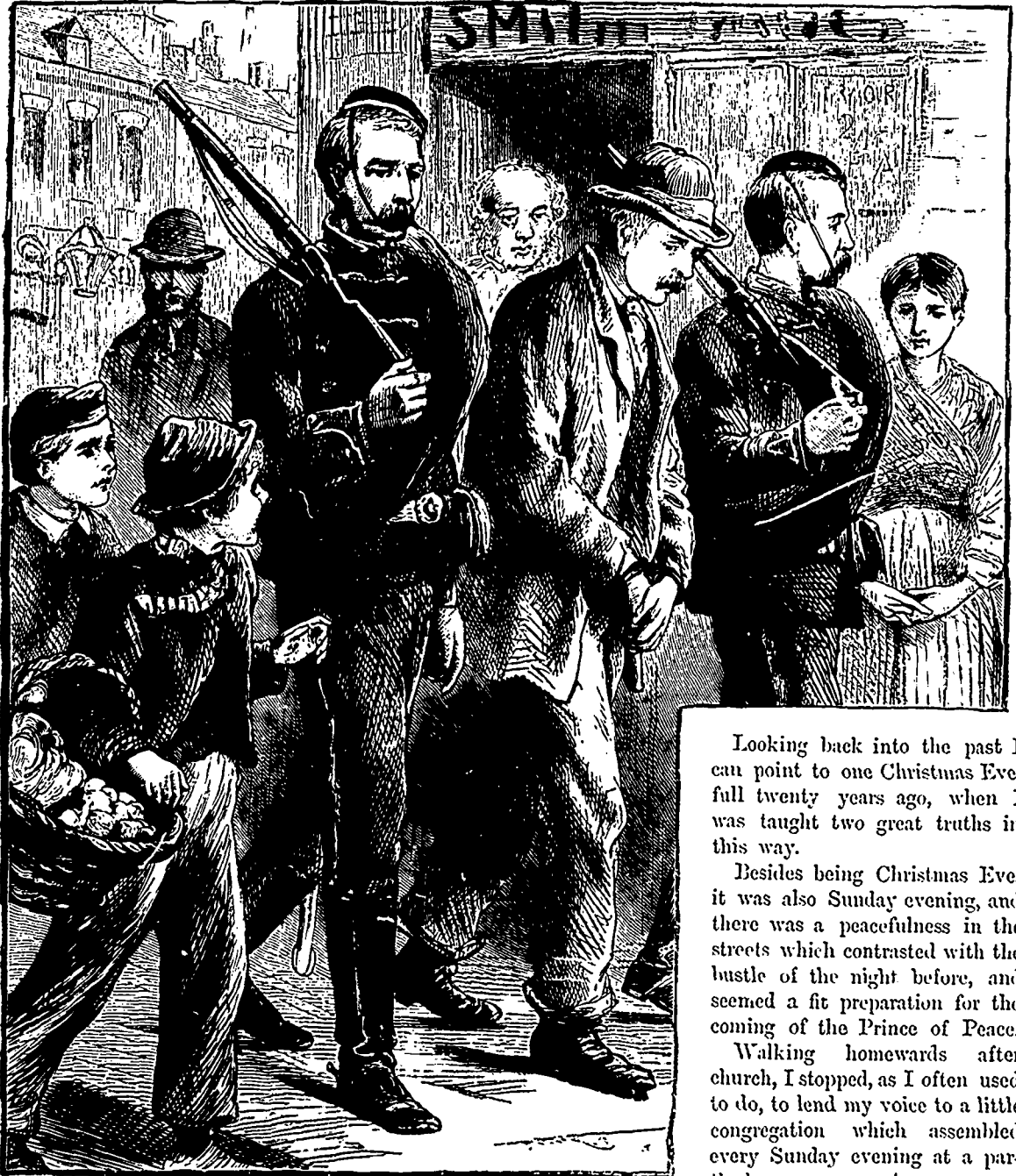


# PEACE MAKING AND PEACE BREAKING, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



The Deserter.

**D**o you ever listen to all the remarks which you chanced to hear from people whom you passed in the course of a long walk, and try to patch them together afterwards? I have done it many a time, reader; and I assure you I have learnt many lessons from these arrows shot at a venture.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS. No. 182.

Looking back into the past I can point to one Christmas Eve, full twenty years ago, when I was taught two great truths in this way.

Besides being Christmas Eve, it was also Sunday evening, and there was a peacefulness in the streets which contrasted with the bustle of the night before, and seemed a fit preparation for the coming of the Prince of Peace.

Walking homewards after church, I stopped, as I often used to do, to lend my voice to a little congregation which assembled every Sunday evening at a particular corner. A man was preaching earnestly, touched, per-

haps, by the season which seems to open all hearts; he pleaded lovingly, eagerly, that we would take Jesus for our Saviour and our King.

Two girls stood near me, and after listening for a moment, one linked her arm in that of her companion, and tossing her head, exclaimed, "Oh yes, we've heard