

The King's Highway

P.S. 139:23-24

119.
The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says of the early Christians: "they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims." It is in harmony with this confession that the believers of the apostolic age were described as "of the way".

They heard the call of the open road that led through persecution to the "Risen Christ".

no metaphor of the N.T. or of devotional literature so expresses the nature and purposes of religion as does "The King's Highway".

Pilgrims in this way look forward to the city that hath foundation whose builder and maker is God.

They turn their faces to the sun rise that gleams over the eternal habitation of the soul.

We shall be wise to gaze after that great host of people who have traveled this way. Think of the Saints, the prophets, lawgivers, apostles, our mothers, and fathers who have found delight in this way and stand at either end to lesson us on.

① They did not consider earthly existence as the end of the human being, (2) Shade of the grave did not enfold their hopes and aspirations of a future state. (3) what they held as true of the life to come moulded their thought of that which now is.

Much can be found to prove that a man is the creature of clay for he has in him the elements of the earth but much more can be found in him to show that he is the off spring of God. He has instincts and longings that

declare his princely lineage.

②

The skeptic decries human nature and holds up its weaknesses. If he held it up as something capable of divinites beyond our anticipation he would have little ground for his skepticism.

Although the Bible arraigns human nature in highest terms yet it holds us up as creatures of high birth, and that golden dignities await the righteous.

In other words our pilgrimage is a return to the home land. The prodigal in dirt misery and shame and shake off his sin and return, not to a strange land but to his home to a waiting parent.

There is a cheap intellectualism a-broad since the great war that mocks the pilgrim who sets out after God. Yet the wise of every generation say that the journey toward God if we think and reason soundly,

correctly surveyed and interpreted, the road that leads from the cradle to the great chambers of our Lord is an entrancing path. bordered by the celestial flowers and fruits. Its hill tops are swept by the gentle gales of paradise beyond; its valleys are filled with the light from the farther shore.

There is a way that seemeth right unto man but the end thereof are the ways of death. In this way you see the Danish infidel, Voltaire, Gibbon, Hume, Mill and so on

Contrasted with these are Moses, Isaac, Jer., the apostles, and many other illustrious leaders. They endured as pilgrims of the way looking to the King of Kings in His lowliness.

Where can you find such association as with the people in the highway? poets, philosophers, theologians, etc. It is in this way you find the Christ. His blood stained feet never leave this way.

- What the great road unsolds:
1. youth and its gladness
 2. memories
 - a. altar of communion
- { Recollections of this
mostly in memory of
Gunsaulus in old M.C. Ch

If the Appian way was lined by stately
trees much more is the highway lined with
temples of regenerated souls.

Never a homeless soul on the
road to God. One sad sight in man's
road is the homeless tramp.

With those on the Highway a
home is in the distance. The rapture
that await the soul there are too
great for us to describe. Paul shrank
from it.

After all the heart within you
is the way either to heaven or to hell.
your heart is right then you are in
the way to heaven etc.

If Rel. is doing for you what
God intends it to do, it is in you a
triumphant power, a source of deep and
constant peace and blessedness. We must
not be sad in this way but must come
from their captivity with songs of Zion
while everlasting joy crowns their heads.

(4)

Not long since a regiment paraded in front of a monarch's ancient palace. As it passed by with drums beating the people shouted that the march played told of nation's victories and disasters averted.

We need something of that temper in our organized Xian forces. We march under beautiful skies. To where such and Christ await us. Lured one on fore gathered on the crystal pavement,

Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry
We are marching thru Emmanuel's ~~land~~
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

