

true, but we know a better truth—the Cross, the grave leads to glory.

"And now we see why the dead in the Lord are blessed. We who are living stagger under the Cross. We feel its burden, they have put it off. God has seen that for them to bear the Cross here on earth is no longer needed. They rest from their labours. Shall we grudge them their rest? Shall we distrust God because He is so firm and loving as to make our cross of grief heavy enough to do its purifying and strengthening work? Oh men and women look up bravely through your tears this morning and thank God that for some of your loved ones the Good Friday grief, the agony of the Cross, are past, and only the Easter joy remains. We who are left behind can trust and hope. There is no pain or grief without its needed discipline. God is leading us in the shortest path to glory; and as we grow older the sorrows lie more and more behind us, the joy before us grows more real and comforting. Thus is the gladness of Easter deeper with the growing years."

That afternoon Mary Allen walked in the brightness of the Easter sunlight, with the splendour of the Scotch mountains, their sides clothed in the faded heather, all about her. The message of the morning had been winged with peace for her, and now she had come out to talk alone with God. The doubt, the distrust, the bitterness, were gone. She drew from her pocket a little book, and there, standing with bowed head, she read aloud a thanksgiving which a few weeks ago her lips had refused to utter. "I give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver my loved one out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching Thee that it may please Thee, of Thy gracious goodness shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy Kingdom, that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy Holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ST. MARK.

April 25th.

It was a common custom in our Lord's time for Jews who came much into contact with the Gentile world to

take to themselves or give to their children, in addition to their proper Jewish name, a name of Gentile origin. So it was with John Mark, as he is called in the Acts of the Apostles. Gradually, as in the case of St. Peter and also of St. Paul, the Jewish name was dropped, and in the Epistles we hear only of Mark.

Whether the young man who fled from the garden of Gethsemane on the night of the betrayal, leaving his garment behind him, was St. Mark or not, cannot be definitely known, though there is some probability that it was.

It can be more positively asserted that St. Mark, early in the history of the new-born Church, came into close fellowship with St. Peter, for when the latter, shortly after the day of Pentecost, escaped from prison, he made his way at once to St. Mark's home. Like Timothy, Chrysostom, Augustine and many other great men in the Church of Christ, St. Mark had a God-fearing and devoted mother.

About twelve years or more after this visit of St. Peter to St. Mark's home, we find St. Mark accompanying his relative Barnabas and St. Paul in their first missionary journey, in the capacity of a ministering attendant.

For some reason or other—possibly home-sickness—at Perga St. Mark abandoned the party and returned to Jerusalem. For this he afterwards received a well-merited reproof from St. Paul, which seemed to have done him good, for though he did not go with St. Paul on his second missionary journey but went with Barnabas to Cyprus instead, he is mentioned among St. Paul's assistants during that Apostle's first imprisonment at Rome, about the year A. D. 62. A little later we discover him in the East with St. Peter, who claims him as his spiritual son, and then in our parting glimpse of him we see him returning to Rome to be once more with St. Paul, in accordance with the Apostle's last wish to have so useful a minister in attendance upon him. Here the inspired record fails us, and we are left to uncertain tradition. There seems, however, no reason to doubt the ancient and well-supported tradition that shortly after the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Mark wrote the Gospel which bears his name, with the express purpose of handing down to posterity the Gospel story as told especially by St. Peter. A close study of St. Mark's

Gospel gives unmistakeable evidence of the influence of St. Peter's personality. At times it almost seems as though this ardent apostle was describing as an eye witness some of the scenes—for example, the scene where our Lord was asleep in the stern of a fishing boat, with his head on the helmsman's cushion. Note the vividness of the present tenses as given in the Revised Version.

It must not, however, be imagined that St. Mark wrote at St. Peter's dictation, as a mere amanuensis; he wrote under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, Who, however, utilized his remembrance of St. Peter's teaching. As we study the series of striking pictures which St. Mark so rapidly gives us of that mysterious Person who moves with such majestic presence, and yet with such tender, human sympathy in and out amongst the people, we may well, in the words of the Collect, thank God for having instructed His Church with the heavenly doctrine of His evangelist—St. Mark. F. H. DUVERNET.

#### O BLESSED MORN.

O BLESSED morn that saw the Lord arise!  
O blessed sight for sad and tear-dimmed eyes,  
Behold the stone which angels rolled away,  
Behold the place where our Redeemer lay.

CHORUS.

Hail! all hail the ever blessed day,  
When Jesus crowned the "new and living way,"  
Let earth and heav'n His victories proclaim,  
And every tongue exalt His precious name.

O blessed morn that saw the Lord arise!  
Let songs of joy resound through earth and  
skies,  
Behold the rough and empty rock-hewn bed,  
Behold the door whence death was captive led.

CHORUS.

O Blessed morn that saw the Lord arise!  
O blessed day the Church with transport cries,  
When Jesus rose triumphant o'er the grave,  
And worlds proclaim'd His mighty pow'r to  
save.

CHORUS.

O blessed morn that saw the Lord arise!  
The prophet's hope, the world's supreme surprise  
He spoiled the grave He broke its gloomy  
thrall,  
He conquered death and triumphed over all.

CHORUS. —Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### GAMBLING.

A SINGULAR instance of the passion of mankind for gambling has recently been before the English law courts. A Mr. Pearson, the publisher of "Pearson's Weekly," has for some time been mak-