmos, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forever more." May we also feel the quickening power of that Spirit in us that "brought again our Lord Jesus from the dead," that Paul said would be "exceedingly great to us-ward who believe."

Yours, believing,

FRASER DUNLOP.

stone rolled away from the door, and as they looked in they saw an angel in shining garments, who said, "Fear not ye: for I know ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen! Come, see the place where the Lord lay, and go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead."

They hastened with fear and great joy, with the glad news, and when Jesus appeared to Mary and later to His disciples, their joy was complete.

Ever since the dawn of that day which we call Easter, the hearts of mankind have been drawn by the matchless story of the resurrection, so vividly portrayed in all the four gospels.

Christ arose triumphant over death, hell, and the grave; and as we have arisen from the old dead past to newness of life, we too shall arise on that last great day to meet our Lord, so shall we ever be with the Lord, Hallelujah! What a glorious hope.

We would ascribe praise and glory and honor unto our risen, ascended King who liveth forever more.

—I. M. K.