

EASTER MEMORIES.



- After Tissot.

JESUS AT THE HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA



WHAT a blessed heritage, that little scene in Bethany! The floor, the walls, the hearth may be ancient, but the faces reflect a life as true to-day as then. Martha "cumbered with much serving," and casting coldly critical eyes upon Mary at the Master's feet. The Master does not condemn her serving. No doubt it was service well done. But "Mary," He said, "hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away."

How many of us this morning are—or rather how many of us are not—"cumbered with much serving"? Did we have time before the clamours of the market, the shop, the household, or the factory were in our ears—did we take time for "that good part," the little quiet at the Master's feet? Are our faces upturned like Mary's toward the Christ this Eastertide? or

are they turned in Martha-like judgment toward our fellowmen?

It is not without its profound significance that the saddest and the gladdest hours in the Church calendar come in such close proximity. The tragic scenes of Good Friday seem the very hour and power of darkness. The joy of Easter Sunday is like the breaking forth of the sun from a dire eclipse of woe. On the day of the passion of our Lord in Continental churches the violet pall of mourning drapes the altars, the sound of the Miserere wails through the air, the lights are extinguished one by one. The Eastertide brings its gladsome music, its bloom of lilies, its chants of praise.

It is well to school our hearts to the lessons of both these cardinal events to the truth that through death comes life, through sacrifice eternal joy. The ministry of art as set forth in our pages recalls with vividness these sacred teachings. What an expression of ineffable sorrow is that in