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A MIGHTY FORCE.

It has been well said that the greatest problem of mankind is how to utilize the forces of nature; but to make this wholly true the double-sidedness of nature must be regarded. It is not sufficient to utilize the material forces, which facilitate locomotion or the production of articles of utility or luxury. The greater forces, those which have to do with the intellectual side of our life, must be understood and rightly used, otherwise the best material progress will fail to elevate the race to those heights to which it is capable of attaining. Happily for mankind the indications are many that the real nature of the latter forces is being understood. The other day a man was overheard to say to another in a business conversation: "We will have to act on that new rule we hear so much of in the papers nowadays." "What's that?" said the other. "The golden rule," was the reply; and the other assented. Now the point in this conversation, which was a real one, lies in the words, "we hear so much of in the papers nowadays." It is a fact that never in the history of journalism has there been such a turning towards this old yet ever new rule as a solution of the difficult problems of the hour. There is a mighty force in it, which is being recognized as never before [and applied to others by many who are unwilling to put into practice themselves]. When it is fully recognized it will energize society with a new life, and so great will be the onward strides which humanity will make that it will look back to these troubled and almost hopeless times as we look back upon the darkest eras in all past history.

– *Selected.*

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"AS THE FATHER LOVETH ME."

My Savior, is it thus that thou
In truth so lovest me,
E'en as the heavenly Father doth
In verity love thee?

Into the depth of that great love
Can mortal vision see?
Oh, no: such love is fathomless,
And such will ever be.

Still as I think of that great love,
I wonder more and more.
Oh, may I love thee in return,
And, wondering, adore.

O thou all glorious Savior-King,
Cleanse this poor heart of mine,
And fill it from thy fountain, pure,
Fountain of love divine.

Then while I hear thee in thy Word
Telling thy love for me,
I can reply – Thou knowest all –
Thou knowest I love *thee*.

T. R. SIMPSON.
