

# The King's Highway

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## EDITORIAL

### OUR BLESSED HOPE

The Christian Church voices its hope in Jesus, in testimony and song. The song, "My hope is built on nothing less, than Jesus' blood and righteousness," has been an inspiration, and it has not lost its uplift through the succeeding years. Each generation passes the torch of hope to the next, and in this way the fires are kept burning on the altar of man's spirit nature.

The natural would have us forget the spiritual and miraculous, and attribute all phenomena to natural causes, but this is not truth. The blessed hope of every true Christian is in the miraculous, in connection with the life of Jesus. His conception, birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension bear the marks of the supernatural. He became man, but he continued to be "Very God," which was proven throughout his entire earthly ministry. All the phases of his life were for the purpose that he might be able to "Save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him."

Our blessed hope is voiced by the Apostle Paul when he wrote to the Romans: "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." The fact that he lives is our hope, for after all, the final or acid test to his divinity was in his ability to resurrect himself. They derided him by saying, "Ah thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself, and come down from the cross.—He saved others; himself he cannot save. They that crucified him, had power over the physical, because it was in the plan of God, but they could not keep him in the tomb—this was their hope. He had declared, "Destroy this temple, speaking of his body, and in three days I will raise it up again. They thought they had him secure, when they saw his dead body laid in the tomb, the entrance closed by a great stone, sealed with the Roman seal and a guard of soldiers to watch, lest his disciples come and steal the body.

Our blessed hope is in the resurrection: He must of necessity prove himself the Son of God, in this way. On the third appointed morning he came out of the tomb, there was

a great earthquake, the keepers became as dead men in the presence of the angel of the Lord. No human eye beheld this wonderful event, that was to be the hope of the church, to the end of time.

In the resurrection is our hope of deliverance from sin. In the resurrection is our hope of deliverance from the devices of Satan: "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

In the resurrection is our hope of the redemption of our body. "Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Our blessed hope in Christ our Lord,  
Who bought us with his precious blood,  
From sin to set us free;  
Who gave his life, No! not in vain,  
Our peace and pardon to obtain  
Upon the cruel tree.

Our blessed hope of life in Him,  
Because he died and rose again,  
According to his word;  
He rose triumphant o'er the grave.  
And now in heaven he lives again,  
Our full redemption to obtain.  
Our blessed hope he comes again,  
With holy angels in his train.  
His waiting bride to claim;  
The dead in Christ are then made free,  
Have life and immortality,  
Though God's own blessed Son.

### "NOT HERE, BUT RISEN"

It was the message of the angels on the first Easter morning. The women came to the tomb to anoint a dead body, but the tomb was empty, and the angels gently rebuked these faithful but half-believing souls for seeking the living among the dead. The glory of Christianity is the empty tomb. Therein is the suggestion of victory, of life beyond the grave, immortal life. The Mohammedans venerate a coffin which contains the body of their leader, and thus signify and fortify their faith on their pilgrimage to Mecca. Ancient tombs of Egypt contain the mummified forms of their kings. Those embalmed bodies speak of a faith long dead, of a glory long departed. In every country are massive monuments marking the resting place of mighty men, places that are visited by multitudes who thus honor their dead and their country.

But with Christianity it is different. Our Leader does not lie in a tomb. He was placed in one and remained just long enough to give Him a chance to show that "He could not be holden of it." Today we do not know just where that tomb was. It is well enough that we do not, for the less we can associate our Lord with the tomb the more we are in harmony with the victorious spirit of our blessed Christianity. We might honor the tomb of our Lord as we would honor the place of His birth, as we would venerate any object that was sanctified by its association with Him. But the one thing about His tomb to be specially remembered and emphasized and rejoiced over is the fact that it was empty. Its significance is its emptiness. But for that it would be like all other tombs—merely the resting place for a dead body. The triumph-

ant message of our faith—particularly emphasized at Easter time—is that "He is not here, but is risen."

He is not here in the sense of sleeping in a tomb. That makes it possible for Him to be here in a larger sense—a more real sense—as a living personality. It makes it possible for Him to be everywhere as a comforting, transforming, sanctifying power. He becomes the Christ of all countries, of all people, of all time—your Christ and mine. Thus we associate Him not with the dead but with the living, for "He is alive for evermore."

There are still tombs to be reckoned with. Cities of the dead are everywhere and growing constantly; growing as rocks grow, by accretion, by addition from without; not growing as living things grow, by a development from within. But in a realm of faith, the cemeteries are but incidental, just as the tomb of Jesus was incidental—and temporary. They will all be empty one of these days; we know not how soon. But the time element in the matter also is incidental, whether in our case it is three days or three millenniums. When we walk among the gravestones, we can hear a voice speaking, almost audibly: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die \* \* \* Because I live, ye shall live also."

Notwithstanding the fact that those mounds and gravestones mark the resting place of the bodies of our dead, we feel that, after all, they are but reminders that our loved ones are not there. The cemetery may be kept ever so beautifully. Here are flowers planted by loving hands, blossoming in their season. Here are placed the choicest offerings from the florist, only to wither and decay. Here are monuments costly as the purse of rich or poor can buy. Here we shed tears and offer prayer and recall the words and deeds of those now sleeping. And yet, our hearts tell us that we are doing just what those devoted women did who came to the sepulcher that first Easter morning, seeking the living among the dead. They are "not here." In spite of its outward beauty, its magnificent ornamentation, no place in the world seems so empty as a cemetery. Our faith persists in the far-away look to the "land that is fairer than day," and to the Father who "waits over the way," and to the friends who have been gathered there throughout the years. Easter strengthens that faith, and clarifies that vision, and reinforces that hope. "Not here"—not in the tomb! The angels told it to the weeping women. That was but one side of the story, the negative side. The positive was immediately connected with it—"but is risen." And that brought a new light to those sad hearts, a new light to a sad world. Heavenly messengers first proclaimed the gospel of the resurrection. But with the first message their ministry was fulfilled, and the disciples, first the women at the empty tomb, took it up and passed it on. "They returned from the tomb"—why stay there when He was not there?—"and told all these things to the eleven, and all the rest." And all the rest! It was a gracious privilege to tell "these things" to interested, anxious people everywhere.

Perhaps the angels would have been glad to go on telling the story. But the privilege was reserved for the disciples to tell "these things." It is the great privilege, the big