

GIVING THANKS FOR ALL THINGS.

A

S E R M O N

PREACHED IN

The First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn,

On Thanksgiving-day, Nov. 29, 1860,

BY

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PASTOR.

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BROOKLYN, *November*, 1860.

To the Rev. HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

Believing that a more general circulation, at this time, of your THANKSGIVING Discourse, would be of great value to all who love the Church of Christ, we earnestly desire that you will furnish a copy for publication.

Yours, with affection,

WM. S. DUNHAM,	JOHN LAIDLAW,
ROBT H. LOWRY,	GEO. L. SAMPSON,
WM. KUMBEL,	HENRY SHELDON,
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HENRY BUTLER.	

BROOKLYN, *December 3d*, 1860.

Messrs. DUNHAM, LOWRY, KUMBEL, &c.

Dear Brethren:

In compliance with your request, I cheerfully submit the manuscript of my Sermon to your disposal. May God add his blessing to its publication.

Yours truly, in Christ,

HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

SERMON

EPHESIANS, V. 20.

“GIVING THANKS ALWAYS FOR ALL THINGS UNTO GOD.”

Gratitude to God, the source and inspiration of all true thanksgiving, is a duty which brings with it its own ample reward. Indeed, it is more a privilege than a duty. Harmonizing the faculties and affections, and centering them upon the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift, it produces that inward delight which the apostle beautifully describes in the context, as a “singing and making melody in the heart unto the Lord.”

In the hope that God, by his word and Spirit, will give each one of us an experience of this spiritual delight, I propose as the subject of our meditation to-day—

THE NATURE AND THE OCCASIONS OF THANKSGIVING.

I.—In regard to the nature of thanksgiving, we should ever remember that it is the utterance of gratitude to God. It is essentially a service and sacrifice of the heart. Though our lips were musical and eloquent as an angel's, and our ritual glorious as that of heaven itself, without this inward singing, this gushing melody of the heart, quickened by a sense of Divine goodness, we shall be but a tinkling cymbal and a sounding brass, and our solemn assembly become an iniquity before God.

Obviously, therefore, it is essential to all true thanksgiving, that we duly consider the Divine benefits. "Whoso is wise, and will consider these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." But, alas! the brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this.

Because God's goodness is so unwearied and inexhaustible, opening for us the gates of every morning, and curtaining the repose of every evening; crowding every element with teeming life for the gratification of our appetites; watering the furrows of the earth with rain from heaven, and warming it with sunshine, and crowning every successive year with bloom and fruitfulness; just because his providence is thus bountiful and constant, the inconsiderate and ungrateful man forgets and ignores him in the midst of his benefits. Like the grazing ox, that tramples the flowers of the field under foot, intent only on the satisfying of his present appetite, he eats, drinks, and is merry, amid the abundance of corn and wine, without even a thought of Him whose is the dew and the fatness of the earth.

In order to a sincere thanksgiving for the Divine benefits, it is necessary, not only that we think of them as they pass, but that we treasure them up in our memory; so that, on suitable occasions, we may review and rehearse them in our songs. The memory of men is usually tenacious enough of the wrongs they have suffered. The re-

cord of their losses and injuries is graven upon their heart as with a pen of iron on the face of the rock; and both eye and lips are ever ready to read it again at every mention of the offender's name. But the favors they receive, and especially God's incessant benefits; alas! how slight and how fading are the impressions they make! Every one has a vivid recollection of the sickness he has endured—the hours of pain and languishing are carefully chronicled, and often rehearsed; but how few, like the sun-dial, mark the hours that shine, and tell over with minute and grateful particularity, the successive days and years during which health coursed through their veins, and the cup of their comforts was full to overflowing. The sweet singer of Israel seems to have this universal and shameful tendency of our nature in view, and to be fortifying himself against its insidious influence, in 103d Psalm:—"Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Nor is it only his own personal blessings that he would charge his soul not to forget. God's dealings with his forefathers, and the wonders he had wrought in the land in days gone by; his universal providence over all people, and especially his fatherly pity and kindness toward all that are

distressed—are mingled in the Psalmist's song with the remembrance of his own experience. And thus the theme seems to grow too large for his heart and lips. He summons other creatures to assist in the utterance of his gratitude. He would be one in a universal and perpetual choir. "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word: bless the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul!"

In the hearts of those who are actuated by the spirit of the Psalmist, gratitude will become, not only a perennial fountain, but a fountain whose fullness and force will constantly increase. In riper years the mercies of childhood and youth will not be forgotten. In the time of prosperity and plenty there will be a vivid remembrance of the eye that pitied, and the hand that guided and fed them, in the day of adversity. The milk and honey of the promised land will be mingled in grateful memory with the manna and water of the wilderness. As the field of their observation enlarges, and the treasure of their knowledge increases—whether these treasures be gathered from the history of the past, or from the wonders of nature, where God, in his providence, worketh hitherto—they will possess a constantly accumulating store of grateful memories, which the very darkest hour of adversity can-

not overshadow or destroy. And thus their thanksgiving will ever be what David so often and so expressively calls a *NEW SONG*. For gratitude in the heart is not a stagnant pool, but a flowing fountain. Out of its fullness, the mouth will speak. To those who rightly consider and remember, it will seem a mean thing to conceal God's loving-kindness, or to suffer the remembrance of it to sleep among men; and the earth, which imbibes the dew and sunshine of heaven, does not yield its increase with a more spontaneous abundance, than a heart softened and warmed with Divine love will bring forth "the fruit of the lips." Even the heathen crowd the gates of their imaginary deities with thankful songs. How much more should a Christian adopt the pious resolution: "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever. I will publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of his wondrous works."

But, then, mere praise, however comely and acceptable in itself, can never sufficiently express or discharge the obligations of a grateful soul. In this delightful service, words must go hand in hand with deeds. Wherever there is a true song, there will be also a *sacrifice of thanksgiving*. Yes! the *sacrifice* of thanksgiving, without which all the anthems that ever were sung would be but a mockery and a delusion. How vividly was this taught, by both ordinance and prophecy, under the Old Testament economy. The worshiper was required, as a fitting acknowledgment of the Divine bene-

fits, to honor God with his substance, and the first fruits of all his increase. Not a shock of corn was to be gathered into their own garners until the first fruits had been consecrated upon the altar; the cattle on a thousand hills did not rightfully belong to the reputed owner, unless the firstlings had been offered in sacrifice; nor the gold and silver become a private possession, until the tithe had been cast into the treasury of the temple. When the worshipers in that temple neglected these plain requirements, God spurned their vain oblations, and charged them with robbery. And have the obligations thus recognized and enforced under the Old Economy, been abrogated under the increasing light and privileges of the New? Nay; the great principles illustrated in the temple service are confirmed by new sanctions, and perpetuated on a wider scale, amid the superior blessings of the Gospel. God having crowned all his ancient benefits by the gift of his Son, and perfected his former revelations in the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ, the specific requirements of the law are done away, only in order that more liberal and costly offerings may be presented under the constraining influence of love. And now, he who does not contribute habitually, and from principle, to the cause of Christian benevolence—he whose *lip service* is not fortified by *thank-offerings*, according to his ability—may not sing praises without incurring the guilt of hypocrisy.

At the present time, as in the days of old, our goodness extends not to God. Our great benefactor is beyond the reach of our gratitude, so far as any actual benefit is concerned. But, then, his children, whom he loves, and whom we ought to love for his sake, are everywhere around us, appealing to our sympathies, and beseeching us to help them for Christ's sake. The poor we have always with us—not only those who suffer bodily nakedness and hunger, but those who are perishing for lack of the bread of life; whensoever we will, we may do them good. And they who come into the sanctuary to-day, to participate in this annual thanksgiving, can bring no more acceptable offering than the recollection of zealous efforts and liberal gifts for the relief of human suffering, and the extension of the Redeemer's cause in the earth. If they have visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction—if they have comforted and instructed the poor children who would otherwise grow up in ignorance and misery at our doors—if they have clothed and fed Christ's brethren in the ministry, and contributed to the mighty Gospel the wings by which it might fly abroad; or if, in the absence of any such blessed memories, they are ready to record their sincere vows of zeal and liberality for the future—then, and not otherwise, will their praises come up as a sweet incense before God! Such is a brief description of the duty enjoined in our text: it is the utterance of gratitude

to God, prompted by a due consideration and remembrance of all his benefits, and finding its appropriate expression not only in *songs*, but in *sacrifices* of thanksgiving.

II.—Let us consider the time and the reasons for the performance of this duty—when and for what are we to give thanks? How comprehensive and emphatic is the answer of our text:—“*always and for all things.*”

The precept in regard to the *time* of thanksgiving is analogous to the commandment which requires us to “pray without ceasing.” We are not to be incessantly engaged in the actual utterance of either praise or supplications. But as we are to pray, so we are to give thanks, frequently and habitually. Our character and purposes are to be cast in the mould of gratitude by the hand of charity.

The key-note to all a Christian’s affections and thoughts must ever be praise; not the bitter remembrance of past trouble, or the dark anticipation of evil to come, but the grateful and joyful recollection of Divine benefits. There is not in all the Bible a single precept requiring a Christian to mourn and weep. It is true, indeed, that a pitiful Father allows to his children, when they are afflicted, a comely and temperate expression of their grief. But even this permission does not justify them in cherishing their sorrows, or refusing to be comforted. It is true, also, that the spirit of

prophecy calls on impenitent and unthankful men to anticipate their woes, saying to those who lay up treasures for themselves: “Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you.” But the precepts that are addressed to Christians are all full of joy and singing. And the reason for this is obvious. A mournful and repining temper is inconsistent with the growth, if not with the very existence, of grace. Grief is in its very nature a selfish and shrivelling affection; wherever it obtains supreme dominion, it contracts the soul, and suppresses all its generous impulses; and, therefore, it will always be found that they whose eyes are so blinded with tears that the ways of Providence seem to be utterly dark, and in whose lips the unceasing complaint leaves no room for praise, make but a sorry exhibition of the power and blessedness of our holy religion. The household from which grief or discontent, like a bolted window, shuts out the sense and enjoyment of heaven’s sweet light, can hardly be called a Christian family; for “the voice of joy and thanksgiving is in the tabernacle of the righteous.” The grateful reception of daily and hourly mercies, and especially the consciousness of pardon and salvation through Jesus Christ, if they cannot dissipate and blot out the gathering clouds, should at least illuminate them as with the radiance of the setting sun.

And the same measure of obligation and privi-

lege extends to that practical thanksgiving, in which our gratitude to God prompts us to relieve the wants of his creatures. It is a Christian's business, and it ought to be his joy, to be *always giving*. Does a fountain grow weary of dispensing its living waters? Does the sun become tired of shedding down his quickening beams? Does the ocean, into whose bosom God bountifully pours ten thousand streams, ever refuse to fill "those wandering cisterns of the sky," from which descend the former and the latter rain to garnish and fructify the earth? Neither should they who are the lights of the world, into whose homes and hearts God empties the full horn of his providence, and pours out the riches of his grace, ever grow weary in freely giving what they so freely receive. O, if this spirit of gratitude and practical benevolence pervaded the daily life of the church, the return of this annual thanksgiving-day would be indeed a sacred festival. God, from his throne, would "smell a sweet savor," more fragrant than the incense of the altar when the purified earth was consecrated anew by the sacrifice of Noah; and our feast of ingathering would be crowned by his blessing with more than the joy of harvest.

The motives and occasions for such thanksgiving as we have described are numerous as the moments of time, comprehensive as the providence of God, infinite as the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. The language of our text is to be un-

derstood in its most literal and universal sense. *For all things* we are to give thanks unto God our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer. We are to thank God our Creator for this body, so curiously wrought, and this indwelling soul, so marvelously endowed. It was a spark of devout affection, lingering amid the ruins of the intellect, that prompted a madman to arrest every passer-by in the street with the startling question—"Did you ever thank God for your reason?" Such a question might be propounded with equal propriety in reference to every sense and organ of the body, and every faculty of the soul—the eye, painting the beauty of the external world on its wonderful retina—the ear, through which the heart drinks in the language of eloquence and love—the hand, with its cunning skill, and the tongue, which the Psalmist calls his "glory," because it can vie with angels in praising God.

We are to thank God our Preserver for air and sunshine and water, and all the marvelous chemistry of nature by which the regular succession of seed-time and harvest is secured. Never was such thanksgiving more appropriate than at the present time. The earth has yielded her increase with unparalleled profusion; and God, as if to show by contrast the unkindness that perverts his gifts, and involves the recipients of them in fraternal strife, has loaded every bough with golden fruitage, and caused every valley to laugh in the abundance of

its harvests. Now, if ever, the worshiper ought to sing that song of the seasons :

“ The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love ;
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.”

We are to thank God our Redeemer for that unspeakable and all-comprehensive gift, from whose fullness we are always receiving grace for grace ; for an open Bible, shedding the fadeless light of truth into our hearts and homes ; for our peaceful Sabbaths, linking us in sweet bonds to each other and to heaven ; for the ministry of the word, uncontrolled and uncorrupted by secular power—and for all those spiritual blessings that come to us through the ordinances of the sanctuary, the family altar, and the closet.

Nor is the motive to thanksgiving circumscribed even by the great circle of these unnumbered benefits. We are to give thanks *for all things*, even for those disguised blessings which bear the name and appearance of *affliction*. He knows little of the true Christian philosophy, and has penetrated but a little way into the source of a true believer's gratitude, who understands not how to “glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience

hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart.”

And this sublime philosophy applies not only to the private and personal afflictions by which our Father chastens his own children, and works out for them “an exceeding and eternal weight of glory,” but no less to the more public calamities which disturb the commercial and political interests of the world. There is honey in the carcass of every lion, and true gratitude is the Samson that extracts bread from the eater and sweetness from the strong. It has always been, and still is, God's method and his glory, to bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. Calling to mind the days of old, wherein this truth has been signally exemplified, Christian faith can thank God not only *in*, but *for*, the trouble that broods so darkly to-day over ten million hearts. We hesitate not to affirm, that if this simple but sublime philosophy had pervaded the land, or even controlled the utterances of its Christian teachers ; if pulpit and press—instead of ringing the changes upon real or imaginary wrongs, and prostituting the Sabbath and the house of God to the stirring up of wrath and bitterness—had labored to teach the people the greatness of their blessings, and provoke them to love and good works, there would not be so many to-day trembling on the brink of commercial and political ruin, and turning this blessed thanksgiving into fasting and prayer. Suffer me

to illustrate this position in reference to the fruitful theme of all our political contentions for the past twenty years. I allude, of course, to *African Slavery*. Whatever may be thought of the origin of this institution—though its establishment by the British Government, in spite of Colonial remonstrance, involved a guilt as great as that which crucified the Saviour—and whatever may be thought of the real or alleged wrongs which have grown up in the defence and regulation of the institution—(for which wrongs, so far as they are *real*, we have no apology to offer)—every eye not blinded by prejudice or passion must perceive that African Slavery is a wheel within a wheel—an integral part of that vast providential machinery—an important link in that chain of secondary causes—by which God is making the wrath of man to praise him, and moving forward to the accomplishment of his glorious purposes. Rising above the strife of parties, and turning a deaf ear to the ravings of fanaticism, the devout believer may thank God for that commerce which, based upon the production of the cotton-field, has gone forth to clothe and civilize the naked nations, break down the walls of barbarian prejudice, and open up a highway for the triumphs of the gospel; for the thousands and hundreds of thousands of precious souls who have gone, and are still going, up from this house of temporal bondage to the enjoyment of true and eternal freedom in heaven; for the light which the return-

ing sons of Africa are kindling upon the shores of that benighted continent, in anticipation of the day when Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands in thanksgiving to God. Such recognition of an overruling Providence no more involves a sanction of any abuse that may exist in the divinely recognized relation between master and servant, than a eulogy upon marriage and its blessed results involves a sanction of the legalized prostitution, the wife-murder and infanticide, of which almost every day gives us a new example at our own doors.

But your radical reformer has no ear nor heart for such philosophy as this. All the evil passions of his nature are inflamed by the bare intimation that good may come out of Nazareth. The methods of Divine providence are too slow for him: he cannot wait for God to work his own problems in his own time and way. The example of Jesus Christ and the holy apostles, in dealing with this very question, he ignores and reviles: the idea of reforming the world by the melting influence of a gospel preached alike to bond and free, and the triumphs of a church in whose organic law the standing of both master and slave are distinctly recognized, is obsolete in his estimation, and he has actually persuaded himself to regard it as wicked. And so, instead of giving thanks to God, he rails at men. Accusation, reproaches, evil surmises, ridicule, are the weapons of his warfare. No

place nor time is too sacred for the outpouring of his wrath and reviling, and no amount of evidence can satisfy him of the Christian character and motives of those who presume to differ from him.

And what are the practical results of thus discarding the example of Christ and his apostles, and refusing to recognize the broad sweep of Divine providence in reference to this matter? These results cannot now be fully described. The spirit of fanaticism is too subtle and far-reaching in its influence, touches the social, political, and religious interests of men in too many points, to be comprehended at a glance, or described in a hasty discourse. And yet, though the harvest is not ripe, and could not be gathered in a day, if it were, its first fruits are obvious; they are already garnered in ten thousand aching hearts, and may be described in a few brief sentences. They consist in the doubtful blessing of freedom secured to some thousands of the sons of Africa, by a system of *man-stealing* which is condemned alike by the law of the land and the word of God; in the utter shipwreck of faith in multitudes who have floated down the stream of railing Abolitionism to the abyss of blaspheming infidelity; in a sectional and fraternal strife, which, if it shall go on to the bitter end, will soon sing its jubilee among "the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; in a

land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood."

It is a remarkable and instructive fact, and one at which Christian men would do well to pause and consider, that in this country all the prominent and recognized leaders of Abolitionism, outside of the ministry, have become avowed infidels; and that all our notorious Abolition preachers have renounced the great doctrines of grace as they are taught in the standards of the Reformed Churches, and adopted a method of Scripture interpretation in reference to this subject, which, if consistently carried out, would utterly reject and destroy the authority of God's word. They make that to be sin which the Bible does not declare to be sin. They denounce as the sum of all villainies a relationship which Christ and his Apostles recognized and regulated. They would institute terms and tests of Christian communion utterly at variance with the organic law of the Church, as founded by its Divine head; and, attempting to justify this usurpation of divine prerogative by an appeal from God's law to the dictates of human nature, they would set up a spiritual tyranny in the house of God, more odious and insufferable, because more arbitrary and uncertain in its decisions, than Popery itself. The fruits of this usurpation are such as might be expected. *It is a demonstrated fact that Abolitionism leads to infidelity.* Such men

as Garrison, and Gerritt Smith, and Giddings, have consistently yielded to the current of their own principles, and thrown the Bible overboard. Thousands who listen to Abolition preachers will go and do likewise. And whether it be the restraint of official position, or the preventing grace of God, that enables such preachers to row up stream, and regard the authority of Scripture in other matters, their influence is all the more pernicious because they prophecy in the name of Christ. In this utterance of my deep convictions on this point, I am only exercising the rights of a Christian minister, and discharging my conscience toward the flock I am called upon to feed. When the shepherd seeth the wolf, he is bound to give warning.

I have asserted that Abolitionism is the author of the strife that now threatens to shake every institution and interest of the land to its centre. Let me not be misunderstood in this assertion. I do not mean to intimate or admit that the result of the recent election, which is the immediate *occasion* of the present outburst of sectional jealousy and hatred, is an Abolition triumph. By no means. It is true that Abolitionism entered into the contest, and now, with characteristic self-assurance, claims the result as its own work, and exults over it with words of ridicule that sting like a serpent. But then, these claims are not allowed by those who are entitled to explain their own views and

opinions. Thousands and tens of thousands who voted for the President elect have no sympathy with the spirit, the letter or the designs of Abolitionism, and will never consent that it shall control the policy of the incoming Administration.

They who look below the surface of passing events must perceive that the cause of the dangers which now threaten our very existence as a nation, is not the simple fact that a President has been elected by Northern States alone, nor the legislative enactments by which some Northern States have nullified the Constitution these many years. The real cause lies underneath and behind these things, in the alienation of feeling which for a quarter of a century has been growing between the North and the South, and which, there is reason to fear, has already and utterly dissolved the union of our hearts. Of this alienation Abolitionism is the first great cause. The first spark of this balefire was struck from that flint. And as it was the source of this mischief, so it is now the chief hindrance to the settlement of our difficulties upon a peaceful and permanent basis. Its voice is still for war, and, mingling a horrid mirth with its madness, it still scatters firebrands, arrows and death, and says, "am I not in sport?" Who stands today in God's house, and, exulting in the prospect of an irrepressible conflict, protests against all concession and reconciliation? Who puts into the

hands of secessionists at the South the very whips with which they lash the popular mind into fury? *The Abolition preacher.* There are conservative and good men enough in all parties and sections to settle our differences upon a basis honorable to all. But, alas! one madman threw a torch into the great Ephesian temple, and kindled a conflagration which a hundred thousand brave men could not extinguish; and so, it is to be feared, the noisy and reckless few will blow the embers of strife into a flame which coming generations cannot put out.

But suppose, now, this strife does go on to the bitter end—what then? Shall we cease to give thanks? Shall we, in the gloomy anticipation, restrain our praises on this day of thanksgiving? Nay! As the floods rise, we only go a step higher on that rock where God puts a new song into our mouth. Dearly as we love our whole united country, and fondly as we still cling to the hope that the spirit of brotherly kindness and concession may yet return to heal our breaches, we do not forget that we have a higher relation, and a more glorious and enduring allegiance, than any which binds us to these United States. Our citizenship is in Heaven. We are subjects and princes in a kingdom whose existence and progress does not depend on any human government, and which can never be identified, except by gross usurpation, with any

principality or power on earth. Christ, to whom pertains the glory and crown of this kingdom, in times past has “*dashed the nations in pieces as a potter’s vessel.*” While his church has been marching on through all ages to its glorious consummation, successive empires have been built, and garnished with mighty skill, and crumbled away in its triumphant path. The work of overturning is going on in these days with uncommon rapidity, and every Christian heart ought to rejoice in its progress. Amid the noise of our internal strife, let us not shut our ears to the joyful news of events at which the Christian historian, in future times, will pause in wonder, love and praise.

The crescent is waning in the eastern sky. The successor of the false prophet is sick unto death, and all the efforts of nominally Christian nations cannot keep him from that deep grave over which heaven will sing hallelujah, and earth respond *Amen.* The Pope, too—the man of sin—the anti-Christ and the deceiver—is gasping for breath. The blood of ten centuries of persecution has been crying out from the ground against him; and now the imprecation is about to be fulfilled. God, in the slow but sure method of his providence, is avenging “his saints, whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.” Blessed be his name! the old dotard can only sit now, like Bunyan’s giant in his cave, gnashing his teeth, and whining,

in his drivelling impotency, at his coming doom. Meantime, Christ's kingdom, which is not of this world, moves on to its consummation. And if, in his inscrutable providence, *this* nation, too, must be dashed in pieces—if the bright vision many of us have cherished from childhood, and still cling to with unutterable fondness—the vision of this confederacy of States, marching on in the greatness of its strength till its brightness melts away into millennial glory—is to be suddenly and forever dispelled; sorrowful as we may be, we shall not, therefore, cease to give thanks, but, wrapping ourselves in the broad mantle of our heavenly citizenship, we shall look up to Christ, our king, and sing—
“Thy throne, oh God! is forever and ever, and thy sceptre has an everlasting dominion.”