



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."

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The Lord Is Risen Indeed! . . .

LO, JESUS MEETS US RISEN!

J. F. Gregory

"Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord" (John 20:18).

EASTER DAY is not for argument but for affirmation. It is the day on which the Church should call to the world, "We have seen the Lord! He is alive! He has walked with us on the road. He has broken bread at our table." We can argue forever about the possibility of a resurrection; we can sift the historical evidence until the end of time. But there is only one proof of the resurrection—the Risen Christ. "Lo, Jesus meets us risen!" If we meet Him on Easter morning we shall need no other argument. If we do not meet Him, all other argument will be futile.

But what road shall we take to make certain of meeting Him? To get an answer to that question we must go back to the first Easter morning and see how the disciples found Him. We cannot begin at the beginning of the Easter story, for only the angels know what happened in Joseph's garden. How long was Jesus in the tomb? How did He come forth? What is an angel? How does an angel roll away a stone? Why did the stone need to be rolled away? What did He do first? Did He linger for a moment to look at the almond blossoms? What did an almond blossom look like seen from the other side of death? We cannot answer these questions. They are too deep for us. We can recreate the garden in our imagination. We can see the tomb. We can see the vines waving their tendrils in the breeze. We can see the lemon and mulberry trees, and the anemones and irises rising in loveliness at their feet. But the great things which happened in that garden we cannot see.

We must begin where the revelation begins, where we can understand. The Easter story begins for us with Mary Magdalene. Mary had come to Jesus almost insane with the life she had been leading. She had been inwardly torn with seven devils. And Jesus had given her back her self-respect, her belief in life and in God. While He was in the world He was her sanity, her peace. But He had been crucified, and Mary was weeping hopelessly among the opening blossoms of Joseph's garden. She had nothing to live for now, and she was feeling the old insanity creeping back and hopelessness taking possession of her. And then, suddenly, He spoke to her. She saw Him there in the early light of dawn.

It was not because she was near the place where He had been buried that she saw Him first. It was because she needed Him most. The others were perhaps wondering how they were

going to live without Him, but she knew she could not live without Him. So He appeared to Mary because she was so utterly dependent on His presence.

The wonderful truth which leaps at us out of the New Testament stories of Easter is that the risen Christ was seeking for His disciples far more eagerly than they were seeking for Him. They did not meet Him because they took some special road where He was likely to be, but He met them on the roads they walked. He met the women on the way from the tomb. He met the two on the way to Emmaus. He came to the disciples when they were hidden behind barred doors and windows for fear of the Jews. He came back again especially to meet Thomas. He met them again by the Sea of Tiberias and gave a special message to Peter. He sought them. He manifested Himself to them. Sometimes they did not know Him, but He always took pains to disclose His identity. He sought them without ceasing.

We may be amazed at their lack of insight in the presence of their Lord. We may be surprised that Mary thought He was the gardener, that the two on the way to Emmaus thought He was a stranger in the district, that the disciples in the upper room thought He was a ghost. Was there no radiance about Him of the world from which He came? Was there nothing in those eyes "majestic after death" which broke through their dullness? How could they mistake one so glorious in triumph over sin and death? But are we quick ourselves to recognize His presence? There are two sides to every revelation. The loveliest music means nothing to a man with an unmusical ear. The veil was on their eyes, not on Him, and He had to labor to remove it. He sought to reveal Himself to them all, but not all were able to receive the revelation.

"Lo, Jesus meets us risen!" We sometimes speak of finding God. But we do not find God. He finds us; we recognize Him. We shall never seek Him and find that He has not already been seeking us. The question is, "Do we really want to meet Him? Dare we look into His eyes? Have we courage enough to walk in His company?" We shall not come to Him by an intellectual search or argument, any more than Mary could have found Him that first Easter morning by a minute examination of the tomb or garden. A careful study of the historical sources may lead us to the belief that the tomb was empty, but to find the empty tomb is not to find the risen Christ. A profound philosophic argument may convince us that resurrection is a reasonable thing, but that is not meeting with the living God. He is not to be found in that way. "He may well be loved, but not thought." He

responds to the loving heart, for it is love alone that takes the veil from our spiritual eyes.

"Reason buildeth her maze, wherefrom none should escape, wandering intent to map and learn her tortuous clews, chanting their clerkly creed to the high-echoing stones of their hand-fashioned temple; but the wind of heaven bloweth where it listeth, and Christ yet walketh the earth and talketh still as with those disciples once on the road to Emmaus—where they walk and are sad; whose vision of Him then was His victory over death, that resurrection which all His lovers should share, who in loving Him had learned the ethic of happiness; whereby they, too, should come where He was ascended to reign over men's hearts in the kingdom of God."

"Christ yet walketh the earth," as Robert Bridges said. We may meet Him and be filled with joy unspeakable."—*The Free Methodist*.

HE DIED FOR ME

R. Barclay Warren

Now that we have had a closer view of the tortures of the concentration camp and the oppressive brutality of the Nazis, we are increasingly thankful to those who risked their lives to preserve our freedom. Of the youth who lost his life in the great conflict it would be appropriate for each of us to say, "He died for me." But this expression is used of a far greater One who died on the cross of Calvary. Are the cases parallel? No. By no means.

In the first place, the youth's death was not alone in preserving my freedom. There were many such who played a noble part. In the second place, his death could never procure my salvation from the bondage of sin. It helped to save from Nazi bondage, but it could never free from the shackles of Satan.

With Jesus it was different. It was by His death and by His alone that my being made free from sin was made possible.

"There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin.
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in."

"He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him. . . he shall bear their iniquities." (Isa. 53).

All honor to the youth who gave their all that we might be free! But the highest honor, praise, and glory to Jesus Christ, who died in my stead, that I might have eternal life. To Him we surrender our hearts in loving obedience.