

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE RESURRECTION

If Christ be not raised from the dead:

Prophecy would have failed—for it was predicted that His body should see no corruption. (Psalm 16:10).

The apostles would have been false witnesses—for they said again and again that He arose from among the dead. (Acts 2:32).

Preaching would be so much vanity—for if there is no resurrection, people may as well live as they list. (1 Corinthians 15:19).

Faith would be an empty thing—for faith in a corpse is valueless for the remission of sins. (1 Corinthians 15:17).

Christian martyrs could be shown to have been silly characters—sacrificing their lives for believing something which never occurred. (1 Corinthians 15:18).

Death would be hopeless—for if Christ did not rise, certainly His followers will not. (John 14:19).

The hope of the Church would be blasted—for if Christ be not raised, how can He come again? (1 Corinthians 15:23).

Assurance of God's satisfaction with the atoning sacrifice of Christ would be an impossibility. (Acts 17:31).

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead." (1 Corinthians 15:20-21).

HALLELUJAH! CHRIST AROSE!

### AS HE SAID

He has risen, as He said.

Christ the Lord the promise gave  
To His weak disciples' hearts

When He told of cross and grave,  
But they failed to understand,

And they heard—or heeded not.  
And when they had seen Him dead  
All His promise they forgot.

So upon that Easter morn

When the long, sad hours were past,  
And they came unto the tomb

Where the watch had sealed Him fast,  
They had not remembered yet

All the gracious words He said,  
'Til the shining angel spoke:

"He is risen, as He said."

Do we, too, forget today

Other words He uttered then:

"Wait and watch and keep the faith,"

"If I go, I come again?"

Since the centuries have past

And all things remain the same

Does the church forget her Lord

And the glory due His name?

—Annie Johnson Flint

### INDIAN VERSION OF PSALM 23

1. The Great Father above, a Shepherd Chief is the same as, and I am His, and with Him I want not.

2. He throws out to me a rope. The name of the rope is love. He draws me and draws me and draws me to where the grass is green and the waters not dangerous, and I eat and drink and lie down satisfied.

3. Some days this soul of mine is very weak and falls down, but He raises it up again and draws me into trails that are good. His name is Wonderful.

4. Sometime, it may be in a little time, it may be longer, and it may be a long, long, long time, I do not know, He will draw me into a place between mountains. It is dark there, but I will pull back not, and I will be afraid not, for it is in there, between those mountains, that the Shepherd Chief will meet me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart all through this life will be satisfied. Sometimes this rope that is love He makes into a whip, and He whips me and whips me and whips me, but afterwards He gives me a staff to lean on.

5. He spreads a table before me and puts on it different kinds of food; Buffalo meat, Chinamen's food, white man's food, and we all sit down and eat that which satisfies us. He puts His hands on my head and all the tired is gone. He fills my cup till it runs over.

6. Now, what I have been telling you is true. I talk two ways not. These roads that are "away ahead" good will stay with me through this life, and afterward I will move to the Big Teepee and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

Arranged by—Isabel Crawford

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

### HE IS NOT HERE

"He is not here"—what wonderful words  
When spoken at Jesus' grave;  
Marvelous proof of a risen Lord,  
One Who is mighty to save.

"He is not here"—what terrible words  
When spoken of human heart;  
Empty and barren and hopeless that life  
Where Jesus has no part.

"He is not here"—in many hearts,  
Though He died and rose, 'tis true.  
If you welcome Him now, you may surely  
know  
That He died and rose for you.

"He is not here"—is that true of your heart?

Have you crowded out God's dear Son?  
Make room for Him now—the King of kings,  
'Tis Jesus—The Chosen One.

—Irene Hammer

### EASTER DAY

'Christ the Lord is risen today.'  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious king:  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Dying once, he all doth save;  
Where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ was led,  
Following our exalted Head,  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Risen with him, we upward move;  
Still we seek the things above;  
Still pursue, and kiss the Son  
Seated on his Father's throne.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to Thee by both be given!  
Thee we greet triumphant now!  
Hail, the resurrection thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!  
Everlasting life is this,  
Thee to know, thy power to prove,  
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

—Charles Wesley

### THE KING OF GLORY SHALL COME IN

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;  
See the "Man of Sorrows" now  
From the fight return victorious:  
Every knee to him shall bow!

Crown the Saviour! angels crown him!  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:  
In the seat of power enthrone him,  
While the vault of heaven rings!

Sinners in derision crowned him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name.

Hark the bursts of acclamation!  
Hark those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station,  
Oh, what joy the sight affords!

—T. Kelly

Arise, O soul, this Easter Day!  
Forget the tomb of yesterday,  
For thou from bondage art set free,  
Thou sharest in His victory;  
And life eternal is for thee,  
Because the Lord is risen!