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FAITH AND PATIENCE.

A

SERMON FOR THE TIMES,

BY

REV. WILLIAM P. BREED.

PREACHED IN THE

West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia,

Thanksgiving morning, November 27, 1862.

Repeated, by request, February 8, 1863.

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PHILADELPHIA, February 9th, 1863.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :

Your discourse of last evening upon the "Spirit of Christian Patriotism," appears to us so eminently adapted to supply a pressing want in the present condition of our beloved country, and calculated as it is to promote that pure spirit of nationality so essential under God, to the sustaining of the best of Governments, that we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without endeavoring to give a more extended publicity to the sentiments which you have so happily embodied therein.

Permit us therefore to request that the manuscript may be placed at our disposal for publication, and oblige

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servants,

HENRY D. SHERRERD,	H. D. MAXWELL,
MORRIS PATTERSON,	SAMUEL A. LEWIS,
JAMES IMBRIE, JR.,	JOHN B. AUSTIN,
D. L. COLLIER,	J. E. GOULD,
GEORGE JUNKIN, JR.,	G. S. BENSON,
CHARLES O. ABBEY,	CLAUDIUS B. LINN,
WILLIAM L. MACTIER,	ALBERT F. DAMON,
WILLIAM E. SCHENCK,	A. W. LITTLE,
WINTHROP TAPPAN,	C. H. GRANT.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM P. BREED,
Pastor of the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church.

TO H. D. SHERRERD, GEORGE JUNKIN, JR. AND OTHERS.

GENTLEMEN :

Gratification at your approval of the sentiments of the discourse, for which you so kindly ask, forbids delay in acceding to your request. Our smitten Government needs, and most righteously claims the sympathy, forbearance, and generous, earnest support of every citizen over whom its starry symbol waves, and it will be the pride and joy of our children, and our children's children, that it had ours in this, the day of its trial. Our ship is at sea in an angry storm, and her only course to the port of safety and peace, lies over the submerged mountain-tops of the Rebellion. May the God of Nations speedily sink those mountains, and summon us to cast anchor in that port!

Very respectfully and truly yours,

W. P. BREED.

Philadelphia, February 10, 1863.

S E R M O N .

Isaiah 28: 16.—“ HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE.”

ISAIAH prophesied during some of the best, and some of the worst periods of Jewish history. It is not surprising therefore that his writings should reflect his times. Accordingly we find them, as we sometimes find the skies, piled with tremendous masses of angry cloud, but broken here and there with patches of blue, so pure and rich, as to reassure every beholder of the necessary evanescence of the storm, and of the certainty of the returning calm.

Here are some specimens of these clouds, “Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof.” “The earth mourneth and fadeth away, the world languisheth and fadeth away.” “In the city is left desolation and the gate is smitten with destruction.”

Now look through the openings in these clouds, and see how rich a blue lies beyond. “Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.”

In other words, these clouds that enshroud Zion, and fill the hearts of the timid and unbelieving with dismay, are only the dust of Jehovah's feet as he comes to lay in Zion that "precious corner stone."

Let this truth take fast hold of the mind, and what will be the effect? "He that believeth" it "will not make haste." He will not fret with impatience at the tardiness of divine providence, for when God begins to build, the cost has been counted, and the work will assuredly be completed.

The lesson here indicated, is a lesson for all time—a lesson for individuals and for nations. So long as providential surprises continue; so long as calms vanish in storms; so long as untimely frosts make choice human interests wilt and die; so long as terrestrial Vesuvius's build in one night, their awful mausolea over our Herculaneums and Pompeiis, so long will it be needful to con and re-con, to recite and re-recite the lesson: "He that believeth shall not make haste." It is the lesson of PATIENCE FOUNDED ON FAITH. It is to this lesson we now invite the Christian Patriot—a calm, resolute, persistent patience, grounded upon a profound, intelligent faith.

I.—FAITH.

1. *Above all, Faith in God*—as He moves on in His ever-developing purpose to lay in Zion that corner stone, and erect thereon the edifice of Messianic glory. Be

always sure that God is working to this end. His footfall is heard among the nations. The sound of his going is heard in human hearts. The world is now impressed with a mysterious sense of his presence.

And he is in all this great national work that so engrosses our thoughts and hearts, and in it to compel a crystalization of events around his own ideas. Let Him work, and let Unbelief tremble and Faith rejoice while he works!

2. Next to this higher faith, let us retain faith *in our government and in our cause.*

To this end, it were well that we now and then close our ears to the noise of the chariot-wheels as we are borne along, and our eyes to the blinding dust, and bethink ourselves of our nation's origin and history, and the underlying, pervading and all-controlling principles of our government, and ask what there is in them to weaken the faith of the Christian patriot, or startle him with the suspicion that faith in them, is inconsistent with faith in God.

The seeds out of which the nation grew, were swept from plants of godliness on European shores, and sown on these, by the merciless blasts of religious persecution.

And what treatment has religion received at the hands of our government? That government, be it remembered, has never raised the rod of religious pesecution. It has never passed a law to constrain the conscience. It has left each man where God leaves

him, individually responsible to Himself, for his religious opinions and his worship. As God says, so it says—"He that heareth let him hear, he that forbeareth let him forbear." The absurdities and iniquities of church alliance with, and of consequence, subjection to the state, have never been sought by her.

But not only has our Government refrained from laying violent hands upon our Religion, she has smiled upon it in all kindness, and under her ægis we have grown up a Christian nation. The great Conventions, assembled for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency, have been in most cases opened with prayer to the Triune God. The President elect takes his oath of office upon the Word of God. The sessions of our Houses of Congress are opened with prayer. The Christian Sabbath is in many ways distinctly recognized. Our legislations, so far as it has borne at all upon religion, has always been Christian in its character. Again and again has the voice of our National Executive been heard, calling us to thanksgiving for blessings, or to lamentations for, and confessions of sins. In our land, Gospel institutions have sprung up like willows by the water-courses. This day we see an army of five millions of communicants, enrolled under the banner of evangelical religion, and every Sabbath's sun, looks down upon some four millions of children in Christian Sabbath schools, grouped around more than four hundred thousand Sabbath school teachers. Our land fur-

nishes a home for thirty thousand, or thirty-five thousand ministers of the Gospel, averaging more than one for every thousand of our population, who preach with more or less regularity, in some sixty thousand houses of worship of various classes. Bible societies, tract societies, colporteur agencies and other societies, together with voluntary contributions of some ten millions of dollars annually for religious purposes, make up a world of hallowed activities, that set the broad seal of Christianity upon our national character, so plain that he may read who runs.

It is abundantly manifest therefore, that our Government sheds no blighting influence upon the interests of religion.

But America's greatest statesman, the Hon. Daniel Webster, goes even further than this. He declares Christianity to be "a part of the law of the land." The church edifices of all denominations, he adds—"The consecrated graveyards and their tombstones and epitaphs, the silent vaults and their mouldering contents, all affirm it. The generations gone before speak it—we feel it. All, all proclaim that Christianity, general, tolerant Christianity; Christianity independent of sect and party, is the law of the land."

But we must further ask how far this Government has discharged the legitimate duties, and reached the legitimate results of governmental sway? If it has

here made signal failure, let it sink to merited ruin and oblivion. On this point we will cite into court, an unexceptionable witness—the Vice-President of the Rebellion. And though his voice now comes to us over a hecatomb of more than two hundred thousand men, slain in murderous aggression upon this government, his words shall stand for ever as an eloquent vindication of our resistance to that aggression.

Hardly more than two years ago, in the capital of his own noble, though now temporarily erring State, he spoke as follows: “That this government of our fathers, with all its defects, comes nearer the objects of all good governments, than any other on the face of the earth, is my settled conviction! Where will you go, following the sun in its circuit round the globe, to find a government that better protects the liberties of its people, and secures to them the blessings we enjoy.” * * “I think that one of the evils that beset us is a surfeit of liberty, an exuberance of the priceless blessings for which we are ungrateful.” * * “I look upon this country with our institutions, as the Eden of the world, the paradise of the universe!”

O, that the man who could utter such words as these, had had the courage to die, rather than abet and countenance a rebellion that has laid so large a portion of this “Eden of the world,” this “paradise of the universe,” waste with fire and sword.

Turning from this now fallen eulogist to the object

of his panegyric, we find indeed that the great principles that pervade and characterize it, that give it its "form and pressure," and control its action are those of the Word of God. All our institutions that are of a national character, grow out of the truth that a man is a man, made in the image of God, and therefore to be dealt with, with becoming reverence, kindness and tenderness. This principle never found national recognition until uttered in the memorable Declaration, that gave birth to us as a people.

Other governments of all countries and ages, place themselves in direct antagonism with this doctrine by assuming a birth superiority in political right, privilege and office, of certain classes over others—a theory that in realization, dooms the masses to a subordination, that breaks the individual spirit, and impoverishes the household.

Contrast now the principle for which, with that against which we are contending. What is the doctrine of Secession, to say nothing of that institution, in whose interest almost exclusively this war is waged—what is Secession itself as a principle, or a right, but, as has been said with no less power than truth, "the essence of all immorality." The right of a subordinate to throw off at will, the bonds of legitimate supremacy is the right the angels exercised when they fell; the right the sinner exercises when he defies his God.

In politics, this right of a minority to set at naught

and override the will of the majority, if well-grounded, will still exist when any State or number of States has become independent, and in the bosom of the new government, the process may be repeated at will, and so on till some one man, the last possible minority, shall be the master, and the millions lie at his feet. Secession is thus the highway, nay, the railway to Despotic Autocracy. And the struggle of the day is not so much a struggle of bayonets and cannon, as of these two great ideas—Despotism and Democracy. On the one side is the assertion, backed by gigantic armies, of the European doctrine, which gives classes and races a birth-right superiority and dominion over races and classes; and on the other side, a million-mouthed contradiction of that idea, coupled with the declaration that a man is a man, and that majorities must not, ought not, and in one instance at least, will not bow to a heady, overbearing minority.

It was by the constitutional vote of the Nation that its government, for the time being was committed into the hands of the present administration. A minority has risen up, sword in hand against this determination of their more numerous brethren.

And this is the question now under angry discussion on every battle-field—whether one man being equal to one man, ten men are not more than equal to five, and twenty millions to six millions.

Now, with faith in these truths, derived from the

Word of God, what remains to us but to do our duty and be hopeful? When since the world began, has God allowed a government founded on righteous principles, characterized by wise and righteous laws, while executing well all the legitimate functions of government, to fall before the hand of violence? Let us do our duty and be hopeful. Thought is mightier than Columbiads! Principles are more resistless than bayonet charges! Truth is powerful, and is prevailing and must prevail!

He then that believeth, will not *make haste*. He will not rise at midnight, and thrust his head from the window to look for baleful meteors in the sky. He will not go asking at the street corners after evil tidings, and turn pale at the cry of a news-boy. If some affrighted or designing pen, indite and publish startling rumors; if an election go contrary to his wishes, or a favorite military commander is replaced by another, instead of losing his temper, courage and appetite, and "sighing like furnace," as if the death-knell of the Republic were booming in his ears, he will lift his eyes to heaven, and fix them on the great blue patches of Scripture principle, that give character to the contest we are conducting, and trust in them and in God! On the ground of this rational faith we plead for,

II.—PATIENCE.

1. *Patience with our National Administration.* On this point we speak with the more confident earnest-

ness, as in accordance with our views of duty at the time, we voted most cordially against the present incumbent in the Chief Magistracy, and as cordially disapproved of nearly every appointment in his Cabinet, and hence we know that we are actuated by no tinge of partizan feeling.

This administration may be chargeable with errors, many and grave. Still the present incumbents are there legitimately. They are there by operation of constitutional law. They are there providentially. They are "the powers that be," and they are "ordained of God," and they are "God's ministers, appointed for and attending continually upon this very thing."

To fortify our patience, we should now and then recal the circumstances under which this administration came into power.

Our ship was caught in one of the wildest storms that ever a nation weathered. Our dear old flag was torn to ribbons in the gale. A mutinous crew, with all arrangements long matured, first robbed, then scuttled, then abandoned the ship, while he who held the helm in a powerless hand, what time he should have lighted all her guns, and let loose all their thunders, could only find heart to say with poor, old Eli, "Nay, my sons, it is no good report I hear of you!" And the old ship drifted into port, water-logged, without a sail, without a mast, without a cargo. And our handful of foreign friends cried out in sorrow, and our swarms of foreign

foes in exultation—"Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters. The 'south' wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas. Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchants and thy mariners, and thy pilots and thy caulkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandize, and all thy men of war that are in thee, and in thy company which are in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in this the day of thy ruin!"

Such was the condition, and such the prospects of that old ship, when the present crew went on board. The new helmsman could as little divine when he took his inauguration oath, having been borne to the spot through ranks of bayoneted and loaded muskets, the sheen of burnished and loaded cannon in his eye, whither he might be borne by the angry, awful tide of events, as could Abraham of old, when he went out from Urr of the Chaldees, whither his God might conduct him. And days passed, and nights dragged their slow length along, during which millions of patriots fell asleep to dream of horrors, and awoke to weep, and groan, and tremble. Weeks elapsed during any hour of which, it would not have surprised us to learn that the fate of the Republic had realized the worst fears of its friends, and the worst wishes of its foes. And we verily believe, that there are not ten men in a hundred throughout our northern land, who would not then have given their right hand to have been assured by an angel from heaven, that the present hour would have

found the nation in as favorable circumstances as it now enjoys. And we as confidently believe, that had the same angel depicted to the people in the revolted districts, the course of events from that hour to this, they would have tied millstones about the neck of their leaders and drowned them in the depths of the sea, ere they would have allowed the torch of death to send that first fatal ball at our flag on Sumpster's walls!

And it were an injustice to our Government, and an injury to ourselves, to lose sight of what that Government has done. We had neither navy, army, arms, nor ammunition. We needed a million of soldiers, hundreds of cannon, and tons of tons of powder and ball, and supplies of clothing and provisions, that could hardly be estimated, and withal the greatest wisdom and delicacy in the management of our relations with foreign powers.

Thus far we have escaped serious entanglement with these. The million of men have been brought into the field, armed and equipped. And instead of seventy-six vessels and seventeen hundred guns in our navy two years ago, we have now more than four hundred vessels, forty of them iron-clad, and more than three thousand guns afloat upon river and ocean. We say that since governments existed, no such work as this has been elsewhere accomplished in such a period of time.

We repeat that we are here to eulogize, neither our

President nor his Cabinet; nor to apologize for any wrong act of any one of them. Nor is it our part to advise silence with reference to any act of official delinquency, in any incumbent of any office. But we plead for patience with our Government, with regard to measures and acts, until the authors and grounds of those measures and acts can be made known. We beg in behalf of our Government, for relief from the spirit of impetuous, intolerant censure, which often condemns when the event proves that there was no one to blame, and as often, when censure is due, lays the blame at the wrong door, and in either case, fortifies the Rebellion, weakens the arm of the Republic, prolongs the contest and multiplies its victims.

2. And we plead for patience with the *Providence of God*.

Impatience is not unnatural. And when great interests are at stake, we are wont to allow suspense to rise almost to anguish. We desire sight for it rather than faith, that after all, division and anarchy, are not destined to drag us down to a lingering, national death. We cannot bear to find ourselves after two such years, still in suspense, and we go seeking for some soothsayer to unseal the lips of the future, that she may reveal to us in audible voice, the time of the end. But Faith is patient—and to patience with divine Providence, the *marvellous Goodness of God exhorts us*.

It is true our recent history has been flecked with

light and shade. We have had successes and reverses—but withal, how sweetly the smiles of God have lighted up the land. What May ever saw orchards so decked with blossoms, as last May witnessed in our land? What June ever saw a more luxuriant vegetation? What Autumn ever saw a more joyous Feast of Ingathering? Our commerce, with an occasional fright and an occasional loss, found its way to the ends of the earth. The angel of health has spread its wings between us and pestilential blasts; and rosy cheeks and bright eyes, still lighten up our household, and strong-limbed children and stalwart men, throng our thoroughfares. And while England, at peace with all the world, is at her wits ends to feed her starving children; our own land, engaged in this gigantic war, sends ship-loads of provisos, a free gift to England's poor!

Thus, though far from forgetting the widows and the orphans, and the weeping parents, with which the Rebellion has filled the land, or that vast tide of solitudes that has ebbed and flowed, and driven sleep from so many pillows, yet in view of all the vast interests at stake, the perils we have passed, the blessings we have enjoyed, and are still enjoying, we feel abundantly authorized to call for a spirit of calm, uncomplaining patience, with the providence of God.

Our many *flagrant sins and shortcomings*, loudly call us to patience. “Whom the Lord loveth he chasten-

eth." If God loves our nation, he will now and then visit it with chastisements, that he may disrobe it, at least in part, of the poisoned tunic of its sins.—Our Father, (we never doubted less than now) has ordained a long and glorious career for our nation, and he will not, that she go on her way, with unrepented sins weighing her to the earth, and bringing her to an early and an untimely senility and decrepitude.

Hence he must administer chastisements. It might have come in drought and famine. It might have come in devastating pestilence. It has come in the form of a vast, and cruel civil war.

Let us be patient under it, and be more anxious to discover and repent of our sins, than to be too early freed from our sorrows. Every man, woman and child, has personal sins of which to repent. Every city is laden with its own sins. The Nation is a great sinner. Listen to the profanities that float on every breeze. God complains of us as of Israel—"And my name continually every day is blasphemed." See how drunkenness staggers through our streets, and God calls as by the mouth of Isaiah—"Wo to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine." Who that has seen the misery occasioned in a single family by the course of one member, as he passed to the inebriate's grave, and learns that many thousands of such graves are dug and filled

every year, will consider it an extravagant declaration, that our war costs the land less heartache in a year, than we annually suffer from this fearful plague? But why need we enumerate? Has not God a controversy with us, with reference to wrongs inflicted upon one another, wrongs upon the Red Indian, and wrongs upon the Black African?

And if God is to employ our nation, and is even now employing it in the erection of his kingdom, he will now and then chasten and correct, and thus purify us.

Let us be patient then. God is doing a good work upon us, and a good work for us, when he afflicts us in disciplinary chastisements. And let us in the day of our trial, inquire after and repent of our sins, that the evil days may be shortened.

Again—we may find a most eloquent appeal for patience, in the reflection that in and through these chastening sorrows, the life of the Republic is passing into a new development.

Three great eras of the nation have already passed. The first witnessed the freezings and starvings, and Indian butcheries, in the early settlement of these shores—sorrows that were much less penal than seminal—sorrows sent on those generations,* much less as a

* See some excellent remarks upon the significance of afflictive dispensations in an admirable article on "The War," attributed to the Rev. Dr. Hodge, in the *Biblical Repertory* for January, 1863.

punishment of their sins, than as tutors to fit them to become the parentage of a great nation. The second involved the bloody and protracted Revolutionary struggle—a struggle imposed upon the nation, not to punish it for its sins, but as a necessary means of ushering it forth to independence. In the third we emerged from the disorders and imbecilities of the old confederation. And now, in divine Providence, a fourth arrest is laid upon us, checking a career of industrial and commercial prosperity and wild extravagance more corrupting than war, and transmuting a money-making into an emphatically money-giving nation,* that in another agony we may throw off for ever, certain heretical poisons that were eating like a gangrene and threatening our life. And if the men of the Revolution endured seven long years of distress and anguish, shame on us if we cannot endure seven long years more, to leave to our children a more perfect government, and a brighter national heritage than they left to us. We can endure twenty years of war with less suffering, than seven cost them. Cicero was fond of saying that in rescuing Rome from Cataline, he had done a larger service for his country, than the founders of the nation in erecting the commonwealth. And we harbor no shadow of doubt,

* The estimated amount of voluntary contributions by our citizens to the government, in various ways since the war began, reaches the magnificent sum of five hundred millions of dollars! Will some one now make an estimate of the reflex moral influence upon a people of such a contribution?

that they who carry the present struggle to a successful issue, will lie nearer the heart of posterity, than even the sages and heroes of the Revolution.

Let us be patient *under disasters*. No great cause ever yet went onward with unvarying success. It is not God's way in human affairs. The husbandman must plough, and sow, and toil, long and hard before he can reap, and why should God fill our national garner with so rich a crop, without adequate antecedent, toil and trial. He is a bold man, who will confidently affirm that any one of our victories has been more pregnant with ultimate blessings to our nation than our defeats. Beloved, we verily believe, that the day will come, when the devout and thoughtful patriot will give cordial thanks to Almighty God for our "Bull Run's," "Balls Bluff's," and even for the Rebellion itself!

Let us be patient also with regard to the *Future*. Much solicitude has been expended upon the possibility of a reasonably cordial re-union of brethren exasperated by so long and so bitter strife. Brethren, this is not the next thing to be done! This is now a question of theory and sentiment; and we are not in condition to discuss it. Present solicitude upon this point is mere waste of thought, energy, and life. The great all-engrossing duty of the hour, one that demands all we have of thought and energy, is to disarm the Rebellion! Till this is done, the sword of Damocles is hanging over the nation's heart; when this is done God will show us

what next to do!*

Many an anxious inquiry has been made as to the probable continuance of the war; and this not only by parents whose sons, and by families, whose fathers are gone down into the valley of conflict, but every interest of mercy and humanity joins in the inquiry. To this question there is one very obvious answer:—This war will end just as soon as the government is reinstated in its rightful sway over the nation, and not one instant before! An arrest of the war on any other condition, were the annihilation of all hope of peace till the nation has bled to death.

But when may we hope for a triumphant termination of this awfully glorious conflict? Just when God will! He that believeth shall not make haste. In the discharge of a duty like that which He has assigned to us, that of winning the prize of true, free, safe, healthful government for the race—a race that since Nimrod usurped the first crown, has been the football of rulers who claimed the privilege of kicking it by divine right—we say that such a struggle for such a prize, we can

* Such incidents as the following give us hints of touching significance upon this subject. A "Confederate" soldier coming upon a bleeding patriotic martyr as he lay upon a lost field, said, "You are wounded." "Yes." "Can I do anything for you?" "I am fearfully hungry." "Well, I have only an apple and a drop of cold coffee; you shall have them." And he kindled a fire, roasted the apple, warmed the coffee and served them to his bleeding foe with the tenderness of a brother! This wounded soldier was borne to our hospital where he narrated the incident to the Chaplain.

carry on just as long as God may will and the need may exist! Be patient and leave the future with God.

And let us be patient with one another! Some have turned an eye of apprehension toward apparent divisions in our own midst. An unbridled egotism, that makes each citizen not only a freeman in the State, but in his view the embodied wisdom of the State; constituting him judge and censor of every official incumbent, and every governmental measure; disenchanting him of every trace of reverence for authorities and dignities; utterly unfitting him for appreciating the Scripture doctrine that "the powers that be are ordained of God," and that magistrates are "ministers of God"—this proud, egotistical spirit, is one of the most common growths of free republican government, and it may in times of prevailing excitement and surging passion, become a vice, and a source of no little evil. And no doubt in particular instances the tongue and the pen may utter, and do utter sentiments that lacerate the patriotic heart; sentiments which, should they become prevalent, would work a more terrible desolation in the land, than a pestilence and an invading army together.

For instance, now and then, the threat has been heard of an organized attempt at a reconstruction of the nation upon the principle of excluding this portion or that from the new confederacy. A sentiment like this, is politically blasphemous and pestilential. Its prevalence would be the utter ruin of the country. This

land is one—made for one government—and there is not a bleak rock on one of its mountains, nor a sandy island or peninsula, on one of its shores; there is not one square inch of its territory, that does not take hold of its very life! We can just as well spare Pennsylvania as we can South Carolina. We can just as well spare Ohio as we can spare Rhode Island. We can just as well spare the Mississippi, as we can spare the narrowest, shortest rill in which the farmer waters his horse, or the child wades and sails his tiny boat! There is not a square inch of territory for which the nation had not better heroically die than yield it—for yielding it, would be to die most unheroically! And we should say from our very heart of hearts, that he who should seriously propose and set himself to secure a dismemberment of the Republic, even to the tip of its little finger—“Let his right hand forget its cunning, and his tongue for ever cleave to the roof of his mouth!”

But our refuge from all fear of serious and extreme division among our people; of the undertaking of wild and suicidal measures, is first in God, and under God in the sound sense and intelligence of the mass of our citizenship. This last has rarely failed in the hour of need, and the first cannot fail.

Let us be patient then with one another in the expression of honest convictions. Let opinion meet with opinion. Let thought clash with thought. All extravagance and treason will meet its just rebuke; the

atmosphere will be cleared by the storm, and God in his own good time, will make the bells of peace to call the nation to the house of joyous thanksgiving and praise.

On the 23d of October, 1781, the midnight slumbers of the good citizens of Philadelphia, were broken by a strange clattering of horses hoofs over the street pavements. A courier from the South had arrived. With breathless eagerness, he made his way to the house of the President of the Continental Congress on High street near Second. He knocked so vehemently, that the watchman was about to arrest him as a disturber of the peace. But the stranger replied—"I am from Yorktown—Cornwallis is taken."

Instant measures were taken to communicate the thrilling news to all the watchmen in the city, and ere long the cry was heard echoing through all the streets—"Half past twelve o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!" Hundreds of windows flew up! Thousands of heads were thrust out into the frosty air. The streets were thronged with citizens, and old Philadelphia thrilled from her heart to her extremities, with joyous, exultant emotion!

Let those who love the Republic have faith in their God, and faith in the eternal principles that underlie and pervade our Government; and let them have patience with that Government, with its armies, with its navy, patience with divine Providence, patience

under disaster, patience as to the future, and when the clock of Heaven strikes the appointed hour, the feet of another courier-bearing steed will ring upon these pavement stones, with another and more thrilling message from the South, telling us that wild delirium has given place to reason, mad passion to returning patriotism, and that the odious three-barred symbol of disunion and despotism lies buried beyond resurrection, while the stripes and stars wave in triumph over its grave!

And the time will come when every patriot will thank God that he witnessed and shared in this great and glorious struggle for the nation's life, and our noble soldiers will be prouder of the crippled arm or crutch, than courtier ever was of the stars of honor conferred by royal favor.

“We are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time!
 In an age, on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime!

Hark! the waking up of nations,
 God and Magog to the fray!
 Hark! what soundeth? Is creation
 Groaning for its latter day?

Will ye play then, will ye dally,
 With your music and your wine?
 Up! It is Jehovah's rally!
 God's own arm hath need of thine!

Worlds are charging, Heaven beholding!
 Thou has but an hour to fight!
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On! right onward, for the right!”

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WERT
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