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W. H. WITHROW, D.D., EDITOR.

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Mary in the Garden, Easter Morn.

To a person receiving a name in childhood, there is no personal significance at first. The name is like a book filled with blank leaves. How full the leaves become at last!

The name in childhood and the name in old age—how very different while the same! It has become a part of the person—embodies his defeats, preserves his successes. You turn over the leaves in the book, and how covered are these with the most interesting details of personal history!

Take that name which Jesus spoke in the garden Easter morning—Mary.

How significant had become the name of Mary of Magdala! When our Saviour utters it as she stands by the open tomb, Mary, so heavy-hearted, so tearful, what a turning back of the leaves of the book there seems to be!

"Mary!" says the Saviour.

How that voice thrills her, uttering her

name connected with such serious personal history!

As if His voice were also saying, "Canst thou not recall when I first met thee, held in the grasp of that awful demoniac power, thy soul torn as if convulsed by an earthquake? What voice stilled thee and brought to thee the Galilee hush after the storm, throwing off the terrible burden crushing out thy life?"

"Mary!"

The crowded pages fall back again. The voice goes on:

"Canst thou not call those after days when patiently, lovingly, thou didst follow Me up and down the dusty roads of Judea, ministering to My wants, defending My interests, and when any in the crowd may have mocked and jeered, then Mary of Magdala came to Me, stood by Me, helped and comforted Me?"

"Mary!"

The book opens to still more interesting pages. There are red marks on them. The voice goes on:

"Ah! thou hast not forgotten Calvary. When all Jerusalem turned against Me, as I was hanging on My cross, then didst thou take a stand in that hard place by the cross. There thou didst comfort Me with thy devotion."

"Mary!"

There are pages now where the shadows deepen, and a voice of sad tenderness is speaking:

"When they took Me down from the cross thou wast there, thy hot tears falling on My cold face. Thou didst follow Me to the tomb, didst help swathe my body for its rest. Thou didst come this morning, ere the dawn flushed the east. Thou didst bring spices to the tomb. Someone may have said, 'Sad heart, thy Master was deceived. He was conquered by death. He has died, and thy hope and courage will die also. Thou wilt go alone through life, meet death in solitude, and for you will there ever be a rising again?' But I am alive! I have risen from the dead! Mary!"

Alive? Risen from the dead? Yes, Jesus is alive! His words were the truth. His claims were the truth.

What wonder that she falls down, crying not, "Master," simply, but, "My great Master!" Yes, Son of God, one with the Father!

Alive for Mary of Magdala!

Alive to make every worthy hope for another world live and bud and blossom and flourish!

Alive to give cheer on dark days, strength in weakness, healing in sickness!

Alive to meet thee in the walk through Death's Valley! Death shall become life, the night will be the morning, for Jesus will utter that word in which there is a comforting, personal recognition and a testimony also to thine immortality—"Mary!"—*S. S. Journal*.