

evil of the worst heart, however mad and frenzied, however hateful and dreadful that wickedness may be, and lift the heart out of it, it is because they see that this is God's heart, and because they see its beauty, that they long to be allowed to share it, that they crave for the blessedness of the peacemakers.

No, it is not advance in rank, or official standing that is required for the work of the peacemaker, but growth in goodness, progress in saintliness. The *difficulty* of the work, its high spiritual nature, calls for qualifications which the advanced Christian alone possesses. How true is this even of the lower, of the less difficult cases of breaches of charity. Did you ever try, did you ever set yourself with most earnest purpose, to reconcile two souls at enmity,—parted by a long course of injuries given and received, of bitter taunting words spoken, of dislike settling down more and more into hatred and fixed aversion? If you did, you know how arduous is the task,—how impossible it seemed at first, how the difficulties grew upon you, and probably how in the end you utterly failed. Oh! how hard it is to bring together and reunite the broken strands of charity! What nice tact is required, men will say, what wisdom, what knowledge of human nature! Or rather, the Christian knows, what power is needed of getting within the heart of each, and making each feel that you share his burden! Nothing can do this but genuine sympathy begotten of the grace of God in a pure heart, the sympathy which is born of real unselfishness, of a real love, of a real anxiety to be helpful; a sympathy which is not arrogant, nor proudly sets itself up as a judge, but approaches another in a lowliness of mind which esteems the other better than himself. There is nothing, I think, which so truly tends to humble the true heart as its failures in these efforts to be a peacemaker,