

be desired; but what would these be if love were absent? A long row of ciphers. Put the significant figure before them, and they become something.

Love cannot be defined. Love is a compound thing, Paul tells us. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red and blue and yellow and violet and orange and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing, Love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you notice that these elements have common names; that they can be practiced by every man in every place in life. The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients: *Patience*—"Love suffereth long." *Kindness*—"And is kind." *Generosity*—"Love envieth not." *Humility*—"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." *Courtesy*—"Doth not behave itself unseemly." *Unselfishness*—"Seeketh not her own." *Good Temper*—"Is not easily provoked." *Guilelessness*—"Thinketh no evil." *Sincerity*—"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." These make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man.—*Henry Drummond.*

There is no adequate substitute for love. When Methodism came to England "as an angel of rebuke" the cathedrals were well supplied with clergy; bishops, deans, canons stood sponsor for the religious life of a people whose faith had been buried deep beneath the moldering clay of form and of ritual; in the pulpits there was eloquence; in the pews emptiness; two hundred was a large congregation for a cathedral, and fifty would not have been regarded small. But just beyond the city limits in God's own temple, the open sky for roof, the green grass for carpets, ten and sometimes twenty thousand people at a single service were listening eagerly to the homely soul-searching homilies of Whitefield and Wesley. When dignitaries of Church and State rode out in their crested carriages to see what was the attraction they found field preachers, many of whom lacked rhetorical grace, but their souls were leaping in every utterance, and the hungry-hearted multitude hearing the beating heart behind the fervent word was satisfied.—*Nehemiah Boynton.*

"Now we see through a glass darkly." The rabbi had a saying which interprets this verse: "Even as a king who with common people talks

through a veil, so that he sees them, but they do not see him, but when his friend comes to speak to him he removes this veil, so that he might see him face to face, even so did God speak to Moses."—*Marcus Dods.*

Heart Talks on the Lesson.

It has been quite the fashion of late among people who have the time—or take the time—to read the published "love letters" of various individuals. Here is the greatest love letter ever written. Let it be our fashion to read it over and over again until its words and its spirit shall enter into our very hearts' being. To tear a beautiful rose apart, even to examine its perfect structure, seems almost a sacrilege. To attempt an analysis of this eulogy upon Love seems presumptuous and useless. It is better to look at it, breathe its perfume, keep it fresh, let it fill our hearts with fragrance, as a rose does a room. You cannot make a rose; you cannot make Love. It grows from a root. It has life in itself. The rose was put in the earth by God, when he said, "Let there be the tree yielding fruit after his kind, and God saw that it was good." Love was put in the human soul by God when he breathed his own life into it, and he "saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." But roses have their thorns now; and this beautiful creation of Love, fairest of all that ever was made, is a broken flower. What remains of it is still the loveliest and best possession of the heart, but it is so overgrown and tangled with selfishness and sin that it can hardly be recognized, as it was at first, as a part of God himself. But here is a picture of the restoration: of Love in the heart as God first made it and as only God can make it again—unselfish; pure in motive; kind; not envious; gentle; courteous; generous; forgiving; helpful; cheerful; burden-bearing; believing and hoping the best for all men and all things; never-failing; through discouragement, disappointment, ingratitude, true to the uttermost. The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose when love like this shall once more bloom as long ago in Eden. There will be beauty and fragrance in your life when love like this blooms in the garden of your heart. But you cannot make it. It comes from a root "whose seed is in itself." God is love; love is of God. He that loveth is born of God.

Go into your garden when the earth is soft after a rain, and plant the root of a rose tree. Give it good conditions in which to grow—water, sun, and proper soil—and soon you will see for your delight a perfect rose. Plant in