



Resist Not Evil

Compiled by
Danutasn Brown

Resist Not Evil:

Practical Examples from Adin Ballou's Book *Christian Non-Resistance*

Download the whole book here:

http://www.nonresistance.org/docs_pdf/Christian_Nonresistance.pdf

Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth': But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.
(Matt 5:38-39)

In the modern era, when we think of non-violent resistance, two men come to mind – Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi. King was influenced by Gandhi, and Gandhi in turn was influenced by the writer Leo Tolstoy, one of the most famous Russians who ever lived. Tolstoy's novels *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace* are often considered two of the greatest novels ever written.

Towards the end of his life, Tolstoy became convicted by the teachings of Jesus Christ, particularly to "love your enemy" and to "resist not evil." He wrote a massive anti-war book called *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, which influenced Gandhi. They had a correspondence that was published entitled *Letters to a Hindu*. It was this moral nonviolent aspect of Christianity that Gandhi appreciated and admired.

Tolstoy got in trouble with the Russian authorities for advocating that Christians should not join the army; this upset the Czar because he needed Christian soldiers in his army. He published scathing critiques of how the established churches worked together with governments to teach a theology that justifies war and violence by believers. He declared Christianity fallen because of this, and that this moral decay in the Church would lead to disaster. He wrote that book in 1894, and 20 years later WWI would start, the bloodiest war that have ever happened in the history of the world until that point.

Gandhi would look on in disgust and sadness as a whole generation of Europeans died in that war. He was also hurt by his experiences growing up in South Africa and in India under British colonial rule. It would lead him to say these famous words about Christianity: "I like your Christ; I do not like your Christians. Your Christians are so unlike your Christ."

Tolstoy, on being asked who he thought the greatest American writer was, answered: "Adin Ballou." And in his book against war, Tolstoy has an extended section honoring the good work Ballou had done before him, and that he had been influenced by Ballou. But who was Adin Ballou?

During the early 1800s, the United States of America was having a great Christian revival, called the 2nd Great Awakening. There were many new movements, as well as major leaps forward in bible knowledge. Adin Ballou arose in that environment; and was a leader in the Abolitionist movement to free the slaves. Many Americans have heard of William Lloyd Garrison, a true trailblazer in freeing the slaves, and Garrison would pen one of the first articles of Christian non-violence. But it would be Ballou who really followed through on the principles systematically. When the Civil War happened in the USA between 1861-1865, many pacifists gave up their beliefs because they felt it necessary to win the war. But not Ballou.

One work of Ballou lives on, and in times of crisis when there is a cry for war, security, self-defense, and revenge, this book is republished as a monument to a different way of understanding Christian morality. The name of that book is *Christian Non-Resistance (in all its important bearings)*. First published in 1846, it would be republished in 1910, and then in 1970, and once again in our era.

In this amazing book, Ballou lays out what he thinks it means to “resist not evil,” and the book starts off with a biblical argument for what it means and why many Christians are against non-violence. But for me, what is really valuable from his book is all the practical examples, testimonies of people putting it into practice. It is these that I want to include in this booklet, and then at the end I will add some thoughts on the overarching principle. But before we jump in let us hear what Adin on a universal law: “like begets its like.” I have also included a summary of the proceeding examples below, in the style of the books of the 1800s, taken as it was written in Ballou’s book:

A law of universal nature, like begets its like – General illustrations in common life – Special illustrations: 1. Subdued pride and scorn, 2. The man whose temper was broken, 3. The colored woman and the sailor, 4. The haymakers, 5. The two students, 6. Two neighbors and the manure, 7. Impounding the horse, 8. Two neighbors and the hens, 9. Henry and Albert, 10. The subdued hatter, 11. The revolutionary soldier, 12. Ex-President Jefferson and the cooper’s shop, 13. William Ladd and his neighbor Pulsifer – Conclusion.

A Law of Universal Nature – Like Begets Its Like

I will now introduce another law of nature – a law of universal nature – and including, of course, human beings in its scope. It is this, that like must

beget its like – physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. Is non-resistance contrary to this law of nature? Does it beget its like, or does it beget resistance? This is a practical question, and will settle the dispute. Either the true spirit of non-resistance begets a corresponding spirit, or it begets a violent and pugnacious spirit. Which is it? Either the practice of non-resistance tends to disarm and relax the fury of the assailing party, or to encourage, excite, and confirm him in his attack. Which is it? If the latter, it is contrary to that law of nature which necessitates the generation of like by like. If the former, it harmonizes with that law. And if this is true, it is the very doctrine necessary to fill the world with peace. It is worthwhile then to ascertain the truth on this point. Let me commence by asking if the very injury I am endeavoring to get discarded is not generated by injury? Why does the assailed person inflict injury on the offender? “To defend himself,” it will be said. But why defend himself by doing injury to the other party? “Because that, and that only, will effect the object.” How is this certain? What puts it into the heart or the head of the assailed party to repel injury with injury? It is like begetting its like; injury suggesting, prompting, and producing injury.

No better way is thought of or desired than life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blow for blow, force for force, injury for injury. “I will do unto him as he hath done to me. It is good enough for him. He shall be paid in his own coin. He shall be taught better after his own fashion.” This is the feeling and language of the Resistant. Here is a proof that the disposition to injure begets a disposition to injure, and the act of injury induces a counter injury. What, then, will be the subsequent effect? If a man strikes me violently, and I return the blow with equal or greater violence, will not my blow call for a third, and so on, until the weaker party cries “hold”? This is the law of nature. Does the opponent plead that the aggressor, being severely repelled, and knowing himself in the wrong, will retreat and learn to be civil? This will depend on which of the parties can strike the hardest, and injure the worst. If the aggressor is the stronger party he will only fight the harder, until his antagonist is subdued. If, however, he is the weaker party, he will yield from necessity and not from principle – retaining his impotent revenge in his heart, to fester there until a better opportunity. If justice or conscience has anything to do in restraining him, they would work much more mightily on his soul if the injured party should refuse to strike back at all. So the argument in this case turns wholly in favor of my doctrine.

First Ballou gives examples of more common affairs; he later gets into more dramatic examples. But these common examples are also profound, because generally we find ourselves more often in these types of circumstances than the dramatic circumstances. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." Luke 16:10

General Illustrations in Common Life

Let us now look into the common affairs of life, amid scenes familiar to common experience and observation. We see one man with very large combativeness and feeble counteracting predispositions. If this man meets with another of the same character, he is almost sure to fight, quarrel, or, at least, violently dispute. He is surcharged and throws off in all directions a sort of phrenomagnetic fluid of war. No sooner does he come in contact with another like himself, than they mutually inflame each other. He carries strife, debate, and violence with him wherever he goes. Even many, who are usually civil and peaceable, are presently provoked into a combat with him. He magnetizes, to a certain extent, every susceptible being with whom he meets. If he can live peaceably with any, it is those only who from natural predisposition, or moral principle, are non-resistants towards him. These he will make uncomfortable; but by bearing with him, and suffering some abuse with patience, they can keep him comparatively decent, and may pass their lives near him without any serious outbreak.

Who has not seen some such persons? And who does not know that such can never be cured by violence and injurious resistance? They may be beaten and bruised half to death over and over again, with no other result than to make them two-fold more the children of wrath than before. This kind of evil is not cast out, except by prayer, fasting, and abstinence from violence.

Here is another man with overweening self-esteem. He is proud, haughty, disdainful, and overbearing in all his ways. What happens when two such meet? Is there not a reciprocal inflammation of the irritable organs? Do they not mutually swell, defy, and repel each other? Each will accuse the other of the same fault and denounce such haughtiness as

intolerable, never once suspecting that it is a reflection of his own face in the other that seems so detestable.

Suppose one of these characters to move among other persons ordinarily humble and unassuming. Let him treat them with marked neglect, scorn, or indifference; and what will be the effect? Their moderate self-esteem will be excited. Their attitude will become more perpendicular. Their heads will poise backward, and they will begin to mutter, "He feels himself above common folks; but he shall know that others are something as well as himself. We are not to be looked down by his contempt." Whence this sudden rising of self-esteem in their minds? It has been begotten, or at least excited, by the over-charged battery of the magnetizer. Like produces its like.

Reverse the case. Suppose a person of great talents, wealth or weight of personal influence. This character naturally commands great respect; but he is humble, unassuming, and particularly respectful to all around – to the poor as well as the rich, the unlearned as well as the learned, and persons in the lower walks of life as well as those in the higher. How is he beloved and esteemed by the majority of mankind? "He is not proud," says one." He is not above anyone," says another. "I always love to meet him and be with him," says another, "because he is so kind, unassuming, and friendly with everybody." Even the envious and grumbling are half disarmed when they come in contact with such a person. Like begets its like, as before.

Yonder is a man excessively given to acquisitiveness. He must always have the best end of a bargain. He must skin something from everyone with whom he has dealings, and is sure to get the halfcent whenever he makes change. He is never pleased but when he is feathering his own nest. Yet no man complains of tight people more than he. He seldom meets with a person who in his opinion is entirely willing to do unto others as he would be done unto. What is the difficulty? This man's selfishness magnetizes those with whom he deals. His acquisitiveness excites theirs and they stand up for their own. They are not going to be cheated by him. They are determined not to indulge his rapacious avarice. They make it a point not to let him cheat them, filch away their property in a bargain, or extort it in the shape of usury. They even become tenacious about the half cent when they are settling with him. And many, who would not otherwise stand for a trifle, make it a point not to give him the least advantage. "Let us look out for old

hunks,” they say. The half-cent is nothing, but he shall not have it. Like produces its like, hence conflicts and resistance.

Reverse the character. Suppose a generous whole souled man, always careful to give large measure and weight, always scrupulous not to exact more than his own, and always sure to throw the trifle into his neighbor’s scale, rather than even seem to be small in his own favor. How many of the very same persons, observed to be sharp and close with the acquisitive dealer, relax their vigilance, become indifferent about small matters, and even insist that they will not always take the half cent of a man so willing to yield it. Is not this nature in every day life?

It is not so with a blackguard and a reviler. He assails a man with hard words, abusive epithets, and reviling expressions. Unless the man is particularly on his guard, or naturally of a very mild disposition, or a well principled non-resistant, he will be excited, and ten to one return a broadside as terrible as he has received. His teeth are set on edge and his tongue is fired from beneath. He rails, abuses, reviles, and curses too. But let the true Christian receive this storm of envenomed words, and they strike his shield of self-composure, only to rattle for a moment like hailstones on its surface, and then fall harmlessly about his feet. A second and a third discharge succeed, but he still remains calm. The assailant is half vexed, quite confounded, and soon grows ashamed of himself. He either quits the field or listens to reason, and perhaps is constrained to beg pardon for his rudeness. At all events he never remembers his abuse of a calm, kind-hearted, firm minded man, without peculiar mortification. And if every man who occupies a place in the better ranks of society would treat him in the same manner, he would ultimately be entirely cured of the bad humor about his tongue. So true is it that “a soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.”

These familiar workings of this law of nature ought to open the most unwilling eyes to the fact that non-resistance, instead of being contrary to nature, is in strict accordance with it. And if it is confessedly the object of good men to do away with violence, cruelty, murder, and all the great crimes which blast the happiness of humanity, they ought to know that it never can be done by rendering evil for evil – injury for injury. Like must produce its like, and unless we oppose the injuries of evil-doers with a disposition and treatment the very contrary of theirs, we shall only incite,

confirm and educate their evil hearts to worse and worse conduct. We shall only reproduce manifold the very evils we so strenuously resist. Though the injuries we do them are done only in resistance of aggression, still they follow the same law. They produce their like. They breed a fresh brood of injuries. If this is not strictly true in each individual case, it is true on the great whole. The effect, directly or indirectly, sooner or later, will be produced.

Special Illustrations – Facts From Real Life

I now propose to offer a series of facts from real life, illustrative of the truths for which I am contending, and in confirmation of my arguments.

Subdued Pride and Scorn

A lady, in one of the neighboring towns to that in which the writer resides, had repeatedly treated a well-disposed young man with marked contempt and unkindness. Neither of them moved in the upper circles of society, but the lady, without cause, took numerous occasions to cast reproachful reflections on the young man as beneath her notice, and unfit to be treated with common respect. This lady had the misfortune to meet with a considerable loss in the destruction of a valuable chaise, occasioned by the running away of an untied horse. She had borrowed the horse and vehicle, and was required to make good the damage. This was a serious draft on her pecuniary resources, and she felt much distressed by her ill fortune. The young man, being of a kind and generous disposition, and determined to return good for evil, instantly set himself about collecting money for her relief. Subscribing liberally himself, and actively soliciting others, he soon made up a generous sum, and before she became aware of his movement, appeared before her and placed his collection modestly at her disposal. She was thunderstruck. He left her without waiting for thanks or commendation. She was entirely overcome, wept like a child, and declared she would never be guilty again of showing contempt, speaking reproachfully of, or treating with unkindness, to him or any other fellow creature. Was there anything in all this contrary to nature?

The Man Whose Temper Was Broken

A man of my acquaintance, on hearing some remarks I had made on this subject, observed that he knew, by experience, the doctrine was correct; and though he himself had never practiced non-resistance from principle in his general life, he practiced it from impulse on one occasion with astonishing success. He was brought up with a childless uncle of his, who was remarkable for violent anger when excited, and for the cruelty with which he beat his cattle, and such boys as he had taken to bring up, whenever they provoked his vengeance. He could bear but little from boy or brute, and, therefore, was a frequent and furious whipper until considerably past the middle age of life.

The narrator stated that he was well-nigh a man grown, when on a certain occasion the two went into the woods with the team, in winter, to take home fuel. At length, when on their way out of the woods through an unbeaten path, the sled struck some obstacle concealed under the snow, and the team was completely set. The uncle, provoked at this interruption, cried out to his nephew, who held the whip, to drive on and put the cattle through. He shouted, and used the lash to order, but in vain, the sled was fast. "My uncle flew into a most violent rage," said he, "and seizing a club from the load came furiously at me with terrible threats, as the author of the whole mischief.

I felt entirely innocent, and for the moment determined I would not further resist my uncle's wrath than to exchange my whip for his club that was nearly of the size of a common sled stake. As he rushed upon me, with uplifted weapon, firmly grasped it with one hand, reached out my cart-whip with the other, and said, 'Here, uncle you shall not beat me with such a thing – take the whip.' He instantly relinquished the stick of wood, and seizing the cart-whip, beat me outrageously over the head, shoulders, and back. He then offered me the whip, exclaiming with stern vehemence, 'Now drive that team home!' I calmly but firmly replied, 'No, I have done my best, and shall not try again; drive it yourself, uncle.' Upon this he violently assailed the poor oxen, shouting, screaming, and beating them quite as mercilessly as he had me, until he fairly gave out from exhaustion.

Pausing for a moment's rest, and coming a little to his reason, he commenced searching for the obstacle, and soon found that a large sized

sapling had fallen across the path and become firmly bedded in the subsequent snows. Having ascertained this, he directed me to cut off the trunk, in order to accomplish its removal. I commenced, my back and shoulders smarting grievously from their undeserved stripes. When partly through, I looked up at my uncle and said, 'Uncle, do you feel any better for the cruel beating you have given me?' He looked pale and conscience-stricken, and without a word of reply started for home. I extricated the load, and without further difficulty drove the team to its destination.

From that time, sir, my uncle never broke out into his old gusts of passion; never struck, scolded, or abused me; never mistreated his cattle; and, going quite to the opposite extreme, suffered himself to be several times almost imposed on by a mischievous lad he had taken to bring up, without inflicting a blow, or even expressing anger. I continued with him several years, and seeing him, as I thought, grown too lax in correcting the lad just named, I one day asked him what had so entirely changed his conduct. He looked me in the face with a melancholy expression. Said he, 'Do you remember the cruel flogging I gave you when that load of wood got set in the snow?' 'Too well,' answered I. 'That broke my temper,' said he. 'I never had such feelings before. I have never been the same man since. I then solemnly vowed never to strike another cruel blow on man or beast while I lived. And I have scarcely felt a disposition to do so since.' Large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he turned away in silence.

Many a time I have thought of that matter, since my uncle has gone to the grave. It convinces me your doctrine is the truth." How does it impress my reader? Does it indicate that non-resistance is contrary to or consonant with the laws of nature?

Colored Woman and the Sailor

A worthy old colored woman in the city of New York was one day walking along the street on some errand to a neighboring store, with her tobacco pipe in her mouth, quietly smoking. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down the street, and, when opposite our good Phyllis, saucily crowded her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked her pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment, when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least

resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." It touched a tender cord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and thrusting both hands into his two full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again."

The Haymakers

Two neighbors were getting hay from adjoining lots of marshland. One had the misfortune to mire his team and load so as to require aid from the other. He called to him for assistance with his oxen and men. But his neighbor felt churlish, and, loading him with reproaches for his imprudent management, told him to help himself at his leisure. With considerable difficulty he extricated his load from the mire and pursued his business. A day or two after, his churlish neighbor met with a similar mishap, whereupon the other, without waiting for a request, volunteered with his oxen and rendered the necessary assistance. The churl felt ashamed of himself. His evil was overcome by his neighbor's good, and he never afterwards refused him a favor.

The Two Students

Two students of one of our universities had a slight misunderstanding. One of them was a warm-blooded Southerner. He conceived himself insulted, and began to demand satisfaction according to Southern notions of honor. He was met with a Christian firmness and gentleness. The other calmly told his excited fellow-student he could give only Christian satisfaction in any case; that he was not conscious of having intended him either injury or insult, and that if he could be convinced he had wronged him at all, he was willing to make ample reparation. The Southerner boiled over with chivalrous indignation for a few moments, discharged a volley of reproachful epithets, and threatened to chastise his cowardly insolence. But nothing could move the other's equanimity. Without the slightest indication of fear or servility, he met his opponent's violence with true heroism,

declared that they had hitherto been friends, and that he meant to maintain his friendly attitude, however he might be treated, and conjured the threatener to consider how unworthy of himself his present temper, language, and conduct were.

His manner, look, words, and tone had their effect. The flush of anger turned to a blush of shame and compunction. The subdued Southerner stepped frankly forward, reached forth his trembling hand, and exclaimed, "I have spoken and acted like a fool; can you forgive me?" "With all my heart," was the cordial response. Instantly they were locked in each other's embrace; reconciliation was complete; and they were evermore fast friends. The substance of this anecdote was given by a worthy minister of the Baptist persuasion, after one of my lectures on non-resistance; and I think he represented himself as a witness of the scene.

Two Neighbors and the Manure

Two of my former neighbors had a slight controversy about a few loads of manure. One of them was the other's tenant. The lessor had distinctly stipulated to reserve all the manure of the stable, and had offset it with certain privileges and favors to the lessee. But as the lessee had purchased and consumed from abroad a considerable amount of hay, he claimed a portion of the manure. He proposed leaving the case to the arbitration of certain worthy neighbors. The other declined all reference to a third party, alleging that they both knew what was right, and ought to settle their difficulties between themselves. But the lessee contrived to have a couple of peaceable neighbors at hand one day, and in their presence renewed with earnestness his proposal to leave out the case to their decision. The other, grieved at his pertinacity, promptly replied, "I have nothing to leave out; I have endeavored to do as I agreed, and to treat you as I would be treated. God Almighty has planted something in all our breasts which tells us what is right and wrong; if you think it right to carry off that manure, do so just when you please; and I pledge myself never to trouble you with even a question about the matter again."

This was effectual. The tenant felt his error; all was quiet; the claim expired at the bar of conscience; and nonresistant kindness and decision healed all contention. This was related to me by one of the friends selected

as a judge and decider in the case. His peculiar comment was, "That was one of the greatest sermons I ever heard."

Impounding the Horse

"A man approached his neighbor in great anger one afternoon, saying, 'Sirrah! I found your horse loose in the road this morning, and put him in the pound, where he now is. If you want him, go and pay the fees and take him out. And I give you notice now, that just as often as I find him loose in the highway, I will impound him at your cost.' 'And I,' said the neighbor, 'looking out of my window this morning, saw your cows in my cornfield. I drove them all out, and turned them into your pasture. I now give you notice that as often as I find them in my cornfield, I will do just so again.' The first was humbled, reconciled, sent to the pound, paid the fees, and restored his neighbor's horse to him with an honorable apology for his ill temper." – Anonymous.

Two Neighbors and the Hens

A man in New Jersey told Henry C. Wright the following story respecting himself and one of his neighbors. "I once owned a large flock of hens; I generally kept them shut up. But, one spring, I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so they could not fly. One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath, to let me know my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged because he had killed my beautiful hens that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged, to sue him, or in some way get redress. I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal, I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure that it would be better.

"After dinner I went to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and broke

out in a great fury. 'You have abused me. I will kill all your hens, if I can get at them. I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.' 'I am very sorry for it,' said I. 'I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.'

"The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up at the sky – then down at the earth – and then at the poor hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing. 'Tell me now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and good will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens or anything else.' 'I am a great fool!' said the neighbor. 'The damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compensate you than you me, and to ask your forgiveness than you mine.'" – *Wright's Kiss for a Blow*.

Henry and Albert

"I write chiefly to give you an account of the power of love that took place in the family of an old friend of mine, who is now no more. Besides other children he left two sons, Henry, aged about twenty, and Albert, about sixteen. The latter possessed what is called a bad, ungovernable temper that gave his mother much trouble; and she (probably in a pet) told Henry he must whip him. He did; but Albert resisted, and he received a severe thrashing. But it did not tame him at all, and he vowed that he never would speak to Henry again until he was old enough to have revenge. While he stayed at home (some months, I believe) he never spoke to Henry.

After this he went to sea, and was absent four or five years. But Albert was a boy of many good qualities. He laid up money; and while the vessel was loading and unloading at the ports of the distant countries he visited, he made short excursions into the interior, and made use of his eyes and ears to improve his mind and gain what information he could, and came back an amazingly stout, athletic young man, and apparently greatly improved. He was frank and social with the rest of the family, but not a word did he say to Henry. The latter by this time had become a Methodist preacher, and Albert's conduct towards him grieved him to the heart.

After a time Henry went to Albert, and with tears in his eyes, said to him, 'Albert, I cannot possibly live in this way any longer. Your silence I

cannot bear another hour. You remember you said that when you had whipped me you would speak to me again; I am now ready to receive your punishment. Let us go to the barn; I will pull off my coat – I promise you that I will make no resistance, and you may whip me as long as you please; and we will then be friends. I never should have struck you, if mother had not requested it. I am sorry that I did.’ Albert’s stout heart could bear blows in almost any quantity without shrinking, but Henry’s love he could not withstand. It melted his proud spirit instantly, and in a moment he was bathed in tears. They embraced each other directly. For a time their love was too great for utterance, but soon Albert expressed his regret for what he had said; and they are now, for aught that I know, two as loving brothers as any in the county. And to God, the God of peace, be all the glory.” – *Letter from Alfred Wells in the Practical Christian.*

The Subdued Hatter

“Some nineteen or twenty years ago, when I was in the hatting business, I employed a man by the name of Jonas Pike, from Massachusetts, who was a most excellent workman in the manufacture of hats. But he was one of that kind of journeymen who would have their trains [a period of binge drinking alcohol], as they were familiarly called amongst us in that day. Therefore, as a natural consequence, he was without comfortable clothing most of the time. After he got a shop he would work very industriously until he had earned from twenty to thirty and sometimes forty dollars worth of clothing (for he was always in want of clothing when he commenced work); and then he would get on one of his trains and dispose of every article of his clothing that would fetch six cents, expending all for whiskey.

When all was gone, and he began to cool off a little, he would be very ugly; sometimes he would fret and scold, and then he would coax and plead, to have me trust him for a hat or something else that he might sell, and thereby get more whiskey. When I refused him, he would become very angry and threaten to whip me, which I told him he might do as soon as he pleased. But said he, ‘I will not do it in your own shop; if I had you out of doors I would thrash you like a sack.’

After hearing him repeat these sayings several times, I walked out at the door. I then spoke to him, saying, ‘I am now out of the shop, thou canst

whip me if thou wishest to do so very much,' at which he stepped out of the shop, came furiously towards me, squaring himself for a box, and struck me a blow on the breast, at which I put my hand upon my cheek, and held it down to him, saying, 'now strike here, Jonas.' He looked at me with surprise and astonishment, then turning round saying at the same time, 'D—n you, if you will not fight, I will let you alone.'

He went into the shop, sat down, and was quiet. He got sober and went to work, and ever after was affectionate and kind, and very peaceable with me. I employed him several times afterwards to work for me, and he was always very peaceable and obliging." – *Letter from Erastus Hanchett in the Practical Christian*

The Revolutionary Soldier

"A beloved brother, now dead, related to me a circumstance of his life, which I think is worth preserving. He was a soldier in the revolutionary war. After he came here, he became religious, and was convinced that all 'wars and fightings' are contrary to the Gospel of Christ. His zeal in advocating his principles, stirred up the enmity of a wicked man in the neighborhood, who threatened, when his son came home from the army, he would flog him.

"Sure enough, when the son came home, the old man told such stories to him about this brother, that it excited him to that degree, that he came to the house where my brother lived, in a rage, determined to fight. My brother expostulated with him, and endeavored, by all the means in his power, to allay his anger, and deter him from his purpose; but all would not do; fight he must, and fight he would.

"'Well,' says the brother, 'if we must fight, don't let us be like cats and dogs, fighting in the house; so go out into the field.'

"To this he assented. When they had got into the field, and the young bully had stripped himself for the fight my brother looked him in the face, and said, 'Now you are a great coward.' 'Coward! Don't call me a coward.' 'Well, you are one of the greatest cowards I ever saw.' 'What do you mean?' 'I mean as I say – you must be a very great coward to go fighting a man who will not fight you.' 'What, don't you mean to fight me?' 'Not I; you may fight me as much as you please. I shall not lift up a finger against you.' 'Is that your principle?' 'Yes, it is; and I mean to be true to it.'

The spirit of the young soldier fell; and, stretching out his arm he said, 'Then I would sooner cut off that arm than I would strike you.' They then entered into an explanation, and parted good friends." – *Non-Resistant*.

Ex-President Jefferson and the Cooper's Shop

"The following was related, many years since, by one of the parties, who was a very respectable citizen of Montgomery County, Pa., since deceased:

"During the presidential term of Thomas Jefferson, two young men from Pennsylvania took a lease from him of his merchant mill at Monticello, one of the stipulations of which was that the landlord should erect for their use, within a given period, a cooper's shop. The time for a meeting of Congress soon arriving, the President had to repair to Washington to attend to his official duties, where he remained a long time absorbed in national concerns, and the building of the cooper's shop was entirely forgotten by him. Not so with his tenants, whose daily wants constantly reminded them of the provisions contained in the lease; and finally they determined to erect it themselves, and charge the cost of it to their landlord.

On the return of the President to his mansion, the parties met to settle a long account current, which had been running during his absence. The items were gone over and scrutinized one by one, and all were found satisfactory but the charge for building the cooper's shop, to which he objected, alleging that he could have erected it with his own workmen. Several attempts were made to effect a settlement, but they always failed when they came to the cooper's shop. The young men became warm and zealous in the affair; and the parties, instead of getting nearer together, found themselves at every interview wider apart.

"In this state of affairs, the father of the young men, who was a mild, affable, conciliating gentleman, possessing some knowledge of the world and its ways, arrived on a visit to his sons, who informed him of their difficulty with their landlord. He requested them to leave it to him, observing that he thought he could effect an amicable settlement in the case. This course was accordingly acceded to, and in due time he waited on the President with the account. It was scanned and agreed to, except the charge for building the shop, which, he [Thomas Jefferson] said, with some firmness, he should not allow for reasons stated.

His opponent, observing his apparent decision on the subject, very gravely remarked, ‘Well, friend Jefferson, it has always been my practice through life to yield rather than to contend.’ Immediately on this remark being made, the president’s chin fell on his breast for an instant, when raising his head in an erect position, he observed in a very emphatic manner, ‘A very good principle, Mr. Shoemaker, and I can carry it as far as you can. Let the account for the cooper’s shop be allowed.’

Thus ended the difficulty, and the parties continued their friendly regard for each other until death separated them. And the cultivation of a similar disposition, ‘to follow peace with all men,’ would terminate thousands of difficulties, add much to the happiness of individuals, and tend to promote the general harmony and order of society.” – *Farmer’s Cabinet*.

The next anecdote is about a man named [William Ladd](#) (1778-1841), who was nicknamed the ‘apostle of peace.’ This intrigued me, so I looked him up. He was a temperance advocate, by 1816 he had stopped drinking wine, stopped smoking or chewing tobacco, and began to preach. Whether preaching on temperance, slavery, or other issues, he “always ended with an impassioned exposition of the horrors of war and the blessings of universal peace. So pronounced were his views that he became known far and wide as ‘Peace’ Ladd.” Instead of the title ‘Sir’, or ‘the great’, or ‘strong’, but to have ‘Peace’! What an honor.

We may think that speaking up for peace would be popular, but this is not always the case. An example of this was his opposition to a monument commemorating the battle of Bunker Hill, one of the first major battles of the American Revolutionary War. He called it a “monument to barbarism and anti-Christian spirit... I know that patriotism, gratitude, and, above all, glory will be arrayed against me, and I shall be branded as a penurious wretch, a fanatic, and a misanthrope. Nevertheless, I refuse to follow the multitude... Such things encourage military glory, and thereby endanger the peace of the world. Because it is as vainglorious for a nation to erect a monument of her own victories as it is for an individual to trumpet his own fame...”

He noticed what many commentators had noticed about the nature of war – that nobody ever sees themselves as the aggressor: “What war in modern times has not been called defensive by both sides?” He also wrote: “If I had not considered war a soul-destroying sin, I never should have

sacrificed so much of my life and my property for its extinction.” Ladd died while giving a speech, delivering some of it on his knees.

William Ladd and Neighbor Pulsifer

The late William Ladd, denominated the apostle of the peace cause, used to relate the following anecdote.

“I had a fine field of grain growing upon an out-farm, some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulsifer’s sheep in the lot destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long legged kind, active as spaniels – they could spring over the highest fence, and no wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer, and sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two, but the legs of his sheep were long and my grain rather more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again – the sheep were all there – I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them, and if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot them.

“I rode away much agitated, for I was then not so much of a peace man as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are preaching to others! I thought it all over, and settled down my mind as to the best course to be pursued.

“The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door. ‘Good morning neighbor.’ No answer. ‘Good morning,’ I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt like a hog, without looking up. ‘I came,’ continued I, ‘to see you about the sheep.’ At this he threw down his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner, ‘Now aren’t you a pretty neighbor to tell your men to kill my sheep! I heard of it – a rich man like you to shoot a poor man’s sheep!’

“‘I was wrong, neighbor,’ said I, ‘but it won’t do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them with mine; and in the fall you may take them back; and if any one of them is missing you may take your pick out of my whole flock.’ Pulsifer looked confounded; he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out, ‘Now Squire, are you in earnest?’ ‘Certainly I am,’ I answered. ‘It is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on

grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence cannot keep them out.'

"After a moment's silence – 'The sheep shan't trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulsifer, 'I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know, when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too.' The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. 'And, my friends,' continued Father Ladd, addressing his audience, 'remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready, too. Love will beget love, and a wish to be at peace will keep you at peace. You can overcome evil only with good. There is no other way.'" – *Democratic Review*.

Conclusion

The foregoing illustrations are from the common affairs of life, and though not involving cases of extreme personal danger and escape, are nevertheless pertinent and important. They show the adaptation of Christian non-resistance to human nature in the ten thousand occurrences of personal difficulty. They demonstrate that it is not contrary to nature, but is peculiarly suited to allay and purify the rising passions of men; that the worst of people are favorably affected by its interposition; that the decent sort might be preserved by it from numberless contentions; and that instead of counteracting the law of self-preservation, it is the highest and surest method of securing the great ends of that law.

This will be more fully demonstrated by a continuation of illustrations involving cases of greater peril and deliverance in the next chapter. In the meantime, I can hardly refrain from pressing upon the reader's understanding and conscience, the question: is not the doctrine contended for most Christian, most rational, most excellent, most admirably adapted to promote peace on earth and good will among mankind? Is it not just what poor groaning nature needs to soothe, restore it to health, and carry it forward to its glorious destiny? It will appear more and more sound and lovely the more it is investigated.

"O, when will man unshackled rise,
From dross of earth refined –
Read mercy in his neighbor's eyes.

And be forever kind?"

Here Ballou gets into the more dramatic examples. But before that I want to share some testimony that Ballou includes from the Apostolic Christians, when they lived under the Roman Empire:

Testimony of Celsus and Gibbon

Celsus, a heathen philosopher, wrote an elaborate work against the Christians, about the middle of the second century. One of his grave allegations was in the following words: "You will not bear arms in the service of the empire when your services are needed, and if all the nations should act upon this principle, the empire would be overrun by the barbarians."

Gibbon, the popular English historian of the declining Roman Empire, a skeptic as to Christianity, incidentally confirms the fact that the early Christians were unequivocal non-resistants. "The defense of our persons and property they knew not how to reconcile with the patient doctrine, that enjoined an unlimited forgiveness of past injuries, and commanded them to invite fresh insults. Their simplicity was offended by the use of oaths, by the pomp of magistracy, and by the active contention of public life; nor could their humane ignorance be convinced that it was lawful, on any occasion, to shed the blood of their fellow creatures, either by the sword of justice or that of war, even though their criminal and hostile attempts should threaten the whole community... They felt and confessed that such institutions (lifetaking, etc.) might be necessary for the present system of the world, and they cheerfully submitted to the authority of their pagan governors. But while they inculcated the maxims of passive obedience, they refused to take any active part in the civil administration, or military defense, of the empire." Vol. I p. 24.

"The humble Christians were sent into the world as sheep among wolves, and since they were not permitted to employ force, even in the defense of their religion. They deemed that they should be still more criminal if they were tempted to shed the blood of their fellow creatures in disputing the vain privileges or the sordid possessions of this transitory life. Faithful to the doctrine of the apostle, who in the reign of Nero had preached the duty of unconditional submission, the Christians of the first three centuries preserved their conscience pure and innocent of the guilt of secret conspiracy or open rebellion. While they experienced the rigor of persecution, they were never provoked either to meet

their tyrants in the field, or indignantly to withdraw themselves into some remote and sequestered corner of the globe.” Vol. II p. 200.

The Safety Of Non-Resistance

Raymond the traveler – Agent of the Bible Society in Texas – The young man near Philadelphia – Robert Barclay and Leonard Fell – Archbishop Sharpe – Rowland Hill – Two Methodist Non-Resistants – The two New Zealand chiefs – The Missionary and Arabs – A Christian tribe in Africa – The Moravian Indians – The Moravians of Grace Hill – The Shakers – The Indians and the Quaker family – The Indians and the Quaker Meeting – The Christian town in the Tyrol – Captain Back, the Quakers, and the Maylays – Jonathan Dymond – Colony of Pennsylvania.

I have been endeavoring to demonstrate in the preceding chapter that non-resistance, instead of being contrary to nature, is in perfect accordance with all her fundamental laws. I intend in the present chapter to complete that demonstration by a further illustration of the superior general safety of nonresistance. This will be done by anecdotes and historical facts, showing its actual workings in many cases of imminent danger.

I do not undertake to prove that the practice of non-resistance will always preserve the life and personal security of its adherents, but only that it generally will. Jesus, the apostles, and thousands of Christian martyrs were slain notwithstanding their non-resistance. Doubtless others will be wronged, outraged, and murdered in time to come, notwithstanding the same safeguard. Exceptions do not disprove a general rule.

As the advocates of deadly resistance do not contend that it always ensures the preservation of life and personal security, so neither do I contend that Christian nonresistance will do it. They contend that discretionary resistance is safer than non-resistance; that its general tendency, despite of incidental failures, is to preserve life and render personal safety secure. I contend for the exact reverse. Here is an important issue. The deadly resistants affirm the superior safety of their principle of action; the non-resistants of theirs. The parties are in direct contradiction. Which of them is right?

The resistants have lost, according to Dr. Dick, 14,000,000,000, and according to Mr. Burke, 35,000,000,000 human lives since their experiment

commenced. Can non-resistants make a greater loss than this? Can their principle of action result in a greater expenditure of life and happiness? No. Under the most unfavorable circumstances they will not lose in the proportion of one to a thousand, and a few centuries of perseverance in their principle would totally extinguish the fires of human violence throughout the earth. Let us proceed to show that the practice of non-resistance is preeminently safe.

Raymond the Traveler

Raymond, a celebrated European traveler, bears the following testimony:

Speaking of the Spanish smugglers, he says, "These smugglers are as adroit as they are determined, are familiarized at all times with peril, and march in the very face of death. Their first movement is a never-failing shot, and certainly would be an object of dread to most passengers, for where are they to be dreaded more than in deserts, where crime has nothing to witness it, and the feeble no assistance? As for myself, alone and unarmed, I have met them without anxiety, and have accompanied them without fear.

We have little to apprehend from men whom we inspire with no distrust or envy, and everything to expect in those from whom we claim only what is due from man to man. The laws of nature still exist for those who have long shaken off the laws of civil government. At war with society, they are sometimes at peace with their fellows. The assassin has been my guide in the passes of the boundaries of Italy; the smuggler of the Pyrenees has received me with a welcome in his secret paths. Armed, I should have been the enemy of both; unarmed, they have alike respected me. In such expectation, I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever. Arms may, indeed, be employed against the wild beast, but no one should forget that they are no defense against the traitor; that they irritate the wicked, and intimidate the simple; lastly, that the man of peace, among mankind, has a much more sacred defense—his character".

Agent of the Bible Society in Texas

“In the early part of the year 1833, or about that time, an agent of the Bible Society was traveling in Texas. His course lay through a piece of woods, where two men waylaid him with murderous intentions, one being armed with a gun, the other with a large club. As he approached the place of their concealment, they rushed towards him; but finding that no resistance was offered, they neither struck nor fired. He began to reason with them; and, presently, they seemed less eager to destroy him in haste. After a short time, he prevailed on him to sit down with him upon a log, and talk the matter over deliberately; and finally, he persuaded them to kneel with him in prayer, after which they parted with him in a friendly manner.” – *Calumet*

The Young Man Near Philadelphia

A few years since, a young man in the vicinity of Philadelphia was one evening stopped in a grove, with the demand, “Your money, or your life.” The robber then presented a pistol to his breast. The young man, having a large sum of money, proceeded leisurely and calmly to hand it over to his enemy, at the same time setting before him the wickedness and peril of his career.

The rebukes of the young man cut the robber to the heart. He became enraged, cocked his pistol, held it to the young man’s head, and with an oath, said, “Stop that preaching, or I will blow out your brains.”

The young man calmly replied, “Friend, to save my money, I would not risk my life; but to save you from your evil course, I am willing to die. I shall not cease to plead with you.” He then poured in the truth still more earnestly and kindly.

Soon the pistol fell to the ground; the tears began to flow; and the robber was overcome. He handed the money all back with the remark, “I cannot rob a man of such principles.”

Robert Barclay and Leonard Fell

Robert Barclay, the celebrated apologist of the Quakers, and Leonard Fell, a member of the same Society, were severally attacked by highwaymen in England, at different times. Both faithfully adhered to their non-resistance principles, and both signally triumphed.

The pistol was leveled at Barclay, and a determined demand made for his purse. Calm and self-possessed, he looked the robber in the face, with a firm but meek benignity, assured him he was his and every man's friend, that he was willing and ready to relieve his wants, that he was free from the fear of death through a divine hope in immortality, and therefore was not to be intimidated by a deadly weapon, and then appealed to him, whether he could have heart to shed the blood of one who had no other feeling or purpose but to do him good.

The robber was confounded; his eyes melted; his brawny arm trembled; his pistol fell to his side; and he fled from the presence of the non-resistant hero whom he could no longer confront.

Fell was assaulted in a much more violent manner. The robber rushed upon him, dragged him from his horse, rifled his pockets, and threatened to blow out his brains on the spot if he made the least resistance. This was the work of a moment. But Fell experienced no panic. His principles raised him above the fear of man and of death. Though forbidden to speak, he calmly but resolutely reprov'd the robber for his wickedness, warned him of the consequences of such a course of life, counseled him to reform, and assured him that while he forgave this wanton outrage on himself, he hoped for his own sake he would henceforth betake himself to an upright calling.

His expostulation was so fearless, faithful, and affectionate that the robber was struck with compunction, delivered back his money and horse, and bade him go in peace. Then, with tears filling his eyes, he exclaimed, "May God have mercy on a sinful wretch," and hastened out of sight.

Archbishop Sharpe

"Archbishop Sharpe was assaulted by a robber on the highway, who presented a pistol and demanded his money. The Archbishop spoke to the robber in the language of a fellow man and of a Christian. The man was really in distress, and the prelate gave him such money as he had, and promised that, if he would call at the palace, he would make up the amount to fifty pounds. This was the sum of which the robber had said he was in the utmost need.

The man called and received the money. About a year and a half afterwards, this man came again to the palace, and brought back the same

sum. He said that his circumstances had become improved, and that, through the “astonishing goodness” of the Archbishop, he had become “the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of his species.”

Let the reader consider how different the Archbishop’s feelings were from what they would have been if by his hand this man had been cut off.” – *Dymond*.

Rowland Hill

I have seen an impressive anecdote of this distinguished London preacher, which I have failed to find among my papers, notwithstanding considerable search. I have but an imperfect recollection of the details, but the substance was as follows.

Mr. Hill was returning from an excursion out of the city. A man suddenly beset him from the wayside, pistol in hand, and demanded his purse. Mr. Hill calmly scrutinized his countenance with a look of compassion, and, while taking out his money, remarked to the robber that he did not look like a man of that bloody calling, and he was afraid some extreme distress had driven him to the crime. At the same time, he inquired how much he stood in need of.

The man was affected, declared this was his first offence, and pleaded the distress of his family as his only excuse. Mr. Hill kindly assured him of his sympathy, and of his willingness to relieve him. He gave him a certain sum on the spot, and promised him further aid if he would call at his house. The robber was melted into tears, humbly thanked his benefactor, and hastened towards the city.

Mr. Hill, desirous of knowing the whole truth of the matter, directed his servant to follow the man home. This was accordingly done, and it was ascertained that the poor man occupied a miserable tenement in an obscure street, where his wife and children were on the verge of starvation. He was seen to hasten first to a bakery, and then home with a few loaves of bread. His wife received the bread with joy, but with astonishment, expressing her hope that her dear husband had obtained it by none but innocent means. The children cried for joy as they began to satiate their hunger, and the father alone looked sad.

Mr. Hill benevolently took this man under his immediate care, provided a tenement for his family, and made him his coachman. He proved

to be a remarkably honest and industrious man, in a little time became a convert to experimental religion, and connected himself with Mr. Hill's church. For fifteen years he walked with such Christian circumspection as to command the entire confidence of all who knew him.

At length he died in the triumphs of hope. His pastor preached an effecting funeral sermon on the occasion, in which for the first time he communicated the affair of the robbery, and took occasion to impress on his auditors the excellence of Christian forbearance, kindness, and compassion towards the guilty. Here was a man withdrawn from an awful course of crime, and by divine grace rendered a child of God – an exemplary and beloved brother in Christ. How different might have been the result, had Rowland Hill either resisted him with deadly weapons, or taken the same pains to hand him over to the government, that he did to befriend him? O how lovely is true righteousness! How comely is Christian non-resistance! How safe!

The Methodist Non-Resistants

“The Rev. John Pomphret, an English Methodist minister, always advocated the practical applicability of the ‘peace doctrine,’ – *‘If a man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also, and if he compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain,’* – always declaring that if he should be attacked by a highwayman, he should put it in practice.

Being a cheese-monger (he preached to do good, not for wages), on his return from market one day, after he had received a large amount of money from his customers for the purpose of replenishing his year's stock, he was accosted by a robber, demanding his money, and threatening his life if he refused. The reverend peace-man coolly and kindly replied, ‘Well, friend, how much do you want, for I will give it to you, and thus save you from the crime of committing highway robbery.’ ‘Will you certainly give me what I require?’ asked the robber. ‘I will, in truth, if you do not require more than I have got,’ replied the non-resistant. ‘Then, I want fifteen pounds,’ (about seventy-five dollars). The required sum was counted out to him, and in gold, instead of in bank-bills, which, if the numbers had been observed, the reverend father, by notifying the bank, could have rendered non-negotiable, besides leaving the robber liable to detection in attempting to

pass them, telling him at the same time why he gave the gold instead of bank-notes, and saying, 'Unfortunate man, I make you welcome to this sum. Go home. Pay your debts. Hereafter, get your living honestly.'

"Years rolled on. At length, the good preacher received a letter, containing principal and interest, and a humble confession of his sins, from the robber saying that his appeals awoke his slumbering conscience, which had given him no rest until he had made both restitution and confession, besides wholly changing his course of life.

"Reader! Conscience is a more powerful principle than fear, and more difficult to stifle. Precaution may make the wicked feel safe; but conscience is not to be thus put off, or its remonstrances hushed by thoughts of safety. Punishment appeals to physical fear, which a due precaution against detection quiets, but cultivates and properly direct the consciences of children, and urge home moral accountability upon adults, and an effectual reformation will thereby be brought about. Reader! I leave it for you to say, whether this is not a law of mind.

"The Rev. Mr. Ramsay, another Methodist clergyman, was wholly dependent for his living on the quarterly collection made by his people, which was barely sufficient, by the greatest economy, to support his family. On the night that one of these collections was taken up, he was obliged to preach six 62 miles distant from his home, and the night was too stormy to allow of his return. During the night, two robbers broke into his house, called up Mrs. Ramsay and her sister (there were no men living in the house), and demanded to know where the money was. Mrs. R., in her night dress, lit the candle, and leading the way to the bureau that contained the precious deposit, procured the key, opened the drawer, and pointing out the money as it lay in a handkerchief, said, 'This is all we have to live on. It is the Lord's money. Yet, if you will take it, there it is.' With this remark, she left them and retired to bed. The next morning, the money to a cent was found undisturbed. Conscience here, as above, was appealed to, and with the same results." – *Fowler's Phrenological Journal*.

The Missionary and Arabs

Mr. King, a respectable missionary in Palestine, mentions a remarkable instance of the effect of pacific conduct, which operated to

preserve his own life and the lives of a considerable party, when assailed by a powerful band of Arabs on the plain of Esdracion.

The party of Mr. King had lost a trunk, which had been stolen, as they supposed, by some Arabs. In consequence of this they seized two Arabs and bound them together with cords, believing them to be the robbers. These they took along with them on their journey, contrary to the wishes of Mr. King. Soon the whole party was attacked by a band of Arabs, who set their brethren at liberty. Great was the alarm; Mr. King objected when one of the party was about to fire on the Arabs, and others interposed in season to prevent the evil intended. Every part of the Kofila was soon attacked, and Mr. King observed:

“It was no time to parley. All was confusion. No one knew whether he expected life or death. The latter, however, seemed to stare us in the face. Our baggage was at length cut off. There seemed to be a little cessation on the part of the Arabs, and I hoped that, contented with our baggage, they would let us go in peace. But in a moment I saw them coming on again. I thought that probably all was lost and that, as they had stopped our baggage, they now intended to take our lives. It was an awful moment. I could only say, ‘Heaven defend us.’ I was in front of the Kofila, and a little distance ahead, when an Arab sheik came flying up to me on his steed with a large club in his hand. Making a halt, I addressed him, calling him brother; and said, ‘Do me no harm, I have not injured you.’

“I spoke to him words of peace and gentleness. Upon this he let down his club which he had been brandishing, halted, listened, and presently turned away; and soon after I saw him driving back some of our pursuers, and the cry of ayman (safety) was heard by us; and I need not say it was a welcome sound to our ears.

“The baggage, too, to my surprise, was soon after permitted to come on. The attack was a gallant one, and made by the Arabs as if they were determined to carry their point through life or death. And I have no doubt that had one of their party fallen by our hands, it would have been the signal for the slaughter of us all.”

A Christian Tribe in Africa

The following interesting incident is copied from Moffat’s Southern Africa. It occurred in a remote village of native Africans, the inhabitants of

which had received Christian teachers, and were just emerging from a state of barbarism:

“This little Christian band had met on a Sabbath morning with the people, in the centre of the village, to hold the early prayer meeting before the services of the day. They were scarcely seated when a party of marauders approached from the interior, whither they had gone for plunder, and not having succeeded to their wishes, had determined to attack this village on their return.

“Moshen (the chief) arose, and begged the people to sit still, and trust in Jehovah, while he went to meet the marauders. To his inquiry what they wanted, the appalling reply was, ‘your cattle, and it is at your peril you raise your weapons to resist.’ ‘There are my cattle,’ replied the chief, and then retired and resumed his position at the prayer meeting. A hymn was sung, a chapter read, and then all kneeled in prayer to God, who only could save them in their distress.

“The sight was too sacred and solemn to be gazed on by such a band of ruffians; they all withdrew from the spot, without touching a single article belonging to the people.”

The Moravian Indians

A small tribe of Indians in the West had been converted by the Moravian Missionaries to their faith, one article of which is that Christians cannot innocently fight, even to save their lives. A while afterwards, this little pacific tribe was thrown into extreme alarm and distress by intelligence that a much larger tribe at some distance to the North meditated a hostile incursion upon them. They called on their Moravian teachers for advice. They did not see how they could possibly avoid fighting under such circumstances. They feared they should be utterly destroyed by their enemies unless they resisted.

They were affectionately and earnestly exhorted to abide by their principles, and trust in God. They were told of the superior numbers of the hostile tribe, and how uncertain their fate would be, should they presume to make deadly weapons their reliance. They were advised to select a few of their oldest men as a delegation, and to supply them with such presents of choice eatables and other articles, as their circumstances would afford. This venerable delegation, entirely unarmed except with their baskets of parched

corn, fruits, etc., were to advance and meet the enemy at a distance from the village. Meantime those who remained behind were to engage in united supplication to the Father of spirits for his protection.

The advice was accepted, faithfully followed, and successfully carried out. The hostile Indians were advancing upon their defenseless prey. The old men, laden with their simple but significant presents, went out to meet them. The invaders, astonished and awed by the spectacle, halted on their tomahawks. When the delegates reached the advanced lines they opened as if by magic, and a passage was freely offered them to the presence of the commanding Sachem. Their age and meekness commanded his instant admiration. He accepted their presents, listened to their counsels of peace, declared his friendship, sent them back with assurances that no injury should be done by his tribe to theirs, and declared that if any attack should be made upon them he and his people would be their protectors. So these truly Christian Indians escaped entirely the threatened injury, and sat down in their cabins, surrounded by bulwarks of security such as nothing but these divine principles and their all perfect Author can establish.

The Moravians of Grace Hill

During the rebellion in Ireland, in 1793, the rebels, it is stated, had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Grace Hill, Wexford County. At length, in fulfillment of their threats, a large body of them marched to the town. But the Moravians, true to their principles in this trying emergency, did not meet them in arms; but assembling in their place of worship, besought Jehovah to be their shield and protector in the hour of danger. The hostile bands, who had expected an armed resistance, were struck with astonishment at a sight so unexpected and impressive; they heard the prayers and praises of the Moravians; they listened to supplications in their own behalf; and after lingering in the streets a whole day and night, they with one consent turned and marched away, without having injured a single individual.

The Shakers

“The Shakers, too, have experienced that protection which pacific principles are sure to afford. About the year 1812, the inhabitants of Indiana were harassed by incursions from the Indians; but the Shakers who lived in that region, although they were without garrisons and without arms, appear to have been entirely secure while the work of destruction was going on around them. The question was once put to a prominent chief, why the Indians did not attack and injure the Shakers, as well as others. His answer was, ‘We warriors meddle with a peaceable people? That people, we know, will not fight. It would be a disgrace to hurt such a people.’” – *The Friend of Peace*.

The Indians and the Quaker Family

An intelligent Quaker of Cincinnati related to me the following circumstance, as evidence that the principle of non-resistance possesses great influence, even over the savage. During the last war, a Quaker lived among the inhabitants of a small settlement on our western frontier. When the savages commenced their desolating outbreaks, every inhabitant fled to the interior settlements, with the exception of the Quaker and his family. He determined to remain, and rely wholly upon the simple rule of disarming his enemies with entire confidence and kindness.

One morning he observed, through his window, a file of savages issuing from the forest in the direction of his house. He immediately went out and met them, and put out his hand to the leader of the party. But neither he nor the rest gave him any notice – they entered his house and searched it for arms, and, had they found any, most probably would have murdered every member of the family. There were none, however, and they quietly partook of the provisions that he placed before them, and left him in peace.

At the entrance of the forest, he observed that they stopped and appeared to be holding a council. Soon one of their number left the rest, and came towards his dwelling on the leap. He reached the door, fastened a simple white feather above it, and returned to his band, when they all disappeared. Ever after, that white feather saved him from the savages; for whenever a party came by and observed it, it was a sign of peace to them. In this instance, we discover that the law of kindness disarmed even savage foes, whose white feather told their red brethren that the Quaker was a

follower of Penn, and the friend of their race. – *Montgomery's Law of Kindness*.

The Inhabitants of the Loochoo Islands

These islands are in the neighborhood of the Chinese Sea. They have been visited by several navigators, and, among others, by Captain Basil Hall. He states that they do not have forts, men-of-war, garrisons, arms, or soldiers, and appear to be quite ignorant of the art of war. They are kind, hospitable, courteous, honest, and acquainted with some of the mechanical arts. Well, what has been their fate? Reasoning on the rash premises of our opponents, we should predicate their utter destruction. But have they been destroyed? Quite the contrary. They have been preserved in peace, safety, and happiness. "The olive branch" is planted on their shores, and they sit beneath it, "no man daring to make them afraid." – *McCree*.

The Indians and the Quaker Meeting

I have somewhere met with the following anecdote, but cannot now recollect where. In western New York or Pennsylvania, in a period of Indian hostilities, a neighborhood of Friends, who had erected a log meetinghouse, regularly assembled after the manner of their Society. They had been invited and urged to come within the protection of the army and its fortifications. But they refused to abandon their testimony by expressing any such reliance on the arm of flesh. They were consequently exposed to the attack of every wandering horde of warriors on that part of the frontier.

One day, while sitting in silent devotion in their rude meetinghouse, a party of Indians suddenly approached the place, painted and armed for the work of slaughter. They passed to and fro by the open door of the house, looking inquisitively within and about the building, until having sufficiently reconnoitered the quiet worshippers, they at length respectfully entered and joined them. They were met by the principal Friends with the outstretched hand of peace, and shown to such seats as the house afforded, which they occupied in reverent silence until the meeting was regularly dissolved. They were then invited to one of the nearest dwellings by the leading man of the Society, and hospitably refreshed.

On their departure the Indian chief took his host aside, and pledged him and his people perfect security from all the depredations of the red men. Said he, "When Indian come to this place, Indian meant to tomahawk every white man he found. But when Indian found white man with no guns, no fighting weapons, so still, so peaceable, worshipping Great Spirit, the Great Spirit say in Indian's heart – no hurt them, no hurt them!"

So saying, he gave a final friendly grip and hastened off with his followers to find that sort of white man whose confidence in deadly weapons invited destruction.

The Christian Town in the Tyrol

The following is a beautiful extract from one of Lydia Maria Child's letters to the Boston Courier. I commend it not merely to a pleasant reading, which it will be sure to receive, but to a most serious consideration:

"Today is Christmas. From East to West, from North to South, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the principle of love – that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity. It is the divine idea that distinguishes it from all other religions, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept only to swear by that gospel which says, 'Swear not at all.'

"Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict have 'ushered in our brief day;' and is there peace and good will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfill the prophecy that angels sung. But the world persists in saying, 'This doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice now; men are not prepared for it.' The same spirit says, 'It would not be safe to emancipate slaves; they must first be fitted for freedom.' As if slavery ever could fit men for freedom, or war ever lead the nations into peace! Yet men who gravely utter these excuses laugh at the shallow wit of that timid mother, who declared that her son should never venture into the water until he had learned to swim.

"Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if accompanied by the declaration that such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a

deep friendliness for humanity. Who seemed so little likely to understand such a position, as the Indians of North America? Yet how readily they laid down tomahawks and scalping knives at the feet of William Penn! With what humble sorrow they apologized for killing the only three Quakers they were ever known to attack! 'The men carried arms,' said they, 'and therefore we did not know they were not fighters. We thought they pretended to be Quakers, because they were cowards.' The savages of the East, who murdered Lyman and Munson, made the same excuse. 'They carried arms,' said they, 'and so we supposed they were not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We would have done them no harm, if we had known they were men of God.'

"If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, 'We will not fight under any provocation; if other nations have aught against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen;' think you that any nation would dare to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if any were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilized world would cry fie upon them, and, by universal consent, brand them as poltroons and assassins. And assassins they would be, even in the common acceptance of the term.

"I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town (in the Tyrol, I think) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony that believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, 'If they will, take it they must.' Soldiers soon came riding in with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, 'the harlequins of the nineteenth century.' Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked.' 'We have none,' was the brief reply. 'But we have come to take the town.' 'Well, friends, it lies before you.' 'But is there nobody here to fight?' 'No, we are all Christians.' Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance that no bullet could hit – a fortress perfectly bomb-

proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight,' said he. 'It is impossible to take such a town as this.' So he ordered the horses heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

"This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity of another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above mentioned."

Captain Back – The Quakers – The Malays

I shall make no apology for adding to the foregoing the following extracts from another article by the same fruitful and instructive pen.

"It is a mission worth living for, if I can give the least aid in convincing mankind that the Christian doctrine of overcoming evil with good is not merely a beautiful sentiment, as becoming to the religious, as are pearls to the maiden's bosom, but that it is really the highest reason, the bravest manliness, the most comprehensive philosophy, and the wisest political economy.

"The amount of proof that it is so seems abundant enough to warrant the belief that a practical adoption of peace principles would be always safe, even with the most savage men, and under the most desperate circumstances, provided there was a chance to have it distinctly understood that such a course was not based on cowardice, but on principle.

"When Capt. Back went to the Polar Regions in search of his friend, Capt. Ross, he fell in with a band of the Eskimos, who had never seen a white man. The chief raised a spear to hurl it at the stranger's head; but when Capt. Back approached calmly and unarmed, the spear dropped, and the rude savage gladly welcomed the brother man, who had trusted in him. Had Capt. Back adopted the usual maxim, that it is necessary to carry arms in such emergencies, he would probably have occasioned his own death and that of his companions."

Perhaps the severest test to which the peace principles were ever put was in Ireland, during the memorable rebellion of 1798. During that terrible conflict the Irish Quakers were continually between two fires. The Protestant party viewed them with suspicion and dislike because they refused to fight or to pay military taxes; and the fierce multitude of insurgents deemed it sufficient cause of death that they would neither profess belief in the Catholic religion nor help them fight for Irish freedom. Victory alternated between the two contending parties, and, as usual in civil war, the victors made almost indiscriminate havoc of those who did not march under their banners.

It was a perilous time for all men, but the Quakers alone were liable to a raking fire from both sides. Foreseeing calamity, they had, nearly two years before the war broke out, publicly destroyed all their guns, and other weapons used for game. But this pledge of pacific intentions was not sufficient to satisfy the government, which required warlike assistance at their hands. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters; but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties, and harm to neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans, with the sick, the wounded and the dying, belonging both to the loyalists and the rebels. Sometimes, when the Catholic insurgents were victorious, they would be greatly enraged to find Quaker houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols and threaten death, if their enemies were not immediately turned into the street to be massacred. But the pistol dropped when the Christian mildly replied, "Friend, do what thou wilt, I will not harm thee, or any other human being." Not even amid the savage fierceness of civil war, could men fire at one who spoke such words as these. They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery very much higher than their own.

On one occasion, an insurgent threatened to burn down a Quaker house unless the owner expelled the Protestant women and children who had taken refuge there. "I cannot help it," replied the Friend, "so long as I have a house, I will keep it open to succor the helpless and distressed, whether they belong to thy ranks, or those of thy enemies. If my house is burned, I must be turned out with them, and share their affliction." The fighter turned away and did the Christian no harm.

The Protestant party seized the Quaker schoolmaster of Ballitore, saying they could see no reason why he should stay at home in quiet, while

they were obliged to defend his property. "Friends, I have asked no man to fight for me," replied the schoolmaster. But they dragged him along, swearing that he should at least stop a bullet. His house and schoolhouse were filled with women and children who had taken refuge there, for it was an instructive fact, throughout this bloody contest, that *the houses of the men of peace were the only places of safety*. Some of the women followed the soldiers, begging them not to take away their friend and protector, a man who had expended more for the sick and starving than others did for arms and ammunition. The schoolmaster said, "Do not be distressed, my friends. I forgive these neighbors; for what they do, they do in ignorance of my principles and feelings. They may take my life, but they cannot force me to do injury to one of my fellow creatures." As the Catholics had done, so did the Protestants; they went away, and left the man of peace safe in his divine armor.

The flames of bigotry were, of course, fanned by civil war. On one occasion, the insurgents seized a wealthy old Quaker, in very feeble health, and threatened to shoot him if he did not go with them to a Catholic priest to be christened. They had not led him far, before he sank down from extreme weakness. "What do you say to our proposition?" asked one of the soldiers, handling his gun significantly. The old man quietly replied, "If thou art permitted to take my life, I hope our Heavenly Father will forgive thee." The insurgents talked apart for a few moments, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand.

Deeds of kindness added strength to the influence of gentle words. The officers and soldiers of both parties had had some dying brother tended by the Quakers, or some starving mother who had been fed, or some desolate little ones who had been cherished. Whichever party marched into a village victorious, the cry was, "Spare the Quakers! They have done good to all, and harm to none." While flames were raging, and blood flowing in every direction, the houses of the peacemakers stood uninjured.

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded that, during the fierce and terrible struggle, even in counties where Quakers were most numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice. That one was a young man who, being afraid to trust peace principles, put on a military uniform and went to the garrison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents, and he

was killed. "His dress and arms spoke the language of hostility," says the historian, "and therefore invited it."

A few years ago, I met an elderly man in the Hartford stage, whose conversation led me to reflect on the baseness and iniquity often concealed behind the apparent glory of war. The thumb of his right hand hung down, as if suspended by a piece of thread, and some of the passengers enquired the cause. "A Malay woman cut the muscle with her saber," was the reply.

"A Malay woman!" they exclaimed. "How came you fighting with a woman?"

"I did not know she was a woman, for they all dress alike there," said he. "I was on board the U.S. ship *Potomac*, when it was sent out to chastise the Malays for murdering the crew of a Salem vessel. We attacked one of their forts and killed some two hundred or more. Many of them were women, and I can tell you, the Malay women are as good fighters as the men."

After answering several questions concerning the conflict, he was silent for a moment, and then added, with a sigh, "Ah, that was a bad business. I do not like to remember it; I wish I had never had anything to do with it. I have been a seaman from my youth, and I know the Malays well. They are a brave and honest people. Deal fairly with them, and they will treat you well, and may be trusted with untold gold. The Americans were to blame in that business. The truth is, Christian nations are generally to blame, in the outset, in all the difficulties with less civilized people. A Salem ship went to Malacca to trade for pepper. They agreed to give the natives a stated compensation when a certain number of measures full of pepper were delivered.

"Men, women, and children were busy picking pepper and bringing it on board. The Captain proposed that the sailors should go on shore and help them; and the natives consented, with the most confiding good nature. The sailors were instructed to pick until evening, and then leave the baskets full of pepper around the bushes, with the understanding that they were to be brought on board by the natives in the morning. They did so, without exciting any suspicion of treachery. But in the night the baskets were all conveyed away, and the vessel sailed away, leaving the Malays unpaid for their valuable cargo. This, of course, excited great indignation, and they made loud complaints to the commander of the next American vessel that

arrived on that coast. In answer to a demand of redress from the Government, they were assured the case should be represented, and the wrong repaired. But ‘Yankee cuteness’ in cheating a few savages was not sufficiently uncommon to make any great stir, and the affair was soon forgotten. Some time after, another Captain of a Salem ship played a similar trick, and carried off a still larger quantity of stolen pepper. The Malays, exasperated beyond measure, resorted to Lynch law, and murdered an American crew that landed there about the same time. The U.S. ship Potomac was sent out to punish them for the outrage; and, as I told, we killed some two hundred men and women. I sometimes think that our retaliation was not more rational or more like Christians than theirs.”

“Will you please,” said I, “to tell me what sort of revenge would be like Christians?”

He hesitated and said it would be a hard question to answer. “I never felt pleasantly about that affair,” continued he. “I would not have killed her if I had known she was a woman.”

I asked why he felt any more regret about killing a woman than killing a man.

“I hardly know why myself,” answered he. “I don’t suppose I should, if it were a common thing for women to fight. But we are accustomed to think of them as not defending themselves; and there is something in every human heart that makes a man unwilling to fight in return. It seems mean and dastardly, and a man cannot work himself up to it.”

“Then, if one nation would not fight, another could not,” said I. “What if a nation, instead of an individual, should make such an appeal to the manly feeling, which you say is inherent in the heart?”

“I believe other nations would be ashamed to attack her,” he replied. “It would take away all the glory and excitement of war, and the hardiest soldier would shrink from it, as from cold-blooded murder.”

“Such a peace establishment would be at once cheap and beautiful,” rejoined I; and so we parted.

Jonathan Dymond – Colony of Pennsylvania

I shall relieve myself, and edify my readers, by concluding this chapter with a somewhat extended extract from the essays of Jonathan Dymond. It is from that part of his third essay, headed *The Probable Practical Effects of*

Adhering to the Moral Law in Respect to War. It is exceedingly pertinent, lucid, and convincing. He says:

“It is never to be forgotten that our apparent interests in the present life are sometimes, in the economy of God, made subordinate to our interests in futurity. Yet, even in reference only to the present state of existence, I believe that we shall find that the testimony of experience is that forbearance is most conducive to our interests. There is practical truth in the position that, ‘When a man’s ways please the Lord,’ he ‘maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.’

“The reader of American history will recollect, that in the beginning of the last century a desultory and most dreadful warfare was carried on by the natives against the European settlers; a warfare that was provoked – as such warfare has almost always originally been – by the injury and violence of the (nominal) Christians. The mode of destruction was secret and sudden. The barbarians sometimes lay in wait for those who might come within their reach, on the highway or in the fields, and shot them without warning, and sometimes they attacked the Europeans in their houses, ‘scalping some, and knocking out the brains of others.’ From this horrible warfare the inhabitants sought safety by abandoning their houses and retiring to fortified places, or to the neighborhood of garrisons; and those whom necessity still compelled to pass beyond the limits of such protection, provided themselves with arms for their defense. But amidst this dreadful desolation and universal terror, the Society of Friends [Quakers], who were a considerable portion of the whole population, were steadfast to their principles. They would neither retire to garrisons, nor provide themselves with arms. They remained openly in the country, while the rest were flying to the forts. They still pursued their occupations in the fields or at their homes, without a weapon either for annoyance or defense. And what was their fate? They lived in security and quiet. The habitation that, to his armed neighbor, was the scene of murder and of the scalping knife, was to the unarmed Quaker a place of safety and of peace.

“Three of the Society were, however, killed. And who were they? They were three who abandoned their principles. Two of these victims were men who, in the simple language of the narrator, ‘used to go to their labor without any weapons, and trusted to the Almighty, and depended on his providence to protect them (it being their principle not to use weapons of war to offend others, or to defend themselves), but a spirit of distrust taking

place in their minds, they took weapons of war to defend themselves, and the Indians who had seen them several times without them and let them alone, saying they were peaceable men and hurt nobody, therefore they would not hurt them – now seeing them have guns, and supposing they designed to kill the Indians, they therefore shot the men dead. The third whose life was sacrificed was a woman, ‘who had remained in her habitation,’ not thinking herself warranted in going ‘to a fortified place for preservation,’ neither she, her son, nor daughter, nor to take thither the little ones; but the poor woman after some time began to let in a slavish fear, and advised her children to go with her to a fort not far from their dwelling. She went; and shortly afterwards ‘the bloody, cruel Indians, lay by the way, and killed her.’

“The fate of the Quakers during the rebellion in Ireland was nearly similar. It is well known the Rebellion was a time – not only of open war, but also of cold-blooded murder – of the utmost fury of bigotry, and the utmost exasperation of revenge. Yet the Quakers were preserved even to a proverb; and when strangers passed through streets of ruin, and observed a house standing uninjured and alone, they would sometimes point, and say, ‘That, doubtless, is the house of a Quaker.’ So complete indeed was the preservation which these people experienced, that in an official document of the Society they say, ‘No member of our Society fell a sacrifice but one young man; and that young man had assumed regimentals and arms.’

“It is to no purpose to say, in opposition to the evidence of these facts, that they form an exception to a general rule. The exception to the rule consists in the trial of the experiment of non-resistance, not in its success. Neither is it to any purpose to say that the savages of America, or the desperadoes of Ireland, spared the Quakers because they were previously known to be an unoffending people, or because the Quakers had previously gained the love of these by forbearance or good offices. We concede all this; it is the very argument that we maintain. We say that a uniform, undeviating regard to the peaceable obligations of Christianity becomes the safeguard of those who practice it. We venture to maintain that no reason whatever can be assigned why the fate of the Quakers would not be the fate of all who should adopt their conduct. No reason can be assigned why, if their numbers had been multiplied ten-fold, or a hundred-fold, they would not have been preserved. If there is such a reason, let us hear it. The American and Irish Quakers were, to the rest of the community, what one nation is to

a continent. And we must require the advocate of war to produce (that which has never yet been produced) a reason for believing that, although individuals exposed to destruction were preserved, a nation exposed to destruction would be destroyed.

We do not, however, say that if a people, in the customary state of men's passions, should be assailed by an invader, and should on a sudden choose to declare that they would try whether Providence would protect them – of such a people we do not say that they would experience protection, and that none of them would be killed. But we say that the evidence of experience is that a people who habitually regard the obligations of Christianity in their conduct towards other men and who steadfastly refuse, through whatever consequences, to engage in acts of hostility, will experience protection in their peacefulness. And it matters nothing to the argument, whether we refer that protection to the immediate agency of Providence, or to the influence of such conduct upon the minds of men.”

Such has been the experience of the unoffending and unresisting, in individual life. A National example of a refusal to bear arms, has only once been exhibited to the world; but that one example has proved, so far as its political circumstances enabled it to prove all that humanity could desire and all that skepticism could demand, in favor of our argument.

The Colony of Pennsylvania

“It has been,” says he, “the ordinary practice of those who have colonized distant countries, to force a footing; or to maintain it with the sword. One of the first objects has been to build a fort, and to provide a military. The adventurers became soldiers, and the colony was a garrison. Pennsylvania was, however, colonized by men who believed that war was absolutely incompatible with Christianity, and who, therefore, resolved not to practice it. Having determined not to fight, they maintained no soldiers and possessed no arms. They planted themselves in a country ‘that was surrounded by savages, and by savages who knew they were unarmed.

“If easiness of conquest, or incapability of defense, could subject them to outrage, the Pennsylvanians might have been the very sport of violence. Plunderers might have robbed them without retaliation, and armies might have slaughtered them without resistance. If they did not give a temptation

to outrage, no temptation could be given. But these were the people who possessed their country in security, while those around them were trembling for their existence. Theirs was a land of peace, while every other was a land of war. The conclusion is inevitable, although it is extraordinary; they were in no need of arms, because they would not use them.

“These Indians were sufficiently ready to commit outrages on other states, and often visited them with desolation and slaughter; with that sort of desolation and that sort of slaughter which might be expected from men whom civilization had not reclaimed from cruelty, and whom religion had not awed into forbearance. ‘But whatever the quarrels of the Pennsylvania Indians were with others, they uniformly respected and held, as they were sacred, the territories of [William Penn](#). The Pennsylvanians never lost a man, woman, or child by them; which neither the colony of Maryland nor that of Virginia could say, no more than the great colony of New England.’

“The security and quiet Pennsylvania was not a transient freedom from war, such as might accidentally happen to any nation. She continued to enjoy it ‘for more than seventy years,’ and ‘subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for her defense.’

“I cannot wonder that these people were not molested, extraordinary and unexampled as their security was. There is something so noble in this confidence in the Supreme Protector, in this utter exclusion of ‘slavish fear,’ in this voluntary relinquishment of the means of injury or of defense, that I do not wonder that even ferocity could be disarmed by such virtue. A people generously living without arms amidst nations of warriors! Who would attack a people such as this? There are few men so abandoned as not to respect such confidence. It is a peculiar and an unusual intensity of wickedness that would not even revere it.

“And when was the security of Pennsylvania molested, and its peace destroyed? When the men who had directed its counsels, and who would not engage in war, were outvoted in its legislature; when they who supposed that there was greater security in the sword than in Christianity became the predominating body. From that hour the Pennsylvanians transferred their confidence in Christian principles to a confidence in arms; and from that hour to the present they have been subject to war.

“Such is the evidence, derived from a national example, of the consequences of a pursuit of the Christian policy in relation to war. Here are people who absolutely refused to fight, and who incapacitated themselves

for resistance by refusing to possess arms; and these were the people whose land, amidst surrounding broils and slaughter, was selected as a land of security and peace. The only national opportunity that the virtue of the Christian world has afforded us of ascertaining the safety of relying upon God for defense has determined that it is safe.”

In his book Ballou raises objections that he thinks someone might have, and then addresses them. One objection that he introduces here is that someone might say that in times of crisis, the extraordinary is possible. But Ballou rejects this. He makes the important point that we often blame governments and institutions for their injustices, but it is ordinary actions of the everyday that add up to the malpractice of the greater body. Also below is the example that maybe struck me the most of all of them, about the Christian slave.

Go demand indulgence to commit violations of the Ten Commandments in small matters. Plead how difficult it is in everyday life not to lie a little, deceive a little, defraud a little, extort a little, hate your neighbor a little, steal a little, be murderous a little, idolatrous a little, and lascivious a little. Get your indulgence from Heaven for all this, and then doubtless an indulgence will not be withheld to resist injury with injury a little, and to render evil for evil a little, in ordinary matters. Until then, the law and standard of righteousness must not be relaxed to suit human convenience. Duty must be insisted on without abatement, and whoever exhibits weakness, imperfection, frailty or sin, must bear the shame and condemnation.

It is in these small matters that every virtue suffers its greatest betrayal. A continual dropping wears the hardest stone. A continual unscrupulousness in little things undermines all moral principle. The ocean is made up of drops. Righteousness is an aggregate of the little things of life. He that is faithless habitually in small matters is not to be depended on in great matters. He may, or may not do right. A principal reason why public institutions, laws, and measures are so repugnant to justice and humanity is that the individual consciences of the people, in the small matters of ordinary life, are habitually unscrupulous. If, then, non-resistance is to be insisted on at all, as a duty, it is to be insisted on in small matters as well as large.

And after all that may be said of the difficulty of practicing it, we know that it has been and can be practiced. Nothing is wanting but the will to try. I will

add to the numerous illustrations already given, a few others relating chiefly to individual affairs and the so-called small matters of life.

The Profane Swearer Reproved and Subdued

Mr. Deering, a Puritan minister, being once at a public dinner, a gallant young man sat on the opposite side of the table, who, besides other vain discourse, broke out in profane swearing, for which Mr. Deering gravely and sharply reproved him. The young man, taking this as an affront, immediately threw a glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering took no notice of the insult; but wiped his face and continued eating as before. The young gentleman presently renewed his profane conversation, and Mr. Deering reproved him as before – upon which, but with more rage and violence, he flung another glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering continued unmoved, still showing his zeal for the glory of God by bearing the insult with Christian meekness and humble silence. This so astonished the young gentleman that he rose from the table, fell on his knees, and asked Mr. Deering’s pardon, and declared that if any of the company offered him similar insults, he would stab them with his sword. Here was practically verified the New Testament maxim: “Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good.” – Rom. 12:21.

The Christian Slave and His Enemy

The following was first published in the London Christian Observer:

A slave in one of the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner on account of his integrity and general good conduct. After some time his master raised him to a situation of some consequence in the management of his estate, and on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instruction to choose those who were strong and likely to make good workmen.

The man went to the slave market and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale, before he fixed his eye upon an old decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged when the dealer remarked that, if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them that man in the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their master; but upon none did the manager show half the attention and care that

he did upon the poor old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation and laid him upon his own bed; he fed him at his own table and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoanut tree.

Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a fellow-slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said, "You could not take so much interest in the old man but for some special reason: he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father?"

"No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my fader."

"He is then an elder brother?"

"No, massa, he no my broder!"

"Then he is an uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, he no be my kindred at all, nor even my friend!"

"Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?"

"He my enemy, massa," replied the slave. "He sold me to the slave dealer, and my Bible tell me when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink."

Henry C. Wright and His Assailant

The following incident in the life of Henry C. Wright shows his admirable consistency and the salutary influence of non-resistance on the offender. He was in a hotel in Philadelphia, and there engaged in a conversation on non-resistance. An officer present became enraged and struck him. Mr. Wright took no notice of the assault but proceeded with his remarks. In a few moments the officer struck him again. Friend Wright still preserved his equanimity and continued the conversation. His assailant struck him a third time and nearly knocked him down. He recovered himself, though much injured by the blows of his opponent, took him by the hand, and said, "I feel no unkindness towards you and hope soon to see you at my house." He then left the company and returned home.

Mr. Wright saw his assailant much sooner than he expected, for he was called up at dawn next morning by the very man who had struck him the previous evening. He exclaimed, as he entered the house, "Can you forgive me? I have been in agony all night. I thought you would strike again or I never should have struck you."

“He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.” – *McCree*.

“He that, unshrinking and without a groan
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off conqueror.”
– *Watts*.

The Victorious Little Boy

I had the following anecdote from a gentleman of veracity. A little boy in Connecticut, of remarkably serious mind and habits, was ordinarily employed about a mechanic’s shop where nearly all the hands were addicted to the common use of intoxicating liquors. The lad had imbibed temperance principles, and though often invited could never be induced to partake with any of the shop’s crew. At length his teacher in the Sunday school, in conversation on certain non-resistant texts of scripture, had awakened his mind to that subject, and he very conscientiously avowed his determination to try to live in accordance with this great Christian doctrine.

Three or four of the harder drinkers in the shop, somewhat piqued at such precocious piety and scrupulousness of conscience, resolved to humble the lad, or at least put his new notions to the test. They resolved to force a dram of rum down his throat by some means. Seizing an opportunity when he was left alone in the shop with them, they invited him to drink. He refused. They then told him they should compel him. He remained calm and unmoved. They threatened him with violence. Still he neither seemed angry nor attempted to escape nor evinced the least disposition to yield; but insisted that it was wicked and he could not do it.

They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while the third held the bottle ready to force it into his mouth. Still their victim remained meek and firm, declaring that he had never injured them and never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him. The man who held the fatal bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck by the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that, as he afterwards confessed almost with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand. Twice he essayed to lift the bottle, as he placed the nose of it in the child’s mouth, but his arm refused to serve him. Not the least resistance was made in this stage of the proceeding otherwise than by a meek protesting look; yet the ringleader himself was overcome in his feelings and gave over the attempt, declaring that he could not and would not injure such an innocent, conscientious, good hearted boy.

Such is moral power. Such is the strength by which evil may, sometimes at least, be overcome with good.

Colony of Practical Christians

The following is another extract from the writings of Lydia M. Child. It needs no commendation. It will speak to the better feelings of the soul and leave its sweet odor there.

“The highest gifts my soul has received during its world pilgrimage have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among these donors, I particularly remember a hard working, uneducated mechanic from Indiana or Illinois. He told me he was one of thirty or forty New Englanders, who, twelve years before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were mostly neighbors, and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a general unity of opinion on various subjects. For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each other’s houses to talk over their duties to God and man, in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the Gospel, their priesthood the inward light. There were then no anti-slavery societies; but thus taught and reverently willing to learn, they had no need of such agency to discover their duties to the enslaved. The efforts of peace societies had reached this secluded band only in broken echoes; and non-resistance societies had no existence. But with the volume of the Prince of Peace and hearts open to his influence, what need had they of preambles and resolutions?

“Rich in God-culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming, gardens; they made their outward ones in a wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther – they openly announced, ‘You may do us what evil you choose; we will return nothing but good.’ Lawyers came into the neighborhood and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, ‘We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us your occupation has ceased to exist.’ ‘What will you do, if rascals burn your barns and steal your harvests?’ ‘We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency.’

“When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvelous good joke, and said and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty. Bars were taken down in the night and cows let into the cornfields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home; saying, ‘Neighbor, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night lest the children should suffer for their milk.’

“If this was fun, those who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees, a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses’ tails and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, ‘Don’t throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn’t they send it to mother, because they thought chicken-broth would be good for poor Mary! I should think you’d be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens.’ Thus was evil overcome with good, until not one was found to do them willful injury.

“Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance beyond their neighbors, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologized when he took their hard earned goods in payment for the war tax. They mildly replied, ‘Tis a bad trade, friend. Examine it in the light of conscience and see if it is not so.’ But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes.

“At the end of ten years, the public lands, which they had chosen for their farms, were advertised for sale at auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price; which at that time was \$1.25 per acre. But the fever of land speculation then chanced to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction; and capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom or equity would be regarded. The first day’s sale showed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in at seventeen, twenty-five, and forty dollars an acre. The Christian colony had small hope of retaining their farms. As first settlers, they had chosen the best land; and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold at exorbitant prices.

“In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale, they observed with grateful surprise that their neighbors were everywhere busy among the crowd, begging

and expostulating: 'Don't bid on these lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time, they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighborhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on their land. Let it go at the government price.'

"The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered \$1.25; intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, not one bid over them! Without one opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ."

The Avenger Stayed

I will add one more impressive illustration, and close. I copy from the *Advocate of Peace* for April 1845, which appears to have quoted from *The History of Danish Missions*:

"The history of the Danish missions in Greenland is well known. Hans Egede, a man of apostolic benevolence and zeal, was the pioneer in those efforts to Christianize the wild and savage wanderer of the frozen north; and among his successors was his grand-son, Hans Egede Saabye, from whose interesting diary we select the following tale of vengeance sternly purposed, but graciously turned into love by the power of the gospel.

"The law or custom of Greenland requires every murder, especially that of a father, to be avenged by the nearest of kin. Some twenty years before the arrival of Saabye, a man was murdered under circumstances of great atrocity, in the presence of his own son. The boy, only thirteen years old, was too young to defend his father, but he did not forget the debt of vengeance due to his murderer. Fleeing for his own safety into a remote part of the country, he there fanned in his bosom the secret flame for twenty-five years, and waited only for an opportunity to let it burst forth in full and fierce revenge. The murderer was a man of so much influence, and surrounded with so many adherents ready for his defense, that the son feared to attack him; but having persuaded a number of his own relatives to accompany him, he started at length on his long cherished purpose of vengeance, and came in quest of his victim near the residence of Saabye.

The houses in Greenland are a species of common property. The people quit them during their short summer, and on returning the next winter, take possession of anyone they may chance to find unoccupied. Winter was now beginning to stretch his icy arms over the north; but the avenger found no

shelter for himself and his associates in the work of vengeance. Only one was vacant, and that belonged to the preacher of peace and forgiveness; but Saabye, though well apprized of his purpose, let him have the house, and treated him with his wonted courtesy and kindness.

These attentions touched the avenger's heart; and he came to thank Saabye, and repeated his visits so often that he apologized at length for their frequency by saying, 'You are so amiable that I cannot keep away from you.' After a lapse of several weeks, he said, 'I should like to know something of that great Lord of Heaven, about whom you say so much; and some of my relations wish to learn too.' Saabye granted his request, and found ten or twelve of the company anxious for instruction. He sent a catechist to live with them, and was much gratified at their progress, especially that of the avenger, who frequently left his fishing to hear instruction, and who at length resolved to ask for baptism.

"In the month of May, Kunnuk came to Saabye, and said, 'Teacher, will you baptize me? You know I'm obedient. I know God; and my wife, as well as I, wishes to become a believer.' 'Yes,' replied the preacher, 'you know something of God. You know he is good; you see how he loves you and desires to make you happy; but he desires also to have you obey him.' 'I do love him,' earnestly rejoined the avenger; 'I will obey him.' 'But,' answered Saabye, 'if you wish to obey him, you must kill nobody. You have often heard his command, thou shalt not kill.'

"Kunnuk shook his head in great emotion, and only said, half to himself, 'Hard doctrine; hard doctrine!' 'Hear me, good Kunnuk,' continued the man of God. 'I know you have come to avenge the murder of your father; this you must not do if you wish to become a believer.' 'But,' retorted the avenger with a flash of indignation gleaming from his eye, 'he murdered my father, my own father! I saw it but could not help him; and now I must punish the murderer.'

'You grieve me!' said the man of peace. 'How?' asked the avenger. 'Because you seem resolved to murder.' 'Only him who deserves to die.' 'But the great Lord of Heaven says, thou shalt not kill.' 'I will not – only him.' 'But you must not kill even him. Have you forgotten how often during the winter, you heard this command: avenge not thyself, but rather give place unto wrath; for vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'

'But,' asked the avenger, 'shall the wicked murder with impunity?' 'No, he shall not; God will punish him.' 'When?' 'Perhaps in this world; but certainly at the day of judgment, when he will reward every one according to his deeds.' 'That is so long,' replied Kunnuk, 'my countrymen and relations will blame me if I do not myself avenge my father now.' 'If you did not know the will of God, I should say nothing; but now I must not be silent.' 'This is hard!' said the avenger.

'What shall I do?' 'You must not kill him; you must even forgive him.' 'Forgive him!' exclaimed the avenger. 'Your doctrine is very strange and difficult.' 'The doctrine,' replied the preacher, 'is not mine, but Christ's.'

"Kunnuk sighed deeply, but made no reply; and Saabye continued, 'perhaps your father was not innocent; he too may have killed somebody.' 'As to that,' replied Kunnuk, 'I do not know. I only know that this man deserves to die.' 'Well,' answered Saabye, turning to leave the avenger, 'I have done. Kill him, if you will; but remain an unbeliever, and expect his children one day to kill you in turn.' 'You are amiable no longer,' retorted the man of blood, 'you speak hard words.' 'No, Kunnuk,' replied the man of peace, 'I love you still, and therefore wish you not to sin against God, who will do justice both to you and your adversary.' Saabye turned to go; but Kunnuk cried after him, 'Stay, teacher. I will speak to my relations.'

"His relations urged Kunnuk day after day to revenge, and threatened him with the curses of his kindred and the scorn of his countrymen if he shrunk from avenging his murdered father. The bosom of the son seemed a theatre of conflicting emotions. The preacher, in his visits to him, perceived the struggle, and, without taking any notice of the particular subject, read such portions of scripture and such hymns as led to peaceful and forgiving thoughts. Some days after, Kunnuk returned to the preacher. His countenance, his manner, every thing about him, indicated a violent struggle. 'I will,' said he, 'I will not; I hear, and I do not hear. I never felt so before.' 'What will you,' asked the preacher, 'and what will you not?' 'I will forgive him, and I will not forgive him; I have no ears, and yet I have ears.' 'When you will not forgive,' answered Saabye, 'then your unconverted heart speaks, and would dissuade you; and when you will forgive, then your better heart speaks. Which will you obey?' 'I was so moved,' said the avenger, 'when you spoke yesterday, that my heart wished to obey.'

'See, then, ought you not,' said Saabye, 'to feel that it is the voice of your Heavenly Father speaking in your heart; he bids you to be like him, and he giveth sunshine and showers to his foes as well as his friends. Think of your Savior, too, and strive to resemble him. Did he ever hate his enemies or return their curses on their own heads? When smitten, did he smite back? When persecuted from city to city, did he return evil upon his persecutors? When led to the cross like a lamb to the slaughter, did he open his mouth? Yes; but it was to pray for his murderers: Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

"This appeal touched the avenger's heart; a tear stood in his eye; and earnestly he replied, 'Yes, yes, that was praiseworthy; but he was better than we.' 'Yes, infinitely better,' rejoined Saabye, 'but, if we have a good will, God will

give us strength. Hear how a man like you and me can pray for his murderers.' The preacher then read the martyrdom of Stephen; and Kunnuk, drying his eyes, said, 'Wicked man! But he is happy; he is certainly with God in heaven. My heart is so moved; but give me a little time; and, when I have brought my other heart to silence, I will come again.'

"Soon Kunnuk returned with an altered countenance that spoke the peace and joy of his heart. 'Now,' said he, 'I am happy. I hate no more; I have forgiven; my wicked heart shall be silent. Did you not see how moved I was when you read about him on the cross praying for his murderers? Then I vowed in my heart, I will forgive; I have forgiven. Now I hope I and my wife, who has never hated, may be baptized.' His request was granted; and when the day arrived for the ceremony, he gave a simple and touching account of his faith; tears streamed from his eyes as he knelt for baptism; and, at the close of the service, he said, 'Receive me now as a believer; I will hate no more; we will love each other, and all men.' To the murderer of his father, he soon after sent a message, saying, 'I am now a believer; you have nothing to fear.' He even invited the murderer to his house, and received him in a most friendly manner. Being invited to return the visit, he went alone; but to show the heathen murderer in contrast with the Christian, Kunnuk found, on his way back, a hole cut in his kayak, or boat, for the purpose of drowning him. He soon stopped out the water, and said with a smile, 'Ah! He is still afraid; but I'll never harm him. Vengeance is no longer mine; I leave him to God, and pray that he may see his sins as I have seen my own.'"

Conclusion

Who can contemplate such practical exemplifications of Christian non-resistance as these, and not be ravished with the excellence and loveliness of the sublime doctrine! Can we turn around and gaze on the battlefield, the hospital of mangled mortality, the gaudy military parade, the pomp of blood-stained chieftains, or into the more ordinary affairs of life – on the scuffles, retaliations, resentments, duels, litigations, and endless quarrels of a world infatuated with resisting violence – can we look on these things without heart-sickness and disgust? How base, despicable and abhorrent are they all, compared with the spiritual heroism, the moral bravery, the glorious self-sacrifice, the life-preserving, heartreforming, soul-redeeming works of genuine Christianity! "O, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

And shall those who ought to be "the light of the world" and "the salt of the earth" dishonor their high calling, and defile their garments, by engaging in

the conflicts of human ambition, violence, and revenge? Shall they lust after the dainties of cannibalism, admire the splendors of martial idolatry, and delight themselves in the acts of mortal cruelty? If risen with Christ, ought they not to seek the things of Christ, inhale the perfumes of his Spirit, follow in his footsteps, and make it their supreme satisfaction to do the will of the Father? Is it for them to fly from the dangers of Gethsemane to look with despair from afar on the non-resistant cross, and to make themselves one with a mutually defiant and destructive world? Shall they see lions in the way, and fear to go forth? Shall they stand shivering like the sluggard because it is cold, and so neglect to plow? Does it become them to complain that the duties of love are hard, that non-resistance is impracticable, impossible, or extremely difficult, when its principle is so god-like, its spirit so heavenly, its exemplification so beautiful, its fruits so refreshing, and its achievements so glorious? What if it demands a strict discipline; what if it requires some severe exertions; what if it imposes some manly endurance; what if it offers an opportunity to perform some exploits of moral heroism; shall it therefore be unattractive to great souls?

Nay, rather let it seem the more worthy of a holy and generous enthusiasm. Let its calls for volunteers appeal more thrillingly to a noble ambition – an ambition to be and do something worthy of our divine parentage – worthy of the love that has purchased our redemption with the tears and groans and blood of the cross – worthy of immortality – worthy of living and dying for. To save one life, to recover one lost brother, to make one heart holy and happy – or even to qualify ourselves by self-denial for the indwelling Spirit of the Highest – is infinitely more worthy of a whole life's cares and vigils than all the wealth, pomp, and splendor which the world's favorite destroyers ever acquired by the sword. "God forbid that we should glory in anything save the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow – to feel the pain,
But render only love again.
This spirit not to earth is given;
One had it – he came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no plaint he made,
But when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers and died." – *Edmiston*.

When trials arise that seem unexplainable, we should not allow our peace to be spoiled. However unjustly we may be treated, let not passion arise. By indulging a spirit of retaliation we injure ourselves. We destroy our own confidence in God, and grieve the Holy Spirit. (COL 171-172)

The Power of Kindness—We may never know until the judgment the influence of a kind, considerate course of action to the inconsistent, the unreasonable, and unworthy.

If after a course of provocation and injustice on their part, you treat them as you would an innocent person, you even take pains to show them special acts of kindness, then you have acted the part of a Christian, and they become surprised and ashamed and see their course of action and meanness more clearly than if you plainly stated their aggravated acts to rebuke them.

If you had laid their wrong course of action before them, they would have braced themselves in stubbornness and defiance; but to be treated in tenderness and consideration, they feel more deeply their own course of action and contrast it with yours. Then you have the staff in your own hands. You occupy vantage ground, and when you show a solicitude for their souls, they know that you are no hypocrite, but that you mean every word you say.

I have been shown that a few words spoken in a hasty manner, under provocation, and which seemed but a little thing—just what they deserved, often cut the cords of influence that should have bound the soul to your soul. The very idea of their being in darkness, under the temptation of Satan and blinded by his bewitching power, should make you feel deep sympathy for them—the same that you would feel for a diseased patient who suffers, but, on account of his disease, is not aware of his danger.—Letter 20, 1892 (October 17, 1892 to J. H. Kellogg). ChL 7.1-7.4