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**Tower of Babel:**

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**S E R M O N**

ADDRESSED TO THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION IN  
ALBANY,

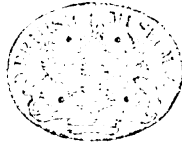
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MINISTER OF SAID CONGREGATION.

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This discourse, written without the remotest view to publication, is yielded to the wishes of several gentlemen who have expressed the opinion that it is adapted to aid the impression which Providence designs to make by the present crisis.

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# SERMON.

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## GENESIS XI. 9.

*Therefore is the name of it called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.*

After that terriffick infliction of divine wrath upon a guilty world which we were contemplating the last sabbath,\* nothing but a deep sense of the corrupt tendencies of human nature would have prepared us to expect any thing else, than that, for a time at least, there would have been a visible suspension of the prevalence of gross iniquity upon the earth. While the fearful traces of the deluge were fresh every where, and there were even some living who could narrate the horrors of the scene, and declare that their own eyes had beheld it all, it would seem scarcely possible that the great mass of that first generation should have abandoned themselves to that same moral corruption, which had

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\* This is one of a series of sermons on scripture facts.

but just before spread desolation through the world. But such *was* the melancholy fact; and it is not easy to conceive of a more striking evidence of it than is furnished by the story which contains our text.

Within a few years after the flood, the descendants of Noah seem to have travelled south-west from Ararat to the plain of Shinar; and instead of going abroad to people the earth, according to divine direction, they determined to settle down in a mass in that fertile valley. And now they concerted a plan for building a tower;—"a tower whose top should reach unto heaven;" and for want of other materials for the purpose, they turned their hands to making brick. Some have imagined that their design in this project was to secure themselves against a second deluge; but this seems scarcely probable, from the fact that not only had God given a promise to the world that no such deluge should ever occur, but that the place which they had selected for this tower was in a valley; whereas, if self-preservation from a second deluge had been their object, they would of course have chosen to build upon some high mountain. Their object seems to have been partly to prevent their dispersion, but principally and ultimately to "make to themselves a name:" if they might have a tower whose top should reach to heaven, the pride of their hearts would thereby be most effectually gratified, and it would at least greatly reduce the distance in their estimation between the builders of the tower

and the Builder of the world. They were permitted not only to consummate the plan, but to enter upon the work, and probably to advance it far towards its completion; but ere long the God whom they were insulting, took vengeance upon their proud and rebellious spirit, by miraculously confounding not only their counsels but their very language; the consequence of which was that they were utterly unable to understand each other, and of course utterly unable to proceed in their work; and here, by the way, is the only satisfactory account that we have of the origin of the variety of human languages. The result of the whole was that these Babel-builders who thought they had planted themselves down for life, and who were full of dreams of self-indulgence and self-glorification, were all at once turning emigrants as fast as they could get away;—were ranging themselves into little companies as they could understand each other, and going out from necessity to people the world. Our text contains an epitome of the whole transaction: “Therefore is the name of it,” that is, of the tower and city which they were building, “called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the languages of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.”

This great scripture fact is full of important and various instruction. I purpose, however, on the present occasion, to consider it only as **AN EXAMPLE OF HUMAN PRIDE:**

I. Of the *aspiring* of human pride :

II. Of the *confounding* of human pride :

III. Of the *overruling* of human pride :

We will consider each branch of the subject in reference to *individuals, churches and nations*.

I. In the *project* of the builders of Babel, we have a striking instance of the *aspiring* of human pride.

They designed to erect a monument which should cast into the shade all the works of previous generations, and survive the shocks of all future ages. Its base was to be as firm as the hills, and its top as high as the heavens. They expected not only that the generation to which they belonged would gaze at it as the proudest wonder of the world, but that those who should come after them, to the latest posterity, would perfume their memories with the incense of praise. Nay, the secret feeling of their hearts undoubtedly was, that a generation that could signalize itself by such a monument, might defy any power that there was in the universe.

And, Brethren, these builders of Babel, in respect to the spirit which they evinced, have had their successors in every age. Look, for instance, at Pharaoh, and see the workings of pride in him; how he kept his magicians at work with a view, if possible, to rival God's prophet in his miraculous doings; how he dared practically to defy Jehovah's arm, when it lay extended over him as a pillar of wrath! Look at Nebuchadnezzar, walking up and down his palace in the pride of self-confidence, and



in the robes of royalty, and hear him saying, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honour of my majesty?" Look at Herod upon his throne, transported well nigh into a delirium by the flattery of the multitude, as he heard them exclaim, in reference to his own pitiful harangue, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man!" And coming down to our own time, look at Napoleon, the terrifick, bloody wonder of his age; and see his giant mind brooding over the subjugation of a world, and unable to find rest, if it paused upon any spot which had escaped its own withering influence! None of these individuals indeed have you ever seen with your bodily eyes, though that diminishes nothing from the force of the example; but there *are* those whom you have seen, and it may be, whom you still see, in whom the spirit which actuated these proud monarchs is acted out in all its odiousness, though on an humbler scale. What is it that makes the heart of many a politician burn so intensely for a lofty station, but that that station may throw its dazzling honours around him, and protect his name from the desolations of time and death? What makes the votary of wealth so ambitious of splendour, but that others may witness the display and admire what they witness; and that he may enjoy the luxury of reflecting that there are few names that stand higher in the world of fashion than his own? Indeed I know not in what department of human

action you may not find individuals exemplifying more or less of this spirit.

But it is exhibited on a larger scale : You see it in *churches* as well as in individuals. What an example of this is furnished by the history of the Christian Church at large ! At first indeed, she was humble, and spiritual, and leaned entirely upon the Lord her Strength. But two centuries had not passed away before a spirit of pride was visibly at work in her bosom ; and this spirit gathered strength with each successive century, until ultimately she had reared a monument of her own carnal ambition that towered as high as Babel itself. And descending from the church at large to particular portions of it, it were easy to designate various communities of professed christians, in which pride has had a most fearful operation ; but as the time does not allow me to linger at this point, I will only specify a single example, and that one in which *we* are more immediately interested than any other : I refer to our own beloved church. The Presbyterian church in the United States has, for many years, been growing in extent and influence, with a rapidity almost, if not entirely, unrivalled. It has spread itself out in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South ; and there is scarcely a spot in our widely extended territory to which its influence has not either directly or indirectly reached. A spectacle more dignified and imposing than has been presented in former years by our General Assembly, has perhaps scarcely been found in any

ecclesiastical convention or judicatory on the globe ; and no other probably has exerted a more extensive influence. And, Brethren, it is too late in the day to question whether we have grown proud of this distinction. Yes, the old leaven which had got so well at work in the days of Constantine, and which gradually diffused itself till it converted nearly the whole church into a mass of carnality and rottenness, has visibly and most unequivocally manifested itself in our own denomination. God has given us a degree of prosperity greater than we could bear ; and instead of being thankful we have become proud. I charge this upon no particular portion of the church in distinction from the rest ; but I speak of our church as a body—of the entire community of which you and I are a part, when I express my solemn conviction before God, that the spirit of the Babel-builders has been among us ; that our prosperity has caused us to lift up our head, when it should have led us to sink into the dust.

Passing from the church to the world, we may see this same spirit coming out in the conduct of *nations*.

Read the history of Egypt, of Tyre, of Carthage, of Greece, of all those early empires and cities in the East, of which any memorial remains, and you will find a point in their history at which they were well nigh delirious through the influence of self-exaltation. They utterly lost sight of the hand that raised them up, and practically defied any power either on earth or in Heaven to cast them down.

And here again, my friends, we will pass by all other nations in our estimate, and pause where we are most deeply interested, over the condition of our own. Let the writer of our history take for his motto, "He hath not dealt so with any nation;" and the facts which he will have to record, will fully justify it. Where else on the page of the world's history can you point to an example of a nation that has risen so rapidly, and extended its influence so widely, and enjoyed the same amount of prosperity in the same period, as our own? And now we have reached a spot at which it well becomes us to pause, and review some of our feelings, and sayings and doings, in view of the multiplied blessings with which Heaven has crowned us. As a nation we have gloried in the stability of our institutions; and have considered ourselves as having passed the dangerous period of national childhood, and as having grown strong enough to encounter whatever storms or shocks might happen to overtake us: and we have a thousand times virtually repeated the modest invitation to all other nations to come and sit at our feet and learn wisdom.— We have gloried in the success of our arms both on the ocean and in the field; and in the unequal contests in which God has given us the victory, we have chanted our own praises, as if it were the stripling's arm alone that made the giant fall. We have gloried in the extent of our commerce; and have kindled with self-complacent exultation, as we have thought and said that the American

flag was a stranger no where. We have gloried in our wealth; and it has been musick to our ears, when those who have gone abroad have come back and told us that already we might begin to vie with European splendour. We have gloried in our spirit of enterprize; and have dreamed that the bowels of the earth were full of gold; and that our western forests were turning themselves into cities; and have felt as if we should like the world better if it were wider, that it might give more room for speculation. And in all this, I hardly need say, we have forgotten God. While we have filled the air with the breath of our own praise, we have, as a nation, been faint and hollow and equivocal in any expressions of praise which have been directed to the author of our prosperity. There has been a kind of Babel going up in the centre of our land; and we have watched it, and gazed at it, and had glorious dreams about it, till we have practically yielded to the delusion, that there is nothing great or good, either on earth or in Heaven, with which we are not in some way identified.

II. In the *defeat* of the builders of Babel, we have a striking instance of the *confounding* of human pride.

These men had been suffered to go on for a time in their ungodly enterprize, without being met by any visible and marked indication of the divine displeasure. If they thought of God at all, doubtless they thought of Him as an indifferent spectator of what they were doing; and certainly never dreamed

of any miraculous agency being put forth to defeat their ambitious designs. But God's eye watched all their movements; until at length their movements were suddenly arrested by the putting forth of his hand. What surprize and vexation and consternation must they have experienced, on finding that their only medium of intercourse was cut off; and that even bosom friends could have no communication with each other, unless it were by signs! But here was the tower with which they had identified their hopes of distinction, in an unfinished state; and this would render it impossible that they should proceed with it. Thus the labour of their hands and the sweat of their brows, served no better purpose than to mortify the pride of their hearts. It is a striking fact, that the names of these men who were so intent upon an earthly immortality, have long since perished from every earthly record. The builders of Babel are indeed known, and always will be known, as a company of proud and impious rebels against Jehovah; but who they were, or what was their subsequent history, where and how they lived and died, there is nothing either in sacred or profane story to enable us to determine.

Need I say that what occurred in this case, was, in its general aspects at least, analagous to what has often occurred since? Keeping in our eye the same *individuals* to whom we have already adverted as examples of the *aspiring* of human pride, let me ask you to contemplate the disgrace and ruin which God brought upon the King of Egypt, by miracu-

lously burying him and his host in the Red Sea. Nebuchadnezzar—How his kingdom departed from him, and his glory vanished as a dream, and he was driven from human society, and became an eater of grass, and his hairs were like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws! Herod, too, what a figure *he* made, while he was yet in the act of receiving the idolatrous homage of a deluded populace: the angel of the Lord smote him; and he fell from his throne a dead man; and the worms seem to have anticipated their loathsome office while he was yet giving up the ghost! And Napoleon—what a spectacle of fallen greatness was *he*, without any miraculous agency! In the bewildering dreams of his own greatness, he was left to fire the train that produced the explosion in which all his hopes perished; and the man who expected that his dead body would one day lie in glory in a royal sepulchre, died a miserable exile, the dishonoured victim of his own folly. And to come within the field of our own observation—who has not seen the eager aspirant for fame, or rather the man who has already risen to a post of honour, and has been there long enough to show that he had reached an elevation that made him dizzy,—who has not seen his withered laurels falling from his brow, to make way for what is little better than a crown of thorns? And the rich man who has gloried in his wealth—how he has gazed in anguish after his riches when he has beheld them upon the wing, and yielded himself to a deep and enduring despondency, because his name

has been transferred from the list of the opulent to the list of the dependant! I care not what it is which calls forth a spirit of pride in individuals, you may confidently calculate that the indulgence of this spirit will prove the harbinger of mortification, if not of disgrace.

And it is not more true that it is the order of Providence to confound a spirit of pride in individuals than in *churches*. How was it with the Christian church at large in the progress of a few centuries after her establishment? Why just in proportion as she became proud, God withdrew from her his Spirit, and left her to corrode upon her own vitals: She was given up to the deepest ignorance, to the most bitter contentions, to the most degrading exhibitions of folly and fanaticism, during a long succession of ages; and the witnesses for the truth scattered here and there, like stars in a dark night, prophesied in sackcloth, and many of them even found a martyr's grave. And considering the Romish church as a distinct body, claiming, in the person of her Head, to be as God, and sitting in the place of God, through what successive scenes of mortification has she been doomed to pass since she was at the zenith of her glory! The Reformation in its commencement inflicted upon her a blow from which she never recovered; and in its progress, it has been like a constant irruption upon her ranks, diminishing their number and impairing their strength. And if there be any light either from prophecy or providence, the day



is coming when she shall be brought down to the dust, and her pomp and the noise of her viols shall cease forever. And I must ask, though I do it with pain and shame, what has been the melancholy fact on this subject in reference to our own beloved church? If we do not shut our eyes upon recent and passing events, can we resist the conviction that God has come down upon us in judgment for our pride, and that we are already smarting under his sore chastisements? He has permitted us to be afflicted with heresy, with fanaticism, with discord; and without any miracle, it would seem not only that our counsels are divided, but that our language is so confounded that we cannot understand each other. I look upon this matter now, Brethren, on a large scale. I lay out of view in the present estimate all considerations that have a particular bearing on the one side or on the other; and I contemplate our present condition simply in its connexion with the providence of God, and as a judgment which, by the loftiness of our looks, we have richly merited. Is the church a city—Behold for yourself how her walls are broken down, and even many of her palaces lie in ruins! Is the church a garden—See how the verdure in which she was once clothed has given place to a spiritual drought, and the plants of righteousness which once looked green and beautiful, have been trodden under foot! Is the church the body of Christ—Behold the bleeding wounds which she exhibits; and hear the Saviour himself ask, “What have *I* done

that I should be thus wounded in the house of my friends?" Must not every member of the church, independently of the views he may have of the particular agency by which this state of things has been brought about, acknowledge that a portentous cloud hangs over our Zion?

Precisely analagous to this are the dealings of Providence in respect to *nations*. Where are those ancient nations to which we have already referred, as having insulted Jehovah by their proud contempt of his authority, and their proud idolatry of themselves? Where are those cities whose palaces once glittered in the sun; whose walls seemed to defy all but the shocks of the last day? Ah, God's annihilating breath has passed over them, and their glory has faded like a morning flower. Where the sound of timbrels and the voice of melody once fell upon the ear of thousands, the mocking bird wastes her notes upon the desert air. The serpent creeps among the ruins of palaces, the humble successor to the man who glittered in robes. The traveller walks round and round the field of desolation; and feels his blood curdle as he connects the present with the past, and seems to read the curse of God standing out on these wrecks of departed greatness, and to hear it lingering in the wild winds that sweep around him! Nineveh, Tyre, Babylon! where are ye? A voice from the secret place of God's judgments answers, "Swept from the world with the besom of destruction!"

Our own beloved country, it is true, has not yet

been visited for her pride with such overwhelming exhibitions of God's displeasure, as were those ancient nations. Nevertheless, there are indications too decisive to be overlooked, that the day of *her* retribution has already dawned. No man with his eyes open can resist the conviction that God has permitted confusion to be introduced into almost every department of our public affairs. While men are busily engaged in the conflicts of party, often contending for they scarcely know what, all seem to admit that a universal derangement has come over us, and that every calculation for the future is characterized by extreme uncertainty. And it is worthy of remark that God has touched us at the very points where we were most confident in our boastings. If there was any thing upon which we looked with a national complacency, it was the stability of our institutions and the increase of our resources; but every breeze that sweeps over us now is charged with tidings of bankruptcy; and if there are no miraculous signs in heaven, there are ominous signs on earth, that tell of national convulsions which at no distant period may shake the pillars, if they do not absolutely raze the foundations, of our government. I certainly do not covet the office of a prophet of evil in respect to our country's destinies; but I am sure that I only echo the publick sentiment—I only utter a sentiment to which you are individually prepared to respond, when I say that if God has not literally confounded our language so that we cannot understand each other, he has per-

mitted us to become confused in our counsels, in our designs, in our courses of conduct; and the Babel builders were scarcely more at a stand when God came down in judgment upon them, than we as a nation are at this moment.

III. In the *dispersion* of the builders of Babel, we have a striking instance of the *overruling* of human pride.

These men, in building their tower, had one purpose in view; God, in permitting them to build it, had quite another. *Their* design was to glorify themselves, and keep together; *his* design was to stain the pride of their glory, and to scatter them abroad in the earth: and the result we see was, that while his purpose triumphed, theirs was crushed beyond recovery, and even beyond hope. God moved in a mysterious way to accomplish his end; but he accomplished it speedily and effectually. Hereby he suffered a monument of the pride and folly of man to rise, to which all coming generations might look and be instructed. Hereby he counteracted the workings of that clanish spirit to which the descendants of Noah had yielded, and which was nothing better than a spirit of rebellion against his purpose in respect to peopling the earth. They actually did go abroad then, and the result was that the human race were gradually scattered over the world.

And here, Brethren, we are brought to the bright side of our subject; to the doctrine that God "from seeming evil still educes good." Where *individuals*

who have indulged in a high degree a spirit of pride are suddenly brought low, we may be sure that God intends such dispensations as channels of blessing. In cases in which they are absolutely cut off at a blow, as were Pharaoh and Herod, we must view the dispensation, so far as it respects themselves, in the light of an unmixed judgment; for it leaves them no longer with a space for repentance: but to those who witness, and to those who subsequently hear of the event, it is intended as a most solemn but kindly admonition to beware of the indulgence of that spirit which is liable to have such a tremendous issue. And as for other cases in which pride is overwhelmed with mortification, while yet life is continued,—it is manifest that God here accomplishes a double purpose of mercy: while he gives the world an impressive warning to beware, he urges the individual to the business of self-communion, and furnishes him the best opportunity to put away the evil of his doings. Napoleon—what a warning was *he* to the whole human family against the indulgence of an ambitious spirit! What an opportunity did God give him, in the defeat of his proud hopes, and in the deep retirement and dishonour in which he closed his life, to retrace with the spirit of penitence his mad career, and to seek an interest in that blood in which scarlet sins become white as snow! It is not for us to decide in respect to his end; but who can doubt that the solitude in which he sat was the more dreary, because conscience sometimes summoned

around him the ghosts of his bloody deeds; and that, while all was still without, there were lightnings and tempests within? Amidst all the thoughts that passed through his mighty mind, shut up as he was with that most terrible of all company—himself, who can tell but there might have been some thoughts of atoning blood; thoughts which God's Spirit conducted to an issue that will be a matter of surprise to millions as it is disclosed in eternity? Observe I pass no judgment upon what has been reported in respect to the last months of the fallen conqueror: I only say that, in the melancholy reverse which he experienced, God gave him the opportunity for self-communion and repentance; and if he improved it not, his degradation in the dust not less than his triumph in blood, will aggravate the horrors of his eternal recompense.

And the fall of ten thousand other individuals—how monitory is it alike to themselves and others! The rich man who was proud of his wealth loses it all; and thereby the grand obstacle is removed which prevents him from securing the salvation of his soul; while multitudes around him are taught by his example to beware of uncertain and deceitful riches. The votary of honour who has made an idol of that, suddenly sinks into obscurity; and here perhaps is dated his determination to seek the honour which cometh from God only, while his experience carries a stern rebuke to every man who is walking in his footsteps. And in other ways—ways which would never have occurred to human

wisdom, God may and often does render such vicissitudes the channel of incalculable blessing.

And has not God already overruled for good the pride of man as it has prevailed in the *church*? And are we not permitted to believe—nay, are we not bound to believe, that what he *has* done is only the pledge of what he is yet to do; the unfolding of the few first leaves in the glorious explanatory volume? I do not say that the fall of the Christian church into the errors and abominations with which she was overwhelmed for ages, is not to this hour a dark dispensation; nevertheless we have evidence that God has had purposes of wisdom in permitting it; not merely because he *has* permitted it, and we know that he can permit nothing which will not ultimately subserve his glory, but because his providence has already shed some light upon his purposes, and the good has actually begun to be educed from the evil. What an argument is there in that great defection of the church, for her keeping in the dust before God, till she shall be taken up to meet her exalted Head in the Heavens! How much is there to rebuke a spirit of self dependance, and make her feel that Jehovah is her only refuge! How much to expose the corrupt tendencies of human nature, in perverting God's truth, and departing from his statutes! What a warning is here to all coming generations against substituting human wisdom for the wisdom of God! And what a pledge that the church shall live and be safe in spite of all

the efforts of the devil to destroy her, and even of her own mad attempts to commit suicide!

And so too, Brethren, in the darkness that surrounds *us*,—darkness which the eye of no man's reason can pierce, faith nevertheless sees some light, not only from the declarations of God's word, but even from the analogies of his providence. How much of distraction and disaster may be immediately before us, it is impossible, by any of the lights which we can command, to determine; but I think we can see, to some extent, how God may overrule the evil of the present for the benefit of the future. The chapter of our ecclesiastical history which shall embrace the last ten years, will, I have no doubt, be wet with the tears of coming generations; and as they see how the small stream gradually widened itself into a river, and the river gradually widened *itself* into a flood, and the flood associated *itself* with the lightning and the storm, and brought desolation where once there was order and beauty, I can not doubt that they will be admonished to beware of the beginning of error; of the beginning of fanaticism; of the beginning of strife; and that one of the elements of their stability will have been borrowed from their observation of our melancholy experience.

So also God's overruling hand is moving in that thick cloud into which the sun of our *national* prosperity has passed. Suppose we have reached the crisis of our depression; and from this time the darkness shall begin to pass away; yet, is it pos-



sible that, as a people, we should *immediately* forget this appalling lesson which Providence has been reading us? Will not those who have nearly been carried down in the whirlpool of mad speculation beware how they approach hereafter that devouring and frightful vortex? And will not those who have rioted in their visions of national glory, be likely to feel that American freedom is yet too tender a plant to be safely sported with; and that such angry tempests as have lately agitated our political atmosphere will prove fatal to its growth, if not to its very existence? Suppose we have *not* reached the climax of our public calamities;—suppose the eagle that has so long been our boast, should stretch her wings for some kindlier clime; suppose our dreams of national greatness should give way to the mortifying reality that we have become the laughing stock of the world;—even then, though *we* may go down to our graves under a load of self inflicted disgrace, yet the language of God's providence forbids us to doubt that this land is hereafter to be the theatre of great and noble deeds; and that here God will bless his people with peace: and future generations, while they will weep over our mistakes and our follies, will be instructed out of our history. It scarcely admits of question, that this nation is now filling up a mighty volume of admonition for posterity; a volume that will be so fearfully plain that the humblest capacity, in contemplating it, will need no interpreter.

I close with two brief reflections.

1. Our subject shows us *the stability of the divine purposes.*

Men may build their Babels as high as they please, but sooner or later God will come down and turn their glory into shame. Nay, while they set themselves to oppose the great designs of his government, and stand out in bold and impious hostility against him, he is not only working in spite of them, but working by means of them, for the accomplishment of his own ends. The pride of the Babel builders was made subservient to the purposes of his wisdom; and so were the cruelty and treachery of the murderers of Jesus; and so is every convulsion that occurs, either in the church or in the world. Hear it, Christian, and rejoice:—God's purposes shall stand; and one of them is that these clouds which now lower about Zion shall ere long roll back into a region of eternal tempest; that she shall survive every calamity in the majesty of an immortal triumph. Hear it, Sinner, and tremble:—God's purposes shall stand; and one of them is that his foes shall ere long go away into everlasting confusion and ignominy. Keep up your courage, Christian, even through the darkest times; for Omnipotence is upon your side, and you have nothing to fear: but as for you, Sinner, your heart may well become faint, and your countenance pale, and your hands nerveless, even in the time of your greatest prosperity; for that prosperity is but the deceitful harbinger of wo. There is a voice coming back from the record of all past transgression,

there is a voice coming up from that world where the reprobate dwell in horror, challenging an answer to the question, "Who hath hardened himself against God and prospered?"

2. Our subject shows us that *our only safety is in being humble.*

Had Pharaoh been humble, he never would have been drowned in the Red Sea. Had Nebuchadnezzar been humble, he never would have been turned out to eat grass like an ox. Had Herod been humble, his body would never have been given prematurely to the worms. Had Napoleon been humble, he never would have been sent off into mid-ocean to die upon a rock. Had Nineveh and Tyre and Egypt and Babylon been humble, they might have stood and rejoiced in God's perpetual smile. Had America been humble, her interests might never have been brought in jeopardy, and her institutions, both civil and religious, might have been as firm as the hills. But America has *not* been humble. She has lifted up her head in scornful self exaltation. She has sounded abroad among the nations the note of independence; but the God who made her independent she has not glorified. I tremble for my country, when I remember her pride; for though I know all will be well at last, yet I also know that it is the manner of the Judge of the world to punish national pride with national calamity; and I think I see his arm already made bare in wrath, and his hand taking hold on judgment. Christians, I call upon you to be humble.

Sinners, I call upon you to be humble ; to yield up that proud rebellious spirit, and sink away now for the first time into the arms of sovereign mercy. Friends of Zion, be humble, as you would heal her bleeding wounds. Citizens of these United States, be humble, as you would escape the ruin that threatens, and transmit to your children the inheritance which cost your fathers their blood. Man, woman, child, be humble, else pride will be the death of thine immortal soul. God Almighty, God All merciful, *make* us humble ; and then *we* shall be saved, but *thou* shalt have all the glory !

24 JU 68

