

gladly and lovingly obeyed as Christ's law and for His sake, and yet the same most menial services will be done by the one mother as by the other.

Rising from the family to the organized social and political order which the family creates, we find that, no matter what be its accidental and outward form, the same embracing Law surrounds it, penetrates and holds it safe. The entire organization binds each man to serve other men. The man who delves the coal from the hill-side perhaps, as far as his thought goes, is only serving himself and getting his own living. But when I kindle the fire or light the gas-burner or enter the trolley car he is surely serving *me*. The shoemaker makes shoes to serve only his own needs, but in doing that he keeps the rest of us from going barefoot. The negro behind his mule in a Mississippi furrow has little thought that he is serving men to clothing and comfort, but he is, nevertheless. The artisan, the lawyer, the farmer, the banker, the ditch-digger and the merchant-prince are alike, wittingly or unwittingly, under the Divine Law of Service. God's law is such that a man cannot serve himself without serving others.

The economic and social difficulties will all vanish when the law is accepted gladly and willingly. They exist because men have not yet risen to see that members serve themselves best when they serve others, that mutual service is the law of civilization and individual service the law of savagery, that a community where each seeks for himself only, is a community doomed to chaos and eternal night, and would be, *could* it exist on earth, a hell visible.

Now the Lord revealed this Law, poorly understood, dimly seen, and yet most imperial upon earth as the Eternal Law of Heaven.

Advance is measured by service. The highest does the highest service. "All for love and nothing for reward." So the angels serve, and the law for angels is the law for men. It is marvellous how we recognize it, how our judgments accept Christ's word.

We little people may, indeed, be dominated by the idea that we, and others like us, are bound by no such law, but we unanimously demand its acceptance by the exceptionally endowed and lofty men. The man with the high gift of leadership and statesmanship shall not use his great endowments for his own ambitions. We declare they are divine gifts and their use belongs to us. We call him our greatest, we honor him with love and reverence when he stands "in his simplicity sublime." Men brand him with their detestation and contempt, "a lost leader," when he uses these high powers to put himself above them, to rise on their fall and reign on their slavery.

High wisdom, the vision of the seer, the genius of the discoverer, the vast mercifulness of the lover of his kind, kindness and loving leadership of the shepherds of the people—we insist these shall receive our praise only when exercised on the high plane of the all-girdling Law of Service. We know these never can be paid by any earthly pay, and so we cease trying. At our best we can but give them endless love and reverence, and keep their memories green for children and children's children. At our worst we crown them with thorns and enthrone them upon a cross.

For I say man cannot pay them, and the service must be its own reward. Could the United States have *paid* George Washington? Could any bookseller have *paid* Milton for "Paradise Lost?" Could any money ever *pay* the man who invented the electric telegraph?

The late Mr. J. Gould and his like get the money in such cases and it is *their* fit reward!

Our profession, honor to its high estate, its splendid dignity and nobleness, enacts the Law into its ethical code and stands by it. No doctor of medicine shall keep his discovery private for his own advantage. It may have cost him many days of toil, many nights of watchful vigil, years of his life may have gone into its study, but when he has made it, it is not his. It belongs to all the brotherhood. He forfeits professional and manly honor if he withhold it, and is written down "a quack."

So, in the lapse of years, Christ's words and deeds grow to power in the lives of the generations. We are more clearly seeing how the human answers to the divine, how the temporal, as we call it, lies in the encircling arms of the Eternal, how there is but one law in all æons for men and angels, for earth and heaven.

The greatest is he who does the greatest service. The kingliest soul must stoop the lowest and do the lowliest service. It was a sort of parable and foolish as one may think it—the loathsome disease could be cured only by the royal hand. The King "touched" for the King's evil.

The world's crowned sovereigns in the days fast coming are not the "War Lords," but peace lords, not leaders and organizers of men armed for ambition or hatred or unmanly fear, but of men poor and lost and struggling, to lead and lift them to light, to comfort and peace. The old, diabolic kingship, for its own glory, flies to the pit whence it came, to curse the earth no more. And the new kingship divine, that washes the wounded and weary feet of century-worn pilgrim humanity, faint and sore-bested, as it struggles toward the dawn, this kingship of the Kingdom of Heaven is coming to deliver.

For the Divine King showed us the lesson