

A wise man in the East called a der-
vish, in his wanderings, came suddenly
upon a mountain, and he saw beneath
his feet a smiling valley, in the midst of
which there flowed a river. The sun
was shining on the stream and the water,
as it reflected the sunlight, looked pure
and beautiful. When he descended, he
found it was muddy, and the water ut-
terly unfit for drinking. Hard by he
saw a young man, in the dress of a shep-
herd, who was with much diligence fil-
tering the water for his flocks. At one
moment he placed some of the water in
a pitcher, and then, allowing it to stand,
after it had settled he poured the clean
fluid into a cistern.

Then in another place he would be
seen turning aside the current for a
little, and letting it ripple over the sand
and the stones, that it might be filtered
and the impurities removed. The der-
vish watched the young man endeavor-
ing to fill a large cistern with clear
water. And he said to him: "My son,
why all this toil? What purpose dost
thou answer by it?"

The young man replied: "Father, I
am a shepherd. This water is so filthy
that my flock will not drink of it; and
therefore I am obliged to purify it, little
by little. So I collect enough in this way
that they may drink; but it is hard
work."

So saying, he wiped the sweat from
his brow, for he was exhausted with his
toil. "Right well hast thou labored,"
said the wise man; "but dost thou know
thy toil is not well applied? With half
the labour thou mightst attain a better
end. I should conceive that the source
of this stream be impure and polluted.
Let us take a pilgrimage together and
see." They then walked some miles,
climbing their way over many a rock,
until they came to a spot where the
stream took its rise.

As soon as they came near to it they
saw flocks of wild-fowl flying away and

wild beasts of the earth rushing into the
forest. These had come to drink and
had soiled the water with their feet.
They found an open well, which kept
continually flowing; but, by reason of
these creatures, which perpetually dis-
turbed it, the stream was always turbid
and muddy.

"My son," said the wise man, "set to
work now to protect the fountain and
guard the well, which is the source of
this stream; and when thou hast done that,
if thou canst keep these wild beasts and
fowls away, the stream will flow of itself
all pure and clear, and thou wilt have no
longer need for thy toil." The young
man did it; and as he labored the wise
old man said to him: "My son, hear
the word of wisdom. If thou art
wrong, seek first to get thy heart cor-
rect; for out of it are the issues of life,
and thy life shall be pure when once thy
heart is so."

In like manner, if we would get rid
of pride, we should not proceed to ar-
range our dress by adopting some special
costume, or to qualify our language by
using an outlandish tongue; but let us
seek of God that he would purify our
hearts from pride, and then assuredly, if
pride is purged from the heart, our life
also shall be humble. Make the tree good
and then the fruit shall be good. Make
the fountain pure, and the stream shall
be sweet. Oh! that God might grant
us all by his grace that our hearts may
be kept with diligence, so that pride may
never enter there, lest we be haughty in
our hearts, and find that afterwards com-
eth wrath.

III. This brings me to other point,
which is the consequence of pride—des-
truction; a fact which we can prove by
hundreds of instances in scripture. When
men have become proud, destruction has
become upon them. See you yon bright
angel chanting the loud anthem of praise
before his Maker's throne? Can any-
thing tarnish that angel's glory, rob him