

each other? My little children, I am with you but a little time; I give you a new commandment—that you love one another in the way I have loved you.”

Here was adopted, as Jesus did so often, the object lesson—a very convincing way of putting a spiritual meaning by appeal to touch and sight. I am certain that if Jesus were here to-day, he might do some such service for each of us to show us, as he did Peter and the rest, the manner of love we should have for each other. Not blind and impulsive desire to do good to others, but intelligent love that cannot mistake and which brings, after it has done its work, a sense that we have indeed acted worthily of ourselves.

It would be of benefit to anyone to try to realize the spirit of the act of Jesus and the spirit of that new commandment. We realize their spirit in different degrees according to our experience and our habits of mind, and we are able to carry it out in practice to degrees which vary according to our strength to live by the light within. It is not for us to say or to think—“impossible ideal,” for the story in the 13th chapter of John shows that it is an ideal which can be made real, and I would like to add in closing what James Martineau says about *the reality of the ideal*. He says: “Even if it (the human soul) turns its gaze within instead of without, and, conscious of its littleness, forms the preconception of more knowledge, of purer beauty, of larger and deeper goodness, still, though it looks up to these, it is but as possibilities for itself, and not as the eternal realities of the universe, the law of its laws, the light of its loveliness, the pledge of its ends; and amid all the sickly talk about ideals which has become the commonplace of our age, it is well to remember that so long as they are dreams of future possibility, and not *faiths in present realities*, . . . they have no more solidity or steadiness than floating air-bubbles . . . you do not so much as

touch the threshold of religion so long as you are detained by the phantoms of your thought; the very gate of entrance to it, the moment of its new birth, is the discovery that your gleaming ideal is the everlasting real . . . the abiding presence of the soul of souls: short of this there is no object given you.”—(“A Study of Religion,” introduction, page 13.) T. A. J.

WHY WILL YE DIE.

O, why will ye perish when close at your side
The pure life-giving fountain is flowing,
Why refuse to partake of the soul-healing tide
Which the Lord is so freely bestowing?

Why hew ye out cisterns from metal so base,
Soon broken, no water containing;
Why famish with hunger, refusing to taste
The bread that alone is sustaining?

Go, wash and be cleansed, that thou mayest be whole,
Tho' now leprous and suffering from sinning,
Yield the pride of thy heart to Christ's gracious control,
Whose love is so true and so winning.

Why turn from His grace that so tenderly falls,
Like small rain, on the herbage and fallows,
As dew on the mown grass or showers on the corn
And on lilies that grow in the shallows?

Why turn to the perishing pleasures of earth
Whilst rejecting the Spirit revealing?
Why degrade ye your talents by folly and mirth
Not awaiting the holy unsealing?

Why turn to philosophies idle and crude,
As frail as the foam of the ocean,
Till the mind filled with fancy, with error imbued,
Falls astray in its restless commotion?

Return to simplicity, why will ye die
Not believing the touching “Old Story?”
Learn the depths of Christ's Gospel and haste
to draw nigh
And partake of its truths and its glory.

The words that He speaks they are spirit and life,
And from sin and from death will deliver.
Bringing peace to the soul and end of all strife
For each sincere hearted believer.

—M. FELLOWS.

England.