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Weston & Sunderland - Sermons. 1861.



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SERMONS

BY THE

REV. MR. WESTON,

Chaplain of the 7th Regiment, National Guard,

AND THE

REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Washington,

PREACHED

IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES,

SUNDAY, APRIL 28th, 1861.

Published by request of the Regiment.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERETT JANSEN WENDALL
1918

Morning Services.

Services were opened by the Band playing a Voluntary.

After which the usual Services of the Episcopal Church were read. The Choir sung the 76th Psalm ; 3d, 4th, and 5th verses.

For Thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned ;
Thou, Lord, unrivaled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods are owned.

Ye who to serve the Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem :
He'll keep His servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

For seeds are sown of glorious light.
A future harvest for the just ;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

Also the 177th hymn :

Guide me, Oh thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence thy living waters flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy pillow
Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness ;
Be my *sword*, and *shield*, and *banner* ;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

SERMON

BY

REV. MR. WESTON.

Ye have heard it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth:

But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.—ST. MATT., v. 38-'9, 40-'1-'2.

FELLOW CHRISTIANS AND FELLOW SOLDIERS: These are the words of Jesus Christ—a portion of His sermon on the Mount—and as I trust we are all Christian men—in *head* if not in *heart*—and are willing to be guided by our great Exemplar, it may be instructive this morning to endeavor to ascertain, so far as a few hours' preparation will allow, their scope and limitation.

We are living in eventful times. Our National Capital is echoing with the tramp of armed men, and the glorious sunlight flashes back from thousands of glittering bayonets. "Grim-visaged war" is upon us; and yesterday, on yon grassy field, a thousand ready right hands were raised to Heaven; a thousand willing voices rung out on the still air, pledged to sustain the Constitution of our common country. This means *war*, if our enemies persist. Do the words of our text—resist not evil—forbid war?

That some wars are forbidden is evident: such as arise from ambition, *revenge*, *avarice*, desire of fame, or lust of territory; because the passions from which they spring are forbidden and are contrary to the whole spirit of the Gospel

of Jesus Christ. But do the words of the Saviour condemn *war* under *all* circumstances? It cannot be denied that public, like private contentions, originate in the depravity of the heart; and while they are evidences of the *wickedness* of man, they are also the instruments of *punishment*. But it does not follow that *both* parties are *guilty*, though it is *often* the case. There must be a right and wrong, and though the history of the wars of six thousand years would afford countless instances of guilt on *both* sides, yet there are enough where the sober verdict of impartial history has declared one side in the wrong and the other *not guilty*. The question then arises: is it the duty of the injured party, in every instance, to permit the aggressors to carry out their wicked designs and indulge the passions of lust of power, spoil, dominion, or revenge, without *resistance*—first of reason and remonstrance, and if these fail, *by a solemn appeal to the God of Battles?*

There are those for whom we entertain the profoundest esteem, because we believe them animated by the purest motives, who declare that, in the New Testament, war under *any* provocation is emphatically forbidden, and therefore sinful. They quote, in support of their opinion, Christ's sermon on the Mount, and "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;" "Resist not evil;" "Recompense no man evil for evil;" "See that none render evil for evil to any man, but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and among all men;" "If, when you do *well* and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable to God."

Now, the majority of these and similar texts have respect, no doubt, to *private* life and *personal intercourse*, and condemn *revenge* and *retaliation*; and several of them were *local*—particularly applicable to the circumstances and times of the day, and were not, probably, of *universal application*. For example, the last passage quoted was addressed to the domestics,

who, having embraced Christianity, became thereupon very obnoxious to their Jewish and heathen masters, and were consequently treated with the greatest cruelty. They possessed no means of redressing their grievances, and unquestioning *submission* was all that was left them. The Apostle does not counsel the *free* Christian to submit to buffetings. When an *evil* becomes *inevitable*—when there is no escape—we are to suffer patiently, and, with faith in God, look to another world for our vindication and reward. But this is the *last* resource; to be resorted to only when all other lawful remedies fail us. When assailed by evils, *patience* becomes a *virtue* when we have exhausted all other means for their removal.

If we are afflicted with a disease or poverty, we strive to cure the disease by medicine, poverty by industry; and if we find this absolutely impossible, then, and not till then, we take it for granted it is the *will of God*. But in *any* and *all* calamities which are *evils*, we are justified in employing all lawful means to remove them before we are assured it is the *will of God* that we should suffer them. Men often talk of suffering from God's *Providence* when they are only inglorious martyrs to their own indolence, indecision, and cowardice.

Brethren, a good soldier, when he meditates an attack, runs his eye along the line of *resistance*, selects and assails the strongest point first. If he can carry that, the rest follows of course. In treating, then, our subject as to the lawfulness of war under sufficient provocation, we shall select the gibraltar of the non-resistant. Their strongest point is the words of Christ, "I say unto you resist not evil." What, then, is the scope and limitation of these words? Do they forbid all war? Observe the context! "Ye have heard it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you that you resist not evil." It is here limited, first, by contrast with the sanguinary code of "eye for eye," a law which the Saviour declared was given the Jews,

for the *hardness* of their *hearts*, and we may fairly infer that it was not intended to forbid *all* resistance, but to discountenance those revengeful feelings so characteristic of their natures and times, and which Christianity has done so much to ameliorate.

Again, resist not evil, is modified by the *passages with it is connected*. Is there a man here who would understand literally and strictly when thus smitten on the one cheek he was to turn the other also, or if a man, by law, took away his coat, he was bound to give him his cloak also, or if compelled to go a mile, he was obligated to go twains. Who could afford to give to *every one that asketh*, or never turn away from him that would *borrow*? To carry out these commands literally, would disorganize society.

The truth is, the Gospel lays down laws in general term, and rarely descends to particular minutia, but leaves the application to our *natural reason* and *common sense*, which are as much the gift of God as revelation. The Gospel enunciates great truths without pausing always to fill up the details. It sketches in gigantic outlines the *continents* of everlasting principles, and leaves provinces, counties, and towns, to rise in their natural order. We are to look at the *spirit*, and not the *letter*, of its edicts, and with a few grand acknowledged principles to guide us, we are to interpret all seeming contradictions so as to preserve the *symetry* of the whole. Detached sentences and isolated expression are not to be made fundamental principles. Will any contend that we are to understand literally and strictly, as applicable to us in this age, the words of Christ: "Sell all that ye have and give alms;" or these, "Lay not up for yourselves *treasures* upon earth;" or these, "Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." To understand them literally, would make the Gospel a mass of contradictions because we could quote others enjoining forethought, industry, economy, and fathers bidden to lay up for their children. The *general* principles are plain, and we are to employ our

common sense to find out the exceptions and make them harmonize. But we are told it is *unsafe* to depart from the *letter* of the Gospel, and that such a course would endanger the integrity of *Holy Writ*, and expose it to the wildest license of private interpretation. But does not a strict literal interpretation of "Resist not evil" involve a still *greater peril*? Christ did not limit the application to war. He did not qualify—He said in *general terms*, resist not evil. If, then, we may not war in self-defense for our country; if we may not resist evil by the sword, we may not by *law*, therefore, all *legislative, judicial, and executive* action against evil, is forbidden according to this interpretation. Repeal, then, your *penal* codes, burn your statute books, cut down you gallows, raze to the ground your jails, prisons, penitentiaries, and houses of correction; let the ruffians go free, discharge your judges, magistrates, and all officers of justice, for the whole machinery of government is a resistance to evil. There can be no order without law. Laws without penalties are idle, and penalties without coercion are impossible.

St. Paul says, let every soul be *subject* unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God—the powers that be are ordained of God—whosoever, therefore, resisteth the *power*, resisteth the *ordinance of God*, and they that resist shall secure to themselves *damnation*; for rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the *evil*. Wilt thou, then, not be afraid of the "POWER." If thou do that which is *evil*, be **AFRAID**, for he beareth not the *sword in vain*. For he is the *minister of God*, a *revenger* to execute *wrath* upon him that *doeth evil*.

It is plain, my brethren, that St. Paul did not so understand Christ—he believed in *resisting evil*—and before his plain and energetic declaration, the doctrine of *passive suffering* under wrongs, melts away like a *snow-wreath* under a vernal sun.

My brethren, it cannot be denied, war is a tremendous evil. It has been the scourge of men since the primal, eldest curse,

a brother's hand was thicker than itself with brother's blood. It appeals to the worst principles—arouses all the worst passions of the human heart. It throws Christianity backward centuries. Language is powerless to paint its horrors. Human arithmetic is *impotent* to cast the aggregate of the woes it entails. Blighted credit, ruined commerce, sacked cities, devastated fields, hospitals crowded with the maimed, battle-fields strewn with the slain, and lamentations of grief from the bereaved at home, who mourn their unreturning brave; and therefore a weight of responsibility rests on him who *causelessly* invokes the dread ordeal of battle, which the judgment day alone can disclose.

But there are calamities still more disastrous to humanity and truth than even *war*. "It is necessary I should die for my country," said a patriot, "it is not necessary to live." It is a dread alternative. But the magistrate is the minister of God—ordained of God—and beareth not the sword in vain. In the name of the Lord he sets up his banner. There are records in the Old Testament of mighty men who went forth to battle, marshalled by the Lord of Hosts; and they have secured the lasting commendation of the Holy Ghost in the *New Testament*. "Time would fail me," says the eloquent apostle, "to tell of Gideon, and Barok, and Sampson, and Jephtha, and David, who through faith subdued kingdoms, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

When the soldier came to John the Baptist and asked him what he should do, John did not *condemn* his profession. He rather encouraged it, for he bade him be content with his wages. Timothy is exhorted. Then, therefore, endure *hardness* as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, a text to which I confess the last few day's experience has given a *significance* that I never attached to it before. So Christ is *called* captain of our salvation. If war, under every circumstance, were *sinful*,

the inspired writer would hardly have felt warranted in using such figures of speech.

We are also commanded to **CONTEND** earnestly for the *faith*. True, St. James says, the wisdom from above is *peaceable*, but *first pure* and then *peaceable*. Contention in church or State is better than *surrender of principle*.

Brethren, it is not improbable we are now entering on the threshold of such a war as we conscientiously believe the Gospel will sanction. Before Heaven, we believe our cause a *righteous* one, and, therefore, on *bended knee*, we dare invite the aid of the God of Battles. To that contest, for a time, *you* have solemnly pledged yourselves. You know well what is expected of you. The eyes of the *whole country will be on you*. When the gallant Nelson went into action, there streamed from the mast-head of the Victory a flag bearing the inspiring words: "England expects every man to do his duty." Amid the roar of battle, through rent fissures of the sulphurous cloud that enveloped him, the intrepid mariners caught sight of the signal and fought on with renewed energy. Your *country* expects *you* to do *your* duty, and remember that courage alone, however dauntless, will not suffice. In that quality you are above suspicion. *Fortitude* is a rarer and higher quality in a soldier than even courage. Fortitude in disaster and defeat, in privations, in onerous and exhausting duty, in implicit, unhesitating obedience to commands, however *exacting* or repugnant. It is a trite aphorism, but *true as trite*, and *wise as true*, that he who cannot *obey* is not fitted to command. By *acclamation* you have *begun* well. With the gallant 8th of Massachusetts, your companions in danger and toil, you have won golden opinions of all sorts of men. Continue to deserve praise. Emulate the iron will of those brave, uncomplaining patriots. They saved *one Constitution*, let us compete with them in saving another. Napoleon cheered his fainting soldiers in their arduous duties, by reminding them that a grateful

country would appreciate their devotion, and on their return point them out with pride, and say "there goes one of the army of Italy."

Let it be *your* pride to hear the exclamation, there goes one of the National Guard. I can pledge myself your title will be no *misnomer*, you *will* be a *national guard*. You need no Senate to warn *you* to "take care the republic receives no *harm*." Let your country, and whole country, be dearer to you than life or home. You are from the Empire city of the Empire State. Your speaker drew his first breath in Maine. I am *proud* of my native State, as you are of yours; but the insignia that burns on her escutcheon, "*Dirigo*," is lost in the effulgent blaze of "E Pluribus Unum." So, even, "Excelsior" fades before its light, as stars go out with the rising sun.

Brethren, your fathers and mothers, your wives and sisters dismissed you on your perilous errand with tearful eyes, but resolute hearts. They *bid* you go, not that they loved you *less*, but your and the country's honor *more*. They are *watching* your career with an interest no tongue can tell. They will hail your return with transports of joy; but they had rather never look on your face again, than *one* breath of reproach should tarnish your fair fame. As *gentlemen, soldiers, christians*, then, *maintain* your well-earned renown that even your enemies accord you; and, while, as good soldiers, you *watch*, and *pray*—pray God so to overrule the wrath of man that it may redound to the glory of His holy name. Pray Him to make a speedy end to this unnatural war. Pray him to *prosper* the *right* and *confound* the *wrong*. To give wisdom to our rulers, courage to our armies, repentence to our enemies, and lasting stability to that august Union under whose protecting banner humanity has marched on to peaceful victories, unparalleled in the history of the world. Pray for dear ones at home are praying too—pray that you may return unscathed to your peaceful abodes, where prattling

voices and sunny eyes will fill your happy homes with *music and light*, and so shall you deserve well of your *country*, well of *humanity*, well of your *God*.

Evening Services.

Voluntary by the Band—Singing by the Choir, Psalm 47.

O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present,
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake my glory; harp and lute
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extend.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Reading of the 1st Psalm—Singing by the Choir.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty!
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the Pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee,
Land of the poble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our Father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might—
Great God, our King.

SERMON

BY

REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D.

But he that shall endure unto the end the same shall be saved.—MATT.
xxiv, 13.

Time, ever big with momentous events, fulfills the prophecy of Jesus. Amid the mighty convulsions predicted by Him, there was one, to take place in a distant age and country, that should stir the foundations of a great government, and fire the hearts of its people across the breadth of a continent. In the full presence of that commotion, we are standing here to-night.

Heart and tongue seem alike to fail under the pressure and the power of this heart-throb of the nation. And yet, we must rise up to the magnitude of the events which are breaking upon us.

No language can express the emotions with which I stand in this assembly, on this sacred Sabbath—signatory of our divine religion—heraldic of our hopes of Heaven—in the Capitol of the Confederacy, before the representatives of our collected armies—stand here, an humble minister of Jesus, to speak to you, my fellow-men, my fellow-countrymen, soldiers of the Republic, for God and our country.

Because I come to announce the doctrine of patriarchs and prophets, of apostles and confessors—the great doctrine of believers in all ages, that God can be just and yet save man—that great doctrine which creates purity in the midst of corruption; which kindles hope in the midst of despair; which gives light in darkness; which produces joy out of

the heart of sorrow, and lifts a shout of triumph over the most terrible siege.

Let me say to you, first of all, then, my commission is to bring you these tidings—salvation by Christ to every man of us who will believe in him with an abiding faith; the soul's salvation, now, finally and forever; salvation from sin, and at length from suffering; courage now, glory hereafter; and to say also, that if the salvation is perfect, the terms are also plain—"He that endureth unto the end shall be saved." It implies that circumstances may arise to shake a man's faith, to turn him aside from duty, to overpower him, and cut him off from reaching the end.

Yet, next to salvation itself, the mode of its attainment is most important. What is needed in this, as in any other warfare is fortitude, perseverance, and determination. The soldier of Christ must expect to endure hardness, must follow his Captain, must obey His orders, must smite down temptation on every hand, and reach the object of the campaign at every cost. Discipline is the life of the hero. Through this, and only this, he marches to victory. The life to which God calls us is a time-long conflict, from which there is no discharge and no retreat, and from which we may thank God there is none. The true soldier wants none, else he would be willing to turn back from the conquest and the final rewards of triumph.

The salvation which calls us to endure unto the end, is the salvation of a great spiritual kingdom; the salvation of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; the salvation which stays the heart of man, by faith, upon the eternal strength of God, and in the unshaken hope of a glorious immortality—so that the soul so stayed and girded, shall look out of the windows of her earthly habitation and laugh to scorn the enemies of her peace, the assailants of her security. All physical evils, all temporal dangers and distresses are nothing to a spirit thus kindled with God's great

virtue, and beating with the pulses of that infinite life, which flows from the heart of Christ into the soul of his follower.

Then look to it my brethren. See that, first of all, your soul is right with God; "all the fitness He requires is to feel our need of him." Go to Him, cast yourself upon Him, take the oath of fealty to Him, receive from Him your spiritual weapons which "are mighty through God to the pulling down of strong-holds." And this is your panoply in the warfare, "for we wrestle not against flesh and blood," alone, "but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore, take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication, and watching thereunto with all perseverance." Thus will you fight the good fight, and keep the faith, and be enabled at last, to say, "I have endured unto the end; I have finished my course with joy; Oh, grave, where is thy victory! Oh, death, where is thy sting! Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

These are the prospects which support a man in stern and trying times; in days that test the soul; in hours which rise surcharged with wrath and blackness; when the swift spirit of God's judgment travels in the invisible air; when all earthly things are to be given up; when men no longer lingering amid pleasant dalliances, or in the peaceful walks of home life and customary engagements, are suddenly summoned to meet a stern and terrible emergency, and to act

their part in solemn and eventful times. Such a period has come to us and to our beloved country.

It is for this cause, that you with all your brethren in arms are gathering to the Capital of the Nation. It is a spectacle, which in my day, I never thought to see. But who can tell what are to be the developments of the morrow; and who but the man that is resolved on enduring to the end, and on seeing the great promised salvation, is thoroughly prepared to meet so grave and momentous a crisis. Next to the service of our God is the service we owe our country. The one implies the other. Christianity fosters patriotism. Spiritual religion and free government are both ordained of God. He that is right with his Maker is most likely to be true to the interests of his country in her hour of danger; and therefore, there is a political, yea even a militant, as well as a religious sense, in which the declaration is true, "whosoever shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

For a long time a certain subtle poison of dissatisfaction and disloyalty to the General Government has been diffusing itself among a portion of the people of our country. The cloud of insubordination has been rising and spreading itself on our political horizon, and the muttering of the thunder of dissolution has been heard—till at length a settled plan and purpose to break up this great political structure has been undertaken, and its progress has been fearfully rapid. Forbearance and conciliation have been wrested and perverted to stimulate and encourage this proceeding; and for months it has been permitted to go on, aggravated by circumstances which it does not become me here to detail, but which must cause the heart of every honest man to ache, and his cheek to tingle with the blush of shame. By such means the Government was brought to the brink of ruin, and the first feeble endeavor to exercise its rights was met by a resistance as determined as it was unrighteous. But at length the batteries which opened upon Sumter have opened the eyes of this nation to the impending destruction.

In this fearful crisis we have no doubt that the President of the United States and those gentlemen who are acting with him in his Cabinet, and all the thousands of our fellow-citizens who have responded to the appeal which has gone forth—and responded so promptly, so nobly, without distinction of party or diversity of sentiment—in their efforts and sacrifices to uphold and maintain the government made by our fathers, the government under which we were born and have lived and expect to die, the government which has been the beneficent instrument, under Providence, of so many and so great blessings, for so long a time, the government under which such a boundless prospect for future usefulness and happiness spreads out before us—are, one and all, engaged in a cause as righteous as ever men undertook to defend and maintain.

We hold that nothing but prompt measures—such measures as christianity and patriotism may now suggest—measures conceived not in the violence of passion or the spirit of prejudice, but in the temper of firmness, of coolness, of humanity, of faith in God, and under a full sense of responsibility to Him, and of all the momentous interests involved, can retrieve the errors of the past or avert the dangers threatened in the future. We cordially approve of the earnest efforts now being made by the President, aided as he is by our war-worn General—the venerable Chieftain of the American people—to preserve the Government and to maintain the Constitution and the laws; and we feel that he has “an oath solemnly recorded in Heaven” to use his best endeavors to this end. We discountenance all efforts from every quarter to interfere with this object. We disapprove of all appeals made to him from whatever motive, to embarrass or cripple him in his work. This is emphatically his work; and therefore to entreat him to desist from it, is to undertake to seduce or to solicit him to perjury. The principle and spirit of my text applies to him and his work, as well as to you and to me and to our work. Our only salvation lies in “enduring to the end.” If

this Government is permitted, through his unfaithfulness, to crumble in pieces on his hands, it will be a crime against God and nature, against earth and heaven, and the curse and ruin of anarchy will surely succeed.

It is not the man who is President, or the party that raised him to his high place, that we have rallied to sustain; but it is the Government which he, for the time being, administers. It is that flag—the only symbol of national supremacy we know—which has been despised, insulted, dragged down and trailed in the dust. Amid repeated provocations, crowned by the last and most melancholy outbreak of all, on the very spot where our national song was composed, in the Monumental city, upon brethren, soldiers from a sister State hastening hither from the home of Webster, to stand by us in our peril, by a ruthless mob. Oh, could not the memories of other days have restrained their fury! Oh, to prevent such disgrace, could not the spirit of our army, in the war of 1812, have again animated the breasts of those, who dwell on the spot, where the writer of the Star-Spangled Banner composed his imperishable hymn, graven in every American heart; and which now, with no less enthusiasm, we repeat, thankful to God for the occasion which called it forth, and the victory, upon the soil and in the waters of our sister State, that inspired it:

Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched while so gallantly streaming?
 And the rockets' red glare,
 The bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night
 That our flag was still there;
 The Star Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land,
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
 Then conquer we must,
 For our cause it is just,

Let this be our motto,
 In God is our trust ;
 And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

But, brethren, we know why you have gathered around us at this time ; why the mustering thousands of the loyal States have been moved as by the spirit of one man to hasten hitherwards. You have come as friends and as brothers, not as enemies or as aliens. We understand the purpose of your coming, and we applaud it. New England's heart has been touched to the core ; and the same shaft of anguish has pierced the great soul of New York, and of Pennsylvania, and of the whole broad Northwestern States ; yea, and the soul of every patriot throughout the land. It was the cry of the genius of Liberty, as she saw the stars and stripes go down before the unnatural wrath of a once sister State. Oh, would that the same anguish could have rent the heart of the Southern States, showing still, despite all partisan strife and all sectional interest, that the body is yet one, and thrills to the living pulse of an unbroken nationality through every fibre and limb ! But the North have felt the shock, and have come not as an army of invaders ; not as the Scandinavian hordes that issued from the realms of Thor, rolling like a sea over the plains of Italy ; not like the legions of Napoleon, in later times, resurging from the South to the walls of the Kremlin, to perish in northern snows ; but like themselves alone, Americans and patriots, the sons of the sires of the Revolution, lovers of their country and ready with their lives. What indeed, in such a time as this, are wealth, and riches, and friends, and pleasures, and ease, and recreation ; what are cities, and marts, and proud thoroughfares of trade and travel, and argosies of commerce, and all the pomp and treasure of an ever-advancing civilization ; what are dangers and self-denials and personal hardships ; nay, what is life itself, if the glorious visions of American Liberty and Independence, of American institutions and ideas and principles, can only be preserved !

God only knows the issue of this great business. I confess to you, it looks to me sometimes grim and terrible; and the baptism through which we are called to pass seems awful to our mortal nature, even as that more terrific and unspeakable mystery of Christ our Saviour, in which He was baptised. Yet, I cannot but hope and believe, that as His death proved the life, and light, and hope of the world, so our suffering and toil, if we are true and faithful, will produce a harvest of fruits at last, of which none of us shall ever need to be ashamed!

Above all, let us remember whose we are, and the mighty God whom we serve; let us put our trust in that "Name which is above every name, and shall endure forever." All we can do for our country will finally prove but the just tribute of our age and our generation to that mightier kingdom which Jesus Christ has set up, and over which He will reign perpetually. When life's work is finished, and the consummation of all things is come, may it then be found of each of us, that we have "endured unto the end," and have inherited salvation.

Oh, soldiers of Christ, if indeed you are such, what a life is before you! what a victory and reward await you! I see the last enemy approaching! There lies between you and yonder welcome, but one more conflict. Earth is receding! Heaven begins to open!

It shall be when life is over and the battle ended; it shall be after you have worn the harness of this warfare, and having worn it well, shall unbind the corselet and lay aside the weapons of the fight; it shall be when the earthly evolutions are all spent; when the crisis is decided; when the tents are struck, and the camp-fires wasted; it shall be after that long sleep of the grave, in the muster-morning of the Resurrection, when the trumpet of the Archangel shall breathe its living blast through "every soldier's sepulchre," and Heaven shall open, upon the sight of the rising myriads,

its long-expected glories. Oh, fellow-men, if indeed you belong to Christ,

“I see you on your winding way”

from these distant regions of the grave to that resplendent and august Metropolis in yonder skies. The night—that last long night of death—which put an end to the combat and forever, is past; the dawn of that day eternal opens to your vision the full realness and magnitude of the battle you have fought and won; and the morning drum-beat of the mustering angel calls you up from the damp sod where the night found you fighting.

Oh, what a victory and welcome! There under the triumphal arch before the Celestial City, greeting the glad eye of the victor, there is your beautiful crown, ready for the soldier's temples, the gift of Him whose cause you served, winning that peace which is now your eternal fruition. There too, is the array, more gorgeous and magnificent than army ever made in a home-return from conflict, an array that you will join, in your upward march, at the clarion sound of seraphic heralds, amid the plaudits of unnumbered angel voices, bidding you welcome in the name of Him, for whom that night of earthly battle found you fighting to the last!

Once again, therefore, let me point you to the religion of the Cross; to that only solace which can assuage our sorrows; to that refuge and support which alone is adequate to life's solemn undertakings. There may you learn how the soul overcomes in every changing fortune of the strife; and there may you furnish the spirit expectant, for the dawn of the eternal morrow—when away from the conflict and the bivouac of mortal warfare, your vestments shall glisten in a purer light, and your tents be pitched under a fairer sky. Amen.

Prayer—Singing by the Choir.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Under thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

DOXOLOGY.

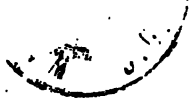
Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, angelic host;
 Praise Father Son, and Holy Ghost.

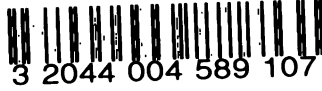
After the Benediction, the Band played "The Star-Span-
 gled Banner," while the audience joined in singing.

Thus passed the second Sabbath of the National Guard.

its lo

Miss Sarah C. Brewster
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