Mark - Commentaries by Algernon James Pollock

Comforted of God, Not Now

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(Mark 5:18-199)

Not Now, my child—a little more rough tossing,

A little longer on the billows' foam,

A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,

And then the sunshine of thy Father's home.

Not now,—for I have wand'rers in the distance,

And thou must call them in with patient love;

Not now,—for I have sheep upon the mountains,

And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now,—for I have lov'd ones sad and weary:

Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow:

Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not now,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,

And thou must teach those widow'd hearts to sing;

Not now,—for orphans' tears are thickly falling;

They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not now,—for many a hungry one is pining;

Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free;

Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,

And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not now,—for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,

And pris'ners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze-

MAN'S pris'ners, but thy Savior's noble free-men:

Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not now,—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,

And souls are perishing in hopeless sin,

Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open -

Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in!

Go with the Name of Jesus to the dying,

And speak that Name in all its living power,

Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?

Canst thou not WATCH WITH ME one little hour?

One little hour! and THEN the glorious crowning,

The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm, -

One little hour!—and THEN the Hallelujah!

Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving Psalm.

Comforted of God, Who Shall Roll Away the Stone?

(Mark 16:3)

What poor weeping ones were saying

Nineteen hundred years ago,

We, the same weak faith betraying,

Say in our sad hours of woe;

Looking at some trouble lying

In the dark and dread unknown,

We too often ask with sighing:

Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing

When they should from care be free,

And in spirit, soul out-gushing,

Rise in rapture, Lord, to Thee.

For before the day was ended,

Oft we've had with joy to own

Angels have from heaven descended

And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud hov'ring o'er us

Never pours on us its rain;

Many a grief we see before us

Never comes to cause us pain.

Oft-times, on the dread tomorrow

Sunshine comes, the cloud has flown!

Why then ask in foolish sorrow:

Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness,

Make a wiser, better choice,

Drink the wine of Life with gladness,

God doth bid thee, Saint, rejoice!

In today's bright sunlight basking

Leave tomorrow's cares alone;

Spoil not present joys by asking:

" Who shall roll away the stone?"

Comforted of God, Simply Clinging

“He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them." (Mark 10:16).

This is what He does where there is no conscious strength, but simple clinging. It is more than turning to His power or His mercy; it is simple repose in the arms of Christ. It just lies there, and has the satisfaction of being taken care of. Here,- then, I get confidence. I feel that I simply could not do without the Lord. Is it not pleasant for the heart to be able thus to delight in God?—to be able to say: I am a poor creature, without means, but He has taken me up in His arms, laid His hands upon me, and blessed me; whereas, if I were a man of great natural resources, perhaps I should find it very difficult to give up everything for Christ.

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