

## The Highest Service of Love

of its nature because there was no language among men fine enough for its purity or capacious enough for its vastness. Christ was not only the revelation but the veiling of the Father. If love were finite, it would not bear for ever in its heart a deep sense of helplessness; it is ready to give all, do all, save all, but it can give only a cup of water where it would open a fountain, and plead and pray where it would gladly lay down its life. The pain of love is rooted in its immortality.

And as its pain of unexpressed feeling and devotion is rooted in its immortality, so also is its divinest revelation of itself. For the highest service of love is not to console but to inspire, not to comfort but to stimulate. In the wreckage of hopes which sometimes overtakes the strongest