

Heaven can be reached by any of us only by passing through serried lines of strong enmity. Human help is not always ready when it would be welcomed. Too often men find indifference or opposition where they ought to find love. Life's rivalries and competitions are sharp and oftentimes deadly. One writes:—

Our life is like a narrow raft
Afloat upon the hungry sea,
Whereon is but a little space;
And each man, eager for a place,
Doth thrust his brother in the sea.
And to the sea is salt with tears,
And so our life is worn with fears.

We can never do amiss in showing gentleness. There is no day when it will be untimely; there is no place where it will not find welcome. It will harm no one, and it may save some one from despair. The touch of a child or a woman's hand saved a life from self-destruction.

It is interesting to think of the new era of love which Jesus opened. Of course, there was gentleness in the world before He came. There was mother-love. There was a friendship, deep, true, and tender. There were lovers who were bound together with most sacred ties. There were hearts even among heathen people in which there was gentleness almost beautiful enough for heaven. There were holy places where affection ministered with angel tenderness.

Yet the world at large was full of cruelty. The rich oppressed the poor. The strong crush the weak. Women were slaves, and men were tyrants. There was no hand of love reached out to help the sick, the lame, the blind, the old, the deformed, the insane, nor any to care for the widow, the orphan, the homeless.

Then Jesus came; and for three and thirty years He went about among men, doing kindly things. He had a gentle heart, and gentleness flowed out in His speech. He spoke words which throbbed with tenderness. Mr. Longfellow said that that was no sermon to him, however eloquent, or learned, or beautiful, in which he could not hear the heart-beat. There was never any uncertainty about the heart-beat in the words which fell from the lips of Jesus. They throbbed with sympathy and tenderness.

The people knew always that Jesus was their friend. His life was full of rich helpfulness. No wrong or cruelty ever made Him ungentle. He scattered kindness wherever He moved.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

One day they nailed those gentle hands upon a cross. After that the people missed Him, for He came no more to their homes. It was a sore loss to the poor and the sad, and there must have been grief in many a household. But while the personal ministry of Jesus was ended by His death, the influence of His life went on. He had set the world a new example of love. He had taught lessons of patience and meekness which no other teacher had ever given. He had imparted new meaning to human affection. He had made love the law of His Kingdom.

As one might drop a handful of spices into the brackish sea, and therewith sweeten its waters, so these teachings of Jesus fell into the world's unloving, unkindly life, and at once began to change it into gentleness. Wherever the Gospel has gone, these sayings of the Great Teacher have been carried, and have fallen into people's hearts, leaving there their blessings of gentleness.

The influence of the death of Jesus also has wonderfully helped in teaching the great lesson of gentleness. It was love that died upon the cross. A heart broke that day on Calvary. A great sorrow always, for the time at least, softens hearts. A piece of crape on a door touches with at least momentary tenderness all who pass by. Loud laughter is subdued even in the most careless who see the fluttering emblem which tells that there is sorrow within. A noble sacrifice, as when a life is given in the effort to help or to save others, always makes other hearts a little truer, a little braver, a little nobler in their impulses.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

The influence of the death of Jesus on the world's life is immeasurable. The cross is like a great heart of love beating at the centre of the world, sending its pulsings of tenderness into all lands. The life of Christ beats in the hearts of His followers, and all who love Him have something of His gentleness. The love of Jesus kindles love in every believing heart. That is the lesson set for all of us in the New Testament. We are taught that we should love as Jesus loved, that we should be kind as He was kind, that His meekness, patience, thoughtfulness, selflessness, should be reproduced in us.

THE LINK THAT BINDS.

M. S. MERCEY.

For the Review.

The truest measure of love is the test of sacrifice. The Arab throws away his gold to save his fleetwinged steed; the savage rushes on the glistening spear to guard his home; the mother hastens to her child in face of certain death; the earth is shaken and the sun is veiled as the sacrifice of Heaven is borne unto the hill that fatal stain of death may pass away.

In its beauty and sublimity—in its strength and its enduring—there is more than human kindness there is thought that is divine. Not born of time it suffers no decay; infinite in being its clasp is everlasting on the finite mind. Love stands in the stormy way a steadfast rock, a finished pillar of diamond stone, deep set upon the shore of time and reaching up to the great white throne. The billows may dash upon upon it, and the waters may beat with towering rage, but it still remains unruined, unshaken, undisturbed, more beautiful than ever when the storm cloud passes by and the sun smiles on the troubled wave.

As a companion on the desert plain, Love seeketh for the cooling spring, a quiet shade, a shelter from the blistering sand that wings its way into the life and bars the entrance to the Promised Land.

Beside the form of sorrow Love stands in the night of death and presses to her breast the drooping heart, till hope through blinding tears can see the sunshine through the veiling gloom and further casting up her eyes behold the face of God and trusting be at rest.

There is no secret entrance to the Edenland—Love answers unto love alone—Not unto fame, nor name, nor wealth, nor power, is given the key that opens wide the portal doors. There is no hand that holds not in its clasp the key of paradise. The gift of Love is the dower of God. Choose ye the way that leads to the entrance gate.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR DAY IN BOSTON.

Of the thousands of celebrations of Christian Endeavor Day held this year throughout the world probably the most important was that arranged by the Boston Christian Endeavor Union for the afternoon and evening of February 4th. The afternoon service was addressed by four prominent speakers on Christian Endeavor themes. The greatest interest, however, centred in the evening meeting in Mechanics' Hall, the immense auditorium that was used during the Boston Convention two years ago. Here more than five thousand persons gathered to listen to Mr. Moody and Rev. F. B. Meyer of London.

General Secretary John Wills Baer presided, and made a brief address. Mr. Moody's subject was Daniel, and he sketched the life of this first Babylon Endeavorer, drawing out its teachings for present-day young people. The address was characteristic of Mr. Moody. Touching reference was made by the evangelist to the fact that he himself that night was passing his threescore of years, and with unusual pathos and tenderness he pleaded with the Endeavorers to pray for him, that he might, as never before, preach the gospel of the Lord. The vast audience was visibly affected.

Within ten minutes after leaving the express train that had whirled him from New York, where he had landed a few hours previous, Rev. F. B. Meyer was before the assembled Endeavorers, receiving a beautiful lily-white salute and a hearty American welcome. He brought the greetings of English Endeavorers, and spoke briefly on the supreme need of a deeper spiritual life. It is not enough to work for Christ; let Christ work through you, was his thought. Be not a fountain, but a channel. Better be a wire for the transmission of Christ's power than a battery. This address, Mr. Meyer's first in Boston, made a decidedly favorable impression.