

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.—Isa. 35-8

VOL. XXXI.

MONCTON, N. B., APRIL 15, 1935

NO. 42

Mrs. Harishorn Mullen,
Jan 34

"The Lord is Risen Indeed"

THE TRIUMPHANT CHRIST

By Rev. W. Edmund Smith

In a rock-bound grave the Saviour lay,
His followers' hearts were filled with gloom;
For unbelief o'er them held sway,
They could not see beyond the tomb.
Of Jesus' words they had no thought;
Alas! their hearts were carnal then:
His prophecy was quite forgot—
"I'll die, but I shall rise again."

"He is not here, for He is risen!"
These words are what the angels spake.
To him all power had been given,
The bands of death and hell to break.
Its worst on him the foe had wrought;
Our Lord came forth to die no more;
His death had full redemption brought;
His Resurrection made it sure.

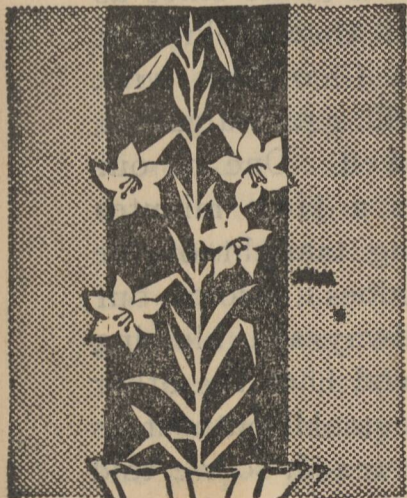
Behold the change; weak men became
Courageous in their Risen Lord.
All carnal fear was in them slain
By cleansing fire upon them poured;
They rose with Christ and shared with him
The triumph of the broken tomb;
Grace was victorious over sin;
Light glorious took the place of gloom.

He lives on high! He lives to reign!
His glorious kingdom has no end;
He went away to come again;
All power from Satan he shall rend.
Ye saints of his keep looking up!
Refresh your memory o'er and o'er!
At marriage feast we'll with him sup,
And Christ shall reign from shore to shore.

THE TRIUMPHANT RESURRECTION

The first gray streaks of morning light
Were bringing in the day,
When lo! an angel, swift in flight,
Came down the starlit way;
And to a sepulchre he flies
Within a garden still,
Where Christ, the world's Redeemer, lies
Upon Golgotha's hill.

Against the tomb they
placed a stone,
And soldiers stood
about,
(Continued on 3rd Col.)



THE INSPIRATION OF THE RESURRECTION

By Rev. H. S. D.

Mount up, oh soul of mine, on wings of faith,
To meet the Risen Lord.

No longer dwell in depths of sin and grief;
Why not believe His Word?

Has He not said, to them that fear His Name,
Will He arise with healing in His wings?

Then weary troubled soul, look up, rise up,
And join the blood-washed company that
sings

"Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes:
He arose a victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with the saints to
reign:
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

GLAD EASTER MORN

Glad Easter Morn when Jesus rose,
O Resurrection Day!
When angels came in shining clothes
And rolled the stone away.

Triumphant, pure and spotless white,
Victor o'er Death and Sin;
He braved the tomb's dark, dreadful night,
Unworthy souls to win.

O help us, Lord, this Easter Morn,
To consecrate anew;
When Christ arose new hope was born—
Our resurrection, too!
—Kenneth Robinson, C. E. I.

THE EASTER STORY

A cross, a cry,
A sin-black sky,
Messiah in a tomb!
Heart-broken prayer
And black despair
Of shuddering friends in gloom!

A sunburst bright!
An end of night
And all earth's hopeless fear!
An empty grave!
A Christ to save!
A Friend forever near!

—Heart and Life.

EASTER GREETINGS TO ALL
OUR READERS

To see that none should come alone
And steal the body out,
Then say He had from death arose,
Just as He said He would,
And that He had appeared to those
Who once for Him had stood.

The angel seized the massive stone
And rolled it from the grave;
The light of heaven round him shone,
Which showed that he was brave.
The soldiers fell upon the ground,
As helpless as the dead;
And stillness came o'er all around,
While demon powers fled.

Behold, the Victim of the cross,
The blessed Son of God,
In whom the devil found no dross,
As through the world He trod,
Arises from the narrow tomb,
Puts hell beneath His feet—
A victor over death and gloom,
And all that would defeat!

Yes, He arose that Easter morn,
The Bright and Morning Star,
And with salvation to adorn
The nations near and far.
He is the Lily of the Vale,
The Rose of Sharon bright,
The only God whom we can hale
That truly is the Light.

All glory to the King of kings,
Our Christ has truly won;
And to our souls the Father brings
Salvation through His Son,
Which gives us victory over sin
And all the pangs of hell,
When we have let our Lord come in
With us fore'er to dwell.

Shout ye for hope, O sons of men;
Go forth to dare and do;
The time is not far distant when
Our Lord will bring us through
The final conflict of this life,
With our departing breath,
When out of all this earthly strife
We rise and conquer death.

—Rev. Walter E. Isenhour, in the Christian Witness.

