

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

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EDITORIAL

CONFLICT AND CONQUEST

The import of the resurrection of Jesus Christ may be expressed in one word—Victory. The risen Lord is the triumphant Lord. Coming forth from the tomb He bears the scars of earth's mightiest conflict and claims the spoils of history's greatest conquest.

Christ's resurrection victory was unique in its character, complete in its scope, and glorious in its provision. It was won by love unto death, bringing all opposing powers into total submission, and opening the gates of heaven to the sin-imprisoned legions of the fallen. As a result of His triumph the most powerful foe of God and good lay prostrate, the dread experience of death was robbed of its sting, and the gloom of the grave was dispelled by the brightness of His glory.

In His resurrection Jesus presents confirming evidence of His claims to Deity, provides comforting grace for the hearts of His disciples, and prophesies of the complete overthrow of all forces which may presume to oppose Him in His plans for the redemption of lost men.

There is no power or authority that can stand against the risen Lord. Coming out of the rock-hewn tomb He demonstrates His control over nature and its tremendous forces. The seal of Roman authority, spoiled and broken, is evidence of His ability to humble the proud despots of military might and political decree. The keys of death and hell, securely held in the nail-scarred hand, are proof of His superiority over the realm where fallen spirits operate in obedience to their satanic leader.

The risen Lord is still victorious. The conqueror's crown has never been removed from His brow. Given undisputed sway in our hearts and unrestricted liberty in our churches, He will yet prove His supremacy in conflict with all the forces which seek the destruction of the righteous and the desolation of the temple of God.

If in personal living or group effort we are suffering defeat, we need not continue in that unhappy state. The resurrected Christ is ready to lead us on to victory. Vested with all power in heaven and in earth He extends the promise of spiritual conquest to every Christian and every church of our time. May we re-discover the ineffable glory of the risen Lord.

EASTERTIDE

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You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will cry: "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption; surrender them now in incorruption." Hundreds of spirits hovering about the crags of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of the body and soul.

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central American went down. Spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the poets and orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash! go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence, save as you hear the grinding of a wheel, or the clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence. But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across the mountain and sea, the earth will give one terrific shudder and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billow, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all faces, all ages, all conditions gazing in one direction and upon one throne, the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark in regard to your resurrected body: it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel, and batter and bruise it here and there, and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years—the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to genera-

tion, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations; but in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto, as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms.

There you will see the perfect eye, after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand, after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic, after the burden have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body. In this world, the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face; but that face is veiled with the griefs of a thousand years; but in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the noonday sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outflaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces, turn toward the gate, or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day! O glorious, resurrected body!

But I remark also in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an immortal body. These bodies are wasting away. Someone has said that as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace, the furnace dies out. The blood vessels are the breadstuffs to all parts of the body. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their pry under the tenement, or to push us off the embankment of the grave; but blessed be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal. No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision; but health, immortal health. O yet who have aches and pains indescribable this morning—ye who are lacerated with physical distresses—ye who are never well, let me tell you of the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!

I go further, and say in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be a vigorous body. We walk now eight or ten miles, and we are fatigued; we lift a few hundred pounds, and we are exhausted; unarmed, we meet a wild beast, and we must run, or fly, or climb, or dodge, because we are incompetent to meet it; we toil eight or ten hours energetically, and then we are weary; but in the resurrection we are to have a body that never gets tired. Is it not a glorious thought?

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year, at noonday, is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotisms on earth to be announced. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth His children. Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comrade old times—the battles where you fought shoulder to shoulder.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many