ABOUT HOLY PEACE

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Nothing has given rise to so many wars or so much bloodshed as peace.

There is no peace that is not the result of a concluded combat. Through the struggles, the conflicts, and the anguish of a long life of strife, people have ever before them the idea of a peace that will some day be gained, - a peace that too often recedes until it is lost in the darkness of the grave. And yet, when the only voice that could breathe true peace spoke, people stopped their ears, and now the million are struggling with all their souls' energy for a peace in which the voice of God will not be heard. Thank God we have learned a better way. The peace for which we fight is

NOT THE PEACE OF DEATH.

Come and look at the corpse of this wretched suicide. He could not support the burden of life because he had no God, and he has killed himself. There, look at his peaceful form! Is that what you covet? Do you turn away and call it a ghastly sight? I tell you that there are pulpits, and pews, and rows of houses and thoroughfares, crowded with self-murdered souls. In their smiles of indifference, in their cold "tomorrows," in their self-satisfied acts of charity, see the signs of the profound peace that only the trump of judgment and the flames of hell will break. Neither do we want

THE PEACE OF COWARDS

God forbid that we should let ourselves or others rest in peace that is not founded upon faith in Jesus. Upon this all important topic we must speak to all we meet in no uncertain tones.

When the German troops entered Orleans during the late war, they captured several prisoners, who were allowed to spend the cold wintry night in a comfortable guard-room. When the door was opened in the morning the number of prisoners had considerably increased, for, during the night, other French soldiers had crept into the room, tired of the war. How many Christians now-a-days purchase for themselves peace by creeping in amongst the world, and giving up the strife. Shame upon the silent tongues and silent lives that have nothing to say for the Prince of Peace! When the crowning-time comes, where



will the heroes of the sociable party, the moderate party; the party of surrender, appear? From such a peace may God save us! Rather let us wade through seas of blood than accept it. However prolonged the contest, we must and will maintain it till we can have

THE PEACE OF VICTORY

When we have all through the day stood up for Christ, before a frowning or careless world, and fought our battle manfully, then peace, if you please. When our own evil habits have been broken off, our own will brought into captivity to the will of God, our own unwilling powers thrust into the service of our King, our flesh crucified with the affections and lusts, then we will "rest and be thankful," but not before.

It would appear that Spanish Generals, when once they have gained some advantage over the enemy, rest satisfied till the news comes that those whom they defeated, have become victorious in turn. Not so with us. We must not rest in some one victory of the past, and leave the field. If our peace is to be constant, our triumphs must be continuous. Day by day we must know that we have conquered the wicked one, - day by day we must know that we have overcome the world, or we must have no peace.

Perhaps this world's victors have less peace than any. They know in too many instances that their victory is only the triumph of falsehood and wrong. Thank God it is not so with us, our victory brings us

THE PEACE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

We must be satisfied that we are right in heart and right in life in the sight of God. A heart divided, a heart in which the claims of God are constantly contested by the evil desires of the carnal nature, is a scene of horrible riot and confusion. A life of inconsistency; a life partly devoted to God, and partly used by the devil, is like a troubled sea, tossed by every wind that blows. The certainty of being right, thoroughly right in God's sight, must be derived from God, and not from ourselves. If we know that we commit ourselves entirely to Him, we know that He preserves the souls of His servants. The certainty of His all-wise guardianship



gives a sense of security in which we can rest, sweetly conscious that in our lives righteousness gains, and evil suffers continually.

But will not the question come up again and again. What guarantee, have I that this blessed experience will be continued, - that it will not be broken into by the annoyances and cares and temptations to which I am subject? Thank God! We need not fear, if ours is

THE PEACE OF POWER.

The comfort of the weak depends, to a great extent, upon their being able to rely on someone who is able and willing to help and defend them. The peace of a Christian is just in proportion to their realization of the presence of their God. Perfect weakness themselves, their life must be incessantly harassed with doubt and fear unless they feel that they command power sufficient to defeat any possible combination. Perhaps the grandest sight in the universe is that of a weak human being quietly defying earth and hell in the strength of Jehovah.

But such power cannot remain quiescent. Wherever it exists, it will inevitably display itself in a *powerful life*. The effects it produces may not be showy or startling; but, in time, they must prove to be great. Power does not hurry. Those who possess it can enjoy

THE PEACE OF PATIENCE.

When the farmer has sown his seed, he can rest secure in the mighty power of nature that his labor will not be in vain. How many Christians keep to their work in the steady conviction that, sowing to the Spirit, they can only reap life everlasting; that, if they suffer, they will also reign with Jesus?

Oh! for the confidence in God, and determination to finish the work, that enables people patiently to labor and patiently to endure! Oh! Forgiveness

THE PEACE OF JESUS.

It was bequeathed to us. It descended to us as our patrimony, hallowed by the holy influence of that matchless life. It belongs to us. We ought to have it. **Amidst**



the weary waiting to do something under the dark cloud of an obscurity we cannot break; in the fiery hour of trial, when the powers of hell seem to be let loose upon us; whether busy in the work of this world, or engaged in eternal things; whether hemmed in by the people, so that we cannot be hid, or sitting in solidarity in darkness; whether frowned upon and laughed at, or fawned upon and worshipped; amid a tornado of abuse, or a thunder of applause; alike in the day of honor and power, and in the day of shame and oppression; whether surrounded by hosts or friends, or deserted and left amidst a host of foes; whether in the strength of life, or in the agonies of death; He who never changes offers us His own glorious peace.

Have we got it? If not, let us, in the strength of a childlike faith, take this our rightful property, and enjoy it henceforth and forever!

