

own, the laws of war. If, in its dismal annals, there is any cheerful passage, be assured that it is not inspired by a martial fury. Let it not be forgotten,—let it ever be borne in mind, as you ponder this theme,—that the virtues, which shed their charm over its horrors, are all borrowed of peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish, in unregarded luxuriance, in the rich meadows of peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, like violets, shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry, and by golden eagles which swayed in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave, with dying hand, the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen, far, O, far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen! But there are humble suppliants for justice, in other places than the camp; there are hands outstretched, elsewhere than on fields of blood, for so little as a cup of cold water; the world constantly affords opportunities for deeds of like greatness. But, remember well, that these are not the product of war. They do not spring from enmity, hatred, and strife; but from those benign sentiments, whose natural and ripened fruit, of joy and blessing, can be

found only in peace. If, at any time, they appear in the soldier, it is not because, but notwithstanding, he is the hireling of battle. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of war. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice, which have blossomed on its fields, be invoked in its defence. From such a giant root of bitterness no true good can spring. The poisonous tree, in oriental imagery, though watered by nectar, and covered with roses, can produce only the fruit of death!

Casting our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. Even as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. O, let it not be in the future ages, as in those which we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of man be discerned, not in bloody victories, or in ravenous conquests, but in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of beneficence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and, with all-embracing arms, clasps every land, while, on its heaving bosom, it bears the products of various climes; so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, justice is arrested, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature,—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton,—not when we behold him

victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown,—but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and, at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of justice, by which her Parliament, at a cost of \$100,000,000, gave freedom to 800,000 slaves! And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of greater justice still, the peaceful emancipation of 3,000,000 of our fellow men, "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now, in this land of jubilant freedom, held in gloomy bondage, then shall there be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes, that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It shall be one of the famed land-marks of civilization; nay, more, it shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God.

As man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than man; as Christ is higher than Mars; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city, so are the victories of peace higher than the victories of war.

Far be from us, fellow citizens, on this festival, the pride of national victory, and the illusions of national freedom, in which we are too prone to indulge. None of you make rude boasts of individual prosperity, individual possessions, individual power, or individual bravery. But there can be only one and the same rule, whether in morals or in conduct, for nations and individuals; and our country will act

wisely, and in the spirit of true greatness, by emulating, in its public behavior, the reserve and modesty which are universally commended in private life. Let it cease to vaunt itself and to be puffed up; but rather brace itself, by firm resolves and generous aspirations, to the duties before it. We have but half done, when we have made ourselves free. Let not the scornful taunt, wrung from the bitter experience of the early French Revolution, be directed at us: "They wish to be free; but know not how to be just." Freedom is not an end in itself, but a means only,—a means of securing justice and beneficence, in which alone is happiness, the real end and aim of nations, as of every human heart. It becomes us to inquire earnestly, if there is not much to be done by which these can be advanced. If I have succeeded in impressing on your minds the truths, which I have endeavored to uphold to-day, you will be ready, as faithful citizens, alike of our own republic, and of the universal Christian commonwealth, to join in efforts to abolish the arbitrament of war, to suppress international lynch law, and to induce the disarming of the nations, as measures indispensable to the establishment of permanent peace—that grand, comprehensive blessing, at once the child and parent of all those guardian virtues, without which there can be no national honor, no national glory, no true grandeur of nations!

To this great work let me summon you. That future, which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, when man, in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has

been driven once from Paradise, while an angel, with a flaming sword, forbade his return, there is another Paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself, by the cultivation of knowledge, religion, and the kindly virtues of life; where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts; and joyous nature, borrowing prolific charms from the prevailing harmony, shall spread her lap with unimagined bounty, and there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "the odoriferous wing of gentle gales," through valleys of delight, more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The robber conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience, even of the soldier, whispers "peace." There are considerations, springing from our situation and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in this work. Here should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our Republic. Let us renounce, and throw off forever, the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new

era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in,—the King of True Glory,—of peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty;

"And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!"

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story that there was at least one spot, the small Island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil; and the citizens of all countries here met, in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt, in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The temple of honor shall be surrounded, here at last, by the temple of concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of war; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its enraptured courts, purged of violence and wrong, justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree and, with words of infinite cheer, shall inspire those good works that cannot vanish away. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of

mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music, which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed, by massacring soldiers, upon the spot occupied by the sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould! The whole earth is the sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth, and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.