

**LOVING AND FIGHTING.  
ADDRESSES  
DELIVERED IN SUNDAY  
AND RAGGED SCHOOLS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649418862

Loving and Fighting. Addresses Delivered in Sunday and Ragged Schools by George E. A. Shirley

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**GEORGE E. A. SHIRLEY**

**LOVING AND FIGHTING.  
ADDRESSES  
DELIVERED IN SUNDAY  
AND RAGGED SCHOOLS**



## PREFACE.

---

THE only apology for offering these addresses to the public, and especially to teachers, is the intense interest that has been manifested in some of the roughest ragged schools during their delivery. The almost breathless silence has shown the hold the stories had on their imaginations and affections; whilst the tearful eye, in both Sabbath and ragged schools, has shown, that the same truths, simply and earnestly told, equally impress the hearts of each. Two boys fighting outside a Sunday-school led to their preparation and delivery.

To some engaged in the work of teaching, the illustrations may appear too copious; but the writer has felt that only addresses that were thus illustrated ever had an abiding place in his memory, and the story and the lesson it taught has been indelably fixed on the mind. How full of illustrations are the discourses of the great Teacher—how crowded one upon the other are the resemblances of the kingdom of heaven, and how beau-

tifully brought in are the incidents of every-day life, as well as references to particular calamities that had happened, and passing topics of the day.

Hoping they may be read as earnestly as they were listened to, and that their teachings, as far as right with the Word of God, may receive the influence of the Divine Spirit, and impress every heart with the spirit of love and holy courage, is the prayer of an old teacher,

S.

HAMPSTEAD-ROAD,  
*April 1870.*

## CHAPTER I.

**A**LL boys, and girls too, are fond of pictures. When a boy, I was. I often thought I should like to be a painter, when I stood behind my master's son, an artist, and saw him paint beautiful faces, old castles, shady trees, running streams of water, and green fields, with sheep and lambs feeding, and the shepherd, with his dog, resting on a bank.

Now, let us try to paint a picture—not with brushes on canvas, but a word-picture. Let us all go into the country to a Sunday-school treat, a fine summer's day; the sun shining—oh, so bright! How warm it is! Let us get under a tree, and sit on the shady bank. How beautifully the birds are singing! Yes; that is the lark, nearly out of sight, and all the other birds are chirruping and singing so happily—so merrily hopping and flying about. There are the butterflies, with their beautiful painted wings, fluttering from flower to flower. Listen to the humming! It is the little busy bee, sipping the *honey*, that is so sweet, from the flowers, and

loading his thighs with the yellow dust, and away he flies to his hive to leave his load and come back for more: he is "improving the shining hour." Look at the sheep, with the little lambs by their side gently feeding; and the cows cooling themselves under the trees, with their feet in the stream of water; and in the park the deer are skipping about. Oh, what a rich golden colour are the corn fields! just by the side of the hill you can see the ships with their white sails, and the sea so smooth.

What do you say to this picture?

Oh, what a pretty one! Yes; this is a pretty picture, a very pretty one! But do you see a black cloud? Only a speck; you can hardly see it. Yes; you see it now. It is getting larger, blacker, darker. It shuts out the sun; the wind rises; the sea dashes on the shore; the ships toss; the birds go to their nests—no song now—the bees to their hives; the butterflies are gone; the sheep get under the bank or the trees. It is getting dark; let us get into the house; it rains; look at that flash! What is that? Lightning! Hark! what a noise; it shakes the house. It is thunder—a thunderstorm; the lightning strikes the tree, and kills the sheep under it. What a change in this picture! Did you ever see a dissolving view?—there is one. A picture changing from a happy to a dark and gloomy scene.

This is the picture of the happy boy or girl: what a *sunny*, smiling face; what pleasant words. Yes, *he is singing*; but he stops. Look, he is getting



angry; his countenance falls; he drops his eyebrows; speaks angrily; clenches his fists; strikes; then a storm.

Ah! if you would only look into the glass when you are angry, you would be frightened.

You might ask, Is that me? No, it is not; it is Satan looking out of your eyes; you are his picture.

Are you happy when you are cross? You say, No. I don't think you are.

Then why are you cross? You all want to be happy, don't you? Yes.

Then beware of the beginnings; the first of being angry; the cross look. Hark! what does Solomon say?—"the beginning of strife is like the letting out of water."

Many years ago, in Holland (now Holland is a very flat country; they feed many cows there, and send us butter and cheese; and to keep the sea from flowing over their flat country, they have thrown up large banks of earth), behind a bank stood two cottages; each had a nice garden, full of hyacinths, tulips, and cauliflowers. The man who lived in one of these cottages did not like his neighbour, so he cut a hole in the bank, that the water might flow through and spoil his neighbour's garden. Look! there it runs, a small, trickling stream; but it is washing away the sides of the hole; it gets larger and larger; it fills the garden—yes, both gardens; washes away the flowers; there they go, floating on the stream into the meadow. Down comes the bank; the water sweeps away the

cottages ; rushes over the fields ; carries away the farmhouse, cornstacks, hayricks, and the people, with all they have ; drowns 10,000 people, old and young, boys and babes, fifty thousand sheep and cattle ; and the beginning of all this was—what ? A wicked man cutting a small hole in a bank.

Boys, girls, beware of the first cross look—first a cross look that leads to a cross word, and then a blow, and that leads sometimes to murder. Many a man has murdered another through not stopping the cross look.

Who was the first boy ? Cain. Was he an angry boy ? Yes. And what did he do ? Kill his brother.

This was first a cross look ; because God was pleased with his brother and not with him. What a bad spirit ; that was envy. And what did God say ? “ Why is thy countenance fallen ? ” His eyebrows fell ; he looked heavy, gloomy, cross ; and he did not stop there, but lifted his hand, with a club or stone, and killed his brother. The Bible says Cain was of the wicked one, and killed his brother. And was he happy ? No. He was a vagabond and a fugitive all his days : that is one that wanders about without any rest. Boys, girls, watch your tempers ; don't be angry.

Can you tell me of another angry man in the Bible?—not the first boy, but the first King of Israel. You say, Saul. Yes. Was he a happy man ? No. He threw his spear at David twice. And what was David doing ? Why, he was playing the *harp*, to soothe and please him ; and for this kind-

ness Saul tried to kill him. See how he hunts David about afterwards with his soldiers to kill him ; but he cannot catch him. God keeps David from him. Look at Saul's face ; how miserable he looks ; he is never happy ; and at last falls on his own sword and dies miserably.

Suppose I were to hang a white sheet against that wall, how bright it would look ; and hang a black one opposite, how dark it would look. Hanging one opposite the other would form what is called a contrast. The white sheet would make the black sheet look blacker ; and looking at the black sheet would make the white look whiter. What a great difference between the two !

That is just the difference between loving and hating ; one is light and brightness, and the other is darkness and gloom.

I want to talk to you about loving, so that you may see what a beautiful thing love is : how light and bright it is, and what bad, dark things anger and hatred are.

You all said just now you wanted to be happy. Now, we are happiest when most like God. The Bible says, "God is love ;" God says, "I love them that love me," and those who do not love Him, He loves compassionately,—rather a hard word ; it means, He is sorry for them, pities them, loves them.

Jesus Christ is love. See how He loves ; how kind He is. If He only stretches out His hand it is kindly—to do good, heal the sick, feed the hungry, *give sight to the blind*. Yes, and take them by