

Nature and Self-Sacrifice

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knows not why. Many a common man has been picked up and after drilling sent to the battlefield and some day seeing a comrade in danger he has rushed through a storm of whistling bullets and has borne him to safety, and to his great astonishment he afterwards wears the Victoria Cross. He also did not reason it out, but a noble impulse was born in him in one glorious moment, which was worth all the rest of his life up to that time.

In human life Nature has ingrained this principle so deeply within us, that the world knows no greater name than loving self-sacrifice.

The careless and secular man of the streets--the man of brutal and sensual life, and even the thoughtless giddy ones, will all alike pause and feel a moment of reverence whenever one man nobly dies for his fellows. Whenever they see an undeniable act of self abnegation for the good of others they are ready to build monuments which consecrate our public places to keep alive the memory of the noble deed. This is the name which is above every name, and this name is the name of Him before whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord. On a skull-shaped hill outside of Jerusalem, three crosses stood, and on the central one He died, who is known as the Great Brother, who in the faithful speaking of truth, in His defence of the needy, in His compassion for the poor, in His fidelity to the great things of life died to save the world. What have we here then, but in His act of