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The Psalter and the Sword

A SERMON

Preached in the Broadway Tabernacle Church,

ON

Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1862.

By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D.

New York:

W. L. S. Harrison, Book & Job Printer

80 & 82 DUANE STREET.

1863.

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SERMON.

TEXT.—“ Let the saints be joyful in glory : let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand ; to execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people.”—Ps. 149 : 5-8.

UNDISTURBED repose, joyful confidence, devout gratitude, manly courage, unflinching resolve, should characterise the people of God, amid those great commotions that make bare His arm and vindicate His righteousness. The psalm is assigned to the time of Nehemiah, when the Jews, restored from captivity, rebuilt their capital in face of the enemy, working sword in hand, and singing hallelujahs. The contrast of this reviving of national life and spirit with their previous despondency, runs by suggestion through every strophe of the psalm. Let those who had hung their harp upon the willows, now “sing unto the Lord a new song ;” let the children of Zion, who wept when they remembered her beside the rivers of Babylon, again “be joyful in their king ;” let those who gave their nights to lamentations, “now sing aloud upon their beds.’

For two generations they had been cowed by a haughty, insolent foe; now, their nationality was restored, the martial spirit was revived, and victory was assured by their cause and by the promise of God. "They built the wall, every man with a weapon in his hand," and with sentinels and trumpeters posted to give the alarm of an invasion. "When Sanballat, and Tobiah, and the Arabians, and the Ammonites, and the Ashdodites, heard that the walls of Jerusalem were going up, and that the breaches began to be stopped, then they were very wroth, and conspired all of them together to come and to fight against Jerusalem, and to hinder it: Nevertheless, we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night. And Nehemiah said to the nobles, and to the rulers, and to the rest of the people, 'Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses.' And the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded." When the wall was finished, a day of thanksgiving was observed by a grand military procession, the priests and Levites leading, singers and trumpeters heading each column, and all the people marshaled in the ranks, "with the high praises of God in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand."

The *animus* of the psalm is this blending of the martial spirit with the spirit of devotion; the saints trusting, hoping, rejoicing in God, while arrayed for the conflict with his enemies; the saints girding themselves for battle, with the praises of God upon their lips—ready to sing or

to fight under the inspiration of His cause, under the lead of His providence. As Dr. Watts has paraphrased it—

Then His high praise shall fill their tongues,
 Their hands shall wield the sword;
 And vengeance shall attend their songs—
 The vengeance of the Lord.

The very fervor and intensity of their religious devotion fires their hearts and nerves their hands for the defense of what God has given them in trust for his kingdom and for mankind. They sing a hallelujah war song, and keep Thanksgiving under arms.

By a day of thanksgiving in this time of war, we are not simply honoring a usage of the days of peace, nor keeping up the remembrance of departed blessings; nor are we driven to seek such grounds of thanksgiving as remain, notwithstanding the war—an abundant harvest, public health, domestic security, and the general comfort and order of society. If we were at war with some foreign power upon a question of comity or of commerce, a war involving no vital principle, and evoking no moral sentiment, having no justifying motive or worthy aim, a war which was neither a virtue nor a necessity, a war brought on by the ambition or the folly of rulers, or the jealousies and passions of races;—if we were in a war which we were compelled to regard as needless, wasteful and even wicked; then, while deploring the war itself as only an evil and a calamity, we might well seek occasion for thanksgiving in such mercies as would remain to mitigate the judgment. But we are not called to-day to seek some offset to

calamity as matter for gratitude ; to eke out thanksgivings by such remnants of blessings as the war has spared to us ; to limit our praises to such material as compensations and contrasts could furnish ; to consider that *even* in a state of war, and in spite of it, we have enough of good left us to turn the scale for a day of thanksgiving rather than a day of fasting ; no, while we have to-day in our personal, social and public condition, in respect to homes, health, comfort, plenty, outward material good, as much upon the whole to be thankful for as ever in the palmiest days of peace—we have, also, in and through the war itself, grounds of thanksgiving higher than peace has ever furnished. Never, since the establishing of our national independence, had the people of God in this nation such cause of devout exultation, of calm assurance, of lofty hope, of heroic trust, as in these days through which we are passing. It is a time for the saints to “look up and lift up their heads, knowing that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.” It is a day for the Hallelujah Psalm. “Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king. For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people : he will beautify the meek with salvation. Let the saints be joyful in glory : let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand.”

I.—Note first, as matter of thanksgiving, the grand and commanding exhibition this war is making of the direct action of God’s providential government upon human affairs. The people of God are identified in thought, feeling, desire, interest, expectation, with the Kingdom of

God, its manifestation in power, its recognition among men, its consummation in glory; they believe in that kingdom; they accept it as a reality; they approve its principles; they own its authority; they rejoice in its supremacy. To that kingdom they give their homage, their substance, their endeavors, praying continually, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." The true child of God can have no interest apart from this; no desire that does not spring from and center in the kingdom and the glory of God. Now, this kingdom, while in its essence and life it is inner and spiritual—the allegiance of the inmost heart to the throne of an invisible Sovereign—is furthered and developed by outward methods of Providence; and the devout mind believes that in, through, or over all events, God is guiding, working, controlling, for his kingdom of truth and holiness. To such a mind nothing is more painful than the general disregard of God in the thoughts and doings of men. "The wicked through the pride of his countenance will not seek after God. God is not in all his thoughts: Thy judgments are far above out of his sight." His god is a cloud divinity, a metaphysical abstraction, a mechanical law, that has no living personal concern in the affairs of men. Therefore, as he goes on in his deceit and fraud, his mischief and vanity, his injustice and oppression, he chuckles over his success, saying, "God hath forgotten; He hideth his face; He will never see it." This profane, reckless disregard of God, this abounding, insolent atheism, the devout heart mourns over as for wounds inflicted upon a father. "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law"

And this pain and grief at man's disregard of God are aggravated by God's seeming disregard of human wickedness; by the absence of striking, convincing marks of God's sovereignty. "Why standest thou afar off, O Lord, why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?" When, therefore, after a long interval of atheistic folly and wickedness, when men have grown bold in sin, and the name and government of God have either fallen into derision or have passed out of mind, there comes of a sudden some turn in human affairs that startles men with the conviction that there is a Higher Power, seeing, ruling, judging—and there passes over the gay, the giddy, the godless, an awe of this invisible Presence—then the saints who in secret places have been mourning and sighing for the obscured and disregarded kingdom, sing aloud in their beds and praise God in the congregation.

Now, never in all history, has there been a more marked and impressive manifestation of a divine Providence in human affairs, than in the origin and the events of this war. I need not argue this; hardly need I instance it. For this is the one phenomenon that overtops all others in the history of the past two years, and that has come to be so dominant in everything that we are watching for it at every turn. From the day when the bombardment of Sumter roused the North as one man, to the day when the divisions of the North at the polls aroused the Government and the Army to new life and vigor; from the day when the slaveholders planned secession and rebellion to

preserve their darling institution, to the day when that rebellion called forth the proclamation giving freedom to all slaves throughout its area; from the day when the Trent aroused Great Britain to a frenzy of retaliation, to the day when the Monitor cooled her below even the line of meditation; through all the successive acts, the gains and losses, the victories and reverses of this strange drama of fire and blood, we have felt, at every rising of the curtain, the awful Presence that we could not see nor hear, could not measure nor shun. "Gentlemen," said a political orator, whose party life had been identified with Southern interests, "you know I never cared a —— for the negro, and I don't care for him now; but, it is pretty evident that Providence does; and if we wish to win, we must get on the side of Providence." Thus, even the irreligious and profane do homage to that divine assurance: "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise saith the Lord. I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."

The providence of God in our affairs has been as marked in our disasters as in our successes, in our defeats as in our deliverances, in the dilatoriness of Government as in its decision, in the mystifying inaction of our Generals as in their most brilliant achievements. If the testimony of returned prisoners and of our enemies is to be credited, not a battle have we lost that we might not have won; not a movement has failed that might not have succeeded—if certain facts had been known, if certain steps had been taken. But, then, we should have swollen with pride, have gloried in our wisdom and our strength, have boasted the

power of our institutions, the energy of our race, the superiority of our Government ; we should have made idols of our Rulers and Generals, and have gone on headlong in the career of material greatness, regardless of justice and of the cries of the oppressed. But the Lord meant it not so ; and, therefore, neither the plaus of political conventions nor of peace congresses were able to avert the war ; nor was the wisdom of rulers, the strategy of generals, the valor of soldiers able to ensure victory. The Prince de Joinville, with the sagacity of a true soldier, has discerned our weaknesses, and, with the fidelity of a true friend, has pointed out our mistakes. At the outset, he says, "the North felt itself the stronger, and saw no reason for troubling itself prematurely. Moreover, in the last resort, the North counted on the several hundred thousand Volunteers set down in the almanacs as representing the military force of the country, and supposed by the popular mind to be irresistible. But after Bull Run there was no room left for illusion. Humiliation had opened all men's eyes. With the superiority of population and wealth, the right and legality of the question on their side, the North was compelled to the pain of wounded self-love. A great war was before the country." A mysterious Power was shaping movements and measures by His will ; and so politicians, rulers, generals, people, have been more and more confounded, and the war has gone on enlarging its proportions, multiplying its perplexities ; yet, always giving clearer shape and prominence to its real issues, until all men feel the impotence of human wisdom to grasp it, of human power to control it, and the men of faith and prayer stand

still to see the salvation of God. Let God be exalted, though who will go down : "let God be true, though every man a liar."

This demonstration of a direct Providence in human affairs came just when the age and the country had most need of it ; when the nation was in danger of that intoxication of material empire that lured Rome to destruction—an intoxication that is fatal alike under all civilizations, ancient or modern, Pagan or Christian. It came when the positivism of Comte and the social laws of Buckle were asserting themselves as the true theory of society, and the philosophers of Nature and of Progress were relegating the Deity to some obscure unknown—to some forgotten Past. Like the plagues of Egypt to the haughty and stubborn king, like the confounding of tongues to the audacious builders of Babel, like the handwriting on the wall to the impious revelers at Shushan, has been this interposition of divine Power ; baffling all calculation, defeating every hope, abasing all pride, crossing every plan, turning wisdom into foolishness, power into weakness, boasting into contempt, and making wickedness in its fury and hate do the work of righteous retribution against itself. Men speak no more of fate, of chance, of "the logic of events", of proximate causes, of the laws of development, of manifest destiny ; but, as in the Arab legend, when the vases of gold and amber are broken and their treasures spilled, and only the poor vessel of clay remains, they find in this the name of God ! This is that deliverance and triumph of the children of faith that was foretold by Esaias, the Prophet : "And it shall be said in

that day, Lo! this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord: we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation."

II.—There is cause for thanksgiving in the ascendancy the war has given to moral and spiritual ideas over material interests. I use the terms moral and spiritual in no technical sense of philosophy or theology, but to describe that which pertains to man's higher nature in distinction from mere material interests, whether personal or public. With us, as a nation, material interests had become so engrossing, that we were known throughout Christendom as worshippers of the Dollar. The grand scale of our physical geography, our mountains, coasts, lakes, rivers; the rapid increase of our population, and with this, of agriculture, manufactures, commerce and all industrial arts; the wealth of our mines, forests, streams; the amplitude of our area on the one hand and of our resources on the other, had bewildered us with the idea that physical development was national success. We worshipped the Census. We measured corn fields by the square mile and railroads by parallels of latitude. The genius of America bestrode a steam plough to furrow her path of conquest to the Rocky Mountains. But a nation cannot live by bread alone. Materialization is in the end destructive of progress. It is of the earth earthy. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth. The last discovery at Pompeii is a touching comment upon this inevitable law. In an extreme corner of the inner room of a house, as if they had crouched there for protection from the storm of hot ashes without,

lay the skeletons of five persons—one apparently a mother, with her infant at her side. There were armlets or bracelets around these fleshless bones, and near by lay what were evidently the remains of a purse, its contents still to be counted in a little heap of silver Roman coins. So perished that most luxurious, sensuous, civilization; its life, its wealth, its adornments, mingled in one common dust, and nothing left to witness for its identity but the skeleton impressions of its decay.

A little before the catastrophe at Pompeii, Paul landed at the quay of Puteoli, and passed, almost unnoticed, a despised Jewish prisoner on his way to a felon's prison and a felon's death at Rome. But the moral ideas that Paul promulgated from his very prison against the vices and crimes of that sensual and atheistic age, live as an ever-growing power in society, renovated and Christianized. When Count de Gasperin, twenty years ago, stood up in the French Chambers to urge the final abolition of slavery, he said: "Gentlemen, let us not lower this discussion; you have talked of commerce, of navigation, of the products of the colonies; but, above all these material interests, there is one greater question—the greatest that can be brought to our notice—a question of civilization and of liberty. Of all illusions the most sad and foolish is that which makes the future of a country and its development consist in material interests. I believe that the smallest idea, the least particle of genuine principle, will have more influence upon the destinies and the progress of this country, than all the railroads you have voted during this session. I summon France to her true honor and glory;

to raise herself to the sublime attitude of doing right ; to perform a great duty, to discharge a great debt, to repair a great crime ; this, this is the essential honor and advancement of the nation." Who does not feel the truth and the force of such a plea ? Yes, we answer, whatever elevates a people in the moral and the spiritual, whatever sentiments of honor, whatever deeds of virtue mark their history—this is a more vital growth, a more sure development, than any increase of population, of territory, of material resources, of political dominion, of military strength. Victor Hugo, from quite another stand-point in moral philosophy, satirizing this steam epoch, of " which a tea kettle contains the power," says with his inimitable antithesis : " This period will pass away, it is already passing away ; we are beginning to understand that, if there may be force in a boiler, there can be power only in a brain—that what leads and controls the world, is not locomotives, but ideas. Harness the locomotives to the ideas—that is well ; but do not take the horse for the horseman"; above all do not imitate the Orleans King of 1830, in "making of the pettiness of realities an obstacle to the immensity of ideas."

See, now, how the war has heaved up into shape and view the great ideas that underlie our national life ; even as the fires and earthquakes of the inner globe have heaved up the everlasting granite for its pillars.

GOVERNMENT.—We hardly knew the word before the war. We had politicians, parties, administrations, but that impalpable entity called Government, that sublime moral idea that stands for order, for justice, for protection, for

the collective rights, liberties, welfare of the whole—how little have we realized of this! Hitherto, the political administration at Washington has been regarded by one party as a tool to be used for its own aggrandizement, and by another as a rival to be overthrown at the next election. And so public policy has vibrated between the antagonisms of parties, and the State has been a mere convenience for the distribution of office and patronage. Now, men feel that banks, ships, stocks, railroads, houses, merchandise, lands, are nothing without a Government that can rise above both the interest of party and the hostility of faction, and maintain and enforce the laws in its own right. From the seething chaos of rebellion the granite pillars of Government are emerging, to bear up society itself above the flood.

PATRIOTISM.—That intangible feeling that binds a man to his country as to a mother; a something that we cannot analyze into mere attachment to the soil, the birth-place, the associations and institutions of our native land; that we cannot define by any set phrase of speech; that we cannot inculcate by any formulas of philosophy; that mysterious chord that ties us to a nation as to our other soul—how little of a living power has this sentiment been among us. We have had pride, vanity, boasting, self-consciousness, self-sufficiency enough—but little patriotism.

For one, I have known what it was to be proud of the institutions of my country—its free ballot, free press, free trade, free churches, free schools; its successful harmonizing of the independence of the individual with the solidarity

of right and privilege for the many—when I have compared its political and social state with that of other lands. I have known what it was to be proud of the flag of my country, when I have seen it defy Austria in the harbor of Smyrna,* and command the respect of Turk and Arab on the Nile and in the Desert. But when, yesterday, a mechanic humbly toiling for his daily bread, said to me, “I have sent my six sons to the war; some of them have been in eleven battles, but thank God they’re all safe; and if it is necessary, to save the country, I will give all my earnings and then go myself”—I felt another and a deeper chord vibrate for my country and her cause than was ever stirred by her pride or fame abroad. Who does not feel himself the richer, manlier, nobler, for the touch of such a sentiment?

LIBERTY.—What a new birth, a new baptism, has liberty received in the nation that boasted freedom as its birth-right! Yes, we have had liberty—in our school histories, in Fourth of July orations, in Buncombe speeches, a thing of constitutions and traditions; but, when the nation declared at the polls that its Constitution, its territory, its Government should not be used for the extension and support of slavery, and, after the slave power defied the people’s verdict by the sword, backed up its decision by a million men in arms, there was a realization of the sublime idea of liberty that even the Declaration of Independence fails to express. It is worth all it costs to feel that thrill of a great idea in this mammon-seeking age. These

* The author happened to be at Smyrna during the excitement of the Kozsta case.

grand, impalpable, spiritual entities—Government, Patriotism, Liberty—are felt to be the true interests of society, worth more than treasure, more than business, more than blood.

III.—We should be grateful that the war has so far perfected the moral unity and fraternity of the Nation. Indeed, it might almost be said that the war has created us a Nation; it has at least brought us to the consciousness of nationality. Before the war we were States, sections, races, native Americans, Irish, Germans, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, with many rival and jarring interests and some marked tendencies toward social disintegration. But as the Crusades united the Christendom of the Middle Ages—the Latin and Teutonic races—in one spontaneous confederacy; so that, as Milman notes, those who would otherwise “have fallen in nearer and more intestine wars, wars waged for a less generous and unselfish end,” forgetting European animosities and enmities of race, together “strewed the plains of Hungary and of Asia Minor with their bones, and for above a century watered the soil of Palestine with their blood;”—as these religious wars which drank up the best blood of two continents and threatened to exhaust the very life of Christendom, nevertheless renovated Europe and created a new social order, swallowing up petty fiefs, petty domains and petty proprietors, giving rise to great civic communities, drawing peoples together in mutual approximation, lifting society out of its narrow shackles into broader and freer paths; so that,

as Guizot has noted, wars that were undertaken for the conquest of the infidel Turk, "began that transformation of the various elements of European society into governments and nations, which is the characteristic of modern civilization"—even so this war of ours, begun for the subjugation of a sectional rebellion and the restoration of a political Union, has so mixed and fused together all sections, interests, races, men, that henceforth there will be upon this soil a NATION in a sense before unknown, throbbing with one conscious life, which absorbing into itself the juices of all stocks, native or transplanted, shall show a manhood, a vigor, a puissance, a breadth, a culture, a cosmopolitan humanity, and yet a concentrated unity, such as Rome could never reach, by conquering and absorbing all nations into her empire. In conquering the spirit of disunion, we conquer unity for ourselves.

IV.—We may well give thanks to God for the marvellous development of humane and generous sentiments by the war. Marvellous, indeed! when towns, villages, neighborhoods; financial corporations and charitable societies; churches, schools, and families; the affluent and the humble; young men and maidens, old men and children, vie with each other in multiplying the comforts and relieving the sufferings of the soldier and increasing the resources of the war. The whole country is turned, as it were, into a hospital, and the whole nation are its servitors. Such a training is of immense moment to the *morale* of a nation. Hitherto our national character has been a curious compound of shrewdness and extravagance, of the

economist and the spendthrift. We have been grasping with one hand, while we have been lavish with the other. But profuseness of expenditure is not generosity of heart. The war is teaching us to economize upon ourselves, that we may be generous to others; to give play to our finer sympathies, where we had indulged only our pleasures or our tastes; to be self-denying to-day that we may be unselfish to-morrow; to be a people of heart as well as of nerve; to abandon our isolated egoism for the service of humanity.

What generous and heroic sentiments, too, are abroad in the air, caught by our young men, breathed at the fire-side, made to palpitate over all the land, when the first hush upon some hotly contested field enables us to catch the courage and devotion of the dying, or the faith and patience of the wounded. If the Crusades constituted "the heroic age of Christianity," which with all its violence and rudeness, exhibited "the grandeur, the valor, daring, endurance, self-sacrifice, wonderful achievement" of the Homeric age, intensified by religious faith and fervor, much more is this the heroic age of Liberty, when men of every period and condition of life come by the thousand to that altar of freedom where Hampden and Sidney, Warren and Otis are inscribed as martyrs, and demand to be baptized for the dead. We are astonished at the moral dignity of our common people, who under this heroic inspiration have given their lives for the country; we are astonished at the manly virtue of our own sons, who grow into heroes in a day; like that beardless boy, who, before going into battle, said to his older comrade, "I want to

fight for the flag, and I mean to be brave; but I can't tell what I may do under fire. If you see me falter, cheer me on. If I hold back, speak my mother's name; and if after that I play the coward, shoot me on the spot." His brave soul would rather face death than that his weak nerves should dishonor the flag. Ah, this is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Once more the great and notable day of the Lord has come.

V.—But our highest ground of rejoicing in the war is its vindication of the moral government of God in His judgment upon slavery, and its furtherance of justice and liberty in the land. That the annihilation of slavery as a power, as a system, and, we trust, also as a fact, will be the substantial result of the war, is the accumulating evidence of every day. The Prince de Joinville has divined our whole struggle, when he says, that "the North have the sacred trust of the Constitution to defend against a factious minority, which only took up arms to defend slavery;" that the South is "a military despotism sustained by an oligarchy of three hundred thousand slaveholders;" that the defeat of the North, or peace on Southern terms, "would be the conspicious triumph of slavery, when the glorification and extension of slavery would be the common watchword." And what this sagacious and impartial observer is so quick to perceive, even the slowest and most obstinate among ourselves are beginning to discover. Every blow struck in battle tells against slavery; every

movement and measure, for what end soever designed, tends toward the overthrow of slavery ; so that the popular instinct of the North, and the spontaneous fears of the South, agree in representing slavery as already doomed ; doomed by visitation of God ; doomed in such a way, that it stands condemned and smitten by the Almighty in the sight of all nations. His truth and righteousness are all the more signally vindicated after this long delay, and by this culmination of treachery and treason against humanity, in a self-destroying war. Is there a saint in all the land, is there one that aspires to fellowship with angels, who will not join in hallelujahs when that great Babylon of iniquity is fallen ? There is no such saint in Heaven. Wherefore, in the near advent of the day when this nation shall no longer recognize a slave, " Let the saints be joyful in their beds," preventing the dawn with their hallelujahs. " Let the high praises of God be in their mouth."

But the very gratitude for which the war gives such occasion, summons us to continued valor in defense of what we have received in trust from God. It is His honor that we are commissioned to vindicate, not our own ; it is His vengeance we are commissioned to inflict, not our own ; therefore, the justice of our cause alone should inspire us ; and, therefore, we should keep it just. We have no right to wage this war for mere territorial conquest. If this were a question about the boundary line of Maine or of Oregon, it were foolish, it were wicked, to waste blood upon it. We are not warring for sectional pride and power. If this were a mere test of the relative strength

and prerogatives of North or South, East or West, it were an unpardonable waste of life. We are not warring merely for a political Union upon a given area. If there is no broader, deeper question, than the numerical size and the superficial extent of a Commonwealth of States, the sacrifice is far too great.

But there is a deeper, a more vital question. Our Constitution, our territory, our Union, derive their value from their relation to ideas and principles committed to us in trust for mankind. The life of this nation, as "a political person," embodying within itself the idea of regulated liberty; the sacred legacy of Constitutional freedom, bequeathed by the martyrs of English liberty and by our Revolutionary sires; the garnered hopes and yearnings of the nations for a higher and purer social life; the grand prophesy of a just and equal commonwealth of all peoples and races, upon this soil—these are the things we are asked to defend by the sword, while giving thanks to God for this high and sacred mission. And these are questions that cannot admit of arbitration or compromise. Questions of boundary, of comity, of political division, of international law, may be submitted to arbitration. But you cannot have an arbitration upon the life of a nation—*inquest* is the word; for when such a measure comes, its life is already gone. You can compromise a question of territory; you cannot compromise the question whether the nation shall keep its integral life. That life goes with the compromise. You may divide States and territories. You cannot divide the heart and life of the nation. But the life of this nation is so bound up in its territorial unity,

its political union, its organic laws, its indefeasible Constitution, that the only division possible is "the distribution of the butcher, who *kills* what he divides." We must live as one people—a free, a growing, a glorious, a perpetual life, or we must die, utterly, miserably, hopelessly.

You are at liberty to give up all your debts in the South, to purchase peace at her hands. You cannot give up one of the rights of your children under this Government, for these are not yours to give. Nay, these are yours in trust to be maintained; and God will require it at your hand. You may barter away your own privileges, if you are base enough for that! You may go down upon your knees to the slave oligarchy and promise to vote only for such candidates as they shall nominate, or to accept such as they shall impose. But you cannot barter away my liberties chartered by the Constitution; you cannot barter the liberties of mankind pledged in our Declaration of Independence and our national history; you cannot barter the heritage of ages gone, the hope of ages yet to come; you cannot crush the budding of liberty in the hearts of four millions of men made free by the act of God. Should you barter these for peace, the treacherous coin would bring curses upon your house, upon your head; it would burn through flesh and bone to your marrow; it would eat out your vitals; and if to get rid of its plagues, you should go out and hang yourself, they would return to disquiet your grave.

God has drawn the sword and placed it in our hands for the defense of Right, of Freedom, of Law. We must not, we dare not, hold it back. By all the worth of the

blessings He has given us in this favored land ; by the value of that freedom which was baptized for us in the blood of our sires ; by all the martyrs of the English race, who in the good old cause of liberty have suffered and died ; by all the prayers and vows registered on high for the triumph of Christ's kingdom here ; by all the cries of the oppressed, that have entered into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth ; by all the rights, the hopes, the duties, the powers, given to free Christian men, that they may be co-workers with God in the august triumphs of His truth—we must defend the right ; we must stand by the ark of liberty.

We go forth, now, under a new inspiration. The Proclamation of Emancipation has challenged all the powers of darkness to defeat it. Unclean spirits, like frogs, seem to swarm out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast and of the false prophet. But we cannot be dismayed. We will still march on with the psalter on our tongue and the sword in our hand ; for soon the seventh angel shall “pour out his vial into the air, and there shall come a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying,

“ IT IS DONE.”

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