

Our Contributors.

The Gentleness of True Gianthood.

FROM "THE INVESTMENT OF INFLUENCE," BY
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One of the crying needs of society is a revival of gentleness and of a refined consideration in judging others. There is no disposition that cuts at the very root of character like harshness, and there is nothing that blights happiness and breeds discord like unlovingness and severity of judgment. We hear much of industrial strife, social warfare, and want of sympathy between the classes. Be it remembered, gentleness alone can be invoked to heal the breach.

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Not war, not pestilence, not famine itself, produces for each generation so much misery and unhappiness as is wrought in the aggregate through the accumulated harshness of each generation. Blessed are the happiness makers! Blessed are they who with humble talents make themselves, like the mignonette, creators of fragrance and peace! Thrice blessed are they who with lofty talents emulate the vines that, climbing high, never forget to blossom, and, the higher they climb, do ever shed sweet blooms upon those beneath! No single great deed is comparable for a moment to the multitude of little gentlenesses performed by those who scatter happiness on every side, and strew all life with hope and good cheer.

Life holds no motive for stimulating gentleness in man like the thought of the gentleness of God. Unfortunately, it seems difficult for man to associate delicacy and gentleness with vastness and strength. It was the misfortune of Greek philosophers, and is, indeed, that of nearly all the modern theologians, to suppose that a perfect being cannot suffer. Both schools of thought conceive of God as sitting upon a marble throne, eternally young, eternally beautiful, beholding with quiet indifference from afar how man, with infinite blunderings, sufferings, and tears, makes his way forward. Yet he who holds the sun in the hollow of his hand, who takes up the isles as a very little thing, who counts the nations but as the dust in the balance, is also the gentle one. Like the wide, deep ocean, that pulsates into every bay and creek, and blesses the distant isles with its dew and rain; so God's heart throbs and pulsates unto the uttermost parts of the universe, having a parent's sympathy for his children who suffer.

Indeed, the seer ranges through all nature, searching out images for interpreting his all-comprehending gentleness. "Even the bruised reed he will not break." Lifting itself high in the air, a mere lead-pencil for size, weighted with a heavy top, a very little injury shatters a reed. Some rude beast, in wild pursuit of prey, plunges through the swamp, shatters the reed, leaves it lying upon the ground, all bruised and bleeding, and ready to die. Such is God's gentleness that, though man make himself as worthless as a bruised reed, though by his ignorance, frailty, and sin he expel all the manhood from his heart and life, and make himself of no more value than one of the myriad reeds in the world's swamps, still doth God say, "My gentleness is such that I will direct upon this wounded life thoughts that shall recuperate and heal, until at last the bruised reed shall rise up in strength, and judgment shall issue in victory."

And as God's gentleness would go one step farther, there is added the tender lesson of the smoking flax. Our glowing electric

bulbs suffer no injury from blasts, and our lamps have like strength. The time was when, wakened by the cry of the little sufferer, the ancient mother sprang up to strike the tinder, and light the wick in the cup of oil. Only with difficulty was the tinder kindled. Then how precious the spark that one breath of air would put out! With what eagerness did the mother guard the smoking flax! And, in setting forth the gentleness of God, it is declared that, with eyes of love, he searches through each heart, and if he finds so much as a spark of good in the outcast, the publican, the sinner, he will tend that spark, and feed it toward the love that shall glow and sparkle for ever and ever; for evil is to be conquered, and God will not so much punish as exterminate sin from his universe. His strength is reflected toward gentleness, his justice tempered with mercy, and all his attributes held in solution of love. No longer should medievalism becloud God's gentle face. Cleanse your thoughts, as once the artist in Milan cleansed the grime and soot from the wall where Dante's lustrous face was hidden.

With shouts and transports of joy and admiration men welcome the patriot or hero who, in times of danger, held the destiny of the people in his hands, and never once betrayed it. And let each intellect soar without hindrance, and the heart pour itself out before God in a freshest of divine love. Great is the genius of Plato or Bacon, revealing itself in tides of thought; but greater and richer is the genius of the heart that is conscious of vast, deep fountains of love, that may be poured forth in generous tides before the God whose throne is mercy, whose face is light, whose name is love, whose strength is gentleness, whose consideration is our pledge of pardon, peace, and immortality.

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For The Dominion Presbyterian.

"Help."

We all need help. Where is the man or woman that does not? From the King on his throne to the poor man in his humble dwelling, all sigh and cry for help. While we sojourn in this vale of tears, we feel the burden of care and toil; sin and sorrow; and the weary ones of ten sit down by the wayside while their heart cries out for help.

Let me remind you dear reader that "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." He is the same compassionate Saviour as of old and hears your cry; His ear is open to hear and His eye is upon you. He searcheth the heart and knoweth all about your burden, and says "I know thy burden child, I shaped it, for even as I laid it on, I said, I shall be near, and while she leans on me this burden shall be mine, not hers: so shall I keep my child within the encircling arms of my own love. I know thou lovest me! doubt not then; but loving me 'lean hard.'" David, the man according to God's own heart, felt the need of help and in Psalm 60 says "vain is help of man" and turning to God in his distress, cries, (Ps. 61: 2) "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Dear troubled ones, let me point out to you a few passages to help you carry your burden to the Great Helper, who will enable you to say with David, (Ps. 60) "He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defense, I shall not be greatly moved" and in Ps. 54 he says "God is my helper"; Ps. 30 "Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord be thou my helper" and

in Ps. 34, the sweet singer of Israel sings: "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name for ever." "I sought the Lord, and He heard me and delivered me from all my troubles." "The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them" This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry. Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Ps. 70, "I am poor and needy, make haste unto me O God O God! thou art my help and my deliverer: O Lord make no tarrying." Ps. 21: 11, Be not far from me for trouble is near; for there is none to help. Be Thou not far from me, O Lord, O my strength haste Thee to help me." Ps. 33: 20, "Our soul waiteth for the Lord, He is our help and our shield." Ps. 121, "Our help cometh from the Lord. He shall preserve thee from all evil. He shall preserve thy soul." Ps. 145: 15, 18, 19, "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to them that call upon Him in truth. He will hear their cry and save them. Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will hear thee and deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Ps. 55, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee, He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved" "Call upon me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knewest not."

Dear reader, are you refreshed and satisfied by these faithful promises of a loving Father; and do you desire to drink more of the Living Water, which flows from the throne of God and the Lamb?

Is your soul thirsting after the living Water? Then listen: God speaks to you in Ps. 107, "They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, they found no city to dwell in: hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. They cried unto the Lord in their trouble and He delivered them out of their distress; and He led them forth by the right way: that they might go to a city of habitation for he satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder." Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." Ps. 46, "God is our refuge and strength a very present help in trouble. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. God is in the midst of her: she shall not be moved; God shall help her and that right early." Ps. 30, O Lord my God, I cried unto thee and thou hast healed me, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave, Thou hast kept me alive, that I shall not go down to the pit." Ps. 31, "Oh how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee: which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart; all ye that hope in the Lord." Ps. 37, "The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord, He is their strength in the time of trouble. The Lord shall help them and deliver them because they trusted in Him." Is 4, "And there shall be a tabernacle for the shadow in the day time from the heat and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and rain." Do you still hunger and thirst?