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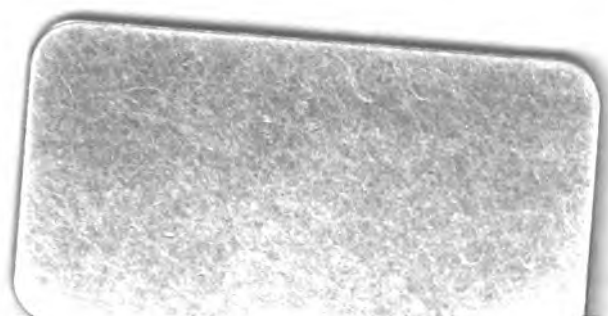


THE LESSON  
OF OBEDIENCE

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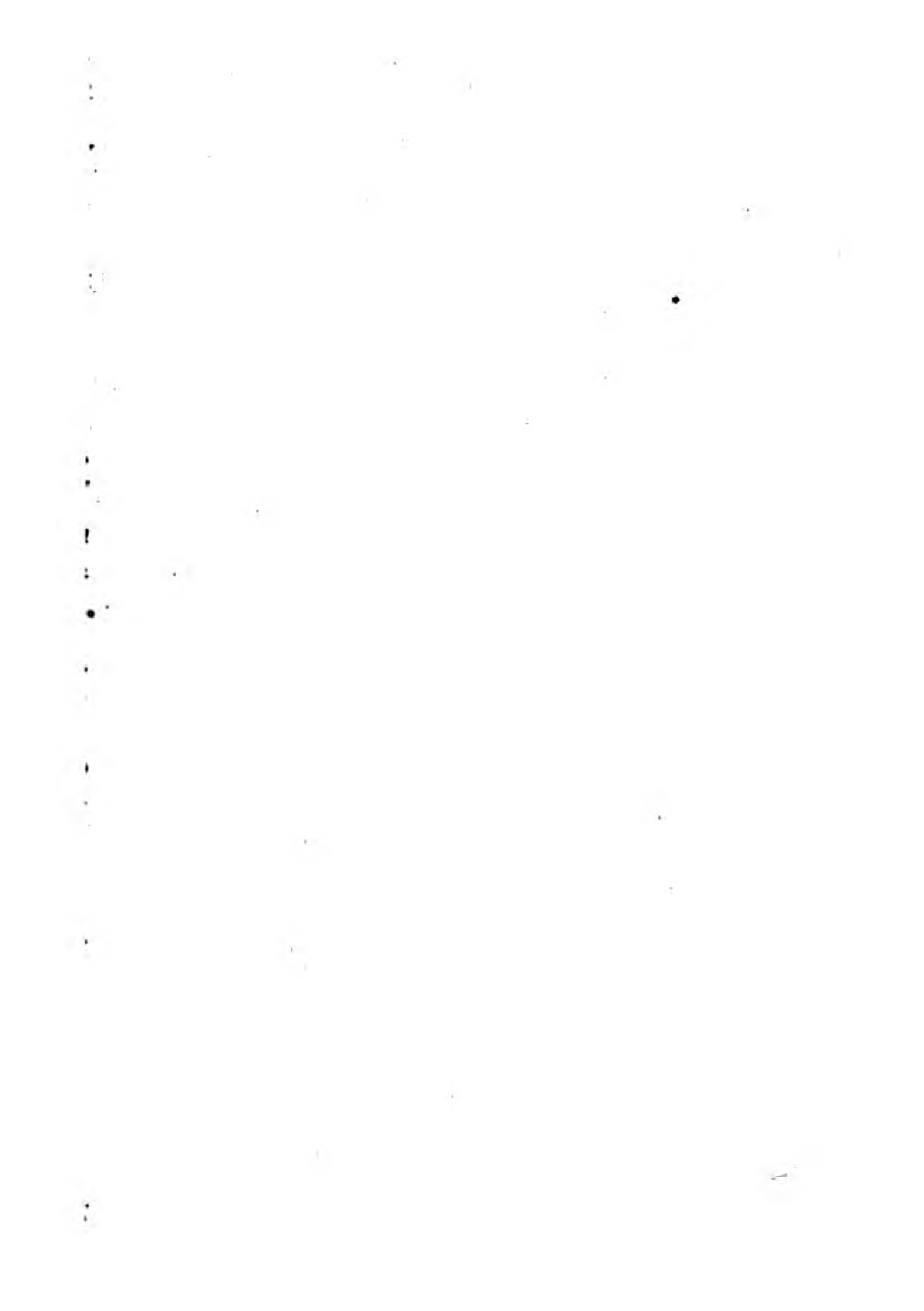
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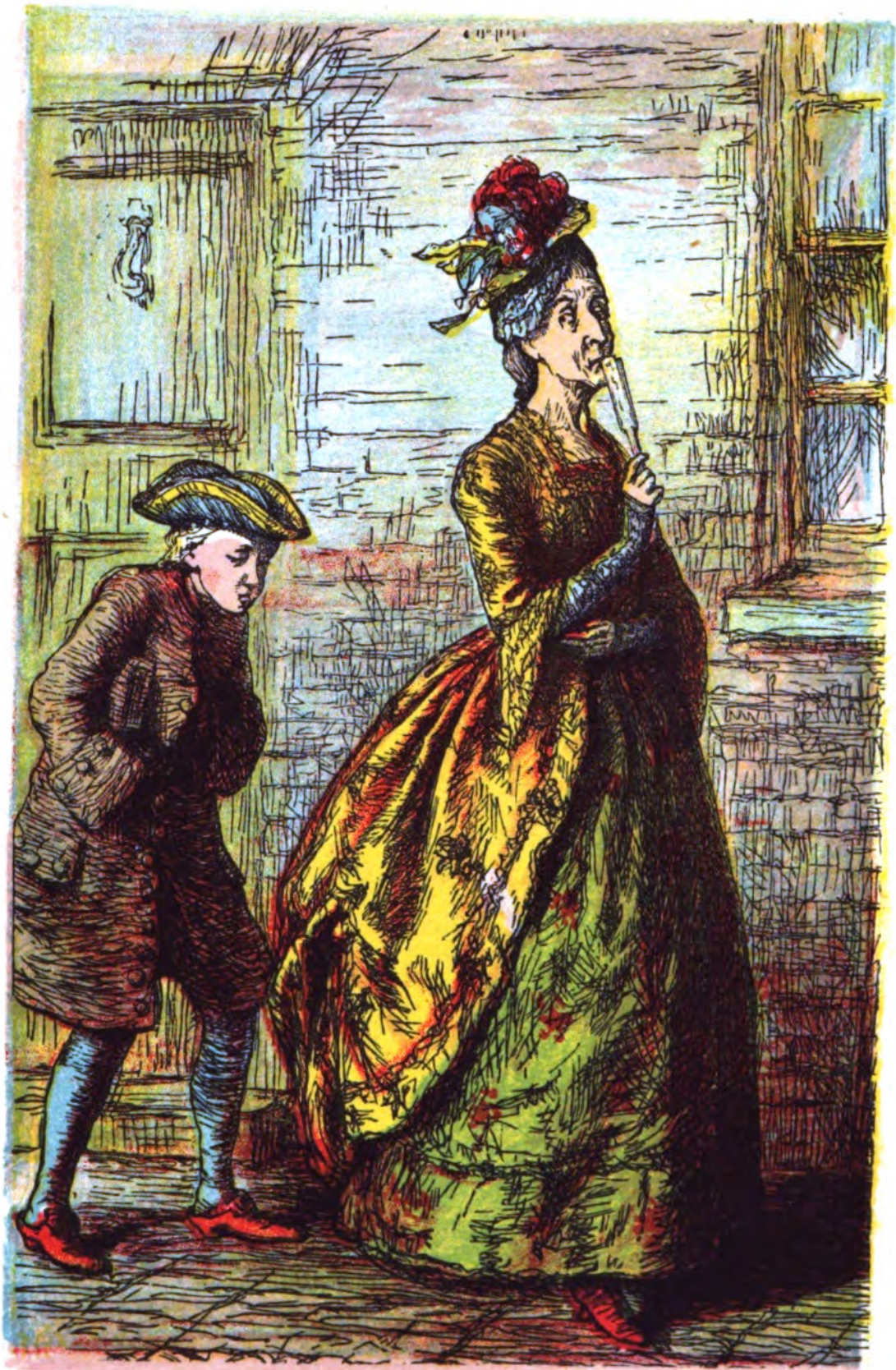












THE  
LESSON OF OBEDIENCE,

And other Stories.

By THE REV. RICHARD NEWTON.



WILLIAM P. NIMMO:  
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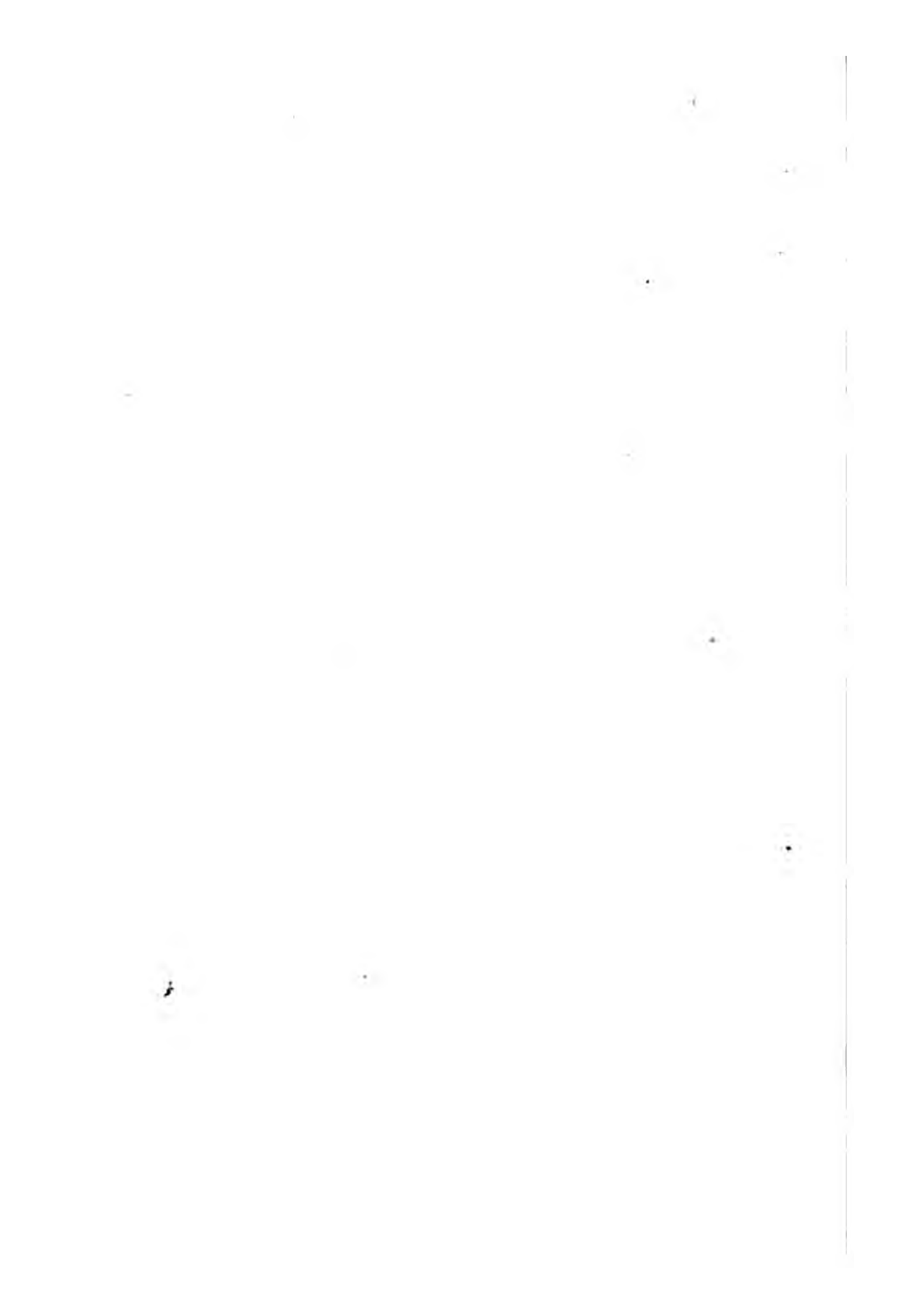


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## THE LESSON OF OBEDIENCE.

—◆—  
'And He went down with them to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.'—LUKE ii. 51.

**T**HE city of Nazareth is a very interesting place to visit, because it is the place where Jesus lived when He was a boy. We spent a Sunday there, while travelling through the Holy Land, and enjoyed the day very much. We had service in one of our tents in the afternoon; and when the service was over, I took a walk through the town, and then up to the top of the hill behind the town, and sat down there to look over the city and country around, and to think such thoughts as would naturally come into one's mind in a place like that. The country about Nazareth is



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very beautiful. But that which interested me most, as I sat on that hill-top, was not the beauty of the country, but the remembrance of Him who had once lived there. The boy Jesus had lived in that city below me. He had walked over those fields, and played there with other boys. He had climbed the hill that I had just climbed, and possibly had often sat down to rest Himself where I was sitting. I wondered how Jesus played when He was a boy, and what the boys who were His companions thought of Him? I wondered how He talked? and what He said? how He felt? and what He thought about Himself, and about the world that He had come to save? I found it easy to ask myself these questions, but it was not so easy to answer them. *I* could not answer them. Nobody in the world can answer them.

There are a great many things connected with Jesus when He was a boy that we know nothing at all about. But the words of our text tell us one thing about Jesus which is very important, and about which we may be very sure; it is this—Jesus was

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an *obedient* boy. 'He went down to Nazareth with His parents, and was subject unto them.'

He was twelve years old at the time when this was said of Him. He had been obeying His parents then for twelve years. He kept on obeying them after this for eighteen years longer. Eighteen and twelve make how many? Thirty. Jesus obeyed His parents for thirty years. Some children think that when they get to be eighteen or twenty they are too old to obey, and have a right to do just what they please. But Jesus did not think so. He obeyed His parents till He was twenty-one years of age; and He did not cease then, but went on obeying them for nine years longer.

How wonderful this was! how strange it must have seemed to the angels! They had seen Jesus when He made this world, and the sun and the moon, and all those beautiful worlds around us; and when they saw Him going forth, day after day, to work at the trade of a carpenter, to do just what His father Joseph told Him, and just what His mother Mary wished, how great must have been their astonishment!

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When Jesus began His public ministry, He spent a little over three years in it. During those three years He taught the people a great many lessons; but He spent the first thirty years of His life in teaching just one lesson, and that is—the lesson of obedience; and if Jesus spent so much time in teaching this one lesson, then it must be a most important lesson.

We call this new course of sermons, '*Leaves from the Tree of Life.*' This tree of life is the Bible, and the different verses from the Bible that we take as texts, we may consider as leaves from this tree of life. These leaves are intended for the healing of the nations; every text has power to heal or cure something that is wrong in our hearts or lives. Our present subject is—*The lesson of Obedience.*

'He went down with them to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.'

If Jesus was willing to spend thirty years of His life to teach this one lesson of obedience, then it is certain that this must be a most important lesson for us to learn. Jesus would not have spent so many years

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in setting us this example of obedience, unless there had been very good reasons for it. There are indeed good reasons for it. Let us look at some of these. I wish to speak of three reasons why Jesus set us this example; or three reasons why we should learn to obey.

In the first place, we should learn to obey—for God's sake.

God wants us to do this. We read in the Bible this command: 'Children, obey your parents.' Whose command is this? It is God's command. Then if we disobey our parents, whom else do we disobey at the same time? God. And so it is when we disobey any other command or law, we disobey God at the same time. God wants us to learn to obey. He tells us in one place in the Bible,—'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake' (1 Peter ii. 13). Ordinance means law. To submit to a law means to obey it; and then the meaning of this passage is, Obey every law of man for the sake of God; or, in other words, we ought to learn to obey because God commands us to do so, and this is the



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strongest reason we can have. This is the reason why Jesus acted just as He did. God wanted Him to come into our world, and He came. God wanted Him to live at Nazareth, obeying His earthly parents for thirty years, and He did so.

Then, after that, God wanted Him to go about and teach the people, and He did it. God wanted Him to be engaged every day in working miracles and doing good, and He did so. God wanted Him to suffer and to die, and He did suffer and die. God wanted Him to lie in the grave, and He was buried, and did lie in the grave three days. And in doing all this, Jesus was thinking about God, His Father, and was trying to please Him.

He not only obeyed His *parents*, but obeyed all the Jewish laws. He was baptized, and kept the Sabbath, and did everything that had been written about Him by the prophets; and He did all this for God's sake, because He wanted Him to do it.

And this is the way in which we should learn to obey. God wants us to obey our parents, and the laws of our school, of the

family in which we are living, and the laws of our country, and every right law; and we should do this for God's sake, because He wants us to do it. God sends us into this world on purpose that we may learn to obey. When we are obeying our parents and teachers, we are pleasing God. When we are disobeying our parents, or breaking the laws that are made for us, we are disobeying God, and doing what He dislikes above all things. God wants us to learn to obey, because He knows that we cannot be happy in any other way.

Is heaven a happy place? Yes. Are the angels who live there happy? Yes. And the reason why they are happy is, because they obey God. We read in the Bible about some of the angels in heaven who refused to obey God, and we know what happened to them. They were driven out of heaven, to be cast into 'everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.'

Were Adam and Eve happy when they were put in the garden of Eden? Yes. Just so long as they obeyed they were happy; but they disobeyed God. And what happened

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then? They were driven out from that bright and beautiful place. That was the way in which God punished them for not obeying Him. God does not like to punish people; but when we do not obey Him, He is obliged to do it. When we are tempted not to obey, let us think of Jesus. He went down with His parents to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; He went quietly on, for thirty years, obeying His parents every day. He did this to set us an example, and now He wants us to follow His example. When we are trying to obey, we are trying to be like Jesus; and so we see that the first reason why we should learn to obey is, *for God's sake*, because He wants us to do it.

The second reason why we should learn to obey is, for the sake of those around us.

A person who has not learned to obey is a dangerous person. He is doing harm all the time to those about him by his example. Let me try to show you how this is.

You know that over in the western part of Europe is a country called Holland. The land in that country lies very low. It is situated near the sea, and a large part of it

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lies below the level of the sea. You may ask, Why then does not the water of the sea flow over it, and cover it? It would do so, but for one thing. All along the borders of the sea, and the banks of the river, the people have built high, strong walls or embankments. These are made of earth, and are intended to keep back the waters of the sea from overflowing the land. These walls, or dams, as they call them, are very important to the people of Holland. The safety of their lives and property depends on them. The Dutch people, who live in Holland, watch their walls with the greatest care. If they find one of them beginning to give way, and to look as though the water were coming through, they leave off their work, no matter what they are doing, and never rest till that part of the wall is made quite strong and safe.

Now, suppose that you and I were living in Holland, near one of those great sea-walls. And suppose we should find out that a person in our neighbourhood was trying to break down that wall, and let the sea rush in and drown us. Should we not think that *that* was a very dangerous person? Why yes, he



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would be putting the lives and property of all the people around us in danger. Well, just what those walls or embankments are to Holland, God's laws are to us. They are intended for our protection. When people sin against God, they make Him angry. Then He sometimes sends trials or judgments upon them. These trials or judgments are like floods of water that sweep over a place and spread ruin abroad. But God's laws are like walls that keep back the floods or waves of His anger from us. When we obey God, we are trying to build up those walls, and strengthen them. But when we disobey God, we are trying to break down those walls. This is the greatest harm we can do. Persons who are doing this are very dangerous persons. But this is just what every boy and girl and man and woman is doing who is disobeying God. Such persons are just as dangerous to us, as those people would be in Holland who were trying to make holes in the embankments, and let the sea come rushing in upon the country.

'Wouldn't you like to be a judge?' said a gentleman one day to a little boy.

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After thinking about it for a moment, the little fellow said, 'No, sir; I think I would rather teach children about Jesus, who died for them. This would make them love and obey Him; and if they only learned to love and obey Him, they wouldn't need a judge.'

That was a very wise answer.

There is an island on the coast of Virginia, the inhabitants of which get their living by fishing and catching oysters and clams. For a long time they had neither church nor Sunday school among them. They were a wicked set of people, and tried to cheat everybody with whom they had any dealings. After a while, a good faithful minister was sent to them. He preached to them about Jesus, and tried to get them to love and obey Him. And no person can do this without being made better. Those who have anything to do with them, will find the benefit of it. This was the case with these Virginia fishermen, as was shown by the following incident:

The minister just spoken of was trying to get a new church built; and as the people had not much money, and the minister had once been a carpenter, he set about and

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helped to build it himself. One day, as he was busy, with his coat off, working away on the church, a stout, hearty-looking sea-captain went by. When he came opposite the church, he stopped and hailed the parson thus :

‘Halloa, there, shipmate, are you the minister of this church?’

‘I am, sir.’

‘Well then, look here; I’ve got ten dollars for you.’

‘For the church, do you mean, sir?’

‘No, sir, not for the church, but for yourself. I like your way of teaching the people here. I’ve been coming to this island, for clams, a good many years, and I have always found, when I got home and counted out my cargo, that I was short of what I had paid for, by a thousand or fifteen hundred. But since you have been here, I’ve found it very different. It will pay me to have you go on preaching doctrines that will make the people count their clams honestly.’

This is just as it should be. Those fishermen were learning to obey God. And when we properly learn this lesson, it will always make us better than we were before. As the

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catechism says—It will make us ‘true and just in all our dealings.’

There was a good, but very queer minister in England once, who used to say that ‘he wouldn’t give a straw for any man’s religion unless his cat and dog were better off for it.’ He meant to say, that when we learn to obey God, or become truly religious, it will make us better than ever we were before, and kinder to everybody about us; and this is true.

Let us take another illustration, to show how important it is to those about us that each of us should try to obey God. Here, for example, is one of those great steamships that are going across the ocean all the time. It is built of iron; this iron is in large sheets; these sheets of iron have holes made all round the different sides of them. Then the edges are put together; iron bolts are put through them, and either hammered out on the other side into rivets or else fastened by screws. The safety of that great vessel and of all on board depends on those rivets and screws. Suppose, that while this vessel is out in the middle of the ocean, all the rivets should be loosened, and all the screws un-



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fastened, what would happen? She would go to pieces and sink.

Now, suppose that you and I were crossing the ocean in one of these steamers; and suppose that we found one man among the passengers who spent his time in unfastening the screws and taking out the rivets which kept the vessel together: would he not be a dangerous passenger? Yes, indeed. We should not think it safe for him to be at liberty; we should tell him that he must either stop that work or be locked up.

Now the people who live together in a city like this are like the passengers on board a steamship. God's laws are the things which keep us safe here, just as the rivets and screws are the things that keep the steamship safe. Breaking God's laws is as dangerous a thing to us as loosening the rivets and screws would be to a steamship. It is important for everybody on board that ship that the rivets and screws should be all kept tight, and so it is important to every one in this city and country that God's laws should be obeyed. If I do not try to obey God, I am doing harm to you and to all

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about you ; and it is the same with each of you. If you are not trying to obey God, you are doing harm to me and to all about me ; and so you see there is a great deal of force in the reason we are now speaking of. We ought to obey God, in the second place, *for the sake of those around us.*

But, in the third place, we ought to learn to obey for our own sakes.

God has promised His blessing to those who learn to obey ; and there are three things wrapped up in this blessing, which show that the best thing we can do for our own sake is to learn to obey.

There is *happiness* in that blessing which God promises to those who obey.

Let me show you this in the case of a little girl only two years old ; her name was Kitty. She came in from play, one warm summer afternoon, and asked her mother for a drink of cool lemonade that was standing on the table.

‘ Say please, mamma,’ said her mother, as she took up the glass to give it to her.

‘ Titty tan’t say pease,’ said the little one. She had said this word a hundred times



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before, and always seemed glad to say it; but now, for the first time in her short life, she had made up her mind not to obey. Her mother set the glass down untasted, and Kitty went to the door. But it was very warm, and soon she came running back again, and her thirsty red lips were held up for a drink.

‘Say please, Kitty,’ said her mother.

‘Tan’t say pease,’ and the baby went away again thirsty.

This was done, perhaps, half a dozen times during the afternoon, but the little thing would not say please, and so she got no drink.

Supper-time came. Kitty ran up to her high chair, and looked to her mother to lift her into it.

‘Say please, Kitty.’ Instantly her little face fell. She shook her head, muttered ‘Tan’t say pease,’ and went away. The rest of the family went on with their supper, but they felt very sadly. They all wanted their little pet to take her usual place with them; but instead of this, the rebellious child stood in the corner, pouting and crying, but not willing to obey. After supper, her mother

took her up to her room, and talked kindly to her, and tried to show her how naughty and wicked it was for her to do so. But still she shook her head, and said, 'Tan't say pease.'

Then Kitty was handed over to her father. He spoke pleasantly to her, and tried everything he could think of to get her to obey; but the end of it was—'Tan't say pease.' Then a gentle whipping was tried. Such a thing had never been thought of before in connection with Kitty; but it had no effect. She was put to bed without her mother's kiss, a little rebel still.

The morning came, and Kitty remained the same. She stood by her chair at the breakfast-table. 'Tan't say pease.' She went without her breakfast. It was getting to be dreadful. Her father and mother were alarmed, but they could not give up. Her brothers and sisters were greatly distressed. But nobody could help her unless she would obey.

Before dinner-time the doctor came in. He heard all about the case, and said: 'Whatever comes of it, you mustn't give up.'

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Sometimes he used to take one or other of the children to ride with him. Kitty had never been taken yet. He said to her: 'Kitty, wouldn't you like to take a ride with me?' She jumped at the idea, and began to caper round for joy.

'Well, run ask your mother to please put your hat on,' said the doctor.

In a moment Kitty changed again. With her finger in her mouth, and a downcast look, she said: 'Tan't say pease.' So the doctor had to give up.

And now what was to be done? It was getting towards noon. Kitty's mother was almost heart-broken. The poor child had been twenty-four hours without tasting a mouthful of food. She would not obey, and no one could help her till she did. Everything was standing still in that family. No one could do anything but grieve over Kitty.

Then her mother took her in her arms and carried her up-stairs again. She told her how wicked it was to do so; how displeasing it was to God; and how much sorrow it was causing her parents and brothers and sisters.

Then she kneeled down and prayed God to send His Holy Spirit to change Kitty's heart and teach her to obey; and just then the poor child gave way. She threw her arms round her mother's neck, and cried, 'Pease, pease, pease, pease!'

How gladly her mother clasped her to her bosom, and covered her with kisses! Then Kitty ran down-stairs, and jumped into her father's arms, crying, 'Pease, pease, pease!' Oh, how happy Kitty was then! and how happy everybody about her was! how they all laughed and cried for joy!

Kitty had *learned to obey*. It brought God's blessing upon her at once. She found that there was happiness in that blessing.

But there is *safety*, as well as happiness, in the blessing which obedience brings.

There was a little girl named Mary. She had a little white dog, called Fido, that she was very fond of. She used to play with him for hours, and took the greatest possible care of him.

One day her mother wished to visit a neighbour, and fearing that Mary, who was quite a little girl, might go too near the stove



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or meet with some accident if left alone in the house, she told her to take Fido, and play in the front yard till she came back ; but not to go into the house.

She had not been gone long when a large dog came by the gate, and turned into the house, through the kitchen-door, which stood open. Fido ran in too, to have some fun. But the big dog bit him, and chased him about the kitchen. Poor Fido tried to get away, and yelped for his little mistress to come and help him.

Little Mary was very much distressed. She wanted to save her poor pet, Fido ; but her mother had told her not to go in, and she had learned to obey.

Pretty soon some children, going home from school, passed by, and told Mary that if she would go with them they would help her to get Fido away from the big dog. But Mary said : ' No, mother told me to stay out here, and I can't go in.'

The children said, when her dog was in such danger, her mother wouldn't care if she did go in ' just for a minute, and come right out again.'



But Mary stood firm, 'Mother said, "*Stay here,*" and I can't disobey her.'

And just see what followed. While they were talking about it, some men came hastily into the yard, and asked the children if they had seen a big dog go by. Hearing that he was in the house, they went in and killed him, for the *dog was mad*. He had been running about the country, and had bitten many cattle before he came to Mary's house. It was found that he had killed poor Fido. He would have bitten Mary, and she would have died of that dreadful disease which follows from the bite of a mad dog, if she had not been so careful to obey her mother. Mary had learned to obey. This brought God's blessing on her. She found safety in that blessing.

One day an old man was sitting by the banks of a stream. He looked very sad, and the big tears were rolling down his cheeks. A little boy came running along. He stopped when he saw the old man weeping, and said, 'What makes you cry, sir?'

'Oh, my little man,' said he, 'I have reason enough to cry. This stream reminds me of

a great sin that I once committed. When I was a boy, I lived in this neighbourhood. I had a dear little sister, named Nellie, whom I loved very much. My sick mother gave her into my care, and told me never to take her near the brink of the river. Mother was sick a long while. Not minding her words, I went one day with Nellie to the river. While I was busy playing, she went rambling along the stream, and I had forgotten about her till I heard her wild scream, 'Oh, help me! brother, help!' I ran to the place as fast as I could, but it was only to see dear Nellie's little hand, that she had lifted up, sinking out of sight in the river. It was too late!

'How dreadfully I felt! I ran home, screaming, "Nellie is drowned! Nellie is drowned!"

'Mother heard my shrieks. The sudden fright killed her. My mother and sister were put into the same coffin, and buried in the same grave. *My disobedience had killed them both!*'

Poor old man! No wonder that he wept. If he had only learned to obey, he would

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have been saved from that great sorrow. God's blessing follows obedience, and there is safety in that blessing.

But there is *success* in the blessing which obedience brings, as well as happiness and safety.

Joseph made up his mind to obey God, and the blessing which followed his obedience brought wonderful success to him. His brothers were unkind to him, and cruelly tore him away from his loving father, and sold him as a slave into Egypt. But he obeyed God among strangers, as he had done at home, and God sent the blessing of success, and he became the governor of all the land of Egypt.

And so it was with David. He made up his mind to obey God when he was a poor shepherd's boy, and God's blessing followed him with success till he became the king of Israel.

We cannot succeed in anything we try to do without God's blessing, and God will not bless those who do not learn to obey.

*'And He went down to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.'*

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Jesus spent thirty years in obeying His parents, in order to set us an example of obedience. To learn to obey is the most important lesson for us to learn. There are three great reasons why we ought to learn this lesson.

We ought to learn it, in the first place, *for God's sake*; in the second place, *for the sake of those around us*; and in the third place, *for our own sake*.

God's blessing follows those who learn to obey; and wrapped up in this blessing are happiness, safety, and success.

But remember we cannot obey God of ourselves. And if we want to learn this lesson well, we must ask God to bless us for Jesus' sake; and then we shall be able to follow His example, and obey as He did.



## THE LESSON OF HUMILITY.

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‘ God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.’—JAMES iv. 6.

**I**N certain parts of India they have a very poisonous serpent called the cobra-di-capello. It is also called the ‘hooded serpent,’ because when angry it has the power of raising the skin round its head, so that it looks like a hood. Animals and men, when bitten by this serpent, generally die, unless something can be found to undo the effects of the poison, and heal the bite. In those parts of the country where these serpents are most numerous, there is said to be a little animal, which is their mortal enemy. I cannot be sure of the truth of this statement; but whether true or not, it answers for an illustration here. In size, this animal is between a weasel and a fox,



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and seems to share the nature of both. It hates the cobra, flies at it, and fights it whenever it has a chance. It often gets bitten in the fight, and the bite would be sure to kill it if it were not for one thing. In the places where these serpents live, it is said that there grows a particular plant, the leaves of which are a certain cure for the bite of the cobra.

And so, when this brave little enemy of the cobra gets bitten in the fight, he runs directly to this plant, and eats some of its leaves. The effect of this is to check the poison and to cure the bite. As soon as this is done, the persevering enemy of the serpent attacks him again, and never rests till he has killed him.

Now sin is the serpent with which we have to fight. Its bite is worse than that of the cobra, because it affects the soul, and will cause its death unless the poison be corrected. The bite of a poisonous serpent will sometimes cause the body to swell and become larger than it ought to be; and the bite of the serpent sin has just such an effect on the soul. Sin causes it to swell with

pride in a most offensive way. But pride is dangerous, as well as offensive; unless it is cured, it will kill us. And thus we come to the Bible again as a tree of life. The leaves of this tree heal all the wounds that the serpent sin has made in our souls. Here, in our present text, we have one of the leaves that God has given to help us in getting rid of the pride of our hearts, and so to heal this wound of the serpent sin.

Our subject to-day is *the cure of pride*, or the lesson of humility; and in order to cure pride, or lead us to try and get rid of it, God shows us many things about it that should make us dislike and strive against it. I wish now to speak of *three* things about pride, which show us how earnestly we should try to overcome it.

In the first place, pride is a foolish thing, and for this reason we ought to try and get rid of it.

It often happens, when we do what is foolish or wrong, that we cannot see the folly or sin of our conduct; but when others do the same thing, or things like them, we see at once how foolish and wrong they are.

We read of the petty chief of a tribe in Southern Africa, who is so proud as to believe that he governs the whole world. When he gets up in the morning, he walks out of his hut, and says to the sun: 'Good morning;' and pointing with his finger across the heavens, he says: 'That's the way I want you to go to-day.' And when he has finished his breakfast under the shade of a tree, he sends one of his slaves a little way off to blow a conch shell, and give notice to the other kings of the earth that they may take their breakfast now, if they like.

We smile at the folly of this poor ignorant savage; but it is pride alone which leads him to do so. We see how foolish this is in him; and yet, when we give way to pride, it will lead us to do things that appear as foolish to the angels as the actions of this poor African do to us.

There is one thing that clearly shows the folly of being proud. God tells us that all the things of which we are proud belong to Him and not to us. This is what St. Paul means when he asks this question:—'What hast thou that thou didst not receive?'

(1 Cor. iv. 7). It is most true that everything we have belongs to God.

He gives things, not as you, dear children, say, 'to keep for good;' but only to use for a little while, and then give them back to Him. And how foolish it is to be proud of things that are not really our own, but are only *lent* to us!

Now look, for a moment, at some of the things that people are generally proud of.

Kings, and princes, and persons in high stations, are often proud of the *positions* they hold. If they obtain these places because they are wise and good, it is God who gives them the wisdom and the goodness they have. And if *He* has given these good things, then it is foolish to be proud of them; but if they get these places without being wise or good, then surely it is still more foolish to be proud of them. It is God who appoints us the places that we occupy. The Bible teaches us that 'the Most High God *ruleth* among the children of men,' and that 'He putteth down one, and setteth up another,' as He pleases. And God does this, not for the glory of the rulers, but for the



good of those over whom they rule. And if it be God who 'ordains the powers that be,' is it right, is it wise, to be proud of occupying such positions ?

How many persons are proud on account of their *wealth* ! This is very foolish, and yet there is nothing perhaps that people are more tempted to be proud of than their money. But even this money is not theirs ; it is God's. The Bible tells us how God lays His hand on all the money in the world, and says : 'The *gold is mine, and the silver is mine*, saith the Lord of hosts' (Hag. ii. 9). God *lends* it to us that we may use it for Him ; He never gives it as our own, to do just what we please with.

Now suppose a merchant should give a hundred dollars to one of his clerks, and send him out to buy certain things, with directions to come back as soon as he got through, and give an account of how the money had been spent. And suppose that clerk should feel proud of what his employer had entrusted to him, and should boast about it to his friends, would you not think that very foolish ? Certainly. And yet, if we



feel proud on account of the money we have, this is just what we are doing. This money is not ours, but God's. He has sent us into the world on an errand, to use it for Him and not for ourselves. When we get through, we must go back to Him, and give an account of the way in which we have spent His money. If we have not used it as God has commanded us, we shall be found guilty before Him. How sinful, then, for any of us to be proud of our money!

Some persons are *proud of their beauty*, or good looks. But this is foolish. Suppose our cheeks are fresh and rosy. Who made them so? God. Suppose our eyes are bright and sparkling. Who made them so? God. Suppose we have a fine head of glossy black or brown hair. Who gave it to us? God. Suppose we have a very nicely shaped hand, or foot. Did *we* give it form or shape? No; God did it. And if God gives all these things, is it wise for us to be proud of them? No; it is very foolish. God made them, and gave them to us to use for a little while. Will these bodies soon die? Yes. Then where will they be put? In the grave. What then

becomes of them? 'They turn again to their dust.'

Then, is it wise to be proud of these bodies which God made, and which are soon turned to dust? No. It is wicked to be proud.

Another thing that persons are proud of, is their *dress*. This is the most foolish of all things to be proud of. Instead of feeling *proud* of our dress, we ought rather to be *ashamed* of it. When God first made Adam and Eve, and put them in the garden, did they have clothes? No. They were pure and innocent then, and did not need clothing. It was *after* they sinned, and fell, that clothing was needed. Our clothing, then, is the proof that we are sinful, fallen creatures. When proud of our clothing, we are proud of that which is the proof of our shame. The sight of our clothing should make us feel humble rather than proud.

The second reason why we ought not to be proud is—because it is unprofitable.

When business men are going to engage in anything, we often hear them ask if it will be profitable. The question with them is—'Will it *pay*?' This is a very wise ques-

tion to ask. And if we ask it in reference to the subject we are speaking of, we shall find that it does *not* pay to be proud; but it *does* pay to be humble.

In our text the apostle tells us that 'God *resisteth* the proud, but *giveth grace* to the humble.' We *resist* our enemies. And God resists the proud, because He regards them as His enemies. Who would wish to be the enemy of God? Do you think it would pay to have *God* for an enemy? No, indeed. But to the humble, we are told that God gives *grace*. There is nothing in the world so profitable to us—nothing that is worth so much—nothing that *pays* so well as the grace of God.

We read, in another place, that God 'fillethe the hungry with good things, but the rich He sends empty away.' The 'hungry' here means the humble—those who feel their need of God's blessing, and who desire it, as a hungry man desires food. The 'rich' spoken of here means the proud—those who think they are very wise, and good, and do not need anything. They are proud. God rejects them. He sends them away without a bless-

ing; but He gives His blessing to the humble, for He 'fills them with good things.'

Now let us look through the Bible for examples of the way in which God deals with humble men, on the one hand, and with proud men, on the other.

There is Abraham. He was humble. In praying to God, he says of himself, 'Behold I am but dust and ashes' (Gen. xviii. 27). He was honoured by being called 'the father of the faithful, and the *friend of God*.' There is Moses. It is said that he was 'the meekest,' or the humblest, 'man on the earth.' And God honoured him by making him the deliverer of His people, and the greatest leader and lawgiver that ever lived. And Job, and Joshua, and Gideon, and David, and Hezekiah are all examples of humble men who were honoured and blessed of God.

In the New Testament we read of John the Baptist. What a humble man he was! When he saw Jesus coming to him, he felt that he was not worthy to untie His shoe. But Jesus said of him, that 'among all who were born of woman, there had been none greater than John the Baptist.'



Let us look now at Jesus Himself. He has given us the most perfect pattern of humility the world ever saw. He humbled Himself to leave heaven and come to our world. He humbled Himself to be born in a stable and cradled in a manger. He humbled Himself to poverty, so that 'though the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, the Son of man had not where to lay His head.' He humbled Himself to such a degree, that though He was the Ruler of ten thousand worlds, He stooped to wash the feet of His disciples. He humbled Himself unto death, 'even the death of the cross.' And, in consequence of this, the apostle tells us that 'God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' The history of Jesus shows us most clearly how God loves and honours and blesses the humble.

And now, let us come to the Bible again



for other examples of the way in which 'God resisteth the proud.' Our mother Eve was tempted to pride, and the result was that she lost the beautiful paradise in which she once lived. Pharaoh was proud, and his pride brought all those dreadful plagues on Egypt, and then caused him and his army to be drowned in the Red Sea. Samson was too proud to mind the advice that God gave him. The consequence was, that he lost his wonderful strength; his eyes were put out, and, as a miserable slave, he was forced to grind in a mill for the Philistines. Haman was a proud man, and it was his pride that caused him to be hung on the gallows which he had prepared for his enemy, Mordecai the Jew. Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, was a proud man; and, in consequence of his pride, he became crazy, and was driven out from among men to live with the beasts of the field. King Herod was a proud man. He allowed the foolish people about him to speak of him as a god; and to punish him for this, he was smitten with a dreadful disease, which caused him to be eaten up of worms before he died.

These examples show us how unprofitable pride is. Perhaps some of you are fond of history. Let me give you 'the history of pride in three short chapters:—Chapter I. The *beginning* of pride was in heaven.—Chapter II. The *continuance* of pride is on earth.—Chapter III. The *end* of pride is in hell.—This history shows how unprofitable it is.

We see the same thing all around us. Look at the tops of the mountains. They represent pride. Nothing grows there. See how bare and barren they are! And then look at the quiet, lowlying valleys. They represent humility. And see how beautiful they are in their greenness and fertility! The highest branches of the vine or tree represent pride. You find no fruit on them. The low branches represent humility. These you will find bending down with the load of rich, ripe fruit that hangs upon them.

A farmer went with his son into the wheat field, to see if it was ready for the harvest. 'See, father,' said the boy, 'how straight those stems hold up their heads! They must be

the best ones. Those that hang down their heads, as if they were ashamed, can't be good for much, I'm sure.'

The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind and said, 'Look here, foolish child. This stalk that stood up so straight, is light-headed, and almost good for nothing; while this that hung its head so modestly, is full of the most beautiful grain.'

Here is a story to show how profitable humility is :

A Tartar chief, or khan, as he is called, went hunting one day with a number of his followers. On their way they were met by a dervish—a man in those countries who pretends to be very wise and religious, and lives by begging. He cried out: 'Whoever gives me one hundred pence, to him will I give some excellent advice.' This excited the khan's curiosity, and he asked the dervish what the advice was. 'You shall hear, sire,' said the dervish, 'when I get my hundred pence.'

Then he ordered the money to be given to him. He took the money, and said, in a warning voice, as he turned away: 'Never

undertake anything without counting the cost.'

The khan's followers laughed heartily when they heard this advice, and told him they thought he had paid very dear for it.

But he thought otherwise. 'There is nothing new or striking in what the dervish tells us,' said he; 'but it's true and it's wise; and if we are not too proud to profit by such lessons, we shall find them very useful. I like this advice of the dervish so much, that I will put it on the doors of my palace, on the walls of every room, and on every piece of furniture, so that I may not forget it.'

He did so, and it was of great use to him, as you will see. Some time after this, another chief formed a plan to kill this khan, and take possession of his throne. To carry out this plan, he bribed the physician of the khan to make use of a poisoned lancet the next time he went to bleed him. The time came. He went into the khan's presence to perform the operation. A silver basin was brought in to hold the blood. On the side of this basin was engraved the advice of the dervish: 'Never do anything



without counting the cost.' This had a great effect on the mind of the doctor. He had not counted the cost of what he was going to do. He turned pale and trembled. He put away the poisoned lancet and took another. The khan asked him what he changed the lancet for? He said it was because the other was dull; but his manner showed that this was not the reason. The khan sprang to his feet, and drew his sword. He seized the doctor by the throat, and threatened to kill him instantly, unless he confessed everything. Then he told the whole story. And so the khan saved his life because he was not too proud to take the advice of the dervish.

The second reason why we ought not to be proud is, because it is unprofitable.

The third reason why we ought not to be proud is, because it is dangerous.

We learn from the Bible that pride is a great sin, and nothing in the world is so dangerous as sin. And it is because pride is so sinful that we find such words as these in the Bible about it: 'The Lord hateth a *proud* look' (Prov. vi. 17). 'The *proud*



in heart are an abomination to the Lord' (Prov. xvi. 5). There is nothing that shows how dangerous pride is more clearly than to remember what it did to some of the angels. The Bible teaches us that Satan, and the evil spirits who are joined with him, were once good angels in heaven. They were holy and happy then; but, somehow or other, we know not how, they became proud, and pride was so dangerous to them, that it caused them to be thrust out of heaven, and cast down to hell.

Here we see how dangerous pride is. The Bible tells us that '*pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall*' (Prov. xvi. 18). And these fables illustrate the truth of what the Bible says. But we need not go to fables for our illustrations; there are plenty of these in real history. Here are two that suit our present subject. One is furnished by an incident that took place in America, the other happened in England.

Before the revolutionary war, the colonies of America belonged to England. At one time during that period, there was war

there, between the colonies on the one side, and the French and Indians on the other. Where the flourishing city of Pittsburgh now stands, there was then nothing but a fort, called Fort Duquesne. This was in danger of being taken, and a small English army was sent over to aid the colonists in keeping it. The command of this army was given to the brave General Braddock. When he set off on his march to Fort Duquesne, our good and great George Washington—then a young man, and only a colonel—went along with General Braddock as one of his aids. He knew the country very well, and was acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare.

The army has marched on safely till they are within a few miles of the end of their journey. Their way lies through the forest. Now they come to a narrow pass, covered thick with woods. Washington advises General Braddock to halt the army, and send a party on to examine the pass, and see if there are any Indians in it; but he had not been accustomed to march in that way. He refused to listen to Washington. *He was too proud to take advice.* On go the

men into that narrow pass. Suddenly a volley of rifles is fired into them—a number fall; some are killed, and others wounded. They halt—they look around. No enemy appears. It is the Indians, hidden behind the trees, who are firing upon them. Washington advises the General to break up his men, and let them get behind the trees and fight the Indians in their own style. He refuses again to take advice. He orders the men to stand and fight as they were used to do. They fire at random into the woods. They might as well fire into the air. There they stand, a fair mark to their unseen enemy.

The rifle balls come in showers. General Braddock is killed. Every officer in the army is killed or wounded except Washington. Two horses are shot under him, four balls go through his clothes, but he escapes unharmed. At last the men break and run; Washington rallies them, and marches back all that are left of that gallant little army.

Braddock's defeat shows the danger of pride. He lost his own life, and the lives of so many of his men, simply because he was

too proud to take advice. What a dangerous thing pride is !

And now for the other illustration. Some years ago, an English fleet lay at anchor in the roadstead at Spithead, near Portsmouth. The finest ship in that fleet was the 'Royal George.' She was the Admiral's ship, and carried a hundred guns. Just as everything was on board, and she was ready to go to sea, the first lieutenant discovered that the water-pipes were out of order. It was not thought necessary to hand her into the dock for repairs, but only to keel her over till the part of her hull where the pipes were was brought above water. Keeling a ship, you know, is making her lean over on one side. A gang of men from the dock-yard were sent to help the ship's carpenters. The larboard guns are run out as far as possible ; the starboard guns are run over towards the other side. This makes the vessel keel down toward the water on one side, and rise high out of the water on the other side. Now the workmen have reached the pipes, and have removed the difficulty from them. Just at this moment, a lighter



comes alongside, laden with rum. The port-holes on the lower side were nearly even with the water before this vessel came near; but when the men began to take in her casks, she keeled over more and more. The sea has grown rougher too since morning, and the water is rushing in through the lower deck ports.

The carpenter sees the danger, and runs to tell the second lieutenant that the ship must be righted at once. He is a proud young man. He tells the carpenter to mind his own business and he will mind his.

But the danger increases every instant. The man goes a second time to the officer, and tells him that all will be lost unless the ship is instantly righted. A volley of oaths and curses is all the reward he gets for his pains.

But now the officer begins to see the danger. He orders the drummer to beat to quarters, or summon every man to his post; but before the drummer has time to give one tap on the drum, the vessel has keeled over more and more. And now the men are scrambling down through the hatchway to



put the heavy guns back in their places ; but alas ! it is too late ! too late ! The water is rushing in ; she is filling up rapidly ; and before help or rescue can be thought of, down goes the 'Royal George,' carrying with her admiral, officers, men,—as well as noblemen visiting on board,—to the number of *a thousand souls* ! That gallant ship was lost, with all on board, *because a young man was too proud to take advice.* See, then, what a dangerous thing pride is !

Let us try to get rid of pride, *because it is foolish* ; because it is *unprofitable* ; and because it is *dangerous.* We must ask Jesus to help us, if we want to get rid of pride. He is the best teacher of humility. He says to us, 'Learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart.' Let each of us go to Him, and say :

' Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,  
*Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,*  
*And stamp Thine image on my heart.'*

## THE PEACEMAKERS.

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‘Blessed are the peacemakers ; for they shall be called the children of God.’—MATT. vi. 9.

**P**EACE! what a beautiful word! How sweetly it sounds! Peace! Peace! And how sweet the blessing which this word represents! When persons have been quarrelling, how pleasant it is to have the quarrel made up, and to be at peace once more! And when war has been raging through a country, filling it with alarm and terror, with cities burned, and fields desolated, and people slaughtered, how sweet it is to have men cease killing each other, and again live together in quietness, peace, and love!

Peace was one of the blessed words spoken by the angel, when he came down from heaven, to tell the shepherds of Bethlehem

about the birth of Jesus our Saviour. He delivered his message to them; and then the angel choir, that came with him, were heard singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth *peace*, goodwill towards men.' And this was one of the sweet words which Jesus spoke to His disciples before He was taken away from them. He said, '*Peace* I leave with you; my peace I give unto you.' One of the names given to Jesus, by the prophet Isaiah, was '*the Prince of Peace*' (chap. ix. 6). The kingdom promised to Him is called a '*kingdom of peace*' (Rom. xiv. 17.) The gospel of Jesus is called '*the gospel of peace*' (Rom. x. 15). And the ministers of the gospel go on their way '*preaching peace*' (Acts x. 36). And the whole aim of the gospel is to teach men to be at peace, to love peace, and to *make* peace. And here, in our text, Jesus tells us of the happiness of those who do so.

*'Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.'*

Our subject to-day is, the lesson of Peace; or, the leaf from the Tree of Life to cure quarrelling.

And to help us to learn this lesson, I wish

to speak of three things in which we may see the blessedness of peacemakers. They are blessed, in the first place, in the example they follow.

It is a great blessing to have a good example always before us.

There was a Polish prince once, who had been favoured with an excellent father, and who always carried a picture of him in his bosom; and when he was tempted to do anything wrong, he would take it out and look at it, and then say to himself: 'Let me not do anything unworthy of so good a father.'

And we should think of Jesus in the same way in which this prince thought of his father. We should look up to Him, and say,—

'Be *Thou* our pattern ; make us bear  
More of Thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own our name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.'

There was a great man in America, some years ago, known as General Jackson. He was a brave soldier, and was twice elected President of the United States. He was not a Christian while engaged in public life.

But when he retired to private life, and had time for serious thought, he turned in penitence and faith to Jesus, and became an humble and devout Christian. One day an old Kentucky soldier, who had fought under the General at New Orleans, and knew he was not a Christian in his fighting days, had come to visit his old commander, at his home, called 'the Hermitage.' He attended church with the General. It was Communion Sunday. And when this soldier saw the aged warrior go up to the chancel, reverently kneel down and profess his faith in Jesus, it touched his heart. He was taken by surprise. When the service was over, he was unusually silent and thoughtful. On being asked the cause, he told his companions what he had seen in church, and finished his account in these words:—'I tell you, boys, when I saw that man, who has fought armies, and parties, and cabinets, and who never fought without conquering, get down on his knees in church before all the congregation, I said to myself, When General Jackson kneels in that way, I think it's about time for one to knock under.'



Four weeks after, that honest soldier joined the church,—brought to Jesus, and made a Christian, by God's blessing on the silent example of his old commander. It is a great thing to have a good example to follow.

But *we* have a better example than that of General Jackson, in seeking to be peacemakers. Jesus is our example. He is the *Great Peacemaker*. He came from heaven, lived in poverty, endured great suffering, and died the cruel death of the cross, that He might make peace between God and men.

When we think of all that Jesus did for us, should it not make us willing and eager to follow His example?

#### WHAT JESUS DID FOR US.

For us He left His home on high ;  
For us to earth He came to die ;  
For us He slumbered in a manger ;  
For us to Egypt fled a stranger ;  
For us He dwelt with fishermen ;  
For us He slept in cave and glen ;  
For us abuse He meekly bore ;  
For us a crown of thorns He wore ;  
For us He braved Gethsemane ;  
For us He hung upon the tree ;  
For us His final feast was made ;  
For us by Judas was betrayed ;

For us by Peter was denied ;  
For us by Pilate crucified ;  
For us His precious blood was shed ;  
For us He slept among the dead ;  
For us He rose with might at last ;  
For us beyond the skies He passed ;  
For us He came at God's command ;  
For us He sits at God's right hand.

The story is told of one in old times, who, when asked what he was, answered, 'I am a Christian.' What are your thoughts, words, and deeds? He answered, 'Christian.' He was earnestly trying to follow the example of Christ. And this is what Paul meant when he said, 'For me *to live is Christ.*' He wished to set before him the example of Christ, and to follow it in all things. This is what it means to be a Christian. And if we are sincere in trying to do this, we shall certainly be good peacemakers.

The thoughts of Christ's love will lead us to do what we never would be willing to do from any other motive. Here is a beautiful illustration of the power of this love.

#### HE DIED FOR ME.

A minister in one of our large cities had

a gentleman in his congregation, in whom he felt a great interest, earnestly desiring that he should become a Christian; for he had no love for the Bible, and was inclined to infidelity.

On one occasion the good pastor prepared a sermon with great care, to prove that the Bible is true, and that it is very sinful not to believe *all* that it teaches. He preached this sermon, and hoped that it might incline his friend to give up his infidelity and love and serve Jesus. He listened to the sermon attentively; yet it failed to convince him, and no good resulted from it.

This gentleman had a daughter, about seven years of age, whom he fondly loved. When he came home from church, he saw this dear child's eyes filled with tears, and asked her what caused them. She said it was what her Sabbath school teacher had told her about Jesus Christ.

'And what did she tell you about Jesus Christ, my dear?' asked her father.

'Why, only think, father,' she said, 'He came down from heaven, *and died for me!*' The tears gushed from her eyes, as she said,

in her sweet simplicity, 'Oh! father, don't you think I ought to love one who has loved me so much?'

The proud heart of the unbelieving father was deeply moved by this question. What the learned and eloquent sermon of the minister had failed to do, was done by the simple question of his darling child. He retired to his chamber. He wept in heartfelt penitence; and uttered the earnest cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

In the evening of the same Sabbath he went to church again; but softened and subdued in heart, and changed in thoughts and feeling. He asked his minister to pray for him. And afterwards, when he joined the church, he said, 'I owe my conversion, under God, to my little girl, who first convinced me, by her touching words, that I ought to *love one who has loved me so much.*'

#### GOD'S GREAT GIFT.

A beautiful answer was once given by a little girl in one of the London Homes for the Destitute. The question was asked, why Jesus is called an *unspeakable gift*. There



was silence for a while ; and then, with trembling voice, this dear child said, ' Because He is so precious that no one can tell *all* His preciousness.'

And if we know Jesus as this little girl did ; if we love Him, and try to be like Him, we shall *surely* be peacemakers ; and we shall know how peacemakers are blessed, in the first place, in the example they follow.

In the second place, peacemakers are blessed—in the good they do.

No one ever did so much good in our world as Jesus. The Bible tells us that He ' went about doing good.' This was His occupation, His daily business ; and the way in which He did this, was by showing men that God loved them, and by teaching them to love one another. And if we wish to be true Christians, we should try to be like Jesus in this respect. We must learn to love God, and show our love to Him by living in love with our friends and neighbours. When a building is on fire, the best thing we can do is to try and put it out. And when people have angry feelings in their hearts towards each other, it is just like a fire that will burn

up all that is kind and good ; the longer it burns, the more harm it will do. We are doing great good when we strive to put out the fire of anger by overcoming all unkind feelings. Then we are peacemakers ; and we shall be blessed in the good that we do ; and this is a thing that the youngest persons can do, as well as the oldest.

‘I stike ’oo,’ cried a little boy, in a sharp tone, to his sister, as he doubled up his fist to hit her.

‘I tiss ’oo,’ said his sister, stretching out her arms, and putting up her rosy lips for a sweet kiss. That dear child was a little peacemaker. She was overcoming evil with good, and putting out the fire of anger in her brother’s heart by the gentle influence of love.

‘The best way of making peace,’ said a good minister once, ‘is to *let the innocent forgive the guilty.*’

‘How do you manage to keep out of quarrels?’ said a person once to a good man, known to be a great lover of peace. His answer was a wise one : ‘*By letting the angry person have the quarrel all to himself.*’

A missionary in Africa was once visiting

a man and his wife, who were members of his church. Before they became Christians, they were always quarrelling; and he asked them how they managed to live so peaceably now. The man answered, ' Sometimes I say a word my wife no like; or my wife talk, or do, what I no like; but when we want to quarrel, we shake hands together, shut the door, and go to prayer, and then we soon get peace.'

Ah yes, if, when tempted to quarrel, we would only pause and pray, the fire of anger would be put out before it was fairly kindled.

An Eastern prince once asked two of his wisest counsellors to tell him in what way he could do his people the greatest good, and make them the happiest. He gave them two months' time, in which to prepare their answers. At the end of that time, these wise men appeared before the prince. One of them came bearing on his shoulder a great roll of papyrus leaves, which were used in that country instead of paper. On these he had written out two hundred rules, to show what he thought the prince ought to do to make his people happy. The second came

with nothing in his hand, but with a wise thought in his head. The reading of the two hundred rules was very tiresome to the prince. After hearing them, he called upon the other counsellor for his advice. He gave it in two short words: 'Love God.'

'What do you mean?' said the prince. 'I asked you to tell me, not what I was to do for God, but what I should do for my people, to make them most happy.'

'True,' said the wise man; 'but loving God supremely will secure the highest happiness both to yourself and to your people.'

This was a good answer. It is just what the Bible teaches, when it says: *Love is the fulfilling of the law.*

#### NEIGHBOURS RECONCILED.

Two storekeepers, in the same city, were neighbours. They were both in the same business, and being jealous of each other, they lived in anger and enmity. After a time, one of them became a Christian, and joined the church. Then he felt that this state of feeling was wrong. He talked with a member of the church about the matter;



and asked him what he thought had better be done, in order to make peace with his neighbour.

‘I’ll tell you what to do,’ said his friend. ‘Whenever any one comes into your store, and asks for something that you haven’t got, tell him he may possibly get it from your neighbour over the way, and advise him to go there for it.’

He did so. One person after another was sent there. The storekeeper found out, on inquiry, who had sent them ; and he was so struck with the kindness of the man, he had regarded as his enemy, that he went over to his house, thanked him for his kindness, and with much feeling begged his pardon for all his past unkindness, and from being bitter enemies, they became warm friends. Here we see how much good the peacemaker did.

#### THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

A thoughtless, bad boy stole all the grapes he could find on the vines of a good lady, who lived near his mother. The lady’s daughter discovered the thief, and was very angry with him. Her mother said to her,

‘Don’t give way to such angry feelings, my dear, but carry the few bunches that the little thief has left, with some other nice things, such as she needs, to his poor sick mother.’

She did so. And when the boy saw the kindness shown to his mother, by those whom he had injured, his heart smote him. He was so overcome with shame and sorrow, that he went to the lady, and confessed his sin, and offered her the money he had received for the stolen fruit, and declared that he never would steal again as long as he lived.

The lady declined taking the money, but advised him to go to Sunday school, and put the money in the missionary-box.

He did so, and continued to attend the Sunday school regularly. This ended in his becoming a Christian, and growing up to be an active, useful man.

‘Blessed are the peacemakers.’ Here we see how blessed this lady was, in the good she did to that bad boy.

#### LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

One morning after breakfast, Charley Allen took his little Testament, and opening it at

the 5th chapter of Matthew, read some of the rules given by Jesus for the regulation of our lives. He thought they were all good; but the one he liked best was that about 'loving our enemies.' He prayed that God would help him to remember this rule, and try to be kind and gentle when he was provoked.

Then he put away his Testament, and ran out into the garden. This garden was near a fence; and while he was busy in pulling up the weeds, and putting things in nice order, a man passed along the street, driving a cart of gravel. He saw Charley in his garden, and, feeling disposed to tease him, he threw a handful of gravel at him.

Charley was vexed; but the words came into his mind, 'Love your enemies,' and he quietly brushed away the gravel, and said nothing. After finishing his work in the garden, he went and sat down on the doorstep, to watch the men who were engaged in building a new house across the way. As he sat here, the same man passed again with a load of sand, and seeing Charley sitting there, he threw another handful at him.

Remembering the words, 'Love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you,' Charley ran into the house, and asked his mother for a pear. She gave it to him, and he ran out quickly. Feeling curious to know what he meant to do with it, she went to the window, and saw Charley running after the man, and calling him to stop. The man stopped, and was very much surprised when Charley put a pear in his hand, and then ran off.

The man felt ashamed of himself, and though he often passed Charley after that, he never threw anything more at him. The dear boy had conquered by kindness, and made peace between them.

At dinner-time his father brought him a fine large kite, which Charley had wanted for a long time. As soon as dinner was over, he went out to fly his kite; but, on trying it, he found that more bobs were needed to steady it. He laid the kite on the doorstep, and ran into the house to get some paper and string to lengthen the tail of his kite. He returned directly, but to his surprise the kite was gone. He ran down the street, and round the corner, but could



see nothing of it. He went in and told his mother. She pitied him, and tried to comfort him; but it was hard work, and he felt very sorry about it the rest of the day.

The next morning, on his way to school, he saw one of his school-fellows with the missing kite in his hand.

‘Why, Joe,’ said Charley, ‘that’s my kite, and I’m so glad to find it.’

‘Indeed,’ said Joe, ‘it’s mine, and I shan’t give it up.’

Poor Charley looked astonished, and said, ‘Why, Joe, my father bought it for me only yesterday, and there’s the red line he had put on it.’

‘Don’t you wish you had it?’ said Joe, as he ran off with the kite, too fast for Charley to catch him. The poor fellow trudged along to school feeling very sad, not only that he had lost his kite, but that Joe should be so wicked as first to steal, and then to lie about it.

When he went home to dinner, he told his mother how Joe had treated him. She was very sorry, but urged Charley to try and be patient, and perhaps Joe would bring it back again.

‘Well, mother,’ said Charley, ‘I was very angry with Joe at first, but I remembered the lesson about loving our enemies, and I prayed that I might not feel so; and now I feel that I can love even Joe.’ His mother was pleased to find him trying to practise this Bible lesson.

When Charley went to school in the afternoon, it was raining; but he had an umbrella, and didn’t mind the rain. As he turned the corner of the street, he saw Joe walking before him, without an umbrella, and getting very wet. Charley ran up to him, and said, ‘Joe, come under my umbrella, for it’s raining fast, and you are getting wet.’ Joe felt as if he would rather be anywhere else than under Charley’s umbrella. But Charley insisted; and Joe had to yield, though feeling greatly ashamed of himself.

After school, as it was still raining, Charley took Joe home under his umbrella.

Next morning, while at breakfast, the doorbell rang, and a fine new kite, larger and handsomer than the lost one, was brought, with a card fastened to it, on which was written, ‘To Charley Allen, with the love of

his sorrowing friend, Joe.' Charley's eyes fairly danced with joy. 'Mother,' he said, 'I thought, the other day, that nothing could make me happier than the kite which father bought for me; but I feel ten times happier now.' Charley had conquered himself and Joe too.

He had been a peacemaker, and he found the blessing promised to such in the happiness that he enjoyed.

Even the dumb animals often set examples that it would be wise for us to follow. I met with a good illustration lately of this duty in a story about

#### TWO DOGS.

One of these was a Newfoundland and the other a bull dog. They belonged to different masters, who occupied warehouses near each other in the harbour of a seaport town. These dogs never met without quarrelling and fighting. They were both very large and very strong. Neither was afraid of the other, and neither would give up to the other. Their fighting never seemed to settle anything. They would fight on till their strength

was gone, and then stop, only to begin again the first time they met. They were both faithful, excellent dogs, and were highly valued by their masters, who had tried every way to make them quit fighting and be good friends; but they could not succeed in this.

One day these dogs met on the end of the pier that went out into the river between the warehouses of their masters. In a moment they flew at each other in the fiercest manner possible. People tried by blows to separate them, but in vain. They continued biting and tearing each other, and their blood was flowing freely. Rolling, and tumbling, and snarling, and snapping, without knowing where they went, they reached the edge of the pier, and over they plunged into the water.

Water is a good thing to stop a dog-fight. It proved so here. They were more anxious to save their lives than to gain a victory. Each dog let go his hold upon the other, and tried to save himself from drowning. The Newfoundland dog was a capital swimmer, and felt quite at home in the water. He turned his head towards the land, and soon



paddled himself safe to shore. But not so with the bull-dog. He did not take to the water at all. He was a poor swimmer, and as the tide was running very strong, he found it more than he could do to make his way against it. As soon as the Newfoundland dog reached the shore, he shook his shaggy coat, and then went to the end of the pier to look after his old enemy. He saw the difficulty he had in struggling with the waves, and how he was being carried farther and farther from the shore. Now a mean, selfish dog, or man, or boy, would have been glad to see this, and would have thought, 'Good for you, old fellow. Serves you right.' But this dog was a right noble creature. The moment he saw his enemy in danger, all his anger vanished. He pitied him. He plunged back again into the water. He swam up to his foe, took him by the collar that was round his neck, and bore him bravely through the water till he landed him safely on the shore. And what then? Do you think they went to fighting again? Not a bit of it. They were too sensible for that. The bull-dog wagged his tail, and went whining up to his

preserver, evidently trying to say, as well as he could, 'I'm very much obliged to you, my noble friend. You have saved my life, when I didn't deserve it; and now, let's have no more fighting, but be good friends all our days.' And they did become warm friends from that day forward. They were seldom apart after this; they seemed to love each other's society. They performed their duties as watch-dogs in peace; and there was never any more snarling, or snapping, or barking, or fighting between them. That Newfoundland dog was a peacemaker; and even he, though but a dumb animal, found it happier to live in peace with his bull-dog neighbour than to be always quarrelling. Peacemakers are blessed in the happiness they enjoy.

And thus we have seen that there are three things in which peacemakers are blessed. They are blessed, first, *in the example they follow*; secondly, *in the good they do*; and, thirdly, *in the happiness they enjoy*.

*'Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.'*

