

The Examples of the Revolution.

• T H E

ANNIVERSARY ORATION

OF THE

CINCINNATI OF NEW JERSEY,

AT TRENTON,

JULY 4, 1859.

BY JOHN HALL, D. D.

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1859.

ORATION.

*Gentlemen of the Cincinnati of New Jersey,
and Fellow Citizens :*

Thursday, the Fourth day of July, 1776, was a day of grave, of solemn, as well as of exciting interest. It was a small company of thoughtful, anxious men—not a crowd such as now fills the Capitol—which on that day was assembled in the old State House in Philadelphia. They were men of boldness and decision, of determination and courage, but they were MEN ; men of deep-rooted, hereditary attachment to England and the English throne; men of families and of property ; men of high honor ; not actuated by selfish ambition ; not seeking political independence from faction or for personal gain. All was at stake which such high-minded patriots knew how to value, more than the unreflecting who may have loved the occurrence of revolution for the sake of the excitement, and had less care for its results, because they had nothing valuable to lose; nothing sacred to abandon.

The very term *revolution* is a fearful one to such patriots as were presided over by John Hancock. Its ideas are those of changing what is established,

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overturning old foundations, innovating upon ancient institutions. The revolution of the heavens is their order ; they revolve in regularity ; their cycles, though in perpetual movement, are as fixed as the granite foundations of the everlasting hills. But when revolution is applied to civil government, it denotes disruption, confusion, discord, war ; and the fear of change perplexes not monarchs only, but their best subjects. Such subjects had George the Third in those men who came to the old State House of the colony of Pennsylvania eighty-three years ago, to convert it into a Hall of National Independence.

But the gravity and solemnity of the day we celebrate have begun to disappear from our associations. The men who signed for themselves and us, for the mighty constituency which has only begun to show its extent, the Declaration of American Nationality, have disappeared from our sight, and every year that widens our distance from them diminishes the influence of their names and their examples. As long as any of the signers lingered among us, as long as their revolutionary contemporaries in the mass of citizens survived, the spirit of the great day of '76 was proportionately revered. The presence of those shadows of the past overawed the new generations. But when they were at length extinct, the Fourth began to be a common day, the Declaration to fall into the grade of a common State paper, and the sig-

natures of the illustrious fifty-six, from Josiah Bartlett to George Walton, to represent comparative strangers to the new age of Americans.

Such is the result of time ; of continued prosperity ; such the effect of being accustomed to blessings without having first known what it was to be without them ; such the effect of inheriting privileges without knowing, except historically, the cost at which they were procured.

The great object then, my fellow citizens, in keeping up the observance of the anniversary of Independence should be to keep up the memory and the influence of its Principles and its Men. The chief purpose of history, in all its forms, (and the anniversary is one of them,) is not to preserve antiquarian records, to transmit facts, to relate that such and such persons lived, and that such and such deeds were performed ; or even to extol the deeds and eulogize the men. History is not an amusement, but a study. Its office is to instruct, to admonish, to show us the valuableness or worthlessness of what we find about us ; to infuse, by the recital, the virtues we are made to admire in the past, and which are capable of being imitated in the present. We know very well that we are independent, without keeping the Fourth of July. The Declaration of Independence, as a document, is in our school books. But the day, as a monument to principles, the Decla-

ration, as a grave moral sentiment, as a covenant and avowal binding us as well as the nation of that day, this whole reproduction of the scenes, the actors, and the purposes that make that day and its great deed so worthy of memory, these are the impressions which if not sought and declared, and readopted in our own names, turn our commemorations into mockeries, and make us guilty of dishonor to the graves of our Fathers. But, on the other hand, what a means of preserving our true position, of purifying our political sentiments, of maintaining the sound patriotism of the country, would it be, if, with the birth-day of our liberties, we could even annually revive the spirit in which they were engendered and born !

We are familiar with the designation of a period in intellectual history as the revival of learning ; with other periods in economical history called revivals of trade and commerce ; with others in moral history called revivals of religion. The same declensions which in these several departments of human interests necessitated the reaction that goes by this name, when they exist in political history, call for a revival of patriotism—of genuine politics. I say a revival ; for it is not the necessity of our age to create—to originate American patriotism. We have it in its purest mould, in its perfect models, in the men who achieved our separation from an unsuitable and de-

grading connection abroad ; who framed our constitution and laws ; who inaugurated and administered the system ; and who stamped on all they did the impress of their personal virtue. What greater blessing could we ask for our country than to be able to summon to the Capitol next December the men who founded our Republic ? What part of the confederacy, which this day adds the thirty-third star to its flag, would not consent to submit the whole country to the legislation of such representatives as composed the first Congress ? What American, native or naturalized, would hesitate to commit the entire executive power, this day or any day, to the first President ? But the next thing after the impossible revival of the men, is the revival of their wisdom, their purity, their principles. All these survive. They are imperishably wrought into the fabric of our institutions. We have their debates, their essays, their correspondence, their enactments, their negotiations. Their personal history remains, attesting their sincerity and disinterestedness. Their success remains—attesting their sagacity, and indicating that there was a higher and more efficient guidance of their counsels and proceedings than unaided human wisdom. For I trust it will not be considered by this audience a mere professional sentiment on my part, when I say that the thirteen tribes of Israel (for thirteen was their actual number by the double tribe of

Joseph) were not more obviously guided by Divine Providence, were not more distinctly placed under the instrumentality of men raised up and endowed for the accomplishing of high and far-reaching purposes for mankind, than were the thirteen American Colonies, when the time had come for the exodus from their vassalage to a land now for the first time truly their own. And the most profitable, and perhaps the least tedious discourse, that could be pronounced this day would be a selection of passages from the Books of Moses, setting forth the source and the principles of national prosperity, and the obligations of a free and religious people to abide by the Supreme Law of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

And this reminds us of the acknowledgements due this day, of the ecclesiastical independence effected by the revolution, which placed the church of the United States on the primitive basis of a spiritual body under a Divine head, requiring no "conformity," asking and accepting no identification with the powers of civil government. "Head and Supreme Governor of the Church," is one of the constitutional titles of the British monarch; and though religious liberty has made some progress in Britain since the great "dissent" of '76, so that the Jew and Roman Catholic sit in Parliament, and her Majesty is a Presbyterian at Balmoral and an Episcopalian at Wind-

sor, and I suppose, as a grandfurther, a Lutheran at Berlin—yet enough remains, even in the glorious empire of Victoria, to make us content with our more free and voluntary system, as compared with her church establishments. We have the church. Our history, from the beginning, is full of proof that the ark of the covenant, as well as the rod of Moses, came over and remained with our fathers; and the continued presence of the Holy Spirit of God, in multiplying, extending and making effective His inspired word, has never ceased to accredit the genuineness of our free christianity in the variety of its outward forms.

We are accustomed on the Fourth of July to hear more of the sword of the revolution, than of almost any other agency. Yet what particular day in all the annals of that epoch ought to be more suggestive of the power of the pen and of the tongue? The only sword drawn on the Fourth of July, '76, was the paper one adopted on the evening of that day, after a three days' debate. True, more material arguments had been already resorted to. The fields of Lexington and Bunker's Hill had anticipated, by more than a year, the calmer proceedings of Chestnut street. But the battles prior to the Declaration were not the war. They were local resistances of some immediate aggressions. They were provincial, not national. The military acts of Congress had only been advisory and

defensive. It was not till the signing of the declaration that the Congress assumed, as we have just heard, on the ground of "free and independent states," "full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." In that paper, in its clear logic, its plain facts, its self-evident conclusions, lay the power which was to cast off tyranny, and justify to the world then and for ever, all the consequences that might follow. The Declaration of Independence contains no declaration of war. The pen of Jefferson only wrote the final conclusions of what had already been discussed in the "Farmer's Letters" of Dickinson, the "Monitor" of Lee, Bland's "Inquiry," Nicholas's "Considerations," Paine's "Common Sense," and the writings of a host of coadjutors in newspapers and pamphlets. The pens of the signers only made the endorsement of the national sentiment in the name of the thirteen states they represented.

The same may be asserted of the contribution to the moral power of the act of independence, made by the arguments of the colonial statesmen and public speakers from New Hampshire to Georgia. They were not, as a general thing, inflammatory harangues, bombastic appeals to the ignorant. It was necessary to show the facts of the issue, and prove the legal right of the people to redress themselves in order to

bring them to their proper position. We have a specimen of what was depended on as the true basis of success, in the fact that Congress sent two clergymen, one from his church in Newark, and another from his church in Trenton, to visit parts of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, to give the people in certain remote settlements an intelligent understanding of the controversy, and of their rights and duties in relation to it. It was not yet the day when the patriotic sentiments of America, and the exercise of a free political choice, were to be turned about and guided as by a bit in the horse's mouth, or, by what is still more degrading, the bribes of office. Here is the political revival we need—a recurrence to the intelligence, the virtue, the trust in Providence which signalized the founding of our national fabric, and marked the personal character of its founders, including the great body of the people. That was no fanaticism which spoke in such terms as those employed by Chief Justice Drayton, of South Carolina, in April, '76, in his official charge to the grand jury, when, at the close of a cool constitutional statement of the question of rights between king and people, he said: "I think it is my duty to declare in this awful seat of justice, and before Almighty God, that in my opinion the Americans can have no safety but by the Divine favor, their own virtue, and their being so prudent as not to leave it in the power of the British

rulers to injure them. * * * The Almighty created America to be independent of Britain. Let us beware of the impiety of being backward to act as instruments in the Almighty hand, now extended to accomplish his purpose. * * * In a word, our piety and political safety are so blended, that to refuse our labors in this Divine work, is to refuse to be a great, a free, a pious, and a happy people."

I shall not undertake to draw the contrast between the politics of those days and the present. I will remember the inspired caution: "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." There are many and natural reasons for the change, besides such as imply degeneracy; and perhaps, after all, our fathers were not so immaculate, nor are we so depraved, as Fourth of July speeches would make out. But still it well becomes us to take care that we do not exhaust our patriotism in the applause of the past, or in complacency with ourselves. There is a New America all the time developing; to adjust that development to the vital elements of our political existence is the trying problem of successive ages. We need to do something more than celebrate our Independence. We are independent, and by the Divine blessing mean to keep so. But to study how to use our nationality,

how to preserve it sound and pure, how to recommend it and diffuse it, by the evidence of our welfare under it, over the rest of our American continent, and over the other hemisphere—this is the highest celebration of the great deed of '76. If to the mass of those who vote for legislators, representatives, governors, president, the only question is, whom does our party nominate? if to such the whole science and morals of civil government consist in succeeding with the nominee; if what a man's moral character, his capacity, his intelligence are, has little or nothing to do with supporting his election; if the money, whether of the party or of the candidate himself, buys his place; if men thrust themselves forward as seekers of place, and demand public positions as the reward of their partisanship; if intelligence and integrity become nothing in comparison with availability—if such signs as these should ever appear among us, then, in spite of all the cant about "progress," we cannot do better than go back to our beginning, fourscore and three years ago, and sit at the feet of those honest men who signed the Declaration, and sealed it before God with the pledge of their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

These considerations show the importance of training American youth in a familiarity with the history and biography, as well as the constitution of their country. The mere chronicles of events will not do

this. The battles show the practical force of the principles contended for, but the diplomacy, the debates, the writings, and above all, the personal qualities of the leaders of opinion, and the movers of the whole proceedings, contain the oil which is to revive and keep burning the true fire of the American altar.

In speaking thus of the training of our sons and of ourselves in the substantial doctrines of our nationality, I do not detract from the claims on the perpetual memory of the country, of that class of patriots who literally fought for the cause. On their account, in their honor, let monuments arise on every spot where they contended, whether with success or defeat; not raised as a memorial of the conflict itself, not to boast how many died, and how many suffered, or how deep the soil was wet with human blood, but to commemorate the spirit of devotion to justice, liberty, and humanity, which compelled those recruits of a day to defend their country and their homes against aggression. The battle monuments of a civilized and christian people should honor first of all the cause of the warfare. As it is not the signature of the declaration, but the declaration of itself, that is the chief object of our regard, and we honor the men for the sentiments they held, and the manner in which they avowed them, so we honor the parties in the battle according to the merits of

their cause, more than according to the mere method or effect of their deeds in the field of contest. Who has thought of a monument to the thousands, whether of Austria or France, whose corpses fill the trenches of Montebello, Malegnano, and Magenta? The real heroes of those latest fields of carnage are the few who are scarcely heard of, except in some feeble echo of the name of Garibaldi, the Piedmontese, and other obscure, that is, weak subjects of Austrian oppression, with whose cause, as the "down-trodden peoples," our sympathy was awakened a few years since, in the very spot where I stand, by that great master of English eloquence (whatever he may be in European politics) Louis Kossuth. They are the Emperors, and their hundreds of thousands of slaves in regimentals, who flaunt before the world in this drama, and take all the glory, (excepting that the Irish General McMahan is metamorphosed into a French Duke;) but the humble Provinces, whose liberties are to be the prey of the successful power, the people whose are the fields and homes and churches invaded by the two great duellists, this is the party that must fill our thoughts, as spectators of the war, and they, because of the sentiments they represent. Yet let me not do the third Napoleon the injustice of omitting the acknowledgement that he wrote good doctrine on the 8th of last month, when

in his address to Lombardy, dated at Milan, he said :
“ In the enlightened state of public opinion, there is more grandeur to be acquired by the moral influence that is exercised than by fruitless conquests, and that moral influence I seek with pride in contributing to restore to freedom one of the finest parts of Europe.” Let us hope that his Imperial Majesty, in his zeal for the precedents of his uncle, has not adopted the theory of his great minister Talleyrand, that the political use of words is to say what is not meant. So (to return to our philosophy of monuments) when we keep our days, and build our obelisks, and buy Mount Vernon, in memory of the triumphs of our noble Continentals, Army, Congress, People, and of him who was head of all and the spirit of all—the great Commander-in-Chief and President—let it be in love and honor for the soul, rather than the outward body of the cause, and to give it the highest possible honor and reward—the perpetuation of that soul in the successive generations of our republican world. We want not only the memories of Washington, and the other men of '76—not only columns and statues—but new, living men, like them, to guide and adorn every era of our history.

Such, I have no doubt, are the most effective motives that actuate the enterprise of constructing,

in our own town, a suitable memorial of the great incident of the 26th of December, '76, and its following week. And seldom has so truly appropriate a design for a patriotic monument been devised, as will be laid before the corporators to-day. That enterprise is in the best hands, and the impulse it is receiving is a worthy feature of the general celebration. I shall not trespass on ground so faithfully occupied by that company of our fellow citizens who are doing their best to eclipse us to-day; but in illustration of the general topic I may say, that, in commemorating the Battle of Trenton, the smallest part of the great subject is the skill of the tactics, the success of its manœuvre, the surprise of the German regiment, the victorious retreat, or the great aggregate of sagacity in the American leader, and fortitude in the troops, as evinced in every step of that week's work of mind and body from McKonkey's Ferry to Princeton. No heart, quicker than that of the Commander-in-Chief himself, would turn away from the mere details of the conflict. But the glory of the day, its monumental triumph, was its moral effect. The great victory of Washington on this ground was not over a few Hessians, but over the fears and despondencies of his own countrymen, and over the pride and *prestige* represented by Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis. The great honor which those days added to Washington's fame can

never be told by any inscription, however minute in statistics of the battle-fields. That honor was but the developement of the occasion. It showed what the man was, what he always was, equal to any emergency, prompt to every call of duty, faithful and fearless with many or with few, and having the trust of a Moses or a Joshua in the Providence whose favor to the just cause is stronger than armies.

These sentiments, gentlemen of the Cincinnati, ought to be, and I am confident are yours. They are both Roman and American. Our old friend Lucius Quintius—or Serranus (as he is called by Virgil* in allusion to his sowing his field, more appropriately for us, than Cincinnatus, from his curled hair)—is a hero, not because he conquered the Æqui and delivered the consuls, nor because he brought to terms the Senate and the people in the Agrarian conflict, (what care we for any of these parties?) but he is our hero and the hero of the world, because he was a soldier and a dictator, without ambition and without covetousness, coming out of retirement only from the necessity of serving his country in extremity, and returning as soon as that necessity ceased; refusing honors and riches as his reward, and content to have performed his duty. As Milton says of him,

*" *Te sulco, Serrane, serentem.*"—Æneid, vi. 844.

in connexion with Fabricius, Curius, Regulus, and other Romans of the same stamp, they were great, because men

“ Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, tho’ offered from the hand of Kings.”*

This is the immortality of Cincinnatus ; this the quality of his patriotism you cherish by adopting his name. After the havoc that Niebuhr has made of the “ Viri Romæ ” of our school-days, we indeed hardly know whether we can certainly believe in the personal reality of our hero, more than that of Romulus and Remus ; and the cautious Arnold gives the narrative in his legendary Æsop-like style, as “ the story of Cincinnatus ; ” but, fable or fact, the moral is the same. It is such patriotism as this, such public men as he, that the United States and each State need, and never more than at this day. They were such men as he, who, when in 1783 they assembled, at the end of the “ eight years’ conflict,” to form an Association of the officers of the late Army, to be perpetuated by their descendants, placed at the basis of the institution, not a celebration of their own deeds, but such “ principles ” as these : “ An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high

*Paradise Regained: book ii.

rank of a rational being is a curse, instead of a blessing"—“an unalterable determination to promote and cherish between the respective States that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness and the future dignity of the American Empire.” These, gentlemen, as your minutes show, were the expansive views taken by the founders of your Society. Though fresh from the actual warfare in which their names occupied so honorable a place, it was, as these extracts show, the cause of “human nature,” of man as “a rational being,” the “union and honor, happiness and dignity,” of the whole “future” of their country, that they had in mind as the scope of their work. So the Declaration quotes “the laws of nature and of nature’s God,” as giving title to the separate and equal station of the new government. And so your diploma asserts one of the purposes of your Association to be, “inculcating the duty of laying down in peace arms assumed for public defence.”

This largeness of view was eminently characteristic of those days. Our patriot fathers were not working for themselves alone. They would hardly have thought their own immediate and short-lived interest in the question sufficient to justify the sacrifices they personally made. Is this the spirit of our age? Is this the quality of our politics? Are

such the aims and principles of our public men in and out of Congress, in and out of office?

Might not the confederate branches of the Cincinnati do something by pen and mouth to show that they are hereditary possessors of these enlarged and unselfish principles of their sires, and revive through the country the spirit of the times when American statesmen looked beyond themselves and the present moment, and remembered that their private reputations and their public acts were both to influence future ages, and to be judged by them? Might they not do something in imitation of the power of the pen of the revolution, to reform the political press of the country? What a noble protest against all spurious politics would that be which should emanate from the heirs and representatives of the signers and supporters of the Declaration of Independence, and its coincident manifestoes! The Cincinnati have long ago outlived and outlaughed the silly charge that they were contemplating a Patrician institution; but it would be a glorious order of American nobility, if the pure blood of the men—statesmen, soldiers, citizens—of the old north, south, east and west, not merely hereditary or exclusively native, but the true knighthood, in which should be found men like the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the members of the first Congress, of all trades and professions, rich and poor, if, I say,

this true blood could be kept unmixed with the illegitimate line of men who, bearing the name of patriots, are simply and merely selfish jobbers. We want no aristocracy such as we understand from the idea of hereditary authority ; but we want nothing more as a country than an aristarchy which is defined as " a body of good men in power," such men as were described so long ago as the book of Exodus, by the wise Jethro : " Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them to be rulers."

The heroes of the pen and tongue, sword and musket, whom we honor to-day, were not only advocates of national independence, but were themselves independent men. Their politics was a science, a truth, a virtue. As the military character of their day was not made up of feathers and gilt wire, so its civic character was something else than hollow party names or a popular by-word, though that word were " Independence." They were men who could hold their own opinions without subserviency, and yet with fraternal regard to the compatriots who, with equal intelligence and sincerity, held opposite sentiments as to details, though identical in principle. They could be bitter enough, too, in their discussions, and sometimes in their personal animosities. Jefferson, Adams and Hamilton were not the

most amiable persons to one another when the Federal and Democratic blood was fairly roused, or personal jealousies distorted their vision. But when men have something real to contend about under their party names, when every turn of opinion is shaped by diversity of views as to what is best in the inauguration of a government making a new experiment, and that not for a single country and a single generation, but for the world and for all time, we may well excuse high words* and zealous proselytism. But when it comes, alas! to converting reason, principle, and lessons of history, the whole life and stability of a government into a scheme for bringing John Doe or Richard Roe into the Presidency for four years, and their respective hosts into the post offices, custom houses, and contractorships for the same term, then what is called *politics* comes down into the arena where "Tom Hyer" conquers, or the *area* where "Mike Walsh" breaks his neck.

And here I cannot help taking occasion, from the suggestion of what meets my eye as I look over this distinguished assembly, of congratulating the Society that New Jersey has determined to be represented in part, in the next Congress, by a member of the Cincinnati.*

But there are other lineal representatives here to-

*The Hon. William Pennington.

day of the virtues of '76, than you, gentlemen of the Cincinnati, who, according to the legal or romantic fiction, are supposed to have left your ploughs in the furrow this morning, and mean to go straight home to your cottages and frugal meals as soon as we have sung Hail Columbia and Old Hundred. Cincinnatus had a wife. Her name, according to some, was Attilia, according to others, Racilia. Perhaps, to be more like her husband, she would have her three names, and was Attilia Racilia Cincinnatus. The story is, that when the Roman deputies came to inform the farmer of his first election to the dictatorship, he took a "tender leave" of his wife, saying, "I fear, my Attilia, that this year our little fields must remain unsown." Whether the good man meant to attempt a little domestic dictatorship, and to insinuate that Attilia might attend to the farm while he was gone, and whether she thought that she had sewing enough of her own to do, we have only human nature to judge by; but (jesting apart) the "Roman woman," matron or maiden, is a proverb of patriotism and virtue. The story of Valeria, Volumnia and Virgilia, and the building of the temple to "Woman's Fortune," belongs to the age of Cincinnatus; and if the women of the American Revolution, who not only gave husbands and sons and brothers to the militia, but cheered the whole cause by their own courage and their actual help, were represented, as

the men are, by a hereditary association, the Society of the *Attiliæ* would be as large as the Society of the *Cincinnati*. The wife of *Cincinnatus* has not been forgotten by his sons ; for in the description of the order, or badge adopted in 1784, next to "the principal figure," is described "on a field in the background his wife standing at the door of their cottage." It is not required for the badge, as the history would warrant, that she should have her husband's coat in her hands ; for it is said that as he was digging (as we should say in his shirt sleeves,) when the deputies came to salute him as "Master of the People," he called out to *Attilia* to bring him his coat to go to town in.

I do not know that it would be a forward step in civilization to train our daughters to be doctresses of constitutional law, any more than of the practice of medicine, but perhaps some lessons from these old Roman and old American stories would be as profitable in our seminaries for "young ladies," as the modern curriculum of physiology and anatomy.

At all events we must look more to the domestic training of all our youth, for the political, as well as moral purity of our country. Politics and morals must never be separated. Falsehood, detraction, deception, peculation, bribery, perjury, are as criminal when perpetrated in the name of a state, or the United States, in a capitol or public office, behind a

legislative desk, with a frank, or "stationery," or a ballot, or a job, as when the same offences figure in police reports, under the heads of pickpockets, swindlers, confidence men, mock auctions, and petty larceny. And so the crimes of drunkenness, licentiousness, and homicide must be exhibited to our youth as neither screened nor palliated, in the sight of the God of law and purity, by the political or social position of the criminals. An immoral act is not the less wicked because committed at Washington or at Trenton; a gentleman forfeits his title, whether his vulgarity be only for the session, or all the year round.

Fellow-citizens: We have met on the day that reminds us of our privileges as a united, free religious nation: the day when, by the favor of Divine Providence, we were set apart for a high, broad, and long purpose in the designs of Him who does nothing without an object worthy of Himself. Our responsibilities, then, do not end with our country, with the day, with ourselves: our gratitude does not end with the tribute we render to the men whose names and memories are so precious in the associations of this anniversary. The Lord God Almighty is the Father, the Defender, the Saviour of our nation. He is its ruler. He is its king. There is no independence here. Eloquent praises, noisy acclamations, pompous boastings, solemn professions, make no impression on that

mind which makes infinite holiness and infinite truth the standard of all moral virtue, in every relation sustained by man. Patriotism is a duty to God. To pass the test of His approbation it must be sincere, faithful and obedient. Like every other duty it should be performed religiously, that is, under the motives and sanctions implied in the fact that all our obligations begin and terminate in God. The political trust He has put into our hands is as sacred, as religious, as any other. It is to be used for His glory, and for the best welfare of His whole world.

This is the grand principle that we need to revive and purify our patriotism. This is the only security for the permanence of what we have acquired. This is the ultimate end of what the Almighty has done for us, and therefore His voice to our country to-day is just what it was to our Jewish pioneers in independence, thirty-three centuries ago. "Because he loved thy fathers, therefore he chose their seed after them, and brought them out in his sight with his mighty power, * * * to drive out nations from before thee greater and mightier than thou art, to bring thee in, to give thee their land for an inheritance, as it is this day ; know, therefore, THIS DAY, and consider it in thine heart that the Lord He is God in Heaven above, and upon the earth beneath ; there is none else ; thou shalt keep, there-

fore, His statutes and His commandments, which I command thee this day, that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days upon the earth, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, forever.”