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THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

"A new commandment I gave unto you, That ye love one another." John 13:34.

These words were spoken by our Lord on the last night of His life on earth, or the night before. The last words of any one we greatly love have a peculiar value. We hold the last words of our dying friends very dear and precious, even when spoken at random. But when some one we greatly love, knowing his last hour has come, brings us a message of deep thought and loving care, we treasure it beyond any price. Such were these, the last words of the greatest friend man ever had. When He, coming to the last night of his life on earth, and full of anxious care for those He loved, could think of no better counsel to leave them than this, That ye love one another.

Kagawa, the great Japanese preacher, has written a book, "Love the Law of Life," in which he endeavors to show that love is the supreme law of all life. He says that a perfect love is the goal to which all life tends.

We know that every species of life having any attachment even remotely resembling love is blessed by it. Even the lowliest creatures that have learned to live together in peace, to defend each other, to share with each other live a richer and fuller life by this fellowship. That great group of intelligent animals known as the social group stand next to man in the creation. One day when we lived in the country our little girl went

out to play in the woods near the house, but she was only gone a few minutes when she came hurrying back. When her mother asked her why she did not stay longer she said there was a big "crowd" of cows down in the woods and she was afraid. Cows do go in "crowds". They have learned to live peaceably together, to share with each other in times of want, to defend each other in times of danger.

It is said that wild horses, when about to be attacked by a savage cat or bear, form a circle with heels turned to the enemy, after putting all the weaker members inside the circle. Naturalist say that no animal is savage enough to attack such a formation. When I was a small boy some cruel neighbor turned an old useless horse out to make his own way or starve. He was a pitiful looking sight, his ribs and hip-bones were almost as visible as in naked skeleton. The old horse came up to our lot where we were feeding our own stock. When we gave our horse some fodder he took a bundle and dropped it over the fence and called the starving horse to come and get it. Such loyalty and devotion can only fill our hearts with admiration for this noble animal. Is it any wonder that naturalist place the horse next to man as the noblest animal?

Every man who has ever studied beavers has been thrilled with the loyalty and devotion this little animal shows for his lodge. The beavers devotion to his own kind puts that of men to shame. Surely the beaver enjoys a richer and fuller life by this instinct.

born and it follows you to the end of your life.

The love of a good father and mother is the only earthly possession we have that we can't lose. You can lose your name, you can lose your mind, you can lose your wife or husband, you can lose your health, you can lose your life, you can lose your honor, you can lose your religion. But you can't lose the love of a good father and mother.

Fathers and mothers expect no return for their love and often get very little. Some one found an ancient Negro fishing on the Alabama river. He was ninety years old and fishing for a living. They asked him if he did not have any children. He said, Yes, he had fifteen children. When they expressed surprise that one so old, with fifteen children, should have to work for a living, he said, "Yes, boss, one papa can take care of fifteen children, but fifteen children can't take care of one papa." Yet, we hear no complaint from devoted fathers and mothers. They go on loving their children as if loving a little child were the greatest happiness that can come to one here. Perhaps it is.

The love of parents for a little child has done something fine and noble for the race. It has been a mighty force in drawing men from barbarism to enlightened social living. It has made heroes and heroines out of men and women who would, without it, have been only triflers. It has kept the fires of hope and joy

burning in hearts that would have withered and died without it.

The next oldest love in human life is racial love. Racial love and loyalty springs from parental love. A high racial love and loyalty is a distinguishing mark for any people. It varies widely in different races, but it generally bears a direct ratio to the love of the race for its children. Where one is strong the other is too, and vice versa. A year or two ago I saw a picture that left a strong impression on me. The setting of the picture was India. The villain of the play was an Indian rajah, a man steeped in every kind of intrigue and wickedness. He a British fort surrounded and the English at his mercy. A British officer went to his tent under a flag of truce to arrange terms of surrender. The old rajah was haughty, arrogant, cruel. The only terms he would accept was an unconditional surrender. The parting challenge of the British officer was the thing you could not forget. "Before you strike a single head in that fort, remember, you are striking the whole British Empire." That is racial loyalty that thrills you with its greatness. Only a few races possess it.

When Mussolini started on his campaign in Ethiopia men who knew most about the country said he could never conquer it. They did not deny that Italian arms and Italian discipline were far superior to the natives. But they said Ethiopia had advantages in their distance from Italian shores, in their harsh climate, and in their rough

mountain fastnesses that more than compensated for these disadvantages. But Mussolini's army went to Adis Ababa in a few short months. The world wondered how he did it. Men who know most about say it was not all due to the superiority of Italian arms. They say he bought his way to victory largely. Many tribes of Ethiopia sold their country to the invader for Italian gold. It has always been the failing of primitive people. They cannot understand a racial loyalty like that which binds the white man to his own people.

But Jesus is speaking of a greater love than this. He is speaking of a love that knows no racial barriers, yet is stronger than any racial love. He is speaking of a love that knows no social lines, no geographical bounds, no limits of time or space. He is speaking of a love that is pure and unselfish. But isn't the love for our children and our race pure and unselfish. No.

When you see the whole British Empire demanding justice for one poor unknown subject you are thrilled with its greatness. It is hard to believe that such a love can be greedy, ruthless, wicked. But when you see British arms over-running whole nations of helpless people, held together by just such a loyalty you know then it is not unselfish. It was racial loyalty that held the Italian army together while they butchered the poor blacks. Was this unselfish? If you follow the history of Roman and British imperialism you will see what a

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fiendish thing racial love can be.

Even a father's and mother's love is not unselfish. When you see a father and mother struggling against great odds to give their children a better education a more full and richer life than they had, when you see them pouring out their own lives to send a boy or girl to college, it is hard to believe that such a love can be selfish, wicked, and cruel. But when you see that same father and mother, grown rich and powerful, building social barriers around their children that others can not cross, when you see them leaving their children, not only their earthly gains, which are not always rightly theirs, but social advantages and political privileges that rightly belong to all, you see what a selfish thing such a love can be.

Would you expect a man to voluntarily surrender an advantage he had gained that he could pass on to his children? You would hardly expect it where heathen ideals and pagan customs prevail. But you would expect it in a CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. It would be done if men and women had THIS LOVE.

Would you expect a race to surrender advantages it had gained, lands it did not need, minerals that were lying untouched in the ground, natural resources that weaker races sorely needed? You hardly expect to see it done. But it would be done in a CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Civilization has reached such a stage that a love

like this is our only hope. It is the only thing that will quell the cry of narrow selfish nationalism. It is the only force that will bridge the mighty chasms that have grown up between the different classes of society. It is the only hope of universal peace. When a love like this rules, and not till then:

"Will the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags be furled.

In the parliament of men, the federation of the world."