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The Grateful Sacrifice.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON,

PREACHED IN EMMANUEL CHURCH, BALTIMORE, NOV. 24, 1864,

BY
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RECTOR.

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S E R M O N .

Ps. iv. 5, 6—"OFFER THE SACRIFICES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE LORD. THERE BE MANY THAT SAY, WHO WILL SHEW US ANY GOOD? LORD, LIFT THOU UP THE LIGHT OF THY COUNTENANCE UPON US."

JESUS upon Olivet gave us a law which bears importantly upon the text and the times. To give love for love and blessing for blessing is so manifestly a profitable exchange for man, that it entitles him to neither commendation nor reward. But the return of good for bad to our brother, this is the temper of soul which shall make us "the children of the Highest." By a parity of reasoning, the giving of gratitude to God for prosperity is but signing a receipt for the delivery of valuables; an act of justice not of merit. The rendering back however of thanksgiving for chastening, the lifting up of praise from a heart that is charged with sorrow, the kissing the hand that smites, the recognition of a beneficent Providence in the hour of sternest discipline, this it is which is gilded with the golden light of God's favor,—for it is an exercise of that faith which works by love and is proved by tribulation.

On this day, the appointed season of national thanksgiving, we are once more gathered in our houses of prayer to offer the "sacrifices of righteousness" beneath dark and frowning skies. We are invoked to give thanks to God even while our back is bowed and smarting under the rod of correction. It is a sublime exercise of faith. Not but what there is still enjoyed by us a rich remnant of blessing, but so prone are we to exact the full measure of prosperity, that we sit down in discontent when the cup is diminished or temporarily withheld. Thus constituted, if faith assumes office in our time of trial, we are lifted by it into upper levels and a clearer light. Therefore the "sacrifices of righteousness" which we offer to-day, is but the "putting our trust in the Lord." The voices of untrustful repining which rise from our hearts demanding "who will shew us any good," are answered by the prayers now

going up from a thousand altars, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

The life of a nation like the life of a man, is subject to a mixed dispensation of good and ill. The moral economy of our world is everywhere characterized by the alternation or intermingling of the conflicting elements of blessing and cursing. Though God deals with nations by a different law from that with which he deals with man, yet have they the same chequered record of prosperity and adversity. The former find however their compensations in the judgments of earth; the latter in the published decrees of the final day of account. Our nation is having the same experience as others. Still history does not repeat itself. New developments and new combinations are always making new history. But God's method of reward and punishment is always the same, and in this all nations have common experience. The people of this American land have lived under the sunshine and blue from the beginning until now. Prosperity, progress and success have become such familiar ideas that we have vaunted ourselves into a pride of power and position more offensive to Heaven, than, if it were possible, to some of our trans-atlantic rivals in trade and art. The popular lexicon has long ago ceased to contain "impossible:" and I almost fear the popular heart has eliminated from the equation of national life, the Providential element, except so far as it may be necessary to the success of what has already been definitely and determinedly and finally resolved. Now-a-days the statesman, the moralist, and the preacher, tell us what must happen, and then assure us that Providence will unquestionably bring it to pass. To this we have come through a career of unexampled prosperity. Not a century yet since this nation had its birth, and it stands before the world a Colossus of power. To-day it is putting forth arms of strength more muscular and massive than have ever been bared before the world by any state. What a hot-bed growth of all economical interests has been ours. Never has a nation been so tried by prosperity as ours. We have achieved in a century what England has slowly reached in a decade of centuries. But on the maxim "the greater the interest the more insecure the investment," we have come to learn that rapid accumulation, in national as in individual life, is fraught with many dangers. A quick depletion is but too often the consequence of such rapid accretion, to say nothing of the humiliation and bitterness and calamity which follow in the train of the former. Up to the

present epoch the life of this nation has been one of apparent health, its history one of unexampled successes, its dispensation one of continuous blessing. Let us not be so blinded by the red glare of present disaster as to forget these mercies of the past. Let us never forget the grateful irrigation of this broad continent by the sparkling streams which have steadily flowed from the springs of civil and religious liberty, opened to us in that great convulsion which gave birth to our nation. Let us never forget this short but sublime career in which there has been an unprecedented vitality infused, and an unexampled development afforded to invention and commerce, to agriculture and trade, to manufactures, and to art, to science and polite learning, to all the educational and industrial interests of the state. What a peopling of vast territories! What a diffusing of information! What an extending of the Church! What contributing to the domestic comfort and moral dignity of man! What an expanding of spiritual privilege! What an augmenting of national strength! What a putting forth of all the functions of a lusty life and its enlarging energies, have we already recorded in the first volume of our country's history. God forgive us that we have not the record of a proportionably enlarged fidelity to Him, and an equally rapid growth and expansion of the principles of "true and undefiled religion." But now in this sudden check and solemn pause of prosperity, we may readily see that the composition of both our civil and religious liberty has been defective. Both have needed the blood of Martyrs.

The American people have always regarded themselves legitimate heirs to all the blessings; by reason of the very skies above them and the very soil beneath them, born heir to the citizens' *summum bonum*. Our ancestors came here either in the possession of religious liberty or to receive it. They came in the possession of civil liberty, or to receive it; and when as just previous to the Revolution it was threatened for the moment, they struck for independence, not liberty,—for that they had before. What we have not earned we do not adequately value. America inherited liberty, not earned it; and therefore it has never had a just appreciation among the people. That which is the seed of the Church is the vital principle of the state,—is, under God, the agency for acquiring and perpetuating the true spirit of liberty. It may be that this generation shall not pass away, before—it may be that this generation is already beholding the incorporation of this precious element. When we have the experience of martyr-

dom, we shall have the priceless martyr heritage for the nation's great future. If we are now hinging upon this epoch, "let all the people praise Thee O God, yea let all the people praise Thee." Still it is to be through the fires. Doubtless they are kindled. For what intent the All-wise only knoweth. The lessons of history, sacred and profane, are however distinct in their teaching to the present crisis, that we are passing under a different dispensation, however short or long, in compensating contrast to our earlier generations of unbroken blessing.

We are now learning in sorrow the lessons so poorly studied in our joy. By weal or by woe they must be studied and must be learned. And herein, moreover, is the balance of justice to the aggregate sin of the race; the temporal judgments decreed and visited upon the nations, foreshadowing faintly but fairly the eternal judgment upon those human units of which the nations are made up. To the spectator, whether Patriot or Christian, gazing upon the enacted drama of our national life, the scene has shifted. The jocund landscape and the sweet-piped roundelay, the freighted argosies and harvest-laden wains, give place to "the sulphurous canopy" and the steed-trampled plain, long lines of embattled men and the frowning front of bristling bastions. Peace and thrift make way for war and prodigality. Yes, the scene is changed. The régime is changed. The men have changed. The ideas have changed. The temper of the nation is changed. All is changed save the superintending Providence of the unchanging Ruler and Director of all. The pulse of the people beats quicker. The common breast is heaving high with novel emotions. The common brain is busied with daring speculation, and braced with a Crusader-like determination. Now, that such potent ingredients are thrown into the caldron of popular impulse and action,—now, that the leash is loosed from the dogs of war, and no longer held in hand,—now, that we are whirling onward in such a swollen and angry tide,—now, that we are involved in events as morally important as they are politically grand and significant, what is left us but to lift up our feeble hands, our hopeful hearts, and appeal to God with the cry of Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things?" What is left us but to "offer the sacrifices of righteousness and put our trust in the Lord?"

And can we, as on this day invited, offer these sacrifices and repose this trust? Should the Son of man now coming, find this faith in our limited lot of earth? There is a theology

which teaches the test of a true faith to be the willingness to praise God for the vindication of His justice and truth, though this vindication, of necessity, involves the individual in the woes of damnation. However we may admire the eminence of that faith, perched so high above the common experience, it behooves us, we think, even more than we admire, to emulate it; not as in this extreme and even impossible expression, but in its unquestioning and adoring spirit of resignation to Him "who doeth all things well." The religion which rejoices only in the sunshine is but a poor panoply for the soul that is hastening to the "dark valley and shadow." That man has no honest belief in God's existence or wisdom or superintendency, who cannot see Him just as clearly in the dark as in the light; nay, more, see His goodness and mercy and truth in the thickest gloom of disaster and the starless midnight of despair. True faith makes its choicest offerings of righteousness while standing far removed from the light, far back in deepest shadow. It lays them on the raven wing of night and flutters the pinions of darkness till the gifts go up to God. Let us prove our faith to-day by a true sacrifice of righteousness. "Out of the deep" do we call unto the Lord, but let the cry go gladly upward, as the voice of those who "know in whom they have believed."

But what are the sacrifices which we place upon the altar and to which we invoke the attention of Jehovah. Grateful hearts are there, our vows of service are there, our alms are there, and the record of our labor in the Lord. But these are the sacrifices of allegiance, not of righteousness. *Trust*, blind and implicit, absorbing and unwavering, unquestioning and unrepining trust in the Lord,—this is the chiefest of the sacrifices of righteousness. Never in history was a Christ-illuminated land so invoked to make this offering, never was there greater need, never was there a sublimer occasion. O that a live coal would drop from the golden and glowing altar which flames forever with the light of perfect sacrifice before the Father's throne, and falling upon the nation's lips, and striking its heat into the nation's heart, would kindle the one to lofty devotion and warm the other to perfect trust. To-day the nation assumes an attitude of formal faith. Will not the blessed God, to whom we make thanksgiving and before whom we offer sacrifice, to whom we look for help and favor and from whom we expect all our supplies, will He not, by His transforming touch change our formality to fervency; and so enable this nation to-day, as the act of

one man, to “offer the sacrifices of righteousness” by putting “its trust in the Lord?” But as in strongest contrast to our vaunted self-dependency, this people is peculiarly called at this juncture to put its trust in the Lord, as the sacrifice of righteousness specially demanded,—so moreover, in violent contrast to the bitterness which war has distilled into the common heart, is the nation recalled to the duties of our human fraternity and specially invoked to make offerings of reconciliation.

Next in importance to 'Trust, is *Love* as a sacrifice of righteousness. “If we love one another God dwelleth in us.” According to the analogy of our soul-life, by *faith* the nation is to lay hold upon God and by *love* secure his presence as a Dweller in its midst. Before then we approach the altar with our thank-offering to-day, let us order our hearts in peace to our brother. O that this hell-hound of hate might be hunted from our hearts and homes, from the length and breadth of our land. Shout it forth to the nation gathered before God to-day in prayer and thanksgiving,—“If we love one another God dwelleth in us.” Declare it from the housetops and let it ring through the churches,—“If we love one another God dwelleth in us.” This is the Gospel of the Grace of God to the nation, as it is to the soul. This is the method by which the people are to secure the presence and cooperation of God in their civil sanctification. There is no pledge of the Divine indwelling except upon this condition. If the state must array itself in the red robe of war and stand before the world in garments soiled with the dust of conflict and reeking with the gore of battle, O let it be in sorrow not in anger,—let it be under the influence of hallowed conviction, and not the domination of anger and pride. Am I not right, fellow Christians and fellow patriots, in urging upon you to offer unto God this day for your sacrifices of righteousness, before you approach Him with the voice of thanksgiving, the tribute of a rekindled faith in God and a reanimated love for man. Lay these twin-gifts upon the altar. Deck them with the graceful garlanding of Christian Hope. Breathe over them the pious petition of the royal worshipper, “Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.” Stand near the place of sacrifice, as stood Elijah in the shadow of Carmel, waiting with heart and hands reached out, with eyes and voice upraised to God, until the fire fall from Heaven and embrace the accepted offering. Stand near, my Brothers, as stood the trusting Prophet and “God even our own God will give us his blessing.”

But let us well remember that whatever gift we bring to God this day, whatever our sacrifices, they are all in one sense a thank-offering. And if so be, we come before the Lord in righteousness, we shall have the richer occasion, the stronger impulse to pour out our souls before Him in a gushing libation of praise and thanksgiving. Thus reasoned David with himself standing by his altar of faith and prayer, and as he thought of the ungrateful people who murmured because of the paucity of their blessings or the multitude of their miseries saying, "who will shew us any good," he raised his voice in an argument of prayer, setting forth the fact that the light of the Lord's countenance lifted up upon the people was ample compensation for all their ills, that the revealing of His face was like unto the glad brightness of the morning and the assurance of His presence a token of "the fullness of joy."

Let it be my grateful office on this appointed day of gratitude to make response to those who murmur in heart and vainly inquire in these times of discipline "who will shew us any good." Or rather let me summon to this audience chamber of God such living witnesses as will give them the testimony they need.

Will the *Husbandman* shew us any good? See him as he comes rejoicing with his sheaves. Behold the cheek tanned by the harvest sun. Regard the barns filled with plenty to which he points you. Listen to the voice with which he blesses God for the increase of field and fold. Accept the proof he presents of the unchanging goodness of that Providence who droppeth so evenly from Heaven the balmy sunshine and the fruitful showers—who redeemeth with each returning "seed time and harvest" the pledges of a bountiful supply to this thronged and needy earth.

True, there are fields that are only ploughed by the wheels of war, districts desolated by the ravage of armies, waste places which know more of the baptism of blood and tears than the germinating rain and dew. Valleys that laughed and hills that skipped for joy are now silent and barren, robbed of their riches, spoiled of their beauty and hushed of their grateful mirth. Still the broader fields of plenty send greeting to these desolate places, and of their fullness make supply. The broad bosom of our rich domain has yielded abundantly for the wants of all, and thus far famine has not followed the footsteps of war. The blight and mildew have been graciously withheld, and the granaries of the land are teeming with the garnered treasures of the Husbandman. God be praised for the grain and the fruits! God be

praised for the barns "filled with plenty," and the presses that "burst out with new wine!"

From the tiller of the soil we turn to the *tiller of the soul*. Will he "shew us any good?" Standing in his lot, he looks out upon a scene of moral conflict and civil confusion. He is a spectator to the clash of arms, to the more deadly clash of principle and feeling. A herald of the Prince of Peace, he comes with his credentials and his message to men whose minds are largely pre-occupied with war. He points his appeals to hearts so swayed at times with wild emotions as to escape his gospel shafts. Obstacles incident to a condition of war, but heretofore unknown among this people, rise up before him in frowning array. New forms of vice make head or common vices are multiplied and magnified. His feeble voice is drowned in the roar of the people. His moral strength avails but little against the dash of the tide. But woe to him if his lips be closed to the utterance of the Truth, woe to him if he yield to the current, when it sets not strongly in the channel of the Right. But with his report neglected or unbelieving, does he come into the witness stand to-day with no testimony of the manifested goodness of the covenant-keeping God? Nay, he tells us of more than even open Bibles and a free gospel. He gives glad witness to the deepening spirit of sacrifice and consecration among those who are deeply concerned for the honor of God and the rescue of souls. He tells of the sublime philanthropy, the immense organizations of society for the relief of human suffering. He recounts the self-devotion of those who are alleviating the consequences of "man's inhumanity to man." He exhibits the lavish liberality which is ministering to the wants and woes of the wasted and wounded. This is not religion, but it is her handmaiden and valuable coadjutor. It is a discipline and development which tells indirectly but importantly upon the great interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. This is not a catholic but an eclectic spirit, still it opens fountains which are rarely or never closed, and whose waters are wont to grow sweeter and purer until they change into well springs of life. Let elective affinities have an unlettered exercise in charity, and by the conditions of our emotional nature they widen and deepen until they reach out and reach up to grasp and embrace all the true of earth and the good of Heaven.

The minister of Christ has a further thanksgiving testimony. Public and private calamity, the wrecking of so many bright hopes and the deep shadows cast along the path of the future,

are proving largely instrumental in withdrawing the mind and weaning the heart of many from the mocking vanities of the world.

As darkness thickens round us, the lights of heaven appear;
As earth grows dim and dreary, upward we look for cheer.

This distillation of spiritual good out of temporal ill is not unusual in the moral government of God: and the preacher of righteousness who is or should be ever ready to aid in transmuted the wrath of man into the praise of his Maker, seizes upon a juncture like the present to press home to the heart the teachings of Providence, interweaved and illuminated with the teachings of grace. Thus "man's extremity" becomes "God's opportunity." Nay more; the minister of Jesus has a grateful testimony to offer at an hour like this in view of the new avenues open to evangelic effort, in lieu of those that have been closed, we trust temporarily, by the pressure of hostile interests. In these new "ways of Zion" he may take his stand for Christ and there build new "walls of salvation" and "new gates of praise."

It is not to be concealed that there has been no little commingling of things secular and sacred, by many who have assumed to give only God's message to man's soul. It is deeply to be deplored that such deflection should ever be given to the compass of preached truth. Our security is gone when the needle is not true to the pole. The needle has, it can have, but this one office. Nothing save this, however, can exercise that office. Nothing else points to Heaven's guiding star. Derange its action and you have lost your path upon the deep. The minister of Christ has one work and but one work; all his time, all his energies enable him to do that but poorly at best. God's work is too pressing—too vast to spare his laborer for the work of the state. Perishing souls are always calling him back to the office he has accepted in their behalf. Let him burn with patriotic ardor. Let him throw the weight of his character on the side of liberty, and law, and justice. Let him freely offer the sacrifices which the exigencies of civil life may demand of him as a citizen of the commonwealth. But let him not forego that rigid discrimination of duty which makes him a spokesman, not of the people, but of the people's Saviour,—which makes him a guardian, not of civil liberty, but of the liberty wherewith Christ doth make us free,—which makes him an officer, not of those whose weapons are carnal, but of those who enlist under the Captain of Salvation. However some may

have failed to respect this discrimination of duty, either through too much fear or too much love of man, we have this day to bless the name of God Most High, that, despite the erring of the compass and the wild surging of the seas, the Gospel Ship has held her course, floating her grace-spangled flag, and bearing in safety her soul-saving truth.

Shall we now take our appeal to the *statesman*, and enquire of him if he can "shew us any good?" However scanty may be the testimony he can furnish, wherewith to frame a new anthem of thanksgiving, he cannot fail to recite the lesson of history, that grand ideas and heroic policies only have birth through the throes of the nation. He must admit that the crucial tests of an era like this, exhibit what is worthy and what is worthless in the organic life of the state. He must confess that a check to progress such as we now are suffering, gives breathing space and ample opportunity to repair the mistakes of the past and guard the future from failure. He must give witness to the fact that issues like those now pressing upon us, give scope and elevation to the common mind, lift men from lethargy, quicken all the energies, and charge with fresh power all the elements of individual character; that however war is to be deplored, it braces the bulwarks of national life, exercises and strengthens by the exercise all the preservative ability it possesses. If here and now these historic truths are being reproduced,—if these be the lessons for the hour and the land, the testimony of the statesman would lead us to the altar of thanksgiving, there to praise the God of Nations, who is schooling us for a larger and truer life, and leading us by "a way we have not known" into a new and richer inheritance.

Summon the *soldier*, and he will tell you of scenes of Christian heroism he has witnessed, unsurpassed by any deeds of daring. He has beheld the sublime power of humble trust in Jesus, as it rose majestically above the perils of the onset, or calmly closed the eyes in triumphant death upon the battle-plain. He will speak of a bravery which, for three times in our country's history, has returned from war wreathed with the chaplets of victory, and which now has grander exhibition than ever, when for the first time it has met its peer,—when Americans stand shoulder to shoulder not only, but face to face. Can you help praising God for that noble courage in view of the hour when, by His blessing, it shall be sanctified and shine forth in all the splendor of boldness for Christ. Can you help praising God that the faith of the Christian has glittered more brightly than flashing sword or

gleaming bayonet, and that amidst the wrecks and ravage of war, there has moved a *presence* mightier than all the munitions of armies, and grander than all the glories of triumph. That war is a curse, and internecine war a double curse, is universally true; but there are some things worse than war, and there are some things precious above price to the state, which never come except with war. Deprecating the dire necessity, bowing beneath the burden of bitterness, and wickedness, and death, and debt, let us not be blind to the indirect and resulting benefactions designed by such discipline, in the usual routine of the Divine operation. We thank not God for war. We cannot bless Him for desolation, and conflagration, and misery, and destruction. We have no heart, except the heart of the Samaritan, for the sickening scenes where lead and steel have had their will and done their work. We cannot love that which is the enemy of love. But, since the cross has been laid upon us, let us not lose its blessings. What humility, what dependence on God, what instability of civil prosperity, what perils incident to the neglect of public virtue, what rebuffs to national pride and vanity are not proffered for our profit by war, the stern monitor. Again, what an awakening of strength, what a girding up of the loins of effort, what new birth of resolve, what a recasting of policies, what a re-examination of old safeguards and creation of new, what sacrifice, what discipline, what endurance, what a development of heroic manhood are all associated with or consequent upon the delivery of war by a "mighty and puissant nation." We are ready enough to appreciate the horrors and groan under the burdens of a struggle like the present; O let us be equally instant to appreciate the teachings of the hour, and return thanks for the benefits which of God's goodness may flow into our civil future, through the crimsoned channel of our present tribulation. Thus shall we with fidelity bear our part, in this mixed dispensation, toward God, the country and the soul; praising the goodness of Heaven from chastened hearts, and looking upward for help and comfort with eyes swimming in dews of repentance. Thus shall we, moreover, gain experience of the truth and beauty of that hymn of the heart,—

"E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears."

Time will not suffice that I summon the many waiting witnesses who stand ready on this day of thanksgiving, to reprove with

their grateful testimony the murmurers that enquire "who will shew us any good?" Why the "very stones cry out" in attestation of the Divine beneficence! All nature is vocal with songs of praise; the rustling foliage, the babbling brook, the surging sea, the whistling winds, the "cattle on a thousand hills," and the bright-winged warblers in meadow and grove, all sing their Maker's praise; and "shall we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high," shall we whose heritage of blessing is rich beyond comparison, shall we who have souls, and Bibles, and a Saviour, and a Sanctifier, and a sure redemption, shall we who have a "goodly land" and a race of stalwart freemen to people it, shall we who for another year have been spared the blight of pestilence and the ravening of famine, shall we who have food and raiment, the hoarded sweets of home and the priceless privilege of the temple, shall we, when pricked by the sword of chastening fail in our tribute of gratitude to God, or withhold the ample "sacrifice of praise?"

As Elijah before his altar of Faith, and David standing at the shrine of Praise, perfected their offerings by the incense of prayer, so we, gathered to-day before the nation's altar of thanksgiving, raise our hearts to God with the hopeful appeal, "Lord! lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." We "never despair of the Republic," we never despair of the triumph of the truth, so long as we have ease of access to Him who "waiteth to be gracious." The countenance of God, when lifted up, will drown in its glorious light the darkest clouds that ever lowered upon the soul, or upon the nation, and send sunshine to the deepest caverns of spiritual despair, or the gloomiest retreats of civil calamity.

The lifted light of God's countenance is the amelioration of every state and condition of man,—is the alleviation of every "ill that flesh is heir to." The lifted light of God's countenance is an illumination of joy to His friends, a dazzling blindness to His enemies. In the restored light of His countenance we forget all of disaster and anguish past, and by this token are bold and hopeful, yea, confident of the future. Basking in that light we have a thousand-fold compensation for all the pains and darkness through which we have struggled to attain unto it. That light is the glory of the soul, the fullness of its joy, the utmost reach and compass of its felicity. But what it is for the saints, that it is for the nations. It is attainable by both on like conditions, viz: "fearing God and working righteousness." Our prayers for it are vain, except we fulfil these conditions of its acquisition. Before therefore I invoke

you to these prayers, I beseech you to cultivate that "fear of the Lord" which is "the beginning of knowledge," and that "righteousness" which alone "exalteth a nation."

Let then the nation to its knees. Let its mouth be as the mouth of one man. Let its appeal go up to God this day from Church and closet, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." If in Faith and Love that prayer be wafted to the throne, the fire will fall from heaven, kissing and consuming our "sacrifices of righteousness." The light lifted upon our rulers will illuminate their counsels, and reveal the path to honorable and lasting peace. The light lifted upon our people will assuage their bitterness and prepare them for a return to the prosperities of the past, or to advance to the richer blessings of the future. The light lifted upon field and tent will exhibit the discipline and devotion, the endurance and heroism of the soldier as meet preparation for service in the militant hosts of faith. The light lifted more distinctly upon the Church will make clear her vision of duty and of privilege, and open up broader fields of enterprise for her evangelizing energies.

O the light—the upper light, the light of God's glorious face, let it be lifted upon this land of our birth, this sanctuary of our social and civil joys, this home and hope of popular and religious liberty!

If now we have offered "the sacrifices of righteousness" and humbly "put our trust in the Lord," if we have opened up the fountains of gratitude in our hearts, and in glowing faith sent up on high our prayer for the light of God's countenance; if this be the grateful sacrifice placed to-day by the people upon the nation's altar, the testimony of the Divine favor will not be withheld. And when it comes, if come it shall, a voice of glad acclaim shall go out from the mouth of the multitude, "*Lo! righteousness and peace have kissed each other.*"

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