

Mrs. Thomas Morum

# 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!



### COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness;  
God hath brought His Israel into joy from sadness.  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daughters,  
Led them with unmoistened foot through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls today, Christ hath burst His prison,  
**And from three days' sleep in death as a sun hath risen.**  
All the winter of our sins, long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to whom we give laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons bright with the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts, comes its joy to render;  
Comes to glad Jerusalem, who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains Jesus' resurrection.

"Hallelujah!" now we cry to our King Immortal,  
Who, triumphant, burst the bars of the tomb's dark portal;  
"Hallelujah!" with the Son, God the Father praising;  
"Hallelujah!" yet again to the Spirit raising.

—John of Damascus



### EASTER CAROL

O joyous Easter morning, that saw the Lord arise!  
O bright and happy morning! The clouds have left the skies.  
The night of grief is ended, the day has come again;  
And Christ has won the victory for all the sons of men.  
O gladsome Easter morning! Our hearts rejoice today;  
The grave and death are conquered, He is of Life, the Way.  
The hosts of sin are vanquished, He is the Victor-King!  
Then let us all with gladness our thankful praises sing.

—Author Unknown

### ON THE RESURRECTION MORN

On the Resurrection morning, Soul and body meet again,  
No more sorrow, no more weeping, no more pain.  
For a space the tired body waits in peace the morning's dawn,  
When there breaks the last and brightest Easter morn.  
On that happy Easter morning all the graves their dead restore,  
Father, mother, sister, brother, meet once more.  
Soul and body reunited, henceforth nothing shall divide,  
Waking up in Christ's own likeness, satisfied.

—Sabine Baring-Gould



### "WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

O dry your tears, ye sons of men;  
The Lord's not dead, but risen!  
The mighty stone is rolled away  
From death's cold, gloomy prison.

In clouds transplendent with the light,  
Angelic hosts attended;  
Triumphant over all His foes,  
The Lord our God ascended.

If He were still in Joseph's tomb,  
We might hang harps on willows,  
And bid farewell to every hope  
Before the surging billows.

We might spend all our strength in tears,  
And break our hearts with sorrow,  
And see no ray of light ahead,  
No happy, bright tomorrow.

But, oh, why do you weep today?  
What means this sad behaviour?  
If you, like Mary, dry your tears,  
You'll see a living Saviour!

List, how He calls you by your name!  
Behold, the empty prison!  
Run! send the tidings to all men—  
The Lord, the Lord is risen!

—J. F. M. in "Victory Poems"

### WE REGRET —

That due to illness and the Easter rush at the printing office this issue of The Highway is so late reaching our readers. Be assured that such delays are not due to the negligence of the editor nor the indifference of the printers.

B. C. C.