

God and the Race Problem.

A Discourse delivered in the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY THE PASTOR

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May 3rd, 1903,

On the day set apart as a day of fasting, prayer, and humiliation for the colored people throughout the United States.

PSALMS 46:1.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas; Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, Though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof.

The following circular has been sent out, a copy of which reached me last week:

"Recommendation to the Negroes of America for a day of prayer and humiliation to God."

God bless our enemies, and guard and guide our friends, and help us in the discharge of our several duties to His glory and the best interest of our fellow-men.

In view of the fact that the American Negro is the bone of contention in the United States, and the American press does not give the Negro's side of the contention to the reading public; so that the Negro is placed in a very bad light before the civilized world; thus causing him to lose friends and multiply enemies.

Therefore, we the Colored Minister's Baptist Conference of Greater New York and vicinity, in conjunction with the Afro-American Cosmopolitan Non-Denominational Preachers' Meeting of Greater New York and vicinity make the following recommendation in the name of God, and in behalf of our people:

To the faithful and prayerful God-fearing Negroes of the United States,

Brethren:—We are confronting a crisis in our life as citizens unlike any

other former trial through which we have passed,—a crisis full of deadly menace to all that freemen hold dearest; our friends are dying, or becoming indifferent,—our enemies, emboldened by our apparent helplessness, are seeking to deprive us of all the sacred guarantees of the Constitution of the United States, which are so dear to us, and mean so much to every American citizen—That we, therefore, herein designate the First Lord's Day in May, 1903, as a day of fasting and prayer; and that every Negro who can, will read the fourth chapter of Esther, and that every Negro minister of all denominations throughout the United States preach a special sermon, calling the schools, colleges, organizations, and the people's attention to our need of God's help, and God's attention to our helplessness."

It is in compliance with this request that I shall attempt to say a few words this morning with reference to ourselves, as a people in this country. In the circular just read in our hearing, we are reminded of several things:

(1) That there is a God. This is involved in the idea of a day of prayer. Prayer is the offering up of our desires to whom? To God. God is, therefore, and that fact we must not forget. It is of the utmost importance for us as a people to remember that God is. The consciousness of that great fact will be a help to us in many ways, in our efforts to work out our salvation in this land.

(2) We are reminded of the fact that we stand in need of guidance; that we are not sufficient of ourselves. We have not all the wisdom that we need; and it is important that we recognize that fact; it will have a stimulating effect upon us; it will keep us in a receptive attitude. We need light, information, knowledge,—and the more of it the better.

(3) We are reminded of the fact that we have enemies. And so we have,—many and bitter ones. The feeling of hostility against us seems to be steadily on the increase. David, in the Third Psalm, breaks out in these words: "*Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me.*" And the same is true of us as a people in this country,—the number of our enemies is steadily on the increase, or, at least, seems to be steadily increasing. In every direction the forces seem to be marshalling themselves against us. Not only in the South, but in the North as well there seems to be a growing disposition to limit the aspiration of the Negro, to keep him in an inferior position, to deny him the rights and the privileges that are accorded to white men. The lines are more tightly drawn now than ever before. There are many things that are transpiring to indicate this growing hostility. Only last month the Board of Education in New York city voted to eliminate or to exclude "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the school libraries. The alleged ground for this action was, that it had served its mission; as if a book like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that breathes the loftiest sentiments of Christianity, that inculcates sympathy for the weak, the down-trodden, the oppressed, and that rebukes injustice, tyranny, inhumanity to man, could ever have served its mission, in the sense of being no longer necessary. Slavery is gone, it is true, but the spirit of it still remains, the same purpose and determination to keep the Negro down still persists, and never was more active, more alive than it is to-day; and "Uncle Tom's

Cabin" stands in just as absolute antagonism to this surviving spirit of slavery as to the institution of slavery itself. If the teachings that pervade this book were carried out; if the great principles therein inculcated were recognized and acted upon, all the fetters that a narrow race prejudice is still seeking to rivet upon the Negro would be broken just as effectually as the manacles that bound him physically were broken. And *this* is the reason why it has been excluded; not because it has served its mission, but because it is still crying aloud, in terms as eloquent as it ever did, against the barbarism of slavery,—against the barbarism of the surviving spirit of slavery, which still pursues the Negro, and is still determined that he shall not have a man's chance in the race of life. Back of the vote which said, "this book shall no longer be allowed to circulate through our schools," is this feeling of hostility, of unfriendliness to the Negro. It was done in deference to Southern sentiment, which is a Negro-hating sentiment, and a sentiment that is rapidly pervading the whole country. It was done, not in the interest of the Negro,—not in order to make the way easier for him,—but to retard his progress, to make it more and more difficult for him to go forward, by removing out of the way this friendly influence. Think of the splendid service which this book has rendered to freedom in this land; and of what it is still doing to educate public sentiment in the right direction; and then think of a great Board of Education ruling it out on the ground that it had served its mission; that what it has to say, is no longer of any importance. Of course, what it has to say is no longer of any importance. It never was of any importance to the enemies of the Negro. If they had had their way it never would, at any time, have had any circulation. It must go, not because it has fulfilled its mission, but because it takes the part of the Negro, because it is a plea for his better treatment, and because it exposes the inhumanity of the white man, and the barbarism of a system that the South still holds to be divine. If it had been "The Leopard's Spots," or some other vile publication that seeks to hold the Negro up to ridicule and contempt, to belittle him in the eyes of others, to deepen and intensify the feeling against him, the probabilities are no movement would have been made in the Board of Education for its removal. Those are the kind of books that the enemies of the race want to give the widest circulation to. A few years ago, when Thomas's infamous book was published, which painted the Negro as a moral leper, as utterly given over to sensuality and vice, as little raised above the brute, everything was done to call attention to it. It was put into all the libraries; it was to be found on the shelves of all book-sellers; it was taken up and reviewed by all the papers and magazines. The whole country—North, South, East and West—became aware of the fact that such a book had been published. Recently another book has been published, entitled, "The Souls of Black Folk," by Dr. D. E. DuBois, which in my judgment, is one of the most remarkable contributions that has yet been made on the Negro question. It is written by a man of trained intellect, of the broadest culture; by a man who knows how to write, and who knows thoroughly the subject of which he is writing; by a man who believes in higher education for the Negro, who believes that the Negro is a man, that he has the same de-

sires and aspirations as other men, and that he is entitled to the same rights and privileges and opportunities as other men. And it is in this spirit that he writes; it is for these things that he contends. I wonder if that book will be put at once in all of the libraries; whether it will be found on the shelves of all book-sellers, whether the papers and magazines of the country will contain extended reviews of it; whether any special effort will be made to call attention to it—to the fact that a book of commanding ability, asserting in a manly way the claims of the Negro as a man, has been published? It is almost impossible to conceive of such a thing, for the reverse has always been the case. The press and the country have never had much patience with the manly assertion of the Negro for equality of rights and privileges; have never had much patience with the higher aspirations of Negroes. The things that they have ever stood ready to magnify have been those to his discredit, not to his credit. It is the Negro who does not want very much, who does not claim very much for his race; who thinks that an industrial education is quite sufficient; who thinks that the ballot is immaterial, that civil rights may be dispensed with—the Negro who is willing to accept less than the treatment that is due to a man, that it delights to notice and hold up. So much so that when the press begins to praise a Negro, you may put it down, in nine cases out of ten, he is a traitor to his race; is playing into the hands of the men who believe that the Negro is an inferior being, and that as such he has a place and ought to be kept in his place; in nine cases out of ten he will be found to be an unmanly Negro, a Negro who is deficient in self-respect. A short while ago the papers were full of praise for a man by the name of Pickens, who won a prize in oratory at Yale. And now it turns out that the secret of the prominence that was given to him, was because he took the opportunity of holding up the shortcomings and defects of his brethren in the republic of Hayti. It is the Negro who takes a stand against his race who is praised, who panders to this vile, vicious sentiment in the country that believes that the Negro is of very little account, and rejoices in everything which tends to confirm that view. I do not expect, therefore, to find any extended or laudatory notices of Dr. DuBois and his masterly presentation of our cause, in his recent publication, in the daily or weekly press. Dr. DuBois will be classed hereafter among the bad or dangerous Negroes, and perhaps he may be asked to leave the South.

The action of the Board of Education in New York is only one of the many straws that indicate the direction in which public sentiment is moving. There are many others.

In the same city, a little while ago, a great meeting was held in the interest of one of our educational institutions. It was presided over by ex-President Cleveland, who made a speech, which was greatly lauded by the newspapers. Mr. Cleveland has never been suspected, heretofore, so far as I know, of having any sympathy whatever with the South in its outrageous treatment of the Negro. He said as much as that in his speech in the interest of a similar educational work in Philadelphia a short while ago; but in the New York speech the tone is entirely changed. There he appears rather as an apologist for the South.

"I do not know," he says, "how it may be with other northern friends of the Negro, but I have faith in the honor and sincerity of the respectable white people of the South in their relations with the Negro and his improvement and well being. They do not believe in social equality of the race and make no false pretense in regard to it. That this does not grow out of hatred of the Negro is very plain. It seems to me there is abundant behavior among the southern whites towards the Negro, to make us doubt the justice of charging this denial of social equality to prejudice, as we usually understand the word. Perhaps it is born out of something so much deeper and more imperious as to amount to racial instinct. Whatever it is, let us remember that it has condoned the Negro's share in the humiliation and spoliation of the white men of the South during the Saturnalia of reconstruction days, and has allowed a kindly feeling for the Negro to survive the time when the South was deluged by a perilous flood of indiscriminate, unintelligent, and blighting Negro suffrage. Whatever it is, let us try to be tolerant and considerate of the feelings and even prejudice racial instinct of our white fellow-countrymen of the South, who, in the solution of the Negro problem must, amid their own surroundings, bear the heat of the day and stagger under the weight of the white man's burden." Even Mr. Cleveland has come to feel that the North should be considerate of the South, should be tolerant of the South, that the South, practically, should be left to deal with the Negro problem as it sees fit.

In the same city another event of similar import has also taken place within the last month. A committee of the Union League, one of the most powerful political organizations in the country, recommended to the league the importance of taking up the matter of cutting down southern representation, based upon the disfranchisement of nearly the entire Negro population of the South, and urging upon Congress the duty of carrying out the provisions of the Constitution, which make such a reduction imperative. The proposition precipitated a lively discussion, and was finally defeated through the influence of Mr. Robert C. Ogden. Mr. Ogden is a northern man, the President of the Board of Trustees of Hampton Institute, and has always been regarded as a man who believed in equality of rights for all men in this country, black and white alike. But even Mr. Ogden, good man as he is, has now come to feel that it is better to allow the Negro to be despoiled of his political rights, and the Constitution to be openly violated; better to permit the South to do a wrong and then to profit by its wrong-doing, than to excite its displeasure; even Mr. Ogden has now come to feel that the South must be propitiated, even though it be at the expense of the Negro, even though it involves a wrong to the Negro. The feeling is, after all, these are only Negroes. What difference does it make whether they get their rights or not. It is more important for us, white men of the North, to stand in with our southern white brethren than to be troubling ourselves about the rights of black folk. If we let the South have its way, it will be a great deal pleasanter for us. When we go South we will be received with open arms; the southern papers will speak well of us, will make much of us. And you know, we have always felt our inferiority to the southern people, and to have them

pat us on the shoulder, to say pleasant things to us and about us, is too great a boon for us to forego simply because of these black people, who belong to another race any how. It is true, we profess to be Christians, and if Jesus were here He would doubtless feel very different in regard to these black people, who are also God's children, as well as we are; but he isn't here. And while, in his absence, it is our duty to represent him, nevertheless, it isn't expedient for us to do so,—if we do the southern people won't be pleased with us, and so rather than lose their favor, we will do what *they* want us to do, rather than what *Christ* would have us do. And so, men like Mr. Ogden and scores of others, are going over to the Southern view of things, are content to allow the South to have its way.

One other incident I want to call attention to. It occurred in our own city, and recently. It was the marriage of a colored man and a white woman. The fact was announced through the papers, and the name of the minister who performed the ceremony given. No sooner did the fact become known, than the minister became alarmed, and hastened through the press to say, that he didn't know that the man was colored; that he was such a nice, respectable looking man that he supposed he was white; and, that had he known that he was colored he would not have married them. Why would he not have married them? Is there anything in the laws of the District of Columbia against such a marriage? No. Is there anything in the Bible against intermarriage of the races? No. Is there anything in the religion of Jesus Christ which forbids such a union? No. Why then should a minister of Christ say, "I would have refused to marry them? Why? Either because he is himself infected with the virus of race prejudice, or because he is a moral coward, because he is afraid of the Negro-hating sentiment that is prevalent in this community,—afraid that it might lead people to leave his church, or give him the cold shoulder. And that is a northern man, and is the successor of Byron Sunderland,— of Byron Sunderland, the man who years ago in this city, when the Negro had few friends, and when Frederick Douglass, our own great Douglass, found it difficult to get a place in which to speak, threw his church open and made the great orator welcome, though he knew that he would be severely criticised for it. Imagine Byron Sunderland, saying, had I known that he was a colored man, "I would not have married them." Imagine Jesus Christ, whom this man professes to represent, making such an ignoble speech, such an inglorious surrender of principle, through cowardice. It only shows the drift of sentiment; it is only another illustration of the truth that we have enemies, and that they are increasing. If this man were charged with being an enemy to the race, he would doubtless deny it. He thinks perhaps, he is a friend, and may be able to persuade himself that he is, but that he could never persuade me that he was. I regard no man as a friend, I care not what his professions may be, or how many good things he may say patronizingly of the Negro, or how much money he may give for Negro education, if, by word or act, he denies the essential equality of the Negro as a man, if he looks upon him and treats him as an inferior being, belonging to a lower order of creation; if he thinks that a Negro ought to be satisfied with less than a white man is satisfied

with; that there are things that white men may aspire to that Negroes have no right to aspire to,—I care not, I say, what he may think of himself or what others may think of him, I class him among the enemies of the race, among those who are seeking, consciously or unconsciously, to break down in the Negro that which is most essential to his true manhood, and that is his self-respect. Look upon a man as an inferior, treat him as an inferior, encourage others to treat him as an inferior, and it doesn't make any difference how much you may do for him under the guise of philanthropy, you can never repair the injury that you do him. If you want to help him; if you are really his friend, you will treat him in a way to stimulate his self-respect, to encourage every manly aspiration within him.

That is just the thing, however, which the great majority of even the so-called friends of the Negro, do not want to stimulate within him. It isn't the manly Negro; it isn't the self-respecting Negro; it isn't the Negro who feels, and rightly feels, I am a man, and wants to be treated as a man, that the country is anxious to develop. Those are the Negroes that are labeled in the South, "undesirable;" the Negroes, they say, that think they are just as good as white men, and who put bad notions in the heads of other Negroes. Even our so-called friends, are not over-anxious, I say, to develop a very large crop of that type of Negro. It is the Negro who accepts the doctrine of his supposed inferiority, and who is content to be treated as an inferior,—the Negro who humbly and gratefully accepts any recognition which the superior race may see fit to bestow upon him,—never losing sight of the fact, however, that he has his place and that he must keep in it. In other words, it is the Negro who believes in self-effacement, or who pretends to believe in it, that our enemies delight in and that even our friends prefer to have dealings with. That is the kind of Negro who never gives any trouble. He is never an agitator; he never has any complaints or grievances. You may kick him and cuff him about; you may take away his right to vote, you may prescribe Jim Crow cars for him,—it is all the same, he is satisfied; he is not disposed to make any trouble. Our enemies, and even our friends, may rejoice in the production and in the multiplication of that type of a Negro, but the race, thank God, never has and never will. That is the kind of Negro that the race utterly despises. I don't care what kind of education may be prescribed for the Negro, whether by friend or foe, if it does not recognize the fact that he is a *man*, and not a man minus something; and doesn't deal with him as a man, it will fail. Education which sacrifices the manhood of a race, the self-respect of a race, is not the education which the Negro, or any race of men wants. If it is to be helpful, in the highest and best sense of the term, it must recognize the fact, and must address itself to the fact, that the Negro is every whit a man, created in the image of God just as truly as the white man, and endowed with the same faculties and capacities, the same desires and aspirations. I get utterly tired of hearing men classed as friends of the Negro, or who class themselves as his friends, who at heart regard him as an inferior being, and who show by their treatment of him, and by the course which they map out for him, that that is their estimate of him. The first requisite to a true friendship for the Negro is the recognition of the fact that he is a man,

and that he is entitled to be treated just as other men are treated. The man who doesn't believe that, and who isn't willing to act on that assumption, cannot, in the nature of the case, be to him a friend in the true sense of the term, and it is sheer nonsense to speak of him as such. As long as white men feel, and act on the theory, that the Negro is not to be placed in the same category as themselves, is not to be accorded the same rights as themselves, they may want to help him, but they cannot, in that which is most essential,—in strengthening, in developing his manhood. What the Negro expects and demands from his friends is treatment that will conserve and not destroy his self-respect.

Returning now to the circular, we are reminded in it, in the (4) place, that our friends are dying out. The reference here is to the men and women who stood by us in the dark days of slavery, and the period immediately succeeding the war,—a nobler band of men and women the world has never seen. These old battle-scarred heroes are rapidly disappearing,—only here and there one remains.

Our friends are not dying out, in the sense of passing from the stage of action, but also, in the sense of losing interest. Many have waxed cold; many have gone entirely over to the enemy. They have come under the withering and benumbing touch of the subtle, pernicious and pervasive influence of the South.

(5). We are reminded also of the fact that “we are confronting a crisis in our life, as citizens, unlike any other former trial through which we have passed—a crisis full of deadly menace to all that freemen hold dearest.” And this is also true. The enemy seems to be unusually active just now, and to be having very largely his own way. There never was a time, when the peril to our rights as citizens, seemed more real or more threatening than at present.

(6) We are reminded also of the fact, that there is on our part need of humbling ourselves before God. This is to be to us a day of humiliation, as well as a day of prayer,—a day of confession of our shortcomings. The implication is, that we are not all that we ought to be; that too often we do the things that we ought not to do, and leave undone the things that we ought to do. This, I think, none of us will deny. And our attention is called to this fact in connection with this day, in the hope of stimulating us all to more strenuous efforts at self-improvement; in the hope of impressing us all more deeply than ever with the necessity of settling ourselves resolutely against all forms of evil, and of seeking earnestly to appropriate and assimilate all that is good. It is well for us, as a race, to keep our eyes upon ourselves; to hold ourselves to a strict account. Only as we do this can we hope to profit by past mistakes and blunders; can we hope to keep ourselves in line with what is highest and best.

And now, in view of all that has been said,—in view of our present condition and environment in this country, it is evident that if we are to succeed, we must not only be alive, wide awake, ourselves, but we must have help, and help that is more than human. And in the text which we are considering, such a source of help is pointed out to us. The words are, “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken in the heart of the seas; Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, Though the mountains tremble with the swelling

thereof." If as a people, we would only make that language ours; if that was really the sentiment of our hearts; if God was to us, what he is represented here as being, we would have no need to fear anything, nor anybody,—the gates of hell could not prevail against us. And this is the thought that I want to dwell on just for a moment, in closing. The text calls attention, first, to the fact that God is. It assumes the existence of God. It affirms his being and reality.

Second, it declares, that he is a refuge. What is a refuge? It is a strong tower, into which those who are being pursued, those who are in danger, may run and find safety. God is such a strong tower, for the oppressed, for the downtrodden, for the poor, the weak, the friendless.

Third, it declares that God is a source of strength. The Psalmist says, God is our strength, i. e., through him they were enabled to do what they could not do otherwise. They were strong, because their dependence was upon God, because they looked to him in every time of need; they were strong because they had linked themselves to Him.

Fourth, it declares that where God is thus accepted, where he becomes the refuge and strength of an individual or a race, there is never any need for alarm, never mind how unfavorable, how unpropitious the circumstances may appear. "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas; Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, Though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof."

What we need, therefore, as a people, is to stay ourselves on God, is to make Him our refuge and strength. And yet this, I am afraid, is just what we are not doing. In too many cases we are growing up ourselves, and we are allowing our children to grow up, with little or no thought of God. He isn't in our thoughts, and he isn't in their thoughts. The life which we are living, and the life which we are training them to live, is a life with God left out of it, or so nearly left out of it as to practically amount to the same thing. This is to be greatly deplored. And the plea which I want to make here this morning, not only to the fathers and mothers, but also to the young men and women, and even the children, is, that we centre our thoughts upon God, that we take him into our lives and give him the place of empire there, not only for our own sake, as individuals, but because as a race, it is the surest way to solve this difficult and perplexing problem with which we are grappling in this country. If we will be true to God; if we will do what he wants us to do; if we will make His word a lamp to our feet and a light to our path he will discomfit our enemies and give us the victory. "Oh that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever." That is what God said of the children of Israel. And what he was willing to do for them, He will do for us if we trust Him, if we delight ourselves in Him, if we will serve him with the whole heart.

On this day of humiliation and prayer, let us remember, therefore, that there is help for us in God if we will let Him help us, if we will put ourselves where he can help us. The heathen may rage, the people may imagine a vain thing; the kings of the earth may set themselves and the rulers take counsel together

against us, but if God is our strength and refuge, if it is His will that we are delighting to do, their counsel will come to naught, it will avail nothing. "Touch not mine anointed," is what God says. We are told that He rebuked kings for their sake. Let *us* see to it, then, that we *are* His anointed; that his mark is upon us. In this way, we, who are members of this race, can do more to help it than in any other way; in this way we can call to our aid a power that is invincible, that is more than a match for our enemies. And vice versa, if we want to injure this race, if we want to make it more and more difficult for it to succeed, all we have got to do is to shut God out of our hearts, is to go the way that He doesn't want us to go, and to train our children to do the same.

I have been speaking of enemies of the race, on the other side of the line, but there are enemies also within the race itself. And who are these enemies? I am not referring now to those members of the race who play into the hands of the enemies on the outside, giving them aid and succor by their cowardly acquiescence, for personal ends, in the treatment that is accorded to their race, in the low estimate that is put upon it. It is not of such traitors that I am speaking. It is of an entirely different class of enemies, and who are they? They are the fathers and mothers, who live themselves and who train their children to live without God; they are the men and women, whether old or young, who are indifferent to religion, who think they can get along without God. Such men and women are among the very worst enemies that we have. What hope is there for us as a race, in this land, surrounded as we are by so many hostile and powerful forces, if we drift away from God? There is none whatever. This I believe with all my heart; and just in proportion, as this fact roots and grounds itself in the consciousness of the race, will we be strong. With God on our side we have nothing to fear; but God is on the side of the man or the race only who is on His side. The important thing for us therefore is to get on God's side, and to stay on His side. And this is the thought, which this day is intended particularly to emphasize. It is a solemn call to the whole race to turn to God, and to turn to God with full purpose and determination to serve Him, and Him only. That is the path of safety; the path that leads to victory; the path that is sure to bring peace, prosperity, happiness.

If we fail in the struggle; if we are driven to the wall; if our enemies get the better of us, it will be our own fault. It will be because we haven't made God our refuge and strength, because we haven't been seeking first His kingdom. Joshua, in his farewell address to the people, you will remember, said, "And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which Jehovah your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, not one thing hath failed thereof." God is a covenant keeping God. His words endure to a thousand generations. What He says may be relied upon with absolute assurance. And, therefore, although we are living in troublous times, although the waters are roaring about us, and the mountains are shaking in the heart of the sea; although everything seems to portend evil, we need have no fear, if we are anchored in God. He is a sure defense; He is an ever present

help in trouble. In the psalm from which our text is taken, there runs all through it a note of triumph, and it is because underneath it is the consciousness of the abiding presence of God.

"There is a river, the streams
 whereof make glad the city
 of God,
 The holy place of the taberna-
 cles of the Most High.
 God is in the midst of her;
 she shall not be moved:
 God will help her, and that
 right early.
 The nations raged, the king-
 doms were moved:
 He uttered His voice, the earth
 melted.
 Jehovah of hosts is with us;
 The God of Jacob is our
 refuge.
 Come, behold the works of
 Jehovah,
 What desolations he hath
 made in the earth.
 He maketh wars to cease unto
 the end of the earth;
 He breaketh the bow, and cut-
 teth the spear in sunder;
 He burneth the chariots in the
 fire.
 Be still, and know that I am God:
 I will be exalted among the
 nations, I will be exalted in the earth.
 Jehovah of hosts is with us;
 The God of Jacob is our refuge."

And this same God will be *our* God, if we will accept Him, if we will surrender ourselves to His guidance and direction; if we will make Him our pillar of cloud, by day, and our pillar of fire by night. "I will be exalted among the nations," is what God says here: and, if we will exalt Him, in our hearts, in our lives, He will exalt us. He will break the bow, and cut the spear in sunder, and burn

up the chariots of our enemies. The God of Jacob is a mighty God. His power is infinite. You remember Luther's grand old hymn:—

“A mighty fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our Helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing:
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His Name
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo, his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.”

O, let us as a people never forget this. And whether our earthly friends be few or many, let us remember that the one friend without which we cannot succeed—the one friend that is more important for us to have than all others, is God. If He is for us, it matters not who is against us, what weapons may be raised against us; it matters not if the South succeeds, for the time being, in winning the whole North over to its way of thinking, we will be taken care of all the same, we will get our rights all the same. The unholy alliance cannot, will not last. To God, therefore, let us turn our thoughts, and the thoughts of our children more and more. With Him as our refuge and strength we need have no fear.