

Love is unselfish. The soul that has once felt its power cannot live in isolation and shut itself up in self. For love, as far as it is known in our experience, is always social. There is no love of which we know, from the love of God in heaven to the love of one of the children of earth, which is not social.

As Principal Fairbairn says, "God watches sparrows and cares for oxen, but His love is for men." Love demands another being to whom it gives its best. So the Indian woman on Manitoulin Island gave her life, divesting herself of her clothing in the pitiless winter storm to save her child. So the maid of the old border story, as she caught a glimpse of the arrow a rival intended for her lover, threw herself before him and gave her life for his. So the Russian servant cast himself to the wolves to save his master's children. So brave John Maynard stood at the wheel and saved all on the ship at the cost of his own life. Wherever high and holy deeds are wrought, love stands behind them as the motive power. "Whatever things are sweet love makes them so."

The blessed secret of a love-lit life lies in a heart open to the influences of God's Holy Spirit. Love is a divine gift, and can come from God alone. Well is it for us when we realize the emptiness of a heart that Christ alone can fill and feel with the sweet singer :—