

# Parish and Home.

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## CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

### LESSONS.

- 2—**Easter Day.** *Morning*—Exod. 12, to v. 29; Rev. 1, v. 10 to 19. *Evening*—Ex. 12, v. 29, or 14; John 20, v. 11 to 19, or Rev. 5.
- 3—**Monday in Easter Week.** *Morning*—Exod. 15, to v. 22; Luke 24, to v. 13. *Evening*—Cant. 2, v. 10; Matt. 28, to v. 10.
- 4—**Tuesday in Easter Week.** *Morning*—2 Kings 13, 14 to 22; John 21, to v. 15. *Evening*—Ezek. 37, to v. 15; John 21, v. 15.
- 9—**1st Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. 16, to v. 30; 1 Cor. 15, to v. 29. *Evening*—Num. 16, v. 36, or 17, to v. 12; John 20, v. 24 to 30.
- 16—**2nd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. 20, to v. 14; Luke 13, to v. 18. *Evening*—Num. 21, v. 14 to 21, v. 10, or 21, v. 10; Gal. 6.
- 23—**3rd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. 22; Luke 17, v. 20. *Evening*—Num. 23 or 24; Eph. 6, v. 10.
- 25—**St. Mark E. & M.** *Morning*—Isaiah 63, v. 6; Luke 18, v. 31 to 19, v. 11. *Evening*—Ezek. 1, to v. 15; Philip. 2.
- 30—**4th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. 4, to v. 23; Luke 21, v. 5. *Evening*—Deut. 4, v. 23 to v. 41, or 5; Col. 2, v. 8.

### EASTER DAY.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise  
Of saints that sing on high,  
With His own right hand and His holy arm  
He hath won the victory!

Now empty are the courts of Death,  
And crushed thy sting, O Despair;  
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,  
For Jesus hath been there!

And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,  
And dragged him through the sky,  
And captive behind His chariot-wheel  
He hath bound captivity.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise  
Of saints that sing on high;  
With His own right hand and His holy arm  
He hath won the victory!

—Heber.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

“Blessed are the Dead.”

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

IN one of the most beautiful districts of Perthshire stands a house surrounded by spacious grounds, the ancient home of an old Scottish family. A few

years ago it came by descent into the possession of one who seemed destined to live long and to use and to enjoy it aright, and within a year of its becoming his, Robert Allen brought to it a bride like-minded with himself, and anxious to live the years that God should give upon earth in useful work for Him.

Human wisdom would have pronounced it well that these two so brave, so good, so helpful to those dependant upon them, should dwell long upon earth, happy in their love and in their work. Three children came, and soon after a dark shadow settled upon the house. The master was ill. The shadow was light at first. It was only a fever that he might shake off in a few days. The physician said there was no occasion for anxiety. But the shadow deepened, and one day the curtains of the house were drawn. Those inside moved about silently and spoke in whispers for the most austere and tyrannical of despots had entered there. Robert Allen was dead.

The refined taste of the minister who conducted the funeral service led him to use the beautiful burial service of the Church of England. Two lonely women sat unseen at the head of the staircase weeping as the noble words floated up to them. The widowed wife and her widowed mother mingled their tears in grief too deep for words, and listened to the solemn tones of the speaker.

“As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive . . . It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. . . . Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.”

Perhaps the darkest moment which human grief knows now came—the moment when the loved form is taken away forever, never more to be seen upon earth. Mary Allen’s mother led

her away to her room, and there the grief broke out in wild moanings. “Why, why does God lay upon me a burden heavier than I can bear? Why should he, the noble, the good, be taken? Why should the earth be left so dark for me, so dark, so dark that I am afraid to live? Can God see and allow these things?”

It was Easter Sunday. There was one hearer in the crowded church dressed in deepest mourning, whom those near saw start as the preacher gave out his text: “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” It seemed a strange topic for the joy of Easter, when the back is turned upon death, and its after joy only is thought of. But Mary Allen, clouded in spirit by her grief, listened with intensity of interest to every word.

“I have chosen this text,” said the preacher, “because I wish to speak to perplexed and troubled hearts. Easter is the festival of joy, but many hearts oppressed by sorrow for the dead cannot feel joy in the thought of a resurrection that is yet future. Easter does not bring them back their loved ones, and so turn their sorrow into joy.

Let us see then our real ground for joy. Christ is risen. His death has been followed by the resurrection that restored him to His Father and to His people, and His resurrection furnishes the sure ground of hope. God never promised that men should not sorrow. He has told us that we should not sorrow as those without hope. The spirit of the world would lead us to hope to walk in a smooth path to glory with nothing to mar our perfection of enjoyment and happiness. The world would have our Easter without good Friday, the joy of resurrection without the pains of death. God is wiser and understands far better our frame and our need. Without the discipline of sorrow nobility of character cannot be developed. It is sadly, profoundly, wisely true that ‘without suffering is no one ennobled.’ The path of glory leads to the grave. This we know is