

a lower one as its place in the scale of the Beatitudes shows. The grace of *mercifulness* is indeed a noble temper. The temper of active charity that would ever be comforting sorrow, soothing pain, supplying want, checking cruelty, making a home for the friendless, relieving the numberless miseries of our sad world, this is God-like indeed.

But the work of the peacemaker goes to the deeper needs, and the more desperate diseases of our nature. For God to provide for man's bodily wants, though the provision made for these in the course of nature is a revelation of His goodness ineffably consoling, must be to His wisdom and power, we know, simply nothing. He has but to think, and it is done. We may venture even farther and say that for all the misery that is in the world, all that is mere suffering, looking at it apart from sin, He could, if He saw good, sweep it all away in a moment. And it is certain that He would do so if it were not serving the best of purposes. All that vast complex of suffering in the world, awful as it is to contemplate, and beyond our grasp as it is, must be, our reason tells us, a Divine system of merciful Fatherly chastening, with one end in view—saving men and making them good.

But the needs I speak of power fails before them, wisdom sinks back baffled. To win an estranged heart—here is the problem. To win a heart entrenched amid its years of ever growing bitterness, its deep sense of wrong, its hardness and sullenness, its intense hatred it may be of all goodness, this is not a work for power. And it is because the pure in heart, in their contemplation of God and their communion with Him, see Him to be unceasingly engaged, with the infinite patience of the Divine love, in winning the lost; seeking with a kindness that never can be wearied, with a sympathy which goes down to and tries to get below all the