

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

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“But Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.”

For I have delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures: And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures: And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: After that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once: of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that he was seen of James: then of all the Apostles—And last of all he was seen of Me also as one born out of due time.

The Apostle Paul—a true witness of Christ's Resurrection.



THE TRIUMPHANT JESUS

O Jesus King triumphant, the Lord of death's domain,
Once in the tomb recumbant but now is risen again;
The grave no more appalls us, for death has lost its sting;
Thy victory enthalls us; we hail Thee Saviour King.

“O Sacred Head” once gory—by cruel thorns pressed down;
Resplendent now with glory—the Resurrection crown.

'Twas for this joy before Thee Thou didst despise the shame;
Celestial hosts adore Thee; saints triumph in Thy name.

O Thou art with the living and never more to die;
Thy joy is still in giving of grace a full supply.
This world no more a prison, my once sad heart now sings;
Within me Thou art risen with healing in Thy wings.

Yea! This is Easter glory—to have Thee crowned within;

To publish wide the story—redemption from all sin.
My tomb of sin is broken; I rise to walk with Thee;
Thy word of peace is spoken—blest Immortality.

The world shouts in its pleasures and at pretense can weep;
Saints reckon up your treasures and no more silence keep!
Shout loud in adoration while ye before him fall,
And sing grand “Coronation” and “Crown Him Lord of All!”
W. E. SMITH

EASTER GLADNESS IN SEEING THE LORD

“Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.”—John xx. 20.

For three years these men had followed and loved the Lord, having left all to follow Him. But now cruel men had crucified Him, and with their Lord dead, and in the tomb, all their cherished hopes were gone. They were orphans, deserted and desolate. Their sorrow had been deep and crushing. But now that the tomb was empty and their Lord was risen and alive that sorrow was turned to great joy.

First of all, they were glad because they could once more gaze upon that well-known and beloved face, so radiant with love, so tender with compassion. The voice that had been stilled by death was once more ringing in their ears vibrant with life—that voice that had once stilled the stormy waves, that had called the dead to life, that had spoken their sins forgiven, and

granted peace to their troubled hearts. They were glad to hear it again.

Second, they were glad because they now knew Him as Lord of all, as the mighty God, the mighty Conqueror. Their night of gloom had been terrible, but His resurrection meant that now they would have His omnipotent protective care over them. When Thomas was convinced that it was the Lord he cried out, “My Lord and my God.” The resurrection of his Lord had taken the awful sting out of death.

HE LIVES AGAIN

How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb
Where once the Crucified was borne
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh, weep no more the Savior slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again!

Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord!
“Behold the place—He is not here”;
The tomb is all unbarred.
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again!

How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears.
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again!

And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again!

—Thomas Hastings.

