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THE DANGERS AND DUTIES

OF THE

PRESENT CRISIS!

A DISCOURSE:

DELIVERED IN THE UNION CHURCH, ST. LOUIS,

JANUARY 4, 1861.

BY S. J. P. ANDERSON, D. D.,

PASTOR OF CENTRAL CHURCH, ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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PRESBYTERIAN OF OUR UNION JOB PRINT—SCHENCK & CO., 78 N. FIFTH ST.
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SAINT LOUIS, January 7, 1861.

Rev. S. J. P. ANDERSON, D. D.

Dear Sir: The undersigned listened with pleasure to your Discourse, preached in the Union Presbyterian Church of this city, on the 4th instant, and believing that it would be very gratifying to many to possess a copy of it, we respectfully request you to furnish it for publication in pamphlet form.

Very truly Yours,

C. D. DRAKE,
WYLLYS KING,
DAVID H. BISHOP,
WM. T. WOOD,
LOGAN HUNTON,
L. R. SHRYOCK,
B. H. BATTE,
LUCIUS H. TERRY.



CENTRAL CHURCH MANSE, }
JANUARY 9, 1861. }

Messrs. DRAKE, KING, BISHOP and others:

The hope that the Discourse you ask, may do something to allay the existing excitement, leads me to comply with your request.

The fact that I have had to write the Discourse since its delivery, will apologize for this tardy response, and account for some variations in language.

Yours Truly,

S. J. P. ANDERSON.

*Recd.
Jan 10 1861*

The Dangers and Duties of the Present Crisis.

PSALM CXXII: 6, 7, 8, 9.

“ Pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee.

“ Peace be within thy walls, *and* prosperity within thy palaces.

“ For my brethren and companions’ sakes, I will now say, Peace *be* within thee.

“ Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.”

Joy and sadness mingle in my bosom as I approach the duty assigned to me — joy, that as a nation we have been brought to the mercy-seat, acknowledging God and his providence as the true and only source of hope — sadness, that we have been driven here, by a calamity so portentous as that which hangs over us to-day.

No thoughtful observer of the course of events, can have failed to see a wonderful change in popular sentiment in the last few months. I can well remember the horror with which I traced the outline of Burr’s scheme for the dismemberment of this confederacy, and looked upon each step of it as an approach toward sacrilege; and this sentiment of sacred reverence for our Union, has been a prevailing one to a very recent period. Even in the last Presidential canvass, when one of the candidates was accused of heading a disunion party, the charge was repelled with indignation as a foul slander. But now, many of our best citizens look on disunion as the only remedy for existing evils, and have been so absorbed in contemplation of the grievances of which they complain, that they have almost persuaded themselves that this dread remedy is in itself no evil at all. The suddenness of this outburst of popular feeling, has, I know, suggested to many the hope of its transiency. But I see no hope in that quarter. All great popular movements have been sudden in their manifestation, though the secret preparation has been of long continuance. The cornfields and the vineyards flourish, and the thoughtless villagers labor and play, on the soil that covers with a thin crust the reservoir of destruction that has been for a lifetime seething and boiling beneath, till the appointed limit is reached — the frail barrier breaks away, and the desolating tide of lava sweeps over the land. For at least twenty-five years, causes have been incessantly at work, whose results are now around us.

But I see more than these mutual jealousies and wrongs in the agencies that have placed us where we are. God is at work. He often punishes nations by letting them go mad, and in one hour of infatuation find food for years of bitter and unavailing repentance. The

popular sentiment of the day may be the madness that goes before destruction, which God in mercy forbid! or it may be the terrible but needed trial of fire that will humble and re-unite us — which may God in mercy grant!

It is to inquire of this, that we have met to-day, at the call of the supreme Magistrate of our Union, and the presiding officer of the highest court of our church in America. It is an auspicious fact, that this day of fasting and supplication occurs on the eve of the World's Concert of Prayer, and that one of the classic nations, so long dismembered and oppressed by tyrants, is now gathering itself together, bone to its fellow-bone, and preparing for a union of the Italian people in liberty and happiness.

There is reason enough in our national sins to call down the divine element into our disturbed affairs, and cause a righteous God to look through the pillar of fire and cloud, and trouble our hosts, and take off our chariot wheels so that they drive heavily.

We are a nation of idolaters — idolaters of our nation, of its agriculture, manufactures, commerce, education, activity and liberty. God is left out in that proud self-confidence, which has made a bold and defiant aspect to the world almost an American characteristic. Our constitutions, both federal and state, well nigh ignore him. Man, and his rights, have taken the place of God, and duties to him. We have proudly compared ourselves with others, and have looked down with pity, not unmingled with contempt, on those who bore the tyrant's yoke. Now, pride is an abomination to God. "Pride and fullness of bread" were the curse of Sodom. And when Edom boasted the impregnability of her munition of rocks, the most High said to her, "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks: whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground?" God entered into those chambers cut in the living rock, and drove out their boastful occupants, and left their sumptuous abodes to the moles and the bats.

Another page of providential history is turned, and we see a mighty monarch walking the battlements of a populous and powerful capital, and he says, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have builded for the honor of the kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" And while he yet spake, there fell a voice from the sky that bent so smilingly above him, and which had been thus far so propitious, which drove him out to feed with beasts till his hair grew like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws, and till he should know that the most High ruled among men, and those that walk in pride he is able to abase.

The voice of warning again comes to us in the indignant remonstrance of a merciful but forgotten God: "But Jeshuran waxed fat and kicked: thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered

with fatness: then he forsook God who made him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation." I will not insult your understandings by pausing to prove that we are the Jeshurans of the nineteenth century. For these things God will visit.

Again, our God is a law-giver, and as such respects law. He throws his sanction around even human enactments, and bids us serve him by law-abiding; and yet with us, law-breaking is common. It is seen, not only in reckless mobs, where passional thoughtlessness might apologize for wrong, but in elaborate systems that find a civil law higher than the constitution, and a moral law higher than the word of God. This, in a constitutional government, is especially heinous and destructive. But there is one law that is peculiarly sacred in the estimation of its author — that which throws the sanctity of God's authority around the christian sabbath. It is the one divine enactment that is most signally guarded by temporal and visible penalties. And yet we are a nation of sabbath-breakers. In every part of this land, business and pleasure usurp the time that God claims as his own. A recent occurrence is but a specimen of our national spirit. When our citizen soldiery were called to guard our south-western frontier from invasion, it was on the sabbath that they paraded our streets, disturbing with the noise of fife and drum the worship of our sanctuaries, and flaunting their military insignia in the sight of thousands who had been lured from the house of God to gaze on their departure. And when they returned from their bloodless campaign, it was again on the same sacred day, and their coming was greeted by scenes of revelry. It is no fanaticism to say that these and similar things are well calculated to provoke the interference of an avenging Ruler.

And God is showing us, in the midst of our boasting; how feeble we are, and how many elements of ruin are embosomed in those very circumstances that were our confidence and boasting. He takes away his hand, and lets us look down into the gulf that yawns to receive us, just where we seemed to rest on a foundation of rock. There is no future bar — no heaven or hell — for nations. National sins must be punished, if at all, here and now. It does, therefore, as it seems to me, become us all to recognize a divine hand in the troubles that darken our horizon, and threaten us with such disaster.

But without dwelling, as we might, on the causes, human or divine, that have resulted in the state of things around us, let us look to our dangers and duties in this emergency. And to do this intelligently, let us glance at some of the facts of our condition.

We are really one people. Not like many great empires — the Austrian for example — where division would give free scope to peculiarities in language, habits, and historical associations, and thus be an incalculable blessing. We come, it is true, from various nationalities.

But the Anglo-Saxon element has so predominated, as to give unity to the whole. We have one language, one history, and one religion. No wonder, then, that our interests are one. In the audience now before me, I see an illustration of this variety in oneness — this civil and social *e pluribus unum*. Here, we see those who first saw the light among the granite hills of New England; those who were cradled amid the eternal verdure and fruitfulness of the sunny South, and those who have been nursed into maturity on the generous bosom of our broad western prairies, and they are associated in the most intimate domestic, social and business relations. But it is not merely here but everywhere, that this blending of interests exists. The real intricacy and delicacy of our relations is seen in the present panic. No pestilence is sweeping over our land — no foreign war is girding our shores and cutting off our communication with the world; commerce is doing her full work, and for ten days in succession, in the midst of our financial distress, poured coin into a single one of our ports at the rate of a million of dollars a day; and fruitful seasons and teeming soils give us the means of meeting an enormous demand on our productiveness, and open an indefinite field in the future for a beneficent interchange of products between the marts of the new and old world — in the midst of all these mighty causes of prosperity — the bare danger of dissolution, the threatened secession of a single state, less in population than some of our cities, spreads dismay and ruin through our land. The pulse of industry stands still, values disappear, and in a few days we suffer a depreciation of \$800,000,000. Nothing can more clearly show that we are one body, having many members, in which if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.

But it is also true, that in addition to the unity of which I have spoken, we are geographically one. Diversity of soil, climate and production, tend to oneness of interest. One portion of our land supplies the deficiency of another. Thus the parts are complementary, and are necessary to the fullest development of each other. The bonds that bind us together, are the strongest that are seen in any large territory. Compare our empire, in this respect, with that of any other great power, such as Russia or Great Britain. Not even our distant Pacific coast is an exception to this remark. In our body politic, the bonds are both natural and artificial. The rivers are the channels of artificial blood that visit and vitalize the whole. The railroads are the bones that strengthen every part, and the telegraphic wires are the nerves along which flash the currents of thought, feeling and impulse. And these channels of intercommunion, which are at once confessions of mutual dependence and bonds of union, are growing more extended in their ramifications, and more perfect in their efficiency, every year we live. Every foot of railroad, canal, or tele-

graphic communication is an added argument for union. Hence, the argument is growing stronger, and the question of severance is involved with more appalling difficulties, and is of more portentous import, the longer our union lasts.

And yet this is the time selected by a fanatical sectionalism to count the value of this union, and weigh it in the balances against party ends and personal ambition. The time was when this question was tabooed. The indignant words of eloquent and patriotic denunciation used by Webster, were appropriate expressions of national feeling, and found an echo in all hearts. This was the era of chivalrous and romantic attachment to the union. But it has passed away. Men in both sections are now standing on the jagged verge of the gulf of disunion, and peering into the darkness, are calculating the probabilities of the fearful plunge. Some have even persuaded themselves that there is no chasm at all, and talk of the severance of these sister States as a man might of the landmarks — the metes and bounds that were to apportion his estate among his children. I ask such where this line may be drawn? We are in this city (and many others are similarly situated) in associations of closest intimacy, and yet we have come from the extremest parts of this confederacy. This band of interlocked and clinging contact stretches across the continent as the milky bands the sky. And this intermingling extends in greater or less degree to every town and county in our land. This is emphatically true of the great West, that is so soon to hold the balance of power in this Republic. Here, population and interest are so blended that it is true, as has been well said, that there is not a foot of land from the lakes to the gulf, and from the Allegheny to the Rocky mountains, that belongs either to the North or South.

But suppose a line drawn. How could it be made permanent? It would be changeable as the line that divides day from night, as it flits around the globe. But if once settled, how soon would it divide vindictive and relentless enemies. All the present causes of quarrel would remain, and be intensely aggravated. And history testifies, that the bitterness of strife is in exact proportion to the closeness of former intimacy. Family quarrels are the fiercest of all. "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." When I passed down the Rhine, I sympathized with all other travelers in admiration of the beauty and grandeur of that wonderful scenery. Its castled hills were clothed to the top with vines, bending under clusters of the luscious grape. So precious was the soil, that wherever a terrace of a few feet could be found, it was compelled to make its contribution to the fruitfulness of the land. And yet I found that there was room made for the parade ground, and the granite wall pierced with port-holes, and the

frowning battlements that cast their baleful shadow over the lovely landscape. Laborers were needed to till those fields, yet almost every third man I met was a soldier. It was with pride that I contrasted that land with my own. I said, we have rivers that flow with as bright a tide, between hills just as fruitful, and under skies far more bright. But we need no "towers along the steep," no fortress of Ehrenbreitstein frowns over our cornfields and vineyards, and no hireling soldiery obtrude upon the peaceful scene. But let our Union be dissolved, and this boast can no longer be made by the American traveler. The hills of the Ohio, and the bluffs of the Mississippi, will be crowned with forts and arsenals, and our young men will be called from the peaceful walks of life to man and defend them.

It becomes us, then, to consider well the character of such a strife as would be inevitable, and here history must be our teacher. The records of domestic wars should be re-read by us with a new and painful interest, for in the historic page we would find our future mirrored. The ninety years' struggle in the Netherlands, and the strife between the cantons of Switzerland, would have a terrible meaning for us. I am aware that these conflicts were embittered by religious differences, and this has led some to hope better things for us, where no such element would enter into the strife. But this remark does not apply to the wars between the states of Greece, that perhaps present a nearer parallel to our condition than any other government the world has ever seen. There is no page of history that has a deeper interest for us than that on which Thucydides has recorded the horrors of the Peloponnesian war. Private friendship and the ties of blood were as powerless to protect as civil rights and constitutional enactments. Nothing was sacred, nothing safe. New crimes demanded new names, and words of honorable use were degraded into the expression of those vices that grew in the hotbed of civil strife. Private morality and public faith went down before the deluge of iniquity that swept over the land. As we read, let us take warning.

But it may be said by the hopeful, that we are of a better stock; that our Anglo-Saxon civilization has in it conservative elements that would keep us back from such a strife of devils. But our own ancestors answer this plea — the history of the mother country teaches us unmistakably. That was a knightly scene in the Temple Garden, in London, when the rival houses plucked the one a red and the other a white rose, as badges of their parties, and left their quarrel to the bloody arbitrament of arms. It was well nigh as imposing as those gay military parades that cause the youth of this day to fall in love with the pomp of war. Yet that war desolated England, and swept the barons from the earth. Hume says: "The scaffold as well as the field incessantly streamed with the noblest blood of England, spilt in

the quarrel between the two contending families, whose animosity was now become implacable. There is no part of English history since the conquest, so obscure, so uncertain, so little authentic or consistent as that of the wars between the two Roses. * * All we can distinguish with certainty through the deep cloud which covers that period, is a scene of horror and bloodshed, savage manners, arbitrary executions and treacherous, dishonorable conduct in all parties." There is something terrible in the very indistinctness of the scene. It is a horrible nightmare, only the miseries are real.

But you may say that our advanced civilization, under the tutelage of our protestant christianity, would save us from the consequences that accompanied the wars of the Roses. But this flattering delusion is torn from us by recent events in our own history. The soil of Kansas is still red with the blood of men of the same race, language and religion, who, for the very reasons that now threaten to divide us, went at each others' throats like bloodhounds.

Away, then, with the hope that a separation could be maintained peaceably, like that between Abraham and Lot. It is a device of the enemy, and is born of ignorance and credulity. And I fear that new and more terrible elements would enter into the strife, that would take place on the grand arena having for its center the broad border line that would stretch across our continent. In the South, servile insurrection would impend, and any one who wishes to look that danger in the face, can read the history of the West Indies. At the North, the danger, no less appalling, would take the form of the lawlessness of a mechanical population, thrown out of employment and starving, and any one who wishes to do justice to this terror, can follow the mob that hung to the gilded coach of Louis of France, and hoarsely cried for bread or blood. Nor is this danger imaginary. A recent Boston writer estimates that ninety days of non-intercourse would drive from Massachusetts one-third of its population, and reduce another third to beggary. And those unemployed laborers, whose arms have gained pith and power in mechanical employments, would be the very men for soldiers. They would be at the call of either party for pay, and thus we would have re-enacted on our soil the drama of the Middle Ages in Europe, in which mighty companies of mercenaries, called Free Companions, changed sides according as whim or avarice determined, and carried on war without pity and without principle.

I do not wish to balance these dangers, the one against the other, to see which is most appalling. They are both too great to be described. Nor am I disposed to compare the bravery of the two sections. They are both too brave to allow us to wish to see their prowess tested against one another. Alas, for my country, when sons of sires that fought at Bunker Hill and New Orleans, shall meet in deadly fratricidal conflict.

But aside from these mere horrors of war, how would our form of government stand this shock. A strong military government would be necessary for both sides. Anarchy would be the first result, from which consolidated power would be the only escape. And power is cumulative. By a law of attraction, it gathers strength to itself. History speaks trumpet-tongued on this theme. A very startling lesson as to the sequence of events, is to be had from the study of those charts or tables that present a condensed or anatomical view of human progress. Open such a page of Roman history, and in a few lines you read Revolution — Triumvirate — and then, in blazing capitals, CÆSAR. Or, turn to France, and we see in as short a compass, *Revolution — The Consulate — NAPOLEON*. And the steps by which the present governor of Europe reached the imperial throne, are strikingly similar. Let us beware, lest we take the same downward steps.

But in contemplating the evils that would come upon us, let us not forget those we would inflict on others. The eyes of the friends of liberty throughout the world have been turned to us from the beginning of our national history. There is certainly no better race of men, and there is on God's footstool no grander arena for the experiment of self-government. Our fathers when they began it, stood on an eminence that had been achieved by the toil and strife of centuries. Now let this experiment end in disastrous failure, and no event that has occurred in human history would so shake the foundations of hope among the friends of man. If we fail, who will succeed? And while we would send dismay into the hearts of the hosts that are battling for the right, we would give aid and comfort to those who assert the wrong. The Neapolitan tyrant will carry hope into his exile as he flees from the rage of his abused subjects. And despots everywhere will re-seat themselves on their thrones and settle into the trust that they have a new lease of power renewable forever. The force of this logic has been felt by the greatest thinkers of the age.

Lord Brougham says: "A dissolution of the Union would be one of the greatest calamities that could happen to America and to the world; to America, as ending, if it did not begin, in civil war; to the world, as shaking the credit of all popular government."

But there are evils to be dreaded in such a conflict that are greater than these, fearful as they are. These are religious evils. And in these our church has a peculiar stake, greater than that of the other large bodies of christians. Our 300,000 communicants are scattered all over this broad land, and yet we have kept the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. All these fierce sectional strifes have been unable to divide us. Of our 3,000 ministers, there are not twelve who deserve to be called abolitionists. Our plans of action

embrace the whole country. Our Boards of Education, Publication, Domestic Missions and Church Extension, know no North, no South, no East, no West. Ministers and families have been freely interchanged from the extremest bounds of our confederacy. Thoughtful men have looked on with wonder and admiration at the beautiful spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity. I know that our delightful experience in the past has induced some to hope that our ecclesiastical might outlive our national union. And already earnest efforts are making to secure an object so desirable. But while I would most cordially second such a scheme, I am compelled to fear that it must fail. In the chaos of contending parties, the seamless mantle of Christ would be torn in pieces, and religious zeal would add its sanction, and give bitterness to sectional strife.

But waiving this view, and admitting that no further church division should take place, there are certain inevitable evils that civil war would inflict on the whole church of Christ. A heated presidential canvass, even, is not favorable to the cultivation of the christian graces. The hustings and the closet are not congenial. Now add to the violence of discussion, the fierceness of actual war, and make it not periodical, as our elections are, but permanent as war must be, and there can be no difficulty in seeing that the gentle spirit of all grace would be grieved away from us, and the spring, summer and autumn would pass away from our zion, and give place to perpetual winter. History tells us that civil commotions are the hot-beds for the growth of giant vices. War, in its mildest form, is the devil's master device for demonising men. Young men taken from the school, the counting house, the work-bench or the plough, return, if they return at all, not only with the manners, but the morals of the camp. The recent Mexican war illustrates what I say. We are prone to forget the horrors of war. The fable tells us that a young angel besought a venerable patriarch among the bright ranks of the blessed, to show him the green and beautiful earth which God had made so good, and of which he had heard so much. They came down hand in hand, and hung over a scene of enchanting natural beauty. But the French and English fleets were engaged there, and through the sulphureous canopy that hung over them like a pall, fierce flashes of fire darted, and thunder pealed, and the groans of the dying, the pitiful plea for quarter, and the exultant shout of the victor, mingled as they fell on ear. Oh, said the young angel to his venerable companion, you have deceived me, I asked you to show me the earth, and you have brought me to hell. No, no, was the reply, these are brothers of earth, that are contending—brothers in blood—brothers in christian faith and hope.

Brethren, I can bear to think of the stagnation of business, of arts,

manufactures and improvements arrested, of rich men reduced to poverty, and poor men starving, of cities without inhabitants, and fields left to waste; these are evils that time will remedy, but I shudder to think of the fiendish passions that will be aroused, and souls that will be lost by civil war. From these there is no recovery, and for them no compensation. I appeal then to the 4,000,000 of believers in the gentle Jesus that dwell in this land, and ask if there is no power in the religion of him who bought them with his blood to bind them together, to enable them to forget their animosities; do justice, love mercy, and seek the things that make for peace.

There are 30,000 preachers of the gospel of peace in this land. I will not allow myself to ask how many of them have stolen fire from God's altars to kindle the flames of sectional strife. Such a computation would not befit the occasion. I am willing to "let the dead past bury its dead." I rejoice that many of them are now seeking to repair the wrong they have done by inculcating justice, forbearance and brotherly kindness. I trust that it is not too late. And I am emboldened therefore, to appeal to them to pour oil on the troubled waters, by inculcating the peaceful principles of him who summed up all duty in the love of God and our neighbor, and bids us ever do unto others, as we would that they should do unto us.

I am persuaded that the Church of Christ in this land could hold these States together in golden bonds, if they had the spirit of their Master, and were true to their mission. But the sad fact is, that many have got their religion enlisted on their side in this strife, and rise up from their knees where they have said "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," to take a brother by the throat, and say, "pay me what thou owest."

In looking for a remedy for the evils of our condition, we are met by the urgent plea of those who would restore harmony by force.— They bid us to bring out the giant power of the general government, and crush those who resist. Such men must forget that ours is not a government of force. Its foundations were laid in good will. The history of the formation of our Constitution is a series of compromises. In the first hour of our existence, there were elements of difference, that, proudly insisted on, would have dashed us in pieces, as a delicate vase is shivered by a blow from a giant's arm. This is not a union pinned together with bayonets. Its arguments are not batteries and bombshells. Send out your troops then, surround South Carolina with a girdle of fire, block up her ports, desolate her fields, and drive her troops from the face of the earth, and would that be union? No, subjection rather. And if she stand alone, she might perhaps be thus subjected. But even that is not certain, for it took Spain ninety years to subdue the little swamps of the Netherlands, and then she had to retreat from the attempt in discomfiture and disgrace..

In such a strife, it will be difficult to tell what were the greater sorrow, victory or defeat. And victors and vanquished might sit down together on the battle-field, and weep over the result. When little Benjamin had been well-nigh exterminated by the combined force of Israel, there was no exultation, but lamentation rather. "And the people came to the house of God, and abode there till even before God, and lifted up their voices and wept sore: and said 'O Jehovah, God of Israel, why is this come to pass in Israel that there should be to-day one tribe lacking in Israel.' And the children of Israel repented them for Benjamin their brother, and said, 'there is one tribe cut off from Israel this day.'"

And yet this was a just war, in punishment of a foul and unnatural wrong, yet its success was lamentation and woe.

This, if South Carolina stood alone. But she would not. Force would arouse sympathy. There is a principle in the human bosom that repels force with force. Thus they that take the sword, perish by the sword. When a king of Great Britain, provoked by some insubordination of his northern subjects, said that he would turn Scotland into a hunting ground, one of her noble chieftains rose from the council board, and said, "if that be your purpose, then may it please your Majesty I will go home and get my hounds ready." This feeling is still stronger here. An appeal to arms will unite the entire South as one man. And the strife will not be that of thirty-two against one, but of eighteen against fifteen states. The mouth of every conservative Union man would be stopped, and counsels of peace would be drowned in the voice of our brother's blood, crying to us from the ground.

If strife once begins, then the hope of speedy reconciliation dies; perhaps the hope of any future reconciliation. Terms would be proposed only after each party had exhausted itself, and was crushed with debt. Even then a peace might leave the question at issue, unsettled as in the war of 1812.

Our previous difficulties have been settled by compromises. It was so even in Jackson's day. That great warrior and statesman "spoke daggers, but used none," and the excitement was far less general than now. The whisky insurrection is no guide. Resistance to a law on the part of the distillers of a single district, presents no parallel to a supposed animosity against the distinguishing element in the social organization of fifteen states.

Think well before you take the sword: sit down; rather kneel down and count the cost. Yet some talk of going down to compel our Southern brethren to submit—as flippantly as if they were going out to shoot a pack of wolves, that had been prowling around our farms. Christian brethren must bite the dust in any strife we inaugurate.

Brethren, I show you a better way, that would inaugurate an era

of good feeling. Let justice be done between all the parts of this confederacy. Let Constitutional obligations be sacredly respected. Let additions be made to the Charter that holds us together, if such are demanded by the new exigences that have arisen. Let unfriendly legislation be wiped from the statute books of all the States. And let harsh and denunciatory language cease. Let us hear no more from the North that slavery is "the sum of all villanies;" and from the South that our Northern brethren are covenant breakers and "man stealers." I grieve to hear contemptuous words spoken of any part of our confederacy. And yet men say in their haste, let South Carolina go. What is she worth? Such forget that South Carolina gave to the revolutionary struggle such men as Marion, Sumpter and Moultrie; that a long line of noble statesmen have rendered her subsequent history illustrious, and that she has now, both in Church and State, men who are the worthy sons of such sires.

Any part of this broad land is worth preserving by all honorable means. We certainly thought so when we were willing to go to war with the mother country for a few acres of pine forest in Maine, or for the line that divides us from the British dominions on the Pacific slope.

I must also make my protest against the harsh language used of our rulers. God throws the shield of his authority around civil government. The powers that be are ordained of God, was said under the reign of Nero. And when Paul denounced the wrath of God against him who sat to judge him after the law, and commanded him to be smitten contrary to law: and they that stood by said, "revilest thou God's High Priest;" his memorable reply was, "I wist not, brethren, that he was the High Priest: for it is written thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people." This spirit has died out from amongst us. Any disagreement with the policy pursued finds expression in terms of opprobrium, whose intensity is bounded only by the compass of our language, and the vituperative abilities of the speaker. And the scope of these denunciations extends from an ordinary municipal officer, to the supreme Magistrate of these United States.

Again, do not undervalue the present excitement. It is by no means the exclusive work of politicians. They have fostered it, but its sources lie deeper among the mass of the people. Good men that never sought office—men that fear God and love their country, are profoundly alarmed. They fear that their rights are endangered alike by raids with pike and pistol, and raids through the ballot box. They are persuaded that they stand in defence of duties as well as rights—duties to their slaves as well as themselves. It behooves those who have the power, to convince them that both

rights and duties are safe. Above all things avoid sneering allusions to the weakness of the South. Every such taunt widens the breach and provokes the appeal to the bloody arbitrament of the sword.

And on the other hand, we should do full justice to the conscience and honesty of our Northern brethren. They have a right to disapprove and decline all participation in African slavery.— Their mistake is in meddling with a subject that was placed out of their control by the original compact between the States—for which they have no responsibility to God or man, and which they never have touched without injury to master and servant. I believe most conscientiously that they should leave that most perplexing and portentous social problem to be solved by those to whom the providence of God has committed it. This certainly was the course of Christ and the Apostles.

And I warn zealous advocates of emancipation not to take hope from our political troubles for their darling scheme. I shudder when I hear brethren console themselves for the evils of strife by the confidence that a dissolution of this Union would be the death of slavery. For I ask at once how? Is it by the death of the master or by the death of the slave. Any speedy solution of the question involves one or the other of these dread alternatives. From either, the christian and the patriot should shrink. And the friends of the negro should remember that the institution of African slavery, as it exists in our Southern States, has brought the blessings of civilization and christianity, to more persons who would otherwise have been heathens to day, than have been reached by the efforts of all christendom besides, since the formation of the first Foreign Mission Society. Such a train of thought may well modify the undue zeal of an uncalculating abolitionism. I do not despair of my country. It is in a most disturbed state.

But for this diseased condition we have a remedy. There is a balm in Gilead—the religion of Jesus—not that fierce eyed and cold-hearted faith that had its earlier manifestation in the full-armed crusader with his trumpet peal, and flaunting banner, and gleaming spear, and garments rolled in blood—and whose modern successor is the political parson—the ecclesiastical stump orator, who belongs emphatically to the church militant, whose mission is to send not peace but a sword, and whose weapons of warfare are carnal and whose armory is furnished with the pistol, the bowie-knife and the rifle.

Not with such agencies as these is the work to be accomplished: christianity indignantly repudiates such truculent pretenders to her

sanctity and authority, and denounces them as agents of a lawless infidelity.

No, it is the proclamation and enforcement of that gospel whose very spirit is peace on earth and good will to men. It blesses the peace-makers, and calls them the sons of God, and spreads harmony and love between man and man, by reconciling all to God, and makes us brothers by making us all the sons of God—and teaches forbearance and mercy by revealing a sympathizing Savior and a merciful God and Father of all. I fear that many have an entire misconception of our religion. Contrast the boast of the early apologists for christianity with that of these men. They said our religion is peace. Its reception restores harmony. Bring us the bitterest enemies, and at the feet of Jesus they shall become brothers. But the conduct of many modern professors of this faith put into language is: We will fire your hearts with hate—put instruments of cruelty into your hands and send you out to empurple the soil with your brother's blood. Yet the gospel, rightly received, is exquisitely adapted to this work of peace that its apologists claim for it. It is the master-piece of infinite wisdom and love. It enlightens the mind, purifies the head, and subdues the will, and puts man right with his fellowman by putting him right with his God. Paul knew its efficacy. He had tried its power in Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth and Athens—the centers of the world's sin. And he was willing and eager to try it at Rome also. To the proud, rich, imperial, corrupt Romans he said “as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. For it is the wisdom and power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” It is adapted to all—offered to all, and has proved its efficacy in every case in which it has been accepted. *Paul himself was an example.* His appeal to the efficacy of the Gospel was no empty boast. It has all its efficacy yet undiminished; Christ can still save to the uttermost. If all sinful passions were entrenched in one heart, Christ has power to cast out the legion of devils and reign there shedding love and peace abroad.

Look at the precepts that this system carries with it and makes obligatory on all its followers, high and low, rich and poor, governor and governed. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and *thy neighbor as thyself.*” “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” And then “forgive your enemies.” “Do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you.” And then it hallows this duty by making a profession of it a part of our most solemn and intimate approaches to the Searcher of hearts: “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.”

And the reason of this superior efficacy is easily seen. Law attempts not to cure the diseases of society—but to confine their manifestation

within certain limits. Science enlightens and furnishes the mind, and leaves the heart just what it was, often only furnishing more potent instruments of sin. Civilization only refines the surface of society, leaving all the fatal corruption within, to work under a veil of refinement and courtesy. The religion of Christ alone claims to enter the heart and cleanse it—to purify the springs of life and thus make the stream pure, bright and life-giving.

And it does this work. Wherever it is cordially received it makes a man a new creature in Christ Jesus, and when this transforming work is not done we know the reason; the truth has not been received in the love of it; the seed has not fallen into good ground.

And as it begins in the right place, it proceeds in the right way. It takes the individual man. It sets his heart right. And then it is leaven that is to spread—through his family—neighborhood, nation and the world. For it says to each one of its disciples even the humblest—the field is the world. And the desolate world lying in wickedness is not to be reached by vague generalities of benevolence, which like Noah's raven fly up and down over the earth and rest nowhere, nor is it by a sentimental sigh over human guilt and wretchedness that puts not forth a finger and removes not a feather's weight from the crushing burthen—bringing forth no fruit unto perfection. No, it is an active, consistent, faithful communication of good to every man as we have opportunity. The believer is surrounded by concentric circles of duty and action. His charity begins at home, but in its expanding action it embraces the wide, wide world.

But it should be observed that, while religion cannot be superseded by science, philosophy, law or government, in the work of meliorating the condition of human society, yet it makes them as instruments for this benign purpose. It uses them as her handmaids, willing and watchful. It quickens, guides and ennobles science, making it at once an honor to God, and a blessing to man. It enforces law by making each man a law to himself. It hallows government, by laying its foundations in the ordinance of God. It ennobles human rights, both of person, property and conscience, by setting forth each man, however humble, as a freeman of God, and it dignifies the man himself, by affixing on his brow the seal of the Divine image, at once the evidence of his high origin and noble destiny.

If this view of the gospel were embraced and preached by the 4,000,000 of its professors in this land, these fierce dissensions that are carried on in the name of religion and right would at once cease. Our hope is not in politicians, but in the people of God, and in the blessing which they may invoke from their common Father in penitence and prayer.

And now, brethren, the work you have assigned me is done. I

have approached it tremblingly, but prayerfully. I have endeavored in faithfulness to set before you our dangers and our duties. May God give us all the grace to try the remedy that is found in the gentle and just religion of Christ. I have endeavored to set before you the value of the Union, and to urge you to do what in you lies to preserve it. But candor compels me to say that much as I would strive to preserve it by all honorable means, yet a disruption may become at once a patriotic and christian duty. If a mere numerical majority shall persistently deny equal rights, and avail itself of the force of arms or the ballot-box, to crush any section of this land, then the Union is nothing worth. Resistance becomes a sacred duty. For rebellion against tyrants, domestic or foreign, is obedience to God. I may therefore be driven out of this Union, which I regard as one of our greatest blessings. But I shall go, when that sad time comes, reluctantly, and protesting against the mad wrong that forces me to an alternative so dreadful. I may welcome it, but it will be in awe and terror. For at the best, disunion finds its emblem in the Siamese Twins, armed with bowie knives, and fiercely cutting away the band on which the life of both depends. Or it is the terrible judgment of Solomon that gives to each clamorous claimant, not a living child, that may be clasped in pride and fondness to a mother's breast, but the fragment of one, dead, mangled, and stained with blood. And when I go, if go I must, I will carry with me all the proud and grateful memories of our happy and prosperous Union, and bequeath them as a legacy to my children.

But in the midst of these thoughts, there is at least one hope that is unshaken. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Jehovah Jesus is the Captain of our salvation. His Church and his people are safe. And the present condition of things "upon the earth; distress of nations with perplexity: the sea and the waves roaring: men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth;" all this may make us appreciate more tenderly, and guard more sedulously, that hope that maketh not ashamed—which never confounds men who have trusted in it. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift, which confers on all his children a citizenship in Heaven.