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GOD'S FOOTSTEPS.

A SERMON

DELIVERED IN

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE,

July 4th, 1852.

The Sunday succeeding the Death of the Hon. Henry Clay.

By Rev. J. N. M'JILTON, D. D.



BALTIMORE:
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BALTIMORE, July 6, 1852.

DEAR SIR : The undersigned take much pleasure in informing you that the congregation worshipping at St. Stephens on last Sunday, the anniversary of American Independence, were greatly delighted with the beautiful and eloquent discourse delivered by you on that occasion ; and believing that it will be read with interest and pleasure by many of your friends who had not opportunity of hearing it, they respectfully request a copy for publication.

There can be no doubt that much good may be accomplished by a proper use of the events connected with the day. The deeply interesting occurrence of the Sabbath day of our National freedom on the Holy Sabbath day of the Lord, in connection with the death of an eminent statesman, renders the season a proper one for solemn meditation upon our National blessings and responsibilities, and if properly improved may be the means of doing much good. With these views and feelings we respectfully request that you will comply with our desire and allow the sermon to be published. With high respect,

JOHN ADDISON, WM. WILMOT HALL, JOHN JAMES VICKERS, HENRY DUVALL, GEORGE WITMAN, JOHN R. W. DUNBAR,	N. H. THAYER, CHAS. A. LEAS, L. WARREN, E. W. EDWARDS, G. ALFRED MITCHELL, WM. S. TAYLOR.
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To REV'D JNO. N. M'JILTON, D. D.,
Rector of St. Stephens.

RECTOR OF ST. STEPHENS, BALTIMORE, July 6, 1852.

GENTLEMEN : I have just received your letter and send the sermon as you desire. I imagine, however, that when divested of the solemnities that attended its delivery you will find many evidences of its necessarily hasty preparation.

Affectionately,

J. N. M'JILTON.

To JOHN ADDISON, M. D., WM. WILMOT HALL, Esq., JOHN JAMES VICKERS, Esq., HENRY DUVALL, Esq., GEORGE WITMAN, Esq., JOHN R. W. DUNBAR, M. D., N. H. THAYER, A. M., L. WARREN, Esq., E. W. EDWARDS, M. D., G. ALFRED MITCHELL, Esq., WM. S. TAYLOR, Esq.

Mr. Wm. H. S.
Sept. 27/24

S E R M O N.

Psalm lxxvii, 19.

Thy way is in the sea ;
Thy path in the great waters ;
Thy footsteps are not known.

THE stately ship pursues its way in beauty upon the sea. It disturbs the tranquil waters to make itself a passage. Its wake of foam lingers but a moment. It wastes away, and the sea is as smooth and still as if no freight of men nor merchandise had moved upon its bosom.

The monarch of the deep—the mighty leviathan plays upon the billows. He dashes the waters aside to open a way for his massive form, and rises in sportive pastime upon the mountain surge that himself hath made to swell. Wearied with his sport upon the surface, leviathan dives into the depths. The waters return to their place and appear as placidly as if no giant form had interrupted their repose—as if no millions of living beings were hidden in their caves.

The spirit of the storm in mystery spreads his wings upon the deep. He lays his hand upon the ocean's mane. He drags the billows from the depths, and dashes them aloft against the air. He moves the winds

and waves that madly rush in the terrific strife. Navies strand amid the swelling surges. Fleets, and freight, and men go down to become as nothingness in the caverns of the sea. Cities are overwhelmed by the tumultuous waves, and lie in wreck and ruin far beneath the elemental war that buried them forever. His work of dread and danger done, the spirit of the tempest folds his wings. The hand that grasped the ocean's mane and made the sleeping billows roll, is withdrawn, and the rolling billows are allowed to lull themselves to sleep. Old ocean retires for repose, and in his hour of rest is tranquil—subdued and peaceful as the rest of sleeping infancy. In his repose of calm and quiet beauty, none may tell how fiercely ocean rolled—how terribly the tempest's deed of mystery was wrought.

These figures, suggested by the beautiful declaration of the inspired psalmist, are but feebly expressive of the movements of the great Jehovah among the creatures of his vast—illimitable creation. The eye of inspiration was permitted to look upon those movements. But the sight was too powerful—too sublime to be properly expressed in human language, or evolved in human thought. He did all that man inspired could do when he gave utterance to the text. The way of the Great Divinity is as a passage over the sea. It is as a path in the great waters. It is enveloped in mystery. His footsteps cannot be known. How grand must have been the idea that trembled in the thought of the minstrel prophet? How glorious? How majestic? And yet how beautiful? How full of simplicity? How redolent of life is the figure, and yet to human vision how thoroughly to nothingness it fades? In its grandeur and glory, and majesty and beauty, and

simplicity, it is the way of God—the path of the Great Omnipotent. In the utter nothingness to which it fades, it is the view of man.

The footsteps of the Great Divinity are impressed upon the wide-spread universe of his creation, and upon the infinity which only his own sovereign mind can fathom. Like a way in the sea, or a path in the great waters, those footsteps are unseen—they are invisible. They can be known only to himself. They are the footsteps of the Great Eternal, and their way is upon his own eternity. Darkness is his pavilion. (Ps. xxxiii, 7.) The clouds are his chariot. He walketh upon the wings of the winds. (Ps. civ, 3.)

And as well as upon the universe of his creation, the footsteps of the Eternal Majesty are impressed upon this orb that we inhabit. His way of wonder—His path of power is among the nations. He raiseth up, and he casteth down. It is he only that createth. It is he only that can destroy. He moves in his mighty purpose, alike, in the empire that spreads from sea to sea, and in the little kingdom that nestles upon the side of a mountain.* In the fulfilment of that purpose, he hath legibly recorded his name and character among the nations of the earth. They are written alike in blood and in blessing. In blood among the wicked—the rebellious—the disobedient. In blessing as well among these as among the comparatively good—the loyal—the obedient.

The events of life among nations, communities, and with individual men, are wisely, though sometimes to

*The Kingdom of Israel has been destroyed and the people scattered to the four winds. Babylon, Thebes, and Baalbec are no more, and for more than thirteen hundred years the little republic of San Marino has been preserved.

human observation, strangely ordered. The wisdom and the mystery appear in the purpose of God. He hath a way—a path. It is a way—a path of wisdom. He impresseth his footsteps. It is done in mystery. They are unseen. They are unknown. They are like the way of the ship upon the sea—the path of the leviathan upon the deep. They are like the way—the path of the storm upon the ocean. They have their passage. But the waters disclose it not—the winds do not retain it. Nor can it be traced visibly upon the solid earth. But it is a passage—the passage of the Great God, and his footsteps are everywhere. The effects of their tread of wonder and power are seen—they are felt—they are known. The empire arises—it flourishes—it falls. The waves of time close over it, and its memorial is all that preserves its name and history from being buried in oblivion's sea. So lie the empires of the past. They have been upon the sea, and they have passed away.

Time's restless waves have proudly passed them o'er,
And then those waves have roll'd as they had roll'd before.

When the Israelites entered the territory of the Canaanitish nations they found the impress of Divinity. But it was found in the setters of a dark and gloomy and bloody idolatry. The days of their iniquity were numbered, and the power of Heaven was wisely and strangely manifested in their extermination, and in rearing up in their stead and upon their soil a people for the honor and worship of the true—the everliving God. As strangely as they were led through the wilderness to the land that was promised them were they protected, and governed in the home that had so providentially

been prepared for them. Many and familiar are the waymarks of God's providence that are recorded among his ancient and most highly favored people. Their history is a continuous exhibition of the wonderful intervention of his power. It is the impress of inspiration that history bears, and the way of God in working it out is seen in a lengthened chain of mystery and miracle. No other nation of the globe can show upon the records of its history the marks so distinctly and clearly impressed of Heaven's inspiration. To them were committed the oracles of God. In the possession of these, they appear as a peculiar people—a people of inspiration. But other nations bear the marks as distinctly impressed and as plainly seen of God's *providential interference*. In some instances the evidences of his providence among other nations are almost as mysterious as were the marks of inspiration among the people of Israel. The footsteps of his Awful Majesty have marked his way among the nations and kindreds of the earth. Those footsteps have moved upon the sea—upon the winds—upon the soil. But neither the waves, the winds, nor the soil have retained the visible impression of his presence and his power. No voice of inspiration proclaims the purpose as it did of old. But the movements of his providence are as clearly marked, and may be as distinctly traced.

When, like the Israelites among the nations of Canaan, the little bands of European adventurers sought a home upon the wild American shores, they found the impress of Divinity. The footsteps of God had been there. They had left their marks amid the gloom of a savage wilderness. Amid ignorance, barbarism and idolatry the idea of a Great Supreme was fixed in the

savage mind. They worshipped. But they worshipped they knew not what. . They lived—they cared not how, so their sensual desires were satisfied and the indulgence of their lawless propensities undisturbed. Like the nations of ancient Canaan, they quarrelled—they fought—they ate each other's flesh—they drank each other's blood. Doubtless the measure of their base impieties was full, when the adventurers of Europe placed their feet upon their shores. Doubtless those adventurers were providentially directed in their uncertain journey. No voice of inspiration audibly proclaimed a promise of success, but the finger of an Omniscient Providence pointed to the western world, and the strong arm of the Mightiest led them to its coasts. The wanderers hewed themselves a home amid the dark wild forest, and commenced the cultivation of the arts of peace and the worship of the true God. It was the march of civilization. It was the march of Christianity. It turned the wilderness into a garden of flowers, and upon the hunting ground of the savage reared the splendid city. It fulfilled the declaration of ancient prophecy in causing the desert to blossom as the rose. It recorded the name of God in his worship upon the hills and plains. It was the deed by which they were “graven with a pen of iron and lead in the rock forever.” (Job, xix, 24.)

The land of the savages of the western wilderness, like that of the nations of Canaan, has become the land of civilization. It has become more. It has become the land of Christianity—the land of the people of God under the new and better dispensation of his church. In the change is seen the footsteps of Divinity. It has been like the way of God in the sea—like his path in

the great waters. It was effected by men, and apparently by human means. But the finger of the Omniscient pointed the way. The arm of the Omnipotent directed its accomplishment. Like the barbarians of Canaan, the savages of this western land, have wasted "by little and little," (Exod. xxiii, 30,) until, as a race, they have almost become extinct. In the few that are left, the American christian reads the purpose of Heaven in the distribution of His blessings among the inhabitants of the earth, and in the use of its territory for the accomplishment of his wonderful designs. They remain as did the Ammonite and Moabite near the people of Israel, to remind us as they were reminded of the favors received from God, and as a warning of duty on the part of his subjects to love and faithfully serve him.

Our land of wealth and beauty is but another land of promise, and in its gift we trace the footsteps of our heavenly Benefactor in the working of his Sovereign will. As it was His pleasure to give no king to Israel, but to be the king Himself of his favored people, so hath it pleased Him that no king but Himself should rule over this land. The freedom enjoyed by the American people is the gift of God. Mind in its enlightenment becomes impatient in the restraints of civil oppression. It pants for liberty. It struggles to be free. So panted, and so struggled the early settlers of this continent. The free winds of the American wilderness fanned the brows that had been severed in the restraints of monarchical rule. The cooling draught was grateful to their feelings and like those winds they would be free. How they struggled with their oppressor. How they snapped asunder the yoke that he placed upon their necks. How they resisted. How

they fought and bled, and prayed and triumphed, their history will tell to the latest generation.

This day—the **FOURTH OF JULY** is a sign and seal of freedom to the American patriot. It is a memorial of the trials and triumphs of the American fathers in the days of the Revolution. It tells that in the face of tyranny they had courage to proclaim their wrongs. It tells that when they demanded redress and it was refused they dared to proclaim to their oppressors and to the world their determination to be free. It tells how they bound themselves, and the colonies they represented in a bond of **UNION** which neither tyranny, nor trial, nor persecution, nor human power—which nothing but death could dissolve. It tells how they endured—how they suffered—how they labored and how they persevered until victory hovered over their standard, and their banner of the stripes and stars waved over a free people. It tells of the peace—the prosperity—the plenty and the happiness the people of this land have possessed and enjoyed since the year 1776 it proclaimed them to the world a free and independent nation. All this is told by the day of festivity and joy. And more than all this it tells. It tells that the triumph of free principles is keeping pace with the progress of mental enlightenment. It tells that as the nations emerge from barbarism to civilization, and to enlightenment, and to religion, they become more free and more capable of the possession of the treasure and consequently more happy. And more than this it tells. It tells that if the descendants of the men of the Revolution would preserve their inheritance of freedom, like those men they must be pure, self-sacrificing patriots—Christian men whom no fear can intimidate, but the fear

of offending God, and who acknowledge no allegiance that does not recognize him as the centre of its unity and the circumscribing limit of its authority. And more than this it tells. It tells that as the men of the Revolution were so entirely a unit in their purpose of giving freedom to their country that a traitor could not remain among them, but had to fly for protection to a foreign hostile government, so are the successors of those men to be one and indivisible in their determination to preserve their heritage of freedom in its unity and purity, and that if one, either for his opinion, or his price should betray his trust, the moral force of the people would bear him down to his level and cause him to hide his diminished head in shame. All this and more, this day of freedom tells. It tells that the foot-steps of **HIM** whose way is in the sea and whose path is in the great waters have touched it, and left upon it the marks of their mysterious tread. It is wonderful—it is providential that John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and James Monroe, three Presidents of the Republic to which it gave existence—that was declared free on the Fourth day of July, should have been taken from their labors to their reward on its anniversary. And the wonder is increased and the providence rendered more mysterious in the fact that two of them—Adams and Jefferson, the principal authors of the Declaration of Independence, were taken on the same day, and that the *fiftieth*—the jubilatic year of the independence, for the securing of which they periled their fortunes and lives, and pledged their sacred honor. Surely these strangely coincident events could not have occurred by mere accident. They must have been *providential*. And as providential coincidences in relation to the an-

niversary of American freedom, they call upon the patriots of this land to consider them in connection with their duties to their country—to their countrymen—to their God. If they are the footsteps of the Most High, they are intended for use. They are for admonition—for reproof of wrong—for encouragement of right—for direction in seeking our own and our country's good in His hallowed service.

We celebrate to-day the *Seventy-fifth* anniversary of our day of freedom. It is a day in which a nation's heart is thrilled with grateful joy. It falls upon the Sabbath—the holy day of God, and from the sacred desk a legion voices proclaim, and millions of swelling hearts respond to the proclamation of a nation's gratitude to Heaven for the hand of mercy which is over us, and for the rich blessings it is ever pouring upon us. But while this universal offering of grateful praise is rising from a nation's lips, a nation's heart is bleeding, and a nation's tears are flowing from its depths. A mournful pageant is now passing through this land and the drapery of death is waving upon its winds of freedom. The American flag is unfurled and spreads its folds in beauty upon the breeze, but it bears aloft the badge of sorrow. The footsteps of the Great God have but just passed by us, and with them has passed away from earth and earthly toil forever, the spirit of one who was as proudly eminent in the councils of the nation as he is now profoundly venerated in the affections of the people. With the lamented dead, and with the great that have gone to their reward is now associated the name of **HENRY CLAY**—the patriot—the statesman—the devoted friend of American liberty. On this day of proud memorial, how often has his voice been heard

expressing his admiration of the characters and deeds of the revolutionary patriots? How often repeated have been his efforts to render their work of freedom perpetual by embalming it more deeply in the affections of his countrymen. And now that he sleeps in death, on this day so dear to the American heart, how many voices are speaking his eulogy—how many tongues are telling over the deeds that have made his memory immortal?

On this occasion, memorable as a festival both of the Church and the State—memorable alike in grief and joy, it is meet and right that a passing notice should be given to the character and deeds of the departed statesman and patriot. For more than half a century the name of Henry Clay has been identified with the National Council of his country. He has been a prominent actor in the most important events that have occupied the attention of the statesmen of his day. The feature that stands out most strongly marked in his political character, is his devotion to the Union of the States. Closely connected with this feature is that of the honor of the National American character. Since the question of States Rights was introduced, which a number of the most eminent of his compeers have been mistaken in advocating, doubtless without being aware of it, against some of the most important interests of the General Government, he has most eminently distinguished himself as an advocate for THE UNION. He has never for a moment tolerated the idea that any right possessed by a State, nor anything whatever, should be allowed to interpose itself between a State and the Union. He has openly and repeatedly proclaimed himself the enemy of whatever might be presented in opposition to the

great confederacy that binds the States of North America in one General Government. When he first entered the House of Representatives, seventeen States composed the American confederacy. He has been engaged in the admission into the Union of the additional fourteen, nearly half of the present number, and his great purpose has ever been to allow no state to be associated with the rest in the acknowledgment of any right that might conflict with the rights of the whole. In maintaining this principle, he has been obliged to meet in opposition some of the ablest minds of the country. But he has never faltered in his purpose in relation to the Union, nor failed in its accomplishment. Other great minds, with some of which he differed upon other points of policy, have been associated with him in the various contests, and they have always prevailed. Many events might be alluded to, were this the time and the place, to show his love for the Union—his fear that it might receive injury at the hands of its friends—and his laborious services in sustaining it.

Not less prominent in his history than his devotion to the Union, does his estimate of the honor of the American character appear. One of the most important and perhaps valuable acts of his life, in which this estimate is seen, is connected with the war of 1812. Of that war, under the circumstances that caused its declaration, he was a zealous advocate. He regarded the honor of the American confederacy as tarnished in a tame submission to the outrages that caused the rupture between our Government and that of England. The search of American vessels upon the high seas, and the impressment of American seamen into a foreign service, were received as an insult to which the Amer-

ican flag could not be allowed to submit. With this view, which he held in common with a number of the distinguished statesmen of the day, and for the support of the war of 1812, he resigned his seat in the Senate, and was elected by the people of his district in Kentucky to the House of Representatives. Both in and out of Congress he had to oppose such men as John Quincy Adams, James Bayard, Albert Gallatin and others. But, notwithstanding their opposition, the party was successful that was determined to redress the wrong the country had sustained, and remove the stain the national escutcheon had received in the search of American vessels and the impressment of American seamen. The war was declared, and Mr. Clay did his utmost to have it vigorously pursued, and to bring it to an honorable termination. Dissatisfaction having been expressed in relation to the commission appointed to negotiate the terms of peace with England, Mr. Clay and Jonathan Russell of the war party were associated with it. The commission as at first composed, consisted of Messrs. Adams, Bayard and Gallatin, and the opinion of Mr. Clay and others was, that as they were all of the peace party, those of the opposite view should be represented in a matter in which they were so much concerned. Hence his appointment with Mr. Russell by President Madison to aid in effecting the treaty. When these gentlemen arrived in Europe they found that the terms of the treaty had been agreed upon, but as they were not satisfactory to them, they demanded that the negotiation should be re-opened. For nearly five months the subject was discussed by the parties, during which Messrs. Clay and Russell insisted that the obnoxious feature of search and impressment should be reproba-

ted by the treaty. Although but partially successful, the celebrated treaty of Ghent owes some of its most prominent features, which are honorable to American liberty, to those gentlemen.

The last political act in the life of Mr. Clay was the presentation to the Senate of his Compromise resolutions upon the widely agitated and difficult subject of slavery. In relation to these resolutions a most astonishing coincidence has occurred. But a few days before the death of Mr. Clay, the conventions of the two opposing parties for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency of the United States met in this city. And widely as those parties had differed in policy, and bitterly as they had opposed each other for years, both adopted the compromise of the great statesman as a basis upon which to rest their political platforms. How gratifying it must have been to the dying patriot that both parties should thus have adopted his Compromise. It must have been a high source of pleasure to him that the violence of party feeling had so far subsided, that the contest for political principle was likely to be carried on in a more friendly spirit than it had been for many years. But a few days after this satisfactory and gratifying event he bowed peacefully, and without a murmur, to the mandate of Heaven, and resigned his spirit to the God who gave it. His work is done. The measure of his years and honors is full. He has been gathered to his reward.

It was but a few years ago that Mr. Clay formally and openly entered upon the responsibilities and duties of religion. He was baptized in the Protestant Episcopal Church and became at once a communicant at her altar. Since that time he has been earnestly devoted

to his religious duties. Upon his death-bed he had a long season for reflection, and was thankful that he was spared to consider his spiritual condition and hold a lengthened communion with his God. In meekness and without reserve he surrendered himself to the keeping of his Heavenly Master. There is a volume of interest in the declaration of his belief and confidence in the christian faith, made to a brother Senator a short time previous to his death. "*I am not afraid to die, I have hope, faith, and some confidence. I do not think any man can be entirely certain in regard to his future state, but I have an abiding trust in the merits and mediation of the Saviour.*"

How childlike in its simplicity and trust was the faith of this great man? His own words in view of death show how utterly worthless he regarded all human things in comparison with the treasures of eternity, and how devotedly and confidently he reposed his trust in Christ. His own character and deeds and the plaudits and benedictions of his countrymen that he had been receiving for half a century were all forgotten, and the prospect of Heaven was to him the portion of richest blessing. A receding world was nothing in his view when the unalterable realities of a future state were opening before his spiritual vision. His testimony is that of a great mind to the truth of the Christian faith and the consolations of the Gospel. In the reception of the emblems of the Broken Body and Shed Blood of his Lord and Saviour, he confessed, in deeds, as he had done in words, his entire reliance upon His merits and mediation for the cleansing of his soul, and for the joys of salvation, which he hoped to realize in Heaven. Brethren of the Communion, we shall soon assemble at the Table of the Lord

to testify, as did the departed statesman, our faith in Christ, and our hope in the merits of His death. Like him, in view of death and the eternal future, let us divest our thoughts of earthly considerations, and our affections of earthly hopes, and let us commune in spirit with the vast household of our common faith—in the surrender of self—in the forgetfulness of all that is earthly and sensual—in the knowledge only of Christ and Him crucified.

We mourn the departed, and it is well that we should do so. Humanity, in its affliction, finds relief in tears. But it is not to our profit that so much of our thoughts should be given to the dead as a mass of lifeless flesh—a cold and wasting tenant of the cemetery. The form we follow to the tomb is but the remnant of the departed—the least valuable part of the once living man—the loved and valued friend. Around that form hopes may have clustered—affections entwined, and it may have become dear to us. But it was the spirit that looked and spake from the frame work of flesh that attracted our notice and drew out our affections. And that spirit dies not with the dissolving body. It passes from it, and from this world to another state of being. It still lives. It still loves. It is still capable of enjoyment. So has passed from earth and from the form it inhabited, the spirit of the great statesman and patriot whose memorial we mingle with our devotions to-day. He has gone to the reward of his faith, and while his dead body shall waste in the sepulchre, we doubt not that his living spirit shall pursue its way of peace in the presence of its God. There is a place into which the spirit passes when it leaves its earthly dwelling. There it waits the resurrection, when it shall be reunited to

the body to be separated no more, but to dwell in union during the endless years of Heaven. It is encouraging to the christian heart—the heart of Faith, to believe, that although all that is valuable, and lovely, and attractive of this world must fade, and fall, and crumble into the nothingness of decay—although

“Love and hope, and beauty’s bloom,
Seem trophies only for the tomb,”

there is a world of the future in which all shall be recovered. There is a dwelling place of immortality, where the light shines forever, and the glory is not dimmed by even a passing shadow. It is the home of the faithful and the dead in Christ possess it, and enjoy it forever. To the soul of Faith it is joy that it may look away from life’s calamities and cares ; and in its view of Heaven it grieves not that with the Psalmist it must say of God—

“Thy way is in the sea,
Thy path in the great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known.”

Although to human view, under the tread of the Almighty’s footsteps, life passes like a ship upon the sea, or like leviathan over the deep, or like the storm upon the ocean. It sinks amid the waves of time to rise no more upon them. Yet in the view of Faith, under the eye and arm of Providence, its fall is but its transit to another and an eternal state. It is by Faith so slighted by the worldly, and sometimes so neglected by the wise, that we follow the Great Divinity in his purpose, and behold the movements of his power in raising up the faithful dead for the perpetual enjoyment of the life of



Heaven. Although we may not with our eyes of flesh, nor in our mental view, behold the way in which he walks, the path upon which He treads. His footsteps may not thus be known to us, yet are we satisfied that they are the footsteps of the Highest—the Holiest; and that they mark His way of might and mercy—of power and peace. The soul's rest is upon its Faith—the mind assents—hope springs from the word of God's revealment, and man—the tossed, the troubled, on the sea of life, feels that he is safe. What then though all must die? What then though the great and the humble go down together to the dust? What then though the wise and the simple slumber side by side in the narrow dwelling of the dead? Faith, which is the gift of God, and may be possessed by all, illumines the dreary waste of death and assures us of a better life—the life of immortality in Heaven, where the good and the great of earth shall assemble to follow the unknown footsteps of God forever. Men of mortality, awake to your better interests! Seek your place in Providence as children of Faith. Then may you rejoice as you look upward from a decaying world, for you shall—

See Truth, Love and Mercy in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.



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