

from the sea-coast of Tyre and Sidon, from Decapolis and beyond Jordan, and from Judea and Jerusalem, lying indeed near enough to the great road from Egypt to Damascus for convenience, and remote enough for privacy. It (3) answers the fact mentioned in Luke, that Christ came down from a hill, and found the immense crowd waiting him on a "level place."

Let me ask of you, kind reader, to turn to that sermon, as recorded by Matthew v-vii, and to note the burden of its blessed teaching. It tells Jews and Gentiles that Christ's kingdom is not of this world; that his weapons of warfare are not *carnal*, but *spiritual*; and that the meek, and the persecuted, and the peacemakers, are to be the conquerors of the earth. There was perhaps never a time in the history of Christ's Church when these truths were so completely forgotten as in the days of the Crusades, when people lost kingdoms, and shed streams of blood, to win, with carnal weapons, an empty sepulchre. And it looks like one of those startling coincidences we often meet with in history that the last battle of the Crusaders, in which they lost themselves, their cause, and Palestine, in one terrific overthrow, was fought on the very hill from which Christ laid down those principles of love, humility, and meekness, which the Crusaders trampled under foot.

It was on the fifth of July, 1187, the battle of Hattin was fought. Saladin enraged by the conduct of Raynold, Lord of Kerak (who contrary to treaty robbed a Moslem caravan, and insulted Mahomet,) poured his troops like a flood into Galilee by the north end of its Lake, to attack the Christian Army which had lain encamped for five weeks, waiting for him. The Christian Army was led by the King of Jerusalem, a weak brainless man of such base renown that his dear brother said on his

being made King "since they have made *him* a King, surely they would have made *me* a God." During one terrible day of heat, and thirst, and blood, the Christian army bore the assaults of Saladin: a night scarcely less terrible passed; and next day the awful work of destruction was completed. There you see the last vestiges of the once renowned Christian host, huddled together (round the wooden cross carried by the Bishop of Lydda,) on the horn of the hill on which the blessed Master spent the night in prayer before preaching his sermon; while down in that plain where the sermon was preached, the victorious Moslems are waiting to finish their work like lions roaring for their prey. Three times they charge up the hill and at last they seize it, and made prisoners of what remained of the 2,000 Knights and their troops, or drove them headlong to death down that steep cliff to the north looking towards Hermon. The cross, the real cross as these men believed, fell into the hands of the enemy never more to be seen! but it is not so, the real cross still exists in a new race of Crusaders. We call them Missionaries that are carrying the true cross into the heart of this land, setting it up on the shores of the Bosphorus, amid the solitudes of Lebanon and in the villages of Galilee, slowly and painfully bringing into reality the words of Jesus, when he said on that hill overlooking the sea of Galilee and the plain of Genesaret: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of God." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you: do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."