
MAN AND HIS MOTHER

window the standing corn, rows of peas and beans in rich maturing, the mystery of decay in a pile of compost, dipping meadow-lands, the yellow floor of a fresh-cut oat-field with the tumbled shocks; I see the distant elms. If the door were open, I could see the bee-hives—most wonderful of all. For the bees take the present of the flowers and give them back their future.

Often the eyes sting with a sudden sense of the beauty and mystery of common things—that is the love of God in man's heart. Man may love the master-souls among men; thrill with love at the laughter of children; he may love the myriad evidences of God in the world. The view from the window, the saddle horse lifting his head to listen to the distant train—the whole glowing pastoral from this window—from any window—thrills with the spirit of God.

Does the old bee-keeper demand of the bees—*Love me?* They serve him best by loving one another. When all are at their highest best—they are raptly at work together. The old beekeeper will see them through the winter. . . . God loves the world through the souls of men. We receive the love of God—that is the in-breathing, that is the inspiration. The outpouring is service to men. We love God by loving our neighbour—that is the immortal formula. Presently we shall see the sons of God in the eyes of passing men.