

Original Contributions.

THE ATTRACTION OF CALVARY.

III.

Another law of spiritual attraction is the law of love. Love! Queen of the graces, brightest gem that flashes in the coronet of creation's King. Crowning glory of his attributes. Mightier than Hope—that star which burns in the forehead of every night, that guides the weary pilgrim over desert strands, and thorny paths and trackless wastes, to the haven of rest; that cable of the unseen, that, reaching upward in the darkness, grasps the eternal throne. Greater than faith, that inbreathing of the infinite, that unifies and magnifies all the forces of the soul, lifting weakness into strength, and nothingness to the very verge of Almighty-ness. Love, the soul's inspiration, the power that exalts, ennobles, sanctifies and saves; that power subtle as thought itself, changeless as truth, lasting as eternity, resistless as God. It is the essence of the divine nature, and the construction of the divine will. Love is the universal, all potent power. This, when the spirit world has broken from its allegiance, and wandered off in rebellion towards the blackness of triple darkness, twines about it, binds it again to God, and bids it revolve about him in ever-narrowing circles as the centre of its being forever. When man, ruined, amid the all but universal wreck of innocence and uprightness, there was left one stone that was not overthrown, on which the temple might again be built. He went forth an exile from paradise, but he carried with him one virtue to remind him of the glorious past, and to point him to a brighter future. That corner stone, that undying future, was the love of love. The one thing altogether lovely, is not intellect, or truth, or virtue—it is love. This is a sun that never loses its lustre or its power. It shines through all clouds, lives through all death, reaches across all distances, and binds the soul with fetters that neither bend or break.

I visit the cell of the hardened criminal. He is cold, unrepentant, remorseless, defiant. The law crushes him, but every atom of that crushed being remains cruel, daring, desperate. Society spurns him, and, like a wounded adder, with his dying breath, he spits back the envenomed poison as his only reply. As I enter his prison cell, he scowls upon me like a demon; I put my hand on his, and he starts back as though each of my fingers had concealed a scorpion's sting. Tenderly I speak of childhood, home and mother, and the demon fades from his face, as the storm cloud vanishes from the summer sky; the voice grows husky, and breaks beneath the old emotion, and the criminal is a child and a penitent. Love is the one power to which no human being can ever be indifferent. To know that I am loved by any, be it child or beggar, horse or dog, is to enter at once into new relations with the one

that loves me. Yesterday, perchance, I was indifferent to them; to-day, they alone are conspicuous in the passing crowd. Their love has evoked my love. "We love Him, because he first loved us."

Such is the general principle of love, and such is its place among the powers that move the soul. But there are three things that constitute the degree of the power which this love exercises upon the life of the loved. These are the dignity of the lover, the intensity of the love, and the degree of its manifestation. It is the province of love, of all love, to elevate and ennoble. The peasant girl who wakes to the fact that she is the object of a peasant's love, is thrilled, uplifted, and ennobled by the fact. But if that lover be a prince, if he be of the royal family, if he is to sit upon the throne, how, as you ascend the scale, does that love become more and more potent. It invests her with new dignity. To be the object of royal affection, is to be worthy of royal honors. She accepts royal service, and is transformed into royal likeness.

Again—love works in proportion to its intensity. It is its nature to be a devouring passion, a consuming fire. Persistent, tireless, discouraged by no rejection, turned aside by no repulse, besetting its object on every side, pouring out its treasures in kindly offices, until hatred gives place to interest, until interest changes into admiration, and admiration ripens into affection. The vehemence of love is well nigh resistless. Reason is answered by reason, force by force; but love undermines and storms; it burns all barriers and scatters the contagion of its passions until its object catches the infection, when that object falls an easy prey, and is borne away in triumph in the face of all refusals.

Once more—love is potent in proportion to the degree of its manifestation. It is the nature of love to sacrifice. It covets to give. It is no true love that stops like Ahasuerus and Herod of old at the half of its kingdom. This giving of self for others, is to-day the most potent of the world's forces. Sacrifice, even in the brute, elevates and endears them to us as can nothing else. A child is struggling in the water, and the noble dog plunges into the deep and brings it safe to land; henceforth, that dog is to the parent almost a second child. He is given a home. He has his place at the hearth, and his food from the table. He is loved, petted, and carressed while living, and wept and honored when dead.

The mother of Cæsar gives her life to save that of her unborn babe, and straightway her fame is chanted by all nations, and through all time. Three hundred Spartans sacrificed themselves at the pass of Thermopylae, and they become the synonym of patriotism forever. When Cyrus the Persian, by a raid into Armenia captured the royal family, he demanded of both the king and his son at what price each would be willing to ransom his wife. "At the price," said Tigranese, "of a thousand lives if I had them." Afterwards when Tigranese asked his wife what she thought of Cyrus, the noble woman replied, "I did not observe him." "You did not observe him?" exclaimed the astonished husband, "upon what object, then, did you fix your eyes?" "I could only see the man," was the reply, "who was willing to give a thousand lives as the price of my liberty." It is this that has lifted the Ida Lewis's, the Florence Nightingale's, the steamboat pilots, the bridgetenders, the miners, and the tens of thousands of self-sacrificing souls, who have died to save others, into world-wide renown.

T. H. BLENUS.

WEST GORE LETTER.

The weather is very hot and dry, and unless we soon get some rain the farmers will suffer loss. We pray the Lord to send the showers to cheer the thirsty land and encourage the tillers of the soil. We are hard to satisfy. There is always something we want. It is hard to get to know ourselves. We complain if things do not go just the way we think they should, or the weather is bad; but in how many mouths is there the song of praise and blessing when we are being blessed and fortune smiles upon us. I often think of the words of Pope in his essay on "Man":

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, directions, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood,
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is—is right."

Two of our young men from West Gore have been graduated from medical colleges this year and have the M. D. to their names—Clyde McDonald, son of Deacon J. B. McDonald, and Ira Wallace, son of the late Elder Michael Wallace. We wish them success in their chosen profession.

Death has again entered our midst. On June 12th, after several weeks of illness, Sister Margaret, relict of the late J. H. McDonald, passed away trusting in Jesus as her Saviour. We have also had a visit from this cruel tyrant in Shubenacadie. On June 13th, after a short illness, which turned to rapid consumption, Sadie, only remaining daughter of Brother and Sister George Wallace. She was so young, only twenty-two years of age, and she was such a worker in the church as well as the light of the home that it seemed sad to see her go, but we tried our best to say "Thy will be done." The father and mother and brothers, as well as all her friends, are comforted with the thought that she was a sincere Christian and we shall meet again.

Bro. Blenus has been holding a two weeks' meeting in Newport. There have been no additions, but we trust the church has been aroused and quickened by the effort. He is now in Shubenacadie, and we hope to have good results there. Bro. Blenus preached in West Gore one Sunday, and in the evening one made the good confession. In my last, I think I told you of some additions to the church in Rawdon. Well, altogether there were nine. There have been four additions to West Gore and one in Nine Mile River. The work is encouraging, and we are all looking forward to a grand county meeting, and that as a result of that meeting greater zeal and life may be infused into each church; and while we are thankful for the progress made in the past, we are anxious for a still further enlargement of the borders of Zion.

I am glad to be able to tell you that my health is improving, but acting under the advice of the doctors, I have planned on taking a rest for two months (July and August); part of this time will be spent on P. E. Island. Bro. M. B. Ryan will fill my appointments in Hants County.

Well, brethren, we will soon meet in our annual at Halifax. What can we report as the result of our year's work? I think we have had in Nova Scotia six preachers all the