

Subject: Actions and Reactions

Bible Reference: Mat. 25¹⁴⁻³⁰ Mat. 16 21-28.

Text, Mat. 16 ²⁵/_{ii} For whosoever would save his life would still lose it; and who ever still lost his life for my sake shall save it.

The great value of the sayings of Jesus as they are given to us, rests upon the fact that they represent the common every day experiences of life interpreted in terms of great principles that underlie all life. Here or there where we find a living truth, of value to day as it was in the time of Jesus, and has always been, a truth of universal application.

One of the most striking truths that we were made to see as we grew into manhood and womanhood, is this that in suffering as

our interests widen and extend themselves
and we come to direct our attention away from
ourselves, and identify ourselves with the life
and interests of other, our own life assumes
new power, and we find a greater and
deeper richness in living. You never find
a person who is deeply and passionately in
in another person, a work of service, or a
great reform, that is son. pessimistic
or disinterested with life. You never find
a person, who is self centred, introspective
and uninterested in any person aside from him-
self, that is not complaining, irritable and
forever finding fault with the world.
We cannot point to historic illustrations of
this latter class of people, because they

are never able to rise to fortitude of in-
fortune, and if fortune offers to her
filled them in insipidities forever in life they
soon grow narrow, become contracted and
depart from this world leaving behind
only a disgraceful record of gradual decay.
We can point to men all through history who
illustrate so pointedly the former class that
one feels sometimes or though all growth and
progress in the world had been the result of men
who in the service of the world have lost
their life, only to find it returned to them
with a thousand fold richness, honored and
adored. All the great popes St. Peter, St. Paul,
Jerome, and countless others down through
the centuries have been men who have

turned themselves away from their own interests
of creature and self seeking, and devoted them-
selves to the good of others, only to find that
in that life of service they found discovered
the truest and deepest power of living. In
our own day we have two ~~but~~ notable
examples of such a life. In the story of
Booker T. Washington's life, we find
a man whose life is full to overflowing
with all that makes life worth while.

Do you ever hear him complain because
the days are too long, or life is not satisfying?
Do you ever see him running about for
some kick of amusement in which he can
kill time, and thus far away the weary
hours. On the contrary his only complaint

is that the days do not contain hours enough,
and life is likely to be too short. In that
book "The Working of an American" we see
the same truth brought out with such clearness
as to wake us before that indeed the Kingdom
is coming. Jacob Riis never complains about
the commonplaceness of living, for he has
a purpose in living that would keep him
occupied if he lived to be as old as the
Pyramids of Egypt. The count health,
the atmosphere in which these men live with-
out absorbing something of their stumbling life.
The reason why people who never do anything
for others, or allow themselves to become
absorbed in some ruling passion of life
go in such numbers to bear such

men lecture, and read, it because they hope to enjoy vicariously the richness of an abounding life, and feel the atmosphere of joy and life that surrounds a person who lives in the blessed life of service.

More fliers become sick, and discontented and die an untimely death from the lack of something to do, than from overwork, and those institutions lose their hold, and decay because they fail to grasp at the idea of service, than because they do too much work.

The fundamental principle of all healthy living is expressed in the words of Jesus, and who understand better than he, "For whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and who ever shall

sacrifice his life for my sake shall save it."

But let us see how this works, this life of service. What is the first essential? what method must we follow in order to serve the world?

In the first place absolute self sacrifice, absolute denial of the value of things that interest each one of us, is an absurdity upon the face of it. A man who places no value at all upon his own life, upon his own thoughts upon his own affections thereby puts himself in a position of not being able to understand or appreciate or work for the truest and best interests of others. When you and I attempt to decide just how far it is worth for us to devote ourselves to our own interests

and do those things that seem self centered
and selfish, in violation of the regard for others,
we must remember that we cannot do for
others until we have first done something
for ourselves, until we have absorbed into
our own life something that would be of value
to those whom we would serve. If any
altruistic person should come to us, and say
I perceive that your power to appreciate
art has not been cultivated. Why I offer
you my services." In our enthusiasm we
accept the kind offer, and do! we claim that
our kind hearted friend can hardly tell an
oil painting from a Sunday paper cover.
We dismiss him with as much courtesy as
possible. In the same way we dismiss the

unleashed teacher of any of the arts of life, but the
climax is reached when we are afflicted by
a soul of evil intentions who says, You are in
trouble. Something about you woman tells me
that you need the comfort and sympathy that
I ought to give, He proceeds to comfort us by
trampling under his feet every thing that
is dear and sacred to us, simply because
he does not know that a human soul can hide
within its secret chambers thoughts and sorrows
and fears that are too sacred to be exposed
to the gaze of one who does not understand,
and has never had a sorrow. We would thank
such a one to keep his chitance. In truth you
and I could be ministered unto by one who
has ^{not} ministered unto himself, who

her or conception of the value of his own soul
of his own thoughts, his own hopes. A man who
forsooth, himself cannot serve us, wherein
we serve other until we ourselves are some-
thing. Lucy Tremain says "The only gift is
a portion of thyself. She must bleed for me."

But how different it is when we come in
contact with one who values his own life, who
has worked hard and persistently to become
what he is, who realizes the greatness of his
own soul, the Divine origin of whatever in
him speaks of things that are free and simple
eternal. While we reject the offer of one who
has not valued life highly, we turn with
open arms, and are inward longing to one
who has a high conception of his life.

I went with indifference the reports of conventions
where thousands ^{of women} have assembled to consider fashions
of some life, but my soul is stined to its
depths as I see in the same the delicate touches
that manifest the pecti conception of the pure
life. They are the unspoken confessives of a noble
soul that finds its greatest joy in that place which
alone in all the world is the castle. There I
sit and drink in the pleasures that you can give
me, because they are infinite pleasures to
you.

We can share the delight with which a master
workman does his work, or a skilled workman uses
his tools, if we can but feel that he enjoys
his work, and holds it in high esteem,
and he can minister unto us because

he has something to give. How we often our
inmost nature to any man who overhurts
self and his work, how we shut ourselves up
and push from us the play-dilator who
efforts to scorn all labor, and tries to im-
press us of his superiority by his indifference
to mundane things!

The musician who has gained a glimpse of
the beauty and charm of musical expression
and puts his soul into the effort to speak to
us through his music the deep thoughts and
sorrows that stir within him. We can listen
for hours to the flyer who is bleeding forever,
who is forcing into them flying all his
fears all his foibles, so that you and
I may get a glimpse of the truth as he sees

A fainter sees some great love of beauty or color
in a bit of landscape, and with all the power
of his art he transfers that bit of landscape
to the canvas for you and me to appreciate.

He comes upon some person in whom he sees
some ruling power, that color and lives
the whole soul, and he puts that face into
cover so that we may see the divine in
commonflock. Celia Beaux, as she paints her
portraits, has someone read to her some story
or some beautiful passage of literature that stirs
her soul to its depths, and in the midst of
her sympathetic tears she sees the face
that she is painting as the expression of the
great thoughts that are sweeping through
her mind, like the waves of a mighty sea.

It is because she can see the grotesques of the thoughts in her own life that she is able to see them in others, and give to others of her own grotesques. No only those who have justly appreciated the duties and obligations that they owe to themselves, can enter into the secrets of your life and mine, and minister unto our needs. They must bleed for us, or they cannot help us. To minister unto others, to serve them, to make them ^{with} see the great value for in the beauty and glory of living we must first see it ourselves and give ourselves up to it.

We do not have to wait until a certain standard of perfection has been obtained before we give ourselves up to the life of

service. We are so made that each one of us has something that is of value to others, some individual characteristic that distinguishes each individual from every other being in the world. The bit of his individuality is his desire of fitness to become of service to the world in some capacity, what teacher has not at times felt himself the pupil as the pupil suddenly is transformed into the teacher as he has opportunity to display that power that is his. But in truth each one has his limitations as well, and feels the need of help, and instruction from others. So as a matter of fact, as soon as we are, we are teachers, and pupils at the same time. As soon as we are

able to realize this, we are in a fair way
to appreciate that great teaching of Jesus.
One never comes to a full appreciation of his
own power until he is called upon to exercise
it, and in exercising it he finds it expand-
ing, and developing. The more the minister
gives of his power, the ~~far~~ more he has.
The less he gives, the less he has. The more
a reformer gives of that spirit within
him that works him a reformer, the more
he has left to give. As he refuses to
give, he loses that which he already
had. Is not that the meaning of the
parable of the talents. The man who put
his talents out to service, finds that
they double in value, He who refuses

to fit them to service, finds that in due time they not only do not increase but they actually become less and less until the talent has entirely disappeared, and the world stands before the world a craf- flamer and a fesimist. There is a law of Physics that says to each and every action there is an opposite and equal reaction. The very force that drives the bullet back from the rifle also drives the rifle back in the opposite direction from which the bullet goes, and with equal force. The distances which the two bodies travel will depend upon the ratio of the weight of the bullet to the weight of the gun. The same is true in our intellectual

lip. The teacher learns as much as the pupil. The very effort that he makes to infuse his knowledge to others, reacts upon himself, and clarifies and fixes more firmly that which he would ~~that~~ teach. Any source of garrulous, or low droll for another records it-self upon the soul of the doer, as quickly and as accurately as covers the recoil of the rifle. That is a very characteristic and impressive expression of this idea in the character of Macduff Dugay in Dickens's tale of Two Peters. Macduff Dugay sits quietly behind the counter in the same shop, and knitts, knits, always knitting the record of conversation and events that take place in that little hideout of his.

the way flies in Paris. When the day comes
and the Guillotine sits in judgment upon
the victims of the Revolution, Madame
Defarge is always unceasing, unceasing
and the unending ^{reinde} testimony of her testi-
mony down won after won to death.
Each act, good or bad, each thought fair
or unfair, each life, selfish or unselfish
is recorded on our own soul, and keeps
to wake of the sum total of what we
are to day, and fits us with the power
with which we go to-morrow. This
unerring law of action is for ever at
work. If the deed, the thought, the impulse
is one of unselfish interest in another,
not only is the other benefited, but the

Father who seeth in secret, will recompence thee.

But if the deed be mean, selfish and cruel
we will also be recompenced with as great
accuracy.

Who soever would save his life, must
take his lotent, be it, one, 2. 5 or 1000.
and with that lotent with which he has
been endowed to serve the world, he must
turn away from himself, and put his
whole heart and soul into the mission
of making others see that which makes
life sacred to him, It may be in one capacity
or it may be in another, but to that duty he is
called, and to it he must refund if he
wishes to find life rich and satisfying.

If life seems commonplace and uninter-

erthings, if time hangs heavy on your hands
if the world seems to fail to live in, and
your own powers are not properly understood
let us turn away from those thoughts, rise about
yourself and put your talents to use in
the world, and behold the time will seem
too short to do the things that we need to
do, and we shall find in the world not
the sin, and the mischeevon that we
thought ~~the~~ nor overwhelming us, but we
will find goodness in every life, and
the divine powers of every one waiting
for us to minister unto them, and
show them the lesson of our life, as
the hungry audience hangs on the
words of an active man like Boston

Washington, or Jacob Riis, and observe
something of the spirit of life that they
have not yet feel the need of.

Not with less force does this same appeal to
this church, we have the talent, not one
or two, or five, but a thousand, and the
need that the world feels for our talent is
so apparent, so forced home upon us by
the disfacing tone that characterizes
the churches that are in retreat before
the rapid progress of the principles of
Free Inquiry and moral activity,
calls us to a service as noble as ever
institution had the opportunity of giving.
I read an editorial this week in a
devotional paper, which said that

the generation of young men and women
that are growing into power now, are
without any religious training or thoughts.
They are indeed without the faith of a
power day, but if there are already within
their minds the germs of a stronger deeper
surfer faith, that shall wake them servants
and labourer in an age of deeper &
spiritual face than the world has yet
seen. So that service we are called
to show to those who are groping after
light amid the ruins of history, the
light which has shone, and is shining
now with unexampled splendor in
the midst of ~~darkness~~ living active
growing present. We have our talents

the world needs us, so let us forget
ourselves, and turn to the needs of
the world, and as we serve the world
and bring light to them, they shall find
refuge and bring light to us. Though
we seem to lose our life for them
soke we shall find it in them
richer and more beautiful, and ever =
growing and expanding. No greater truth
of life has ever been spoken than this
of Jesus. "For whosoever will save his life
shall lose, and whosoever shall lose his
life for my sake shall find it."