

The SUNNY SIDE *of* CHRISTIANITY

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By CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.



*“Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three;
but the greatest of these is love.”*

I Corinthians, 13:13

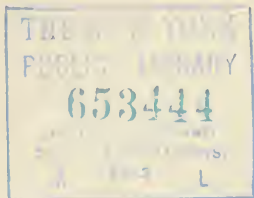


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CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. LOVE IN THE HEART <i>VERSUS</i> PHOSPHOROUS IN THE BRAIN . . .	7
II. LOVE AS A THEORY <i>AND</i> LOVE AS AN EXPERIENCE . . .	33
III. ACQUIRING THE LOVE LESSON . . .	54
IV. LOVE CONSIDERED AS A LUBRICANT	79
V. LOVING, A MEANS OF KNOWING	102

The SUNNY SIDE
of CHRISTIANITY

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Love in the Heart *versus* Phosphorus in the Brain

IN the midst of all the Christian instruction that is being given and of all the efforts along kindred lines that are being put forth, we cannot keep too definitely shaped the object toward which we are laboring, and the particular result we are attempting to see realized. Now what is that result? We will suppose you to be connected with some church: What does that church stand for? What is the meaning of it? You are a Christian. If so you are trying to make your Christianity tell; tell in what way? Tell upon yourself in what way? Tell upon others in what way? What is Christianity for? Paul says that the Gospel is the power of God: power exercised for what purpose? We should know

The Sunny Side of Christianity

how to answer such a question as that. Even children ought to know how to answer it.

And it is not enough to be able to answer it, unless at the same time the answer means so much to us and is such a present factor in our Christian doing, as to give shape and direction to our doing. You stand before a manufactory and see printed upon its front in large showy letters "Carpet Manufactory." But suppose that after you have gotten through the door and into the midst of the operatives you ask one of them,—“What are you weaving here?” and the hesitant reply should come back to you,—“Well, I don't know as I could tell you exactly what I am weaving.” A phenomenal grade of tapestry such operatives would turn out, and every bale of product delivered at the rear door would probably give the lie to the sign emblazoned over

Love in the Heart

the front door. There would probably not a great deal come out of the rear door any way, and what did come it would be difficult to tag in a way to make it intelligible to the general market.

Now the Church, a Church is, or is presumably, a kind of manufactory, that is, it exists for the purpose of yielding some form of product. And it is as evident as it needs to be that only a few people comparatively have any simple and distinct idea what that product is. That is shown in the fact that so many, whom we should not want to charge with not being Christian, do not care to associate themselves with the Church. The meaning of Church is not so clearly felt by its members and therefore is not made so apparent by its members, as to lead outsiders to care to become identified with it or be made responsible for it. We do not need to have it pointed out to

The Sunny Side of Christianity

us what a contrast there is between that and the agencies that are operating to turn out material products. And if we see an ordinary manufacturing corporation that knows what it is doing and that is turning out a first-rate article of its kind, and an article that lists well in the market, we are glad to invest in its stock and become part of the concern.

That is why so many have disposed of the stock that they held a few years ago in the Presbyterian Church. While some were doing their best to make it comfortable and profitable for Christians to come into the Presbyterian Church, others were working a good deal harder to make it uncomfortable and unprofitable for them to stay in, and between the two sets of performance an impression of miscellaneousness was left upon the mind that has been a great God-send to the Episcopal Church and that has established

Love in the Heart

for it a sort of position of ecclesiastical retreat.

But Presbyterianism has by no means the monopoly of this kind of thing, for in the old days, at least, Anglicanism used to be a hundred times worse than American or even New York Presbyterianism has ever been. And in our reading of Church History generally, the thing that is bound to impress us is the absence of anything like an acute and intelligible purpose toward which the aims of the Church at large were directed. Sometimes one part of the Church would be doing one thing and another part another and a contradictory thing; and sometimes no part would be doing anything to speak of. At one date one branch of the Church would be making saints and another would be boiling and broiling them: one bishop spending his life translating the Bible, another tinkering creeds, a

The Sunny Side of Christianity

third hoarding ducats, a fourth working the rack, and kindling the fires at Smithfield. And it is this working at cross-purposes and this constant production of contradictory results (that cancel each other) that accounts for the slow gains that the Church makes in the world. The Church grew fast enough so long as it could be said of its members what is related in the Fourth of Acts, that "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul."

Coming back to our question, we might say that the commodity that Christianity is intended to produce in the world is character. "Character" however is an uninteresting word, too abstract to impress the mind, too juiceless to saturate the mind, and it is not a Bible word,—at least I do not find it in my concordance. It is a little singular, at first thought, that such a teacher as Jesus or as Paul should

Love in the Heart

not have had occasion to use the word. But there is a certain warmth about Bible terms and there is none of that about the word "character", any more than there is about that phrase "ethical culture". To talk to a child about character would probably produce upon him about the same degree and grade of effect as to lecture him on the binomial theorem or logarithms. It is one of those terms that means so much and in such an unparticularized way, that the intelligence does not take kindly to it nor the heart snuggle up to it.

We might well substitute then by saying that Christianity aims to make human hearts as much like God's heart as possible, and when I say "God's heart" I mean Christ, for it is in him that we see what God's heart is. It is sufficiently orthodox for all practical purposes to say that Christ is God's heart uncovered to

The Sunny Side of Christianity

us. Christ did not come to let us understand all that God knows, but to let us understand as far as possible what God feels, and the heart is the place in man or God where the feelings subsist and move.

It will be proper then to say that the thing Christianity is here to do is to make men right in their feelings. It may not always make people wise; it may not give them correct understanding of things, nor attempt to. That quality of heart that Christianity aims to induce is something that correct understanding has almost nothing to do with. We know how much a child can love his mother without understanding his mother, without having ever in any way thought nicely and accurately about her. Indeed it is his love for her that helps him to understand her a great deal more than it is his understanding of her that makes him love her.

Love in the Heart

But all I wanted to say just now was that Christianity does its work for us in that part of us where we keep our feelings, our sentiments, our loves. We want to be God-like, and we are if our loves are like God's loves. It is important that we realize just what that is in us that Christianity is concerned with. Bible and Holy Spirit are concerned only to have us feel right. It is not mind that needs to be converted, nor body, nor actions, nor pocket. We sometimes say of a man that his pocket is converted, meaning by it that he has become generous. Such expressions are well enough in a way, but they do not mean a great deal and what little they seem to mean is not quite true.

The only thing that can be converted is the heart, that part of us where the impulses spring, the place where we keep our affections and hatreds, loyalties and jealousies; in a word, our feelings. So

The Sunny Side of Christianity

we might in rather of a random way say of a man who was an atheist and has become a Christian, that his mind, his brain, is converted. Probably it is a suspicion that something of that kind takes place that leads us so often to try by some argumentative process or other to change the workings of a man's brain and to create a little revival of religion all on the inside of his cranium. We have all done that and then after reasoning with our man for half a day have been surprised to find that he is just where he was to commence with. Christianity does not work directly upon a man's brain to change the character of its conclusions any more than it will work directly upon a man's body to correct its temperature or improve its digestion. If a man's heart is right, that is if its impulses are like the impulses of Jesus Christ, his purse will be right and his thinking will be correct,

Love in the Heart

so far as there is any religious necessity for its being correct.

My intent in all this is to keep our thoughts upon that one place in us upon which everything else depends. We need to be agreed as to the spot at which our work is to be put. I am not authorized to say that a certain amount of Bible truth judiciously presented may not be necessary in order that the heart itself may be reached and Christ-like impulses started, but that is not for the sake of the truth or of the Bible in itself considered. Considered in its purely religious and Christian references Bible truth, though come directly from God, is worth only what it will do in making the heart right, in making our loves like Christ's love, in making us have the feelings that God has. If we feel as he does we shall do as he does, that is, to the extent that our finiteness admits of our doing. A man

The Sunny Side of Christianity

does not act according to his opinions but he does act according to his loves. Knowing that a thing is the right thing to do will not make a man do it. We act counter to our best judgment and distinct conscience every day we live. But loving the thing that is right will guarantee our doing it. "The issues of life are from the heart." That is the fundamental fact in the matter and was understood by candid and wise men thousands of years ago.

If there were any other way by which a man could become perfect in his feelings and absolutely Christlike in his loves besides using the Gospel and preaching Jesus Christ then we might throw away the Bible and dispense with Jesus Christ. I do not know of any other way; and certainly, if the question be subjected to the test of history, it is something to which we should all agree, I am sure,

Love in the Heart

that the sweetness and Christlikeness that were in men before Christ came is hardly to be mentioned by the side of the like qualities evinced since he came. At the same time it wants to be understood that Christ's Gospel is for the sake of man and not man for the sake of Christ's Gospel.

The importance of the Gospel in its relations to us is not in what it is, but in what it can do, in what it can do for us, and in what it can do for us in the way of making our feelings right and our loves like Christ's loves. It is like the medical appliances employed by the physician. Those appliances exist respectively for the producing of specific results. The only real meaning they have for us is their ability to produce those results. So it is with the Bible. Revealed truth is a means chosen by God to cure our hearts of the malady of bad impulse and to

The Sunny Side of Christianity

make us God-like,—God-like in what concerns affections and passions.

So that the amount of truth, even Christian truth that we have succeeded in lodging in our child's mind is no indication in itself that we have Christianized the child. The child is a Christian child if he is a Christ-like child, and likes and loves the things Christ likes and loves: and the Gospel truth we have been able to acquaint him with is not something that we can reckon in as a part of his Christianity any more than the tonic that a patient swallows is to be counted as part of the patient's recuperation. It all turns in the last case on whether the tonic has made the patient alive again, and in the first case on whether the Christian truth we have administered has made the child's heart a beautiful heart, bubbling up with holy impulses, passionate with

Love in the Heart

the sort of affection that Christ's heart was impassioned with.

In the old days, as noticed a few pages back, men did not keep these things distinct. Wicked men, men with coarse lives, foul hearts, beastly affections, were not hindered thereby from becoming accredited bishops and distinguished cardinals. A man's heart did not count. To be a Christian meant to assent to certain propositions, such as the authority of the Pope, the doctrine of transubstantiation, acceptance of "The Six Articles," etc. If a man, woman, lad or girl would not make such subscription the Church would burn them and commit them to eternal damnation. The fact that a lad was as holy as a young St. John or a girl as sweet as an angel did not signify.

And that has been the character of the Church, off and on, ever since a time not

The Sunny Side of Christianity

long subsequent to the departure of Jesus Christ; that is, it has not centered its first thought on a beautiful heart but on something else. The first question it has asked about a man is not, has he got a heart like the heart of Jesus, but what does he believe? Does he subscribe to the Creed? Is he orthodox? I am not making light of creeds nor belittling orthodoxy but all that creeds and orthodoxy are worth is in what they can do toward making a man to be in his heart what Christ was in his heart, and, if they are that, I don't care whether they get it by being orthodox or by being heterodox, by being Lutherans or Wesleyans, by being Calvinists or heretics. The best doctrine is that which does most to make men God-like and the best denomination is the one that will graduate the finest saints and the most of them.

Now this idea that Bible truth or

Love in the Heart

Christian doctrine has an importance of its own independently of what it can do in the way of making the heart sweet and beautiful is an idea that almost all of us have become unconsciously impregnated with. When I commence examining a candidate with reference to uniting with the Church I start in by asking him what opinion he holds as to this or that point of Christian doctrine. I do not believe in proceeding in that order, but I do all the same. The emphasis of the Church has settled down so heavily, and for so long a time, upon the thought-side, the brain-side, of the thing, that almost in spite of ourselves we are swept off our feet by the current of usage and tradition. I ought to begin by questioning a candidate about his heart, what kind of a heart he has gotten, whether it is a pure one, a tender and forgiving one: whether it is like what the Bible tells us God's heart is.

The Sunny Side of Christianity

Perhaps he can tell me a good deal about the Trinity, but I ought to want more to know about his loves, whether he loves others as well as he does himself, and whether those beatitudes that Christ laid down as fundamental in commencing his ministry, have become in him experimentally a part of his own tone and temper of heart.

In the last chapter of John is an account of Christ's examining Peter for the ministry. That of course was long prior to the adoption of the Thirty-nine Articles so the Lord could not have questioned the candidate upon them. It also antedated the sessions of the Westminster Assembly, which relieved Peter from the necessity of being quizzed upon any one of the hundred and seven questions of the Catechism. There was no New Testament at that time, so that no enquiries could be put to him touching its

Love in the Heart

plenary inspiration. There was the Old Testament, though, but even so, Christ asked him nothing as to his views of it, whether the days of creation were twenty-four hours long, whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, how many Isaiahs there were and whether the Jonah story was historical or mythical. It is along that line that examining bodies regularly interrogate their candidates. I am not denying that some questions are put to them touching their religious experience, etc., but it is understood by ministerial councils in the Congregational Church and by Presbyteries in our Church, that the examination proper has not really begun till the questioners have commenced to grill the candidate on the conundrums of the Bible, and to dislocate his intellectual joints upon the rack of dogmatic theology: and it is the simple fact in the case that a man need not

The Sunny Side of Christianity

in such circumstances be greatly concerned about the haziness of his Christian experience and the general condition of his heart if he can unstammeringly confess to a distinct and certified theology and is prompt to answer his interrogators in the way that they want him to answer them.

Nor any more did the Lord admit Peter to the ministerial office without an examination, and an examination more searching than I ever heard conducted before a Congregational Council or a New York Presbytery. As recorded in the last Chapter of John he asked Peter three questions. The first was,—“ Peter, do you love me?” Peter answered, “ Yes.” And the Lord said, “ Feed my lambs;” go to preaching. But the Lord questioned him again, put the second question, but the second question was simply the first question over again,—

Love in the Heart

“Peter do you love me?” Peter said “Yes.” The Lord said, “Feed my sheep;” go to preaching. But the divine examiner was not through with his candidate yet. And so he asks him a third question, which however was only the first question again repeated. “Peter, do you love me?” And Peter said, “Yes.” And the Lord added,—“Feed my sheep;” go to preaching. And the candidate was licensed. That is the way Jesus Christ conducted the examination of a candidate for the ministry: and it is no more like the way in which most contemporary bodies conduct examinations than heaven is like—almost any other place.

It is as though the Lord had said,—“Peter, I want to know what kind of a heart you have got. I want to know the passions that it is filled up with, the intense loyalties with which it is supremely

The Sunny Side of Christianity

actuated. I want to know whether your heart is knitted to mine with those ties of a wholesouled devotion such that no peril you may be exposed to will operate to relax those ties: and not only that but whether the love that is between us makes us so one with each other that you are become entered into the mysteries of my being and so can preach me in a way to make people hear and listen and respond.

Now the reader must be just enough to what has been spoken not to turn away and say that I have made light of orthodoxy. Orthodoxy means sound thinking, and to make light of sound thinking is to make fun of intelligence and to mutiny against our own brain: but the thing that makes a man a Christian is the love that is in his heart, not the phosphorous that is in his head, and the consummating qualification for the

Love in the Heart

Christian ministry is Christ-begotten and not school-begotten.

The trouble is that we have taken the same two elements that existed in Christ's day, love and wit, but we have reversed them. We are saying that out of the mind are the issues of life. We do not ask,—“Do you love,” but “What do you think?” Christianity ought to be in some measure intelligent, but intelligence isn't Christianity, even intelligence about Christian things isn't Christianity. The supreme fact about being a Christian is to have a heart that is full of love to God and man. That is the point upon which the grand emphasis of the Bible falls all the way through. Luther had a big, warm, loving heart toward God and man, but he never could have been ordained as pastor of a conservative Presbyterian Church, for he tore out of his Bible the whole of the Book of James.

The Sunny Side of Christianity

But there would be nothing to hinder Calvin's being ordained, bony, eagle-eyed, unlovely and unloving Calvin, even if he were the occasion of sending Servetus to heaven on a chariot of fire kindled at Champel a couple of miles out from Geneva.

Now I have said these things because the Christian Church cannot progress till it comes out distinctly on to higher and sweeter ground. Why, in the old apostolic days the common people loved the Church and flocked into it. People are not changed, the Church is changed. They would love the Church now if they thought the Church was lovely. If hearts were trumps we would win. In Christ's day love was the determining qualification both for the Church and for the ministry. Everything was fitted up with a lot of doors and they were all open. Now the Church keeps in its employ men

Love in the Heart

whose distinct function it is to nail up doors. Your heart is all right, they say, and we love you and all that sort of thing, and shall be glad to meet you in heaven, but we are a little more particular than the Lord is and must bid you "au revoir" till we meet on the other shore.

I am not rebelling against orthodoxy, I am not rebelling against Calvinism, although I dislike the word, but I am rebelling against any system that calls itself Christian but that makes the principal part of the matter to turn on a hinge that the Lord never contrived but that he distinctly reprobated both by word and example. Lay all the stress that we properly can upon indoctrination, the final proof and fruit of it all is a pure heart and a loving spirit and living sympathy with the mind of Jesus. And if the Church has lost the confidence of the people, as it certainly has, by setting up

The Sunny Side of Christianity

tests upon which the Lord never insisted, it will just as certainly recover that confidence, when it comes back distinctly on to Christ's ground, when it becomes pure as Christ is pure, tender as Christ is tender and when Church life is understood to consist in the inbreathing of God's Spirit of Holiness and loving kindness in order that we may breathe it forth again into the atmosphere of a world that needs not so much to be enlightened, as to be loved.

Love as a Theory *and* Love as an Experience

THE previous pages have perhaps left us realizing more clearly than sometimes that it is the way one feels, rather than what one thinks, that determines what sort of a man one is, and how much of a Christian. To the average reader that way of presenting things is at least more congenial than the one that used to be in vogue in New England, Scotland and Geneva, and that one still encounters sometimes hereabouts in our own day.

Preference for such form of statement can be in part explained by the fact that results so arrived at are reached with less wear and tear of thought. The process costs the reader, and possibly the writer, less mental tension; more activity of feeling, it may be,—but people like that

The Sunny Side of Christianity

rather than otherwise. Old fashioned "dogmatic" treatises gave the brain a good deal more to do than such a simple statement of things as we have just been attending to; and while this is said to be a thoughtful age I do not discover that people are any more disposed to tax their minds upon religious questions than they used to be, if as much. Whatever derogatory thing any one might be inclined to say of the older school of Presbyterian theology, it is nevertheless the case that men who knew enough to preach it and those who had the grit to listen to it were men with good heads,—made such in part by the strong meat their brains were fed upon. It takes more mind to be an intelligent Old School Presbyterian than to be an intelligent New School one. And as mind is a commodity that often exists in only limited quantities it is occasion for devout

Love as a Theory

gratitude that one need not be Old School in order to be Christian.

Another reason for the satisfaction men are likely to feel in a mode of presentation that makes more of feeling than of philosophy is that the impression so left upon us is that Christianity is not so difficult a matter after all, and that, if we only thought so, Christianity lies very much in the line of what we already are, and are already experiencing. Of course we all of us like to be addressed in a way that encourages us to think well of ourselves.

Such gracious and tender qualities of heart we have been commenting upon and eulogizing impress us pleasantly: and not only that, but while we are thinking what a beautiful thing love is, we easily imagine that it is the actual love in our own hearts that we are being made sensible of and not the love in the ab-

The Sunny Side of Christianity

stract which is being portrayed to us. It is as when we listen to the recital of some deed of chivalry. We seem on the instant to become ourselves chivalrous. Whether heroic or not we all have an heroic nerve, and when a story is told that sets that nerve vibrating, the chances are that that nervous vibration will be understood by us as being our own heroism. A man listens to a pathetic story of human suffering and instinctively thrusts his hand into his pocket for the means wherewith to relieve that suffering; and then, an hour later, after the sympathetic chords of his nature have stopped vibrating, wonders what could have possessed him to bestow of his substance so unreasoningly.

Now it is unfortunate and misleading that the admiration we have for any quality cannot be taken as measuring our own possession of that quality. If

Love as a Theory

I am myself a coward that fact will not prevent my being fascinated by the deed of a man who is brave. Unwillingness to make the least sacrifice in another's behalf would be no obstruction to one's shedding tender tears of pity at the foot of the Cross of Him who was ready to sacrifice everything in others' behalf. Such an expression as that in Ephesians—"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you", can hardly be read without the heart being made conscious of a certain inward mellowness of feeling. But that certain mellowness of feeling does not necessarily mean that we are all kind to one another and tender-hearted, or that we have ourselves actually forgiven all by whom we have been offended even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. That is not saying that we have not for-

The Sunny Side of Christianity

given all who have wronged us, but only that feeling a little tender when tender words are tenderly read is no sure sign that we have. So when we read with admiration the story of the widow and of the mites that she cast into the treasury, the admiration we experience it would not be safe to construe as denoting that there is any resemblance between her beneficence and ours. There may be, but any amount of admiration we have for her is no certain evidence that there is. A man can enjoy another's music without being himself a musician. And it is in the same way that one can be even passionately delighted with another's tender-heartedness and loving-kindness without having himself a heart other than obdurate and frozen.

So that the question is not whether we approve and enjoy a way of presenting

Love as a Theory

Christianity that puts the emphasis upon love rather than upon idea, but whether the fact is that it is of love that our own Christianity is composed. What is stated in our first chapter is simply the Gospel theory of Christianity,—as purely doctrinal as though it had been a discussion of divine sovereignty or of the Trinity. There is as much dogma in dogmatizing about love as in dogmatizing about anything else. The sun is warmer than an ice-berg, but a picture of the sun is no warmer than a picture of an ice-berg. If you will let me say it, I think we got a very correct *view* of the matter, but did we get the *matter*? Is there more affection in our hearts in consequence or is there simply a clearer idea in our minds that affection in our hearts is the one thing needed? Even that is good, but good not for what it

The Sunny Side of Christianity

is but only for what it may lead up to,—just as any door is valuable for what it may let us into.

As soon now as we begin to appreciate that liking to talk about love or to hear about it, and being able to think about it a little while without getting mentally tired over it, really has no necessary connection with being ourselves love-possessed, then we begin to suspect that the matter in hand and the condition contemplated so far from being easy and a pretty kind of commonplace, may be the most supremely difficult and the most incorrigibly searching of any Christian imperative that we have to deal with. In the comparison Calvinism is easy. The whole five points of Calvinism added together and multiplied into each other cannot stand alongside of the love imperative of the Thirteenth of First Corinthians for the depth with which it

Love as a Theory

penetrates the very substance of life and throws the inflexible constraints of its sweet sovereignty over all of such a life's activities. People are asking to have the severities of former indoctrination replaced by the amenities of something that is truer to the teaching and spirit of Christ, and the demand ought to be encouraged, but really, so far as the exactions upon my own natural heart are concerned I would rather live by the rule of Calvin a year than to live by the Golden Rule one day. Calvinism touches my mind and to some extent my behavior; the Golden Rule touches me.

I do not know whether you have ever walked through wooded ground on a Summer evening, when the sun has been gone just long enough to chill the air in more exposed places, but without that chill having yet crept into spots that were a little more covered and retired: and

The Sunny Side of Christianity

then as you have walked along, with that touch of discomfort that comes from the evening's coolness and dampness, you have perhaps suddenly encountered a little stretch of atmosphere that did not seem quite to know that it was night yet, and that had still the dryness and the warmth of daytime in it. It is like passing for an instant through a new climate. It is in something the same surprised way people would feel in encountering us were we all to have in our hearts the preserved summerishness of a love like the love of Christ. There is something mysterious about it all. It does not lie in what one does exactly nor in what one says, just as Spring does not consist merely in the buds that are beginning to swell on the bushes nor in the birds that are beginning to sing in the branches, but in some deeper mellowness that came be-

Love as a Theory

fore the birds and buds came, and that invited their coming.

Love of this kind is something that we do not seem afraid to talk about, but it is a great mystery, this warming of the heart, this breaking out over the threshold of our own particular selves and breaking in over the threshold of others' particular selves this being conscious without being self-conscious. You know that the eye can see a great many things; it can look upon the ground, into the faces of people that are around, and up to the sun and away out into the great spaces and contemplate the stars. But have you thought of it that there is one thing the eye cannot see? The thing closest of all to itself it cannot see: the eye cannot see itself. Love is like that. A loving heart is grandly conscious, but of everything except itself.

The Sunny Side of Christianity

I met a man once,—he is dead now,—that is he is as dead as such a man ever can be,—and he was talking about the life he was soon to enter. He seemed to have a kind of premonition that what it had been appointed to him to do for tired and suffering humanity here was nearly done, and his mind roamed forward into the world to come and with a reverent kind of wondering as to what there would be to be done for somebody there. He made no question whether he would or would not be himself allowed to enter the better land; at least it seemed not to be the point at which his own thought touched. He appeared to be so unconscious of himself in the matter, to be so living outside of any interest he had in things yonder and in the splendid services of loving-kindness that perhaps remained to be rendered in the life there, as to forget where exactly he

Love as a Theory

was to come in, only that if there was going to be anybody there or anywhere that needed to be helped, lifted up, encouraged, he wanted and expected to be on hand to do some of it.

As we think of these things more I am sure you will feel that the illustration of the eye, that was used a moment ago, is rather an apt one,—the eye which sees everything but itself; the loving heart which is conscious of everything but itself. It would be both unwise and very unfortunate to push that idea to extremes, for there is a kind of regard which every one has to have for himself, otherwise he would not be in condition to cherish a wholesome and helpful regard for other people. But we are only trying just now to feel our way as far as we can into the meaning of this love impulse, and it seems to mean being able to have our heart full of thoughts

The Sunny Side of Christianity

that are running out into the world and into the needs of people without distinctly remembering at the moment that we are ourselves standing by while this movement of our thought and solicitude is going on;—being ourselves and yet without being conscious of it.

Those who are Christians know what a perfect picture this is of maternal love,—and there is no other love that comes so near to being like the love of God,—and how a mother sinks out of her own sight, submerged in the appealing necessities of her child. Now there is some of that impulse in the world, even outside of home-relations, and it is that impulse that composes what we mean by being Christian. It is not giving that makes us Christian, whether giving our strength or giving our money, but it is that in us that makes us want to give, just as we saw a moment ago that it was

Love as a Theory

not leaves and robins that make Spring but the mellow climate which cherishes the leaves and issues invitations to the robins.

It is rather a serious mistake that we often make in identifying love with money-offerings. We have carried it so far as to let one and the same word designate the two. We speak of "charity", meaning the love that is in a man's heart, and then we speak of his "charities" understanding by it the money that is given for benevolent purposes. Now the money given is a very different thing from love, and it is a very imperfect index of love too. Paul indicates in his Corinthian letter that he might give away all that he had and even give it for the sake of the poor and yet there be no love involved. It would be interesting if the Church officers, as they count the money which a congregation contributes,

The Sunny Side of Christianity

could somehow read back from each piece to the person who gave it, and could find in each check, bill or nickel a sly symptom of the impulse that prompted it. That would enable us to have some idea of the real value of the contribution considered from a distinctly Christian standpoint. The amount in dollars and cents,—the amount viewed from the standpoint of the mint and the stock-exchange, might be stated in figures; but only God knows how much love is represented by those drafts, bills and pennies. Perhaps that will not affect the purchasing power of what is contributed. In paying a missionary's salary I suppose a dollar is a dollar, but even so I cannot but think that God is more interested in watching our hearts as we were putting our offering on the plate than he is in watching the figuring up of the results. We should like to

Love as a Theory

know just how much we all forget *ourselves* in our giving. If in some cases our gift is larger than our love, are there not some cases too where our love is larger than our gift? If some of us give a little because we are ashamed not to give anything,—and upon all such may God have mercy,—are there not some who give great quantities of love, and only wish that their dollars could be as many as their affections?

We are none of us presumably indifferent to the mercantile value of contribution-dollars, even if they are unloving dollars, and we like to have the footings ample, but the bottom fact in any Christian situation is the love that is in the heart and not the money that is in the box and even the unloving dollars that go in, will have to be transmuted into love at the other end of the line and become Gospel in the heart of the

The Sunny Side of Christianity

missionary before they can become Christianity in the life of the Chinamen, for whatever part currency may play in the machinery of Missions or of any kindred enterprise, the real enginery of salvation, whether of the individual, of China or of the world at large, is love and love only. We can help make people bright by our keenness, but we can never accomplish anything toward making people good except by our tenderness. Love is the saving element. Men can be loved into heaven but they cannot be schooled into it nor whipped into it.

There is a great deal of brilliancy in the appliances that are being used to make people better. There is no time of the year so brilliant as mid-winter when the snow is on the ground, ice on the rivers, frost on the foliage and a frozen kind of sunshine in the air, but nothing grows then. The world two thousand

Love as a Theory

years ago or so began to be saved because it began then to feel itself loved. Christ brought no books into the world, and he never spent nearly as much time preparing his sermons as most preachers spend in preparing theirs, but he did what precious few of his ministers are doing now, he loved people out of their sins. Love is of God, divine in its date and therefore divine in what it can do. Preaching the doctrine of God's love is well enough, but Christ did not undertake to save people by his doctrine of love, but by his love. Queer work a cold-blooded mother would make trying to warm her children into blossoming perfection by reading them hebdomadal dissertations on the affections. It would not be strange if in the course of a few hundred years more it were finally concluded that our Sanctuary services are a little too much in the nature of a religious day-

The Sunny Side of Christianity

school held once a week. Possibly the diminishing tendency on the part of the people to attend such sort of a day-school is a way God is taking to show ministers and elders, bishops, rectors and consistories that they are more fond of their way of doing things than they are of the people they are minded to do them for.

That allusion brings us back to the same point again, that love is an affair of the heart, not of doctrine, ritual or meeting-house; it is the effort of one heart to get into the next heart, and where love flows a little salvation always grows up along its borders, just as there is always an edge of green turf by the side of a brook. It would not be safe to say as much as that of love were it not the case, as John says, that love is of God. Our love,—if it is love,—is God's love traveling out through us, so it is safe to say a great deal for it: and perfectly natural that a heart that is love-possessed

Love as a Theory

should be able to love another heart into the kingdom of God. That is the prime way in which God gets at human hearts,—through the love that we ourselves have for them.

That is why, then, a Church is or can be so powerful: each Christian,—each man or woman,—with God's love in the heart, is a separate center subduing unsubdued hearts into grace and sweetness by virtue of that love, in just the same simple and direct way in which a spring opening up in the desert,—every spring opening up in the desert,—creates a little stretch of greenness all about it. And the reason why a Church is so often powerless is that its members rely upon the minister's ability to expatiate upon the doctrine of Christianity,—instead of each member bringing to bear upon the world the concrete fact of Christianity as made real in the love that fills his own soul.

Acquiring *the* Love Lesson

As commonly reckoned there are two classes of arts in vogue in the world. There are what are called the mechanic arts and the fine arts. The mechanic arts are also known as the industrial arts. They concern themselves with those trained activities that involve the exercise of muscle. A certain amount of muscle is presupposed to exist in the workman, and that beginning of raw energy is taken and developed and disciplined by proper exercise and competent instruction till it is fitted to the special line of production had in view. The one particular fact in all this that I would like to have the reader retain is that the workman in question becomes an artist by learning to be an artist. There may be the rudimentary energy

Acquiring the Love Lesson

in his arms and fingers, but that energy will become more only by the use of such as he has, and the lessons his teacher or trainer inculcates will become part of his own possession only as he practices upon them and in that way makes them his. In other words an industrial art is something that has always to be learned. This is so well understood as to need mentioning only for the use we shall want to make of it.

The second class specified a moment ago is that of the fine arts, called also the liberal or polite arts. The energy primarily exercised in these shows itself in acts of thought or imagination, as in poetry or painting. Here, as in the previous case, while a certain amount of native endowment is a pre-requisite, yet if a man would become a painter, for example, what nature has done for him will be only the beginning of what he

The Sunny Side of Christianity

will have to do for himself, before realizing even a tolerable artistic success. He will derive suggestions from the precepts of those who have been painters before him, and even inspiration from their art productions, but, even so, no amount of telling will qualify him to paint, and no amount of impulse caught from the great masters will suffice to elevate him to a fellowship with them in artistic excellence. They will become painters by learning to be painters. If they reach a high elevation it will be by climbing. And even though it be said of them that they have a genius for their art, yet if the matter be looked into narrowly it will quite certainly be found, that "genius" is only Latin for "hard work," and that what one becomes to-morrow is gained by the reiterated practice and studious rehearsal of what one already is to-day.

Acquiring the Love Lesson

The fine arts then, even though considerably finer, in a way, than the industrial, are very much like them in what relates to the means of their acquisition. Painting a landscape is a very different thing from painting a fence. The latter requires but little mind and no imagination. And yet with all the difference in the quality of the faculties and susceptibilities involved, each of those two sorts of painter becomes such by learning to be such, and for the most part each of the two learns to paint by painting and becomes always able to do a little better work than he yet can by taking care always to do as good work as he yet can.

Now there is also a third class of arts,—additional to the polite and the industrial,—not commonly known as such, but which it would quite likely be to our advantage if we did know as such. In certain particulars there is more differ-

The Sunny Side of Christianity

ence between them and the polite arts than between the polite and the industrial, but at the same time they are quite like both these latter in the one respect that happens just now to concern us. Of course we are not thinking now of such faculties of the hand as go to make a man a carpenter, nor of such faculties of the thought and fancy as help to make him a poet, but rather of such faculties of the heart as contribute to make him a Christian:—in other words, *Christianity considered as a fine art*, a Christian contemplated as an artist, whose sensibilities and faculties assert themselves in the domain of spiritual experience and execution.

There are several qualities that combine to compose such an artist, but the principal one of these is that one to which we have devoted the previous chapters, and which probably we can

Acquiring the Love Lesson

best avail of in illustrating the new point that now interests us.

Love is the great thing in Christianity according to the Gospel, so that the love-faculty is the faculty above all that our artist will have in some way to become possessed of. And the question is,—how? To be a Christian we must be able to love, and how can we become able to love? It is something we must all have asked ourselves. We may have wished we had the power and yet not have known how to gain it.

We have heard love eulogized a good deal but eulogizing love does not make us affectionate any more than eulogizing wisdom makes us to be ourselves wise. We have become sometimes so earnest in the matter that with a good deal of fervor we have prayed that God would shed abroad his love in our hearts. We have reminded ourselves that love is one

The Sunny Side of Christianity

of what St. Paul calls the fruits of the Spirit, and so have prayed that the Holy Spirit might be given to us, feeling that that would bring every such thing as affection along with it. And it probably would. We have at other times emphasized God's own office-work in enriching the human spirit with the contents of his Spirit and do not want to forget now all that we found to be true then. And yet we may have prayed a good deal for such things and not have been conspicuously benefited in consequence.

When we recall those words of our Lord "Ask and ye shall receive," there are a good many other words of our Lord that we need also to recall in order to make out for ourselves a safe doctrine of prayer and answer to prayer. There is no one word in the Bible, even in the Gospel so true, that it is safe to hinge everything upon it. If we are told that if we

Acquiring the Love Lesson

ask we shall receive we are also told to work out our own salvation. If we are encouraged at one time to lay the whole stress of our confidence upon faith independently of works we are as distinctly instructed elsewhere that works have to be added to faith to make even faith perfect. If it looks sometimes as though the power to do well were something that God makes over to us in bulk we have to recollect that elsewhere the Bible tells us that we must "*learn to do well*," that is, that the power to do well becomes ours in small quantities according as we strive for it and practice upon what we get as fast as we get it,—which is what learning, in the thorough sense of that word, means.

It will perhaps occur to the reader that this reference to "learning" brings us around squarely upon the ground that we started out upon. A man becomes a

The Sunny Side of Christianity

carpenter by learning to be a carpenter, and he learns principally by carpentering. A man becomes an orator by learning to be an orator and he learns in very considerable degree by orating. A man becomes affectionate by learning to love, and he learns principally by loving.

But how can I learn to love by loving except as I love a little already? Well, so a child learns to walk by walking and that too before he yet knows how to walk at all. These things are all of a piece. The facts that are true in one sphere can be illustrated from every other sphere. Even before the child can walk the possibilities of locomotion are there: the energies and correlations are there that can be coaxed into locomotion, so that, even before he walks, by trying he becomes able to walk, and by practising upon what he is almost able to do, he becomes

Acquiring the Love Lesson

able to do it a little, and by continuance able to do it in time completely.

Now that is learning. And if before he can walk a child learns to walk by walking, so no matter how little one loves he can in quite the same way learn to love by loving. There is no human heart that has not in it something that is at any rate the beginning of affection, and while it may not be the case that every one can become a distinguished lover, just as all do not, and perhaps cannot, become celebrated carpenters or musicians, yet there is that in every heart which is the bud out of which a blossoming affection can unwrap itself: and be that initial impulse more vigorous or less so it can always be enlarged by being exercised up to the full measure of what it is already.

Now that is the crucial point:—Be the rudimentary love-impulse that is in us

The Sunny Side of Christianity

more vigorous or less so, it can always be strengthened by being exercised up to the full measure of what it is already. In other words we become an artist in the third sense of the term in exactly the same way in which we become one in the industrial or in the polite sense of the term. If we become a better carpenter by doing just as good carpentry as we can with the carpentering ability we have now; and if we become a better musician by doing just as good musical work as we can with the musical ability that we have now: so we gain proficiency in our affectional powers by doing just as good love-work as we can with the love-power we have already.

I wonder how many parents are working on that line in their relations with their children. To be able to love immensely is the greatest thing our children ever will be able to do. It is at once

Acquiring the Love Lesson

the most important and the most difficult thing they can learn and I wonder how many of us are deliberately, painstakingly and persistently helping our children to learn it. Parents are not backward in specifying the various branches that their children are pursuing, and to one brought up as I was, when it was the custom to teach a few things and to teach those few thoroughly, the miscellaneous and encyclopaedic character of current tuition is confusing and stupefying: but with all the things that the poor innocents are having inculcated upon them it does not appear that anything like a general, calculating and systematic effort is being made to help them become great and wide in their loves. It does not appear that that is one of the things that the minds of parents are consciously and definitely set to see accomplished.

The Sunny Side of Christianity

It is vastly interesting to know how to read French and Italian, to be acquainted with history and literature, to be able to analyze flowers, to play the piano, harp, guitar, violin or any one of the thousand other instruments with which men in the savage or enlightened state have always delighted to make themselves happy and other people miserable. But granting the excellence of all such accomplishments, and not criticising at all the earnestness with which children are encouraged to devote themselves to them, yet as both St. Paul and Professor Drummond and a good many beside have said, the greatest thing in the world is love; and therefore the greatest thing to learn to know is how to love, and yet it requires no strain of imagination to conceive that there are fathers and mothers in the homes represented in every Christian congregation

Acquiring the Love Lesson

that have never once thought it out distinctly to themselves that the art of loving is one which above all others they must see to it that their children become proficient in.

By far the greater part of religious training is a training of children's minds in the truths of the Gospel, not a training of their hearts in the affections and sympathies of the Gospel. There are a good many to whom the idea of training the affections will come as a surprise and an innovation,—training or perhaps stimulating the affections till they become warm and full, in something the same sense that thoughts are trained and stimulated till they become distinct and vigorous. Parents and teachers do try in a way to root out the bad impulses that may be in young people's hearts but that is another matter; that is not fostering and coaxing into luxurious and

The Sunny Side of Christianity

blossoming fulness the beginnings of beautiful and sweet impulse that are in them.

And the love-lessons, to begin with, have to be easy lessons. Just as the child's first steps have to be short steps, and as the first words that he learns in the primer have to be small words, so his first loves have to be very small loves, loves at very short range. The home is, with a rare delicacy, divinely contrived to hit that situation. The alphabet of affection is to love one's own mother. It all starts there. There is a cozy little instinct already in the infant on its arrival in this world that gives something to work upon. Perhaps that instinct is very much like the one that every little animal brings into life with it, but at any rate it gives the mother something to appeal to; it may not be yet the most complete and beatific style of love imagin-

Acquiring the Love Lesson

able, but it puts within maternal reach something that maternal fostering can address itself to, and that for a beginning is all that is needed. And by loving its mother, the little thing gradually gains in love-power so that in time it begins a little to be able to love its father. That is a great gain, particularly sometimes. And then in due time, perhaps, there comes along a little brother or sister, which not only stimulates additionally the love power, but enriches it by giving it a wider range of affection, and creating inside the home a little community of tender interest, a small republic of sympathy.

All of this indicates the neat provision that God and nature have made for starting this matter, and securing for the young heart a kind of apprenticeship before it is precipitated into the more advanced schooling of outside life and rela-

The Sunny Side of Christianity

tions. The home in all these matters plays much the same part that the Mediterranean used to do in the old centuries in encouraging the first beginnings of trade and commerce. The commercial impulse at that time was not old and alert enough to reach out upon the Atlantic; and so the little boats with their little cargoes, pushed around tentatively and in a half-frightened way among the bays of the inland sea, more and more venturesome as heart and head and hand became trained to it, and all the time winning the wisdom and the stamina which fitted for trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific voyages when it came time for commerce to graduate into enterprises so broad. So we may say of the home, that it is a sort of quiet little Mediterranean, full of close-by work, where hearts do not have to love except at short-range, but where by their perfectly safe and

Acquiring the Love Lesson

close-range practice they may win that vigor of affection that will qualify for a longer reach of interest and a wider sweep of sympathy farther on.

That is enough to illustrate nature's policy in the matter. The love-impulse we are all born with must be gotten out by being coaxed out. We learn to love by having something to love and then encouraging our hearts to go out toward it lovingly. And that means giving some expression to such love, however feeble, as we may already have.

We learn to love others more by what we do for them than by what they do for us. If we are cold the best way to get warm is not to stand by the fire but to get away from the fire and bestir ourselves. It is much in that way that we learn how to love people. At some time in our life, and presumably often, some needy soul has drifted within range of our ac-

The Sunny Side of Christianity

quaintance and interest and we have been compelled by the exigencies of the case to render succour. The party in question may not at the first approach have appeared to us exactly lovable, but on the contrary may have seemed to us exactly unlovable, and his fascinations may not perhaps have been enhanced by our ministrations,—the money we gave him or the attentions we rendered him. But our heart was a human heart and that means that there was in us a suggestion of sensitiveness to his distress, and our very exercise of that sensitiveness strengthened it, and whether he was made better by it or not, we were. We used our heart, and heart grows by using just as muscles do; and it will not grow without using, talk about love being an out-and-out ready-made gift from God as much as we please. And if we are serious in our desires to be great

Acquiring the Love Lesson

lovers that is the way to become such. Reading about love, listening to sermons about love, studying what the Gospel has to say about love, may give us quite accurate ideas upon the subject, but what we want is love, and not ideas of love! and the only way to win that is to set at practical work so much or so little love as we may be already possessed of.

Now to make a very concrete matter of this let me say that if you have a boy that you want should become like Christ in his affections, it will not do such a tremendous amount of good for you every Sunday afternoon to enlarge on what Christ has done for him. All of that undoubtedly has its place, but if that is all, he will get accustomed to it before a great while, will come to take it as a matter of course that Christ should do good things for him, like that other boy

The Sunny Side of Christianity

who when he had told a lie and his mother said that God wouldn't forgive him if he did such things, replied that he had always supposed that that was what God was for.

Children get accustomed to the doctrine of God's love just as we get accustomed to the sunshine and forget all about the sun that it comes from. So then, as was being said, if you have a boy that you want should become like Christ in his affections, in addition to anything else that you may do, do not forget to find some other lad for your son to interest himself in and do for. Be careful and not select a case that will subject your boy's untrained affections to too severe a strain. Putting a pupil who has only just commenced subtraction into vulgar fractions will spoil all the arithmetic there is in him. Give him something that will strain his affec-

Acquiring the Love Lesson

tion not too much but just enough. And his heart will begin to grow and it will keep on growing just as long as that style of tuition is applied.

And the personal element wants to be let play just as actively as possible. His heart will grow faster if he feels the person that he is doing for. He might put his penny in the contribution-plate knowing that it would be part of a lump sum that was to be packed up and despatched to a lot of little Hottentots, and even that is not a bad idea for it trains him in the excellent habit of parting with his own money, even if he is not quite certain whether young Hottentots are children or little gorillas. But the real object we are in pursuit of will then come best when the thing he does for is so personal, and felt to be so personal and so humanly kin, that the pulses of his own regard will be distinctly and warmly moved.

The Sunny Side of Christianity

upon. That makes heart always, and heart is the essence of Christianity.

All of this is what was intended when it was said that the art of being a Christian is acquired in pretty much the same way that the art of being a house-builder or a poet is acquired. It has to be learned. We do not become experts all at once in the matter of loving any more than we do in such things as manufacture, sculpture or Greek. In all these things we get a little and then by working that little up to its full limit we get more. It is unfortunate that the expression "becoming a Christian" has so generally come to be technically understood to mean that one has suddenly become totally unlike what he had previously been. Without denying that there is some one moment, known by us or unknown, when there is a start made in the new life, that is just what it is,—a start, not

Acquiring the Love Lesson

a finish: just as there is a particular day when we commence to learn to read or when we commence to study English composition. Commencing to go to school does not work an abrupt change in us but is the abrupt commencement of a process of change that goes on indefinitely. That is what is meant by the correct reading of that verse in Acts,—“And the Lord added to the Church daily those that were being saved.” Salvation is a process not an event. Not suddenly made like Christ but learning to become like Christ. That is why so many who have once entered into the Church show no change afterward. They think it is graduation whereas really it is nothing but matriculation. Men and women who show no change after entering the Church are kept in. Boys and girls who show no change after entering school are turned out.

The Sunny Side of Christianity

But these references are only for the sake of illustrating in another way our one contention that Christians are not made but grown. A scholar is not a man who knows everything but a man who knows a little and who is using that little knowledge in a way always to know more. A Christian is not a man who is perfect in love but a man who loves a little and is working that little love in a way always to love more. Paul does not seem to think that either our money or our ideas will stand us in much stead in the heavenly world but is clear that the reserved seats are being held for those who have been keeping their hearts at school and who in that way have been steadily and quietly growing into the likeness of Him whose one perfect name is Love.

Love Considered *as a Lubricant*

WHEN it is claimed that love is the finest thing in the world it is not to be understood merely that love is something which more than anything else appeals to our inner sense of what is morally beautiful. We contemplate a choice bit of landscape, as it has been reproduced on canvas by the artist, and we pronounce it inexpressibly elegant, an æsthetic gem, by which we mean only that it exactly satisfies our appreciation of artistic excellence: there is a perfect coincidence between it and the faculties of estimate with which we contemplate it. It does not mean that the picture can do anything except be hung up, be looked at, enjoyed and have nice things said about it.

The Sunny Side of Christianity

Now love is all of that but with a residue,—that and something more, and it is with that “more” that we want just now to busy ourselves. For love considered simply as something that excites our moral admiration, is not worth a great deal more, viewed in reference to character, than an object that excites our artistic admiration, such as a poem or a statue. As has been already stated we need to be exceedingly careful not to confound our admirations of what is good with anything like personal actualization of what is good. So we pass from the consideration of love viewed as a thing of beauty to the consideration of love viewed as a thing of power,—from the charm of its appearance to the vigor of its effectiveness.

The world that we are in,—partly because of the sin that is in it and partly because the people that are in it are so

Love as a Lubricant

unlike that they do not fit one another, is a conspicuously tumultuous world. I remember watching with feelings akin to awe the motions of that tremendous engine that drove the machinery in machinery hall at the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and the noiselessness, that was almost an audible one, with which the revolutions of that vast drive-wheel were described. Now the quietude and noiselessness of its movements were due to two causes: in the first place every part had in the manufacture been adjusted, with an almost microscopic accuracy, to every other part. Roughnesses of material had all been planed off, filed down, sand-papered over. Bearings had been fitted with a refined nicety that almost made one thing of the divine genius with which God himself joints together the bones that play upon one another in the human body.

The Sunny Side of Christianity

Now there is nothing of that in society. People are jumbled together regardless. There is little filing and no sand-papering to speak of. Society is a big machine, bigger than anything there was at Philadelphia, and the wheels of it are mostly set at right-angles with each other, and as for cog-work, a wheel with two-inch catches generates more squeak and sparks than motion when it tooths into a wheel with three-inch catches. And if it were not Omnipotence that runs it, it would have stopped almost before it had gotten started, saying nothing of tearing itself all to pieces in the process.

But although that stationery engine at Philadelphia was so deftly constructed, yet that was not the entire explanation of the grace, ease and quietude with which the big drive-wheel revolved. The engineer kept it flushed and soaked with

Love as a Lubricant

lubricants. He would, as soon have thought of screwing together two adjacent parts that were intended to move and play upon each other as he would have thought of leaving the surfaces that were in contact unmollified with oil. It took steam and unctuousity both to keep it moving, and if either had been omitted it couldn't have carried itself, still less the horde of machines that were tethered to it.

Now what a drop of oil is in machinery a bit of tender consideration is in relieving the frictions constantly developing in the mechanism of society. One day there was a workman aboard a trolley-car and he noticed that every time the door was pushed open it squeaked. Rising from his seat he took a little can from his pocket, let fall a drop of anti-irritant on the offending spot, and sat down again, quietly remarking,— “I always

The Sunny Side of Christianity

carry an oil-can in my pocket for there are so many squeaky things that a drop of oil will correct." Now the squeakiness that he dealt with is only a sort of parable of another species of the same kind of thing that proceeds from the contacts of one man with another. The world is so full of people that there is no escaping the contacts, and we are, in our traits and temperaments, constructed with so little reference to each other, that the contacts are almost certain to prove frictional contacts, contacts, that is, that mean rub and squeak. It is not all of it malice, inherent depravity, any more than it is the depravity of your sewing machine that makes it go hard when you have let the bearings stand till they are dry.

For reasons which we can partly understand there exists among us an inherent incompatibility. And when in-

Love as a Lubricant

compatibles get together it lies in the nature of things that there should develop the same sort of phenomenon that the man with the can discovered in the trolley-car door. Put together two such unlubricated incompatibles, and that is the only thing you can reasonably expect or can have any right to expect. And just as I suppose that one object that God had in making oil was to render it possible for two adjacent parts of a machine to rub together without getting hot or stopping the machine, so he made love in all its mollifying varieties as a contrivance to enable adjacent parts of the social or of the domestic machine to rub together without heat or stoppage.

And whether in one order of mechanics or in the other it requires only a very slight application to do the work. The oil-can need not be large, and one drop goes a great way. One of the first

The Sunny Side of Christianity

things that Christ said to the world was,—"Blessed are the peacemakers", and that was a benediction upon those who go around doing precisely the same thing between man and man, or between ourselves and others that our trolley-car man was doing between the door and the rusty groove it ran upon.

There is no man so angular or crochety that we cannot get along with him if we love him. We must remember that we are just as crochety from his point of view as he is from our point of view. Probably the only real reason why God is able to tolerate us is because he loves us. There are some people who are always ready with some little word that makes others more easy to get along with. They have the gift to detect in them and to set forth in a pleasant way features of character that smooth down and oil over some small antipathy we may be indulg-

Love as a Lubricant

ing in. It does not change anything, but helps us to tolerate it with serenity, which is a good deal. Love might be in part defined as the art of getting along comfortably with people we do not quite like. Love is more than that, but it is a good deal in being that.

And then a little kindliness thrown in helps us not only to get along with people that we are not adjusted to and that chafe us, but it helps us to keep from quarreling with the uncomfortable circumstances of life. A gentle and benign word often works upon us in much the same way that a streak of sunshine does, coming down through a cold northwest wind, and helps a little to draw out the frost. And such words are so easily spoken. And people are so responsive to them. Even strangers answer back to any such genial influence genially exerted. It seems such a pity sometimes

The Sunny Side of Christianity

that while physically we come constantly very close to other people, personally we are very far away from them.

I sometimes think of this in looking at a car-load of people,—all come from the great unknown, all moving steadily day by day toward the great unknown, brightened by the same hopes, shadowed with the same sorrows, tired with the same burdens, all children of God, blood relatives through a common earthly ancestor, and yet so far as all sense of fraternity is concerned the passengers in a crowded car might as well be logs of wood stacked up in two rows with a lot of underbrush and chips thrown in between to round out a complete car-load. Of course it is not good form to speak until you are introduced. It was lucky though for those two Gadarenes that had the devils cast out of them that Jesus did not stand on ceremony and wait for an

Love as a Lubricant

introduction. They came crying to him, bringing no certificate of character, no credentials from their previous employers,—with nothing but a cry.

And it seems to me that we cannot look much into the faces of those we meet without feeling that upon the lips of hosts of them is a sort of unexpressed cry; people with a burden, blighted by a disappointment, alone and all the more alone because there are so many human things around them, solitary almost as though planted down in the midst of an unpeopled planet. This is not said so much with reference to the beggars who hang upon the corners of the streets way-laying well-fed people for two cents to pay for a cup of coffee and a roll, as with reference to people who do not beg, who are hungry but never say they are hungry, who are crushed but still try to walk smartly upon their own feet, who

The Sunny Side of Christianity

betray their sorrow, but betray it by symptoms that they would disguise if they knew how. We who bear Christ's name ought to think of these things more than we do. Christ came to be not only sin-bearer but burden-carrier. We here in this great crowded town get strangely used to people. There is a mass of them and we get so we think of them only in the mass. Men come to seem to us after a little while as being little other than animals dressed in coat and trousers; excepting of course a few personal friends.

This is a form of home missions that is not so often advertised or contributed to, but it is a good deal after the order of the home-missionary work that Jesus used to do. He was always trying to get in a little of the soft sunshine of his own sympathy between people and the circumstances that aggravated them. He knew that this life is a hard life. He ex-

Love as a Lubricant

perienced it in himself and beheld it in others, and tried everywhere to work in a little lubricant and to soften, as far as might be, the roughnesses against which people were chafing and bruising themselves.

There are a good many who are regretting that they are so without money or other material means as to be unable to do all they would like toward relieving others' burdens and leveling down the rough roads they have to walk over. But it is one of the mistakes we are all the time making to suppose that bread and milk and money are the great panacea of human distress. Of course no man likes to go hungry or thirsty or ragged, but there are quantities of sorrows beside those of stomach and clothes,—quantities of sorrows that grow out of the isolatedness of men's lives, especially in a town like our own; hearts, a great many of

The Sunny Side of Christianity

them, that are laboring under the fatigue of an undivided disappointment, a disappointment, that is to say, that only their own heart knows, with no other heart near enough to care to share the disappointment and to take over upon itself a part of the weight of it.

And a great many of these people have no feeling that the Lord, either, is near enough to them to care anything about them or to make it worth while to undertake to adopt him into their confidence. And so they go around with their pack strapped on to their back from morning till night, and when night comes there is still no way of unbuckling it from their shoulders, and so they go to bed with it and carry it with them into their dreams, and wake up in the morning tired with having trudged about under the weariness of it while they were sleeping. And they keep this up till they are worn

Love as a Lubricant

through by it, and we ought not to be too hard on them if sometimes they abbreviate the wearing-out process by means unnatural and suicidal.

Right along that line is a vast amount of Christly service to be rendered, and service that does not depend upon our having a great sum of money and a lot of things. One is wearied sometimes with the very idea of "things" considered as means of making the world sweet and sunny again. Christ brought no "things" with him when he came into the world and he had no "things" while he was here, but somehow burdens fell off of people when they came near where he was, and packs that they had been carrying upon their shoulders or their hearts seemed to unbuckle of themselves.

Hearts do not get on well alone. It is a remarkable thing that one of the sorrows of Christ's life was that he stood apart

The Sunny Side of Christianity

from everybody or rather that everybody stood apart from him. He was so unlike others that they did not quite know how to sympathize with him, but at the same time he was so like them that he needed dreadfully to have them sympathize with him. It is a great deal worse than being hung to be condemned to a life of solitary confinement. In one case you die instantly, in the other case you die all the time. It is a strange and profound fact, this need of a human ear to tell yourself into, this need of a human heart to stand under one end of the load you are carrying. As just said it was a part of Jesus' agony that in the night of his agony there was no man that felt enough with him to watch with him. Christ was the most awfully human thing that ever lived. We might almost have been ready to doubt whether he were human if we had not learned from the Gethsemane

Love as a Lubricant

story that he was a little afraid to be alone. This is mentioned here only because it lets us feel how vast are the wants and how deep are the hungerings in human souls that we need have no money in our purse or bread in our hand in order to satisfy.

And as I have said, people are responsive to all those tokens that we make to them of feeling a kindly sort of regard for them, if only those tokens are made with that kind of dexterity that love so naturally supplies. They are surprised by any overtures we make to them because they are not accustomed to it. If we go through the street looking at anything but our own thoughts, we have observed how many sad-eyed men and women and even children there are that travel our thoroughfares, people I do not mean that are looking at us for something, but people that do not look at us,

The Sunny Side of Christianity

but that look straight ahead, but who even so, are not so much looking as they are thinking. The eyes that are usually turned upon them are such cold eyes that they look into no one's eyes. The trouble with our eyes so often is that the warmth that there is in them,—and there may be a good deal of warmth in them,—we keep for the little knot of congenials that likewise look back warmly upon us. That is nature, but there is precious little Gospel in it. “If ye love them that love you what thank have ye? do not even the publicans the same?”

These people though are human; they may be bad, they may be good but they are off by themselves; things go hard with them. The Lord doesn't love them,—that is they think he doesn't, at any rate he doesn't appear to make much of them, and the cup of life which they drink does not stand near enough to

Love as a Lubricant

where it is warm to keep the ice-crystals, sharp and cold, from growing on the top of it. Their lives may not really be so much harder to get through than a great many other lives, but as we were saying just now about the drive wheel and the sewing machine, it is the conditions under which we work that counts more than the work itself. The work we do in a comfortable place of business is very different from the same work done in a solitary cell,—no companionship, not much light and always chilly. It is very trying to be chilly, especially when we know that after we have been chilly an hour there will be nothing for us but to be chilly another hour just like it: it stiffens the joints and freezes over one's hopes.

But now and then I have tried the experiment and I have always found that such a semi-congealed soul is get-at-able

The Sunny Side of Christianity

just as fast as I take steps to get at it. Why, even a dog, if you look into his eyes, will commence to wag his tail when he has looked long enough to be sure you are not going to throw a stone at him. Dogs are suspicious, especially unhappy dogs. Men are suspicious, especially unhappy men,—men that have been shied off into out-of-the-way corners by the missiles of untoward circumstance.

Christ came, of course, first of all, to make men better, but it is not so very different from that to say that he came also to warm and limber up men's hearts that had become stiffened and frost-bitten with discouragement, to improve men's circumstances so far as it might be, but still more to help them get along with circumstances when for any reason those circumstances could not be improved. It does not seem quite right when two or three or a dozen people are

Love as a Lubricant

living lives that are warm and bright that they should spend a good part of their time beaming on each other. It seems an atrocious waste of the raw material of light and heat. Christ did undoubtedly do a little of that in that beautiful Bethany home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus; he beamed on them and they beamed on him and on very rare occasion as it would seem, did what some of us do all the time, had a beautiful and comfortable time enjoying people that were thoroughly congenial to him, loving them that loved him, staying in a circle made up of a little covey of people that all perfectly enjoyed each other. That also was very human in Jesus and we love to think that in the wide Sahara of his experience there was one such fresh and charming oasis. But it was oasis only. That was not the way he lived. We some of us live so. We some of us never beam

The Sunny Side of Christianity

except on people that beam on us. We have beaming dinner-parties, beaming sociables, beaming receptions and the like. The whole thing is arranged with reference to bringing people together where each will beam on the rest and all beam together, a sort of multitudinous candelabrum, a celestial galaxy dragged earthward and packed within four walls. Christ has something rather pointed to say, bearing exactly on that matter, in the Fourteenth of Luke. His way of stating things was rather radical. That was because he was a radical. His conception of Christianity was of something whereby the strong helped them that were weak, not helped those that were strong and so needed no help; something whereby those that were warm gathered around their fireplaces those that were cold, not those that had been already heated by sitting at a comfortable fire-

Love as a Lubricant

place of their own; something whereby those that were bright and cheery embraced with their hospitality those that were lonely and discouraged, not those that were already so luminous and glad as to make more of the same an extravagance and a superfluity.

Loving, A Means of Knowing

AFFECTION, or any other emotion, is liable to be regarded with disfavor by such as have keen intelligence and intelligence that has been vigorously disciplined. I do not mean that thinking necessarily excludes feeling, but is apt to, and it is certainly difficult to keep the two in equilibrium,—not to be so sunk in thought as to lose our power to feel, and not to be so exalted in feeling as to lose our power of thought. We can be run away with by our feelings and just as well be run away with by our thinkings, and either run-away means a smashing of the vehicle and the tipping out of its contents,—passengers and baggage.

A part of the reason why a man who is devoted to thinking takes small interest

Loving, a Means of Knowing

in people's feelings is that, so far as he can see, not much of anything comes from feeling,—not much to show for it, rather in the nature of a bubble, which admits of being beautiful and showing exquisite colors only because there is nothing in it; or like a balloon whose only motive power is its vacuity. He does not see that feelings give him anything new, and he believes in thinking because it does give him something new. He can think his way into things and find out what is there. Thought is a kind of intellectual gimlet which a man screws into the substance of an unknown thing that he is interested in, and so finds out what is on the inside. That is the object of thinking,—to find out. Thinking is inquisitiveness at work. It is the faculty of mental exploration. He may not care what he finds, but he wants to find it. An adventurer goes in search

The Sunny Side of Christianity

of the North Pole. He does not care what the North Pole is, but would like to discover it. He is not expecting to bring any of it home ; he has no plan of colonizing it or of making it part of our insular possessions. His only ambition is to keep adding one thing more to those he has found already.

And that is what our professional thinker wants,—to keep adding **one** thing more to those he already knows, and is sure that thought will find out things better and faster than feeling will ; just as any one would suppose that a gimlet would more expeditiously and with more likelihood of results get on to the inside of a thing than a little tuft of warm sunshine would. Well, in some cases it would, but not in all. Take a block of ice, for instance ; you can screw into it with a bit of pointed steel, and learn something about ice, but not nearly so

Loving, a Means of Knowing

much as you can by drilling it with a delicate shaft of focused sunbeams. The gimlet will bring out of the aperture nothing but ice,—pulverized, but ice all the same: the sunbeam does better than that. It may not work so fast but does more searching work, and takes the frost structure all to pieces and feels around till it finds the water that the ice was built out of.

That of course is illustration only, but I thought it might get our ideas just now into an attitude to take easier hold of what comes on next, for it lets us suspect that the cold-chisel way of perforating a matter,—such as sharp thinkers usually adopt,—may not be the only way of getting to the interior of things, and that there may be some matters that implements, that are neither so stiff nor so frigid, will penetrate with pleasanter and more abundant results,—objects of inter-

The Sunny Side of Christianity

est that will surrender their secrets more willingly to a warm heart than to a keen understanding. It will perhaps tend to make feeling a little more creditable in the estimate of men who are brainy, if it appears that there are two avenues conducting into the mystery of things, one avenue that our philosophizings travel over and another that our affections travel over, and that sometimes the affection-avenue is tunneled in a little farther toward the heart of the mystery than the speculative avenue is.

Even in common matters we find something like that to be the case; at least we have all had occasion to realize that however clear the idea we may happen to have of any matter a certain fondness of heart toward the matter will do a good deal toward gaining for our idea a deep entrance into it; that is, there must be a certain amount of warmth in the process

Loving, a Means of Knowing

before the process can go far or yield much. Even sound will get through the air a little faster in a warm day than it will in a cold one. You know how much easier it is to understand things that we are intensely interested in than to understand those that we care nothing about. If your boy hates algebra but loves birds, snakes and lizards, it will take him not more than half as long to get his natural history lesson as it does to work out his problems in algebra. That is because he studies snakes with his mind and his heart, and studies algebra only with his mind: which is a little like a bird trying to fly with one wing,—a good deal of flutter and not much flight.

It is on this account that such things as music and pictures mean so much more to some people than to others. (I am adducing these illustrations only for the purpose of getting our main thought

The Sunny Side of Christianity

well in hand.) Some people when they listen to the orchestral rendering of a symphony, for example, commence at once to think out its meaning, to resolve it into nouns and verbs, and translate it into terms of articulate speech. And probably some of the intention of the symphony is ascertainable by that means, but not the best of its intention. The mind reads the lines but it is the heart that reads between the lines, and in good composition, musical or otherwise, there is always more between the lines than there is on them. That is the difference in part between a photograph and a painting; a photograph shows to the eye all there is there. A painting suggests to the heart a good deal that is not there.

There is the like difference in the way in which different classes of people approach their survey of nature. A stone cliff has one meaning to a quarry-man

Loving, a Means of Knowing

and a finer meaning to a nature-lover. That splendid nature-laid wall up on the other side of the Hudson means to one class of observers the Palisades, to another class building-stone. To one who has a heart for the deeper significance of created things the blasting out of the Palisades is a form of murder, artistic atrocity, an offense against the Sixth Commandment of the æsthetic decalogue. Vandals of that sort it may not be proper to be angry with any more than it would be becoming to be indignant at the inappreciative little dog who tramples upon our posey-bed or chews up our copy of the Sistine Madonna. It only illustrates in a rather distressing way how little of all there is to be estimated can be calculated by a quarry-man's measuring rod and square, and how little of all there is to be seen is sufficiently gross to become visible to the eye with which a man

The Sunny Side of Christianity

winks, or to the mere stiff and un-hearted thinkings with which he figures out his common estimates. When, therefore, the mere intellect has done its best, there is still considerable left over that something a good deal spryer, and more feelingly penetrative than intellect, will have to lay itself out upon, or a large part of the best of everything will go undiscovered and unknown.

Even in such matters as we have been mentioning, then, the mind of a man does not find out all that there is to be found, and while a man feels with his heart, it is evident that he finds out a good deal with it too, and also evident that there are some things that the heart can see into more deeply than the mind can, so that so far from saying that it is only the mind that is organ of discovery, we shall soon have to admit that in some cases the heart is still more gifted

Loving, a Means of Knowing

as an organ of discovery; and that for some purposes, in the personal as in the material world, the gimlet does not come back laden with so rich a story as the sunbeam.

The full truth of this is not apparent till we give over talking about music, pictures and stone-quarries, and begin applying our principle to living people. Of all knowable things man is the hardest to know; except perhaps God, and I am not sure that He even is an exception. That God finds everybody lovable, while we find only here and there one that is lovable, shows how little way really our knowledge penetrates toward the innermost recesses of people. For the most part each one of us is a closed world to the rest of the world. We can reason about others, imagine about them, and guess at them, but as a rule, precious little there is that we know about them. The study of

The Sunny Side of Christianity

anatomy and physiology gives us some information. If we have looked into psychology, that adds a little to our knowledge of them, although perhaps not in a way that means very much or that is specially interesting. Or we can read about a man or talk to him, and hear him talk and see him act; we can even live in the same house with him, but even so he and we are like neighboring islands in one archipelago,—near enough to appreciate our proximity, but with too much sea between to let us forget that we are a good ways apart.

I have wondered sometimes whether we know even our intimate friends so well that in another world our soul would be able to recognize their soul unless souls there go around tagged with some kind of a familiar body for us to know each other by. It is rather a practical question, or will be sometime, but my refer-

Loving, a Means of Knowing

ence to it is only to gain opportunity to say that I believe that souls that have profoundly loved each other will know each other anywhere, body or no body, tag or no tag ; for when we love a person we penetrate very deeply into the intimacies and intricacies of his being. There is no other way of knowing him that approaches to it for appreciation and thoroughness. Love is a form of vision very tender and therefore very searching. Love gets past the barriers and sentinels that stand at the outposts, and enters almost into the midst of the camp and what is covertly transpiring there. Ordinary acquaintance is simply an inspection from the outside and is a good deal in the nature of a guess. Affection views the loved object from an interior standpoint, and almost sees him as he is. Love knows how to take account of limitations ; it knows how in a generous way

The Sunny Side of Christianity

to construe adverse conditions and to feel its way toward that hidden mystic center of a man's being where his real personality lies lodged.

And so we never know a person till we love him. In all that relates to the exploration of what is personal a keen thought in the brain is not to be mentioned the same day as a warm affection in the heart. Love is the quickest, most penetrating form of intuition comprised in a man's implements of research. We are keeping close to the facts in the case when we say that love is knowledge. "Every one that loveth, knoweth God." The Apostle John never could have philosophized about God so persuasively and expeditiously as St. Paul; I do not believe he was so brainy as St. Paul, or had been to school as much and yet for all that it looks as though he (John) was the one of the two who knew God best,

Loving, a Means of Knowing

came closest to him in the very innermost of him. At any rate this is true, that in our best moments of Christian experience it is John's Gospel and letters rather than Paul that we like to have read to us. Paul tells us, to a great and interesting length, what God does, and what he thinks, and what his schemes and policy are, and that is all profitable and tremendously serious; but it is John that tells us what God is. In reading a great deal of what Paul says we feel that we are simply inspecting God, surveying him as a sort of immense and inexplicable curio. In a way, Paul, in all such passages, introduces us to God, but we can be introduced to a person a great many times without beginning much to know him. But when we turn back into John's Gospel or forward into his letters, we have a sense of getting near to that spot in God, if I may so say, where God himself

The Sunny Side of Christianity

lives. There is an enormous difference between having a great lot of ideas about a person,—no matter how correct those ideas,—and knowing the person.

A child between whom and its mother there are mutual relations of affection, has very few notions in regard to his mother, expressible or inexpressible,—not nearly as many as he will have later on. The faculties whose business it is to manufacture ideas have not yet gotten fairly at work in him. But he knows his mother a great deal better than any psychological expert from the university knows her or can know her unless he gets into some other relation toward her than that of an expert. Thinking goes around and never gets there; love makes a cross cut and arrives.

This accounts for a good deal of what we call agnosticism. The mere intellect is agnostic and cannot help itself. In

Loving, a Means of Knowing

that sense Job was an agnostic when he asked,—“Canst thou by searching find out God?” The astronomer Lalande was an agnostic when he said that he had swept the entire heavens with his telescope and found no God there. This remark of Lalande’s was neither brilliant nor original. Job knew nothing about telescopes, but said all that Lalande said thousands of years before Lalande. “Canst thou by searching find out God?” This is another of those questions lodged in the Old Testament to be answered in the New. “No,” says the Apostle John, “searching will not help you to know God, but loving will help you to know him.” Thinking starts out very smoothly in the direction of God but gets lost before it finds him, or gets used up before it finds him, and comes home tired and sick. So that, of necessity, the brain is agnostic because it can-

The Sunny Side of Christianity

not know God, but the heart is theistic because it does know God. If we love, we know God, for God is love.

If in the matter of God the heart is our best informant, it ought to be allowed to have a good deal to say about what men are to believe concerning God. This has an important bearing upon the whole matter of creed-making. If love gets nearer to the very being of God than thinking does, then it is what men feel with their hearts more than what they feel of with their heads that must determine our theology. It is love that will have to be allowed to cast the majority vote: only let it be understood here that by love is not meant any maudlin mush of anæmic sentimentality, but that same kind of fervid but earnest and intelligent output from the heart that distinguished John in his attitude toward God, and Jesus Christ in his relations with the Fa-

Loving, a Means of Knowing

ther. Our present confession of faith has a good deal more Paul in it than it has John. The new one ought to have a good deal more John in it than it has Paul.

There is a single point more that we ought to devote a moment to before closing, and it must be done carefully and delicately, for there is a truth hidden in it that is not often commented upon, but whose meaning, nevertheless, is a wide and exceedingly helpful and comforting one, and yet one that must be considerately stated. One of the Elders of my Church said to me once:—"When I love, no matter who it is I am loving,—I like to think that God takes it as love to himself, even though I do not mean it exactly in that way, and even though I do not find it easy to love exactly in that way." There is probably no ambiguity in the language of this Elder but what

The Sunny Side of Christianity

the experience of most will suffice to interpret. There are those apparently who really have the same feeling toward God that a child has toward his father, but not many. Even John himself practically confesses to a difficulty here when he says:—"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen;"—harder to love where you cannot see. The heart likes something tangible to take hold of and to support itself upon in its attitude of affection. In the vein of that is our proverb,—“Out of sight, out of mind.” We may say, and may try our best to feel, that God is present with us, but it is hard to keep a sense of that presence and in that way he begins to seem distant from us, and love does not work so well at long range.

And then God is to us so vast in his personality that it seems to us sometimes

Loving, a Means of Knowing

almost funny that we should even think of loving him. Respect him, of course; worship him, certainly; but to love him,—that implies a relation between him and us that we are not quite equal to, or rather that we have not all of us yet experimentally learned that we are equal to. And so the question we instinctively ask is whether love to one another will not answer, and whether he will not really reckon it as love to him. The Bible says so much about our loving him, that we should be greatly relieved if he would take it in that way.

There is something that looks quite strongly in that direction in Christ's parable of the last judgment. The King is represented as saying to those on his right hand,—“Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was hungered, and ye gave me

The Sunny Side of Christianity

meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." So that in doing it to them he allows us to be credited with doing it to him, even though we may have no feeling of doing it for him.

But it is still more to our interest and encouragement to find that it is exactly that idea John means to express in those

Loving, a Means of Knowing

words of his first letter,—“Every one that loveth, knoweth God.” He is not speaking of those who are conscious of God in their loving, but of those who are conscious of one another in their loving. The verse reads,—“Let us love one another; and all who do love one another are born of God and know God.” That is, he takes love at its face value, without asking whether it is God that we are thinking of in our love or man that we are thinking of in our love. As I said, this reaches a good way, and we can think it through for ourselves, only let us think carefully. “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these ye have done it unto me”: inasmuch as ye have loved one of these ye have loved me.

Perhaps that is as far as we shall ever get, perhaps not; but it is safe ground and I am sure will help to keep the mind unworried and the heart comforted.