

accepts as done for Himself whatever service is rendered to any human brother—"Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee, and when did we see Thee naked and covered Thee? Amen, I say unto you, as often as ye did it to one of these my least brethren ye did it to Me" (Matt. xxiv. 40). In Christianity universal love is only one form of universal justice, but here as elsewhere heroic Christianity has so often been weakened by compromise and attenuated by foot-note and exegesis and refined away into sweet reasonableness and personal prejudice, that the duty of universal love seems like a new evangel.

They who would labor for the peace of the world should first strive for the triumph of the religion of Christ. His greeting was "Pax Vobis!" "Peace be with you." His legacy was peace: "My peace I leave you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth do I give unto you," (John xiv. 27)—not the peace of the chloroformed conscience, but the peace of the loving heart and the innocent life. His Gospel was peace—Glory to God in the highest and—on earth peace to men of good will" were the tidings that fell from the midnight sky at Bethlehem when the cry of a little Child was heard in the night and the mighty God of the thunder, the hurler of the lightning bolt, lay a trembling Infant on a bed of straw.

Today we are justified in the hope that this vision of peace may be a confirmed reality among all the nations of America. May I venture in this august and venerable presence to express the gratitude of all Americans to the First Citizen of the republic for the lofty policy, the enlightened action, the heroic courage, the sublime patience that have held this nation free from the allurements of covetousness and the embroilment of war? And may we not likewise give thanks for the Premier who stands forth as one of the world's chiefest apostles of peace, the persuader of nations, who has bound the world henceforward to strive for international arbitration. So under favor of heaven shall it ever be. Not statesmen of blood and iron; not Mars shaking the world as he walks; not the bark of the cannon nor the shriek of the bursting shell; not crowded graveyards and thronged hospitals and mutilated multitudes and wan widows and helpless orphans and all the drear and dread accompaniment of war shall be the ideal of our American republics. Rather let us take for our guide and our philosophy the law of that gentle Jesus, the sublimest Idealist of all time, whom the frenzied brutality and materialism of the world would stigmatize as an enthusiast and a dreamer, but whom the reverence and spirituality of the world acclaim as their God and Redeemer. When men sneer at the peacemaker as a theorist and denounce the yearning after brotherhood as a sentimental pose, let us cherish as our inspiration and our comfort the vision of that Prince of Peace, anguishing on the Cross, the sublimest success while seemingly the greatest failure in all the history of mankind, Himself at once the apostle of radiant love and the victim of malignant hatred, crucified between two thieves, lifted on the ignominious cross between earth and heaven, clad only in His shame and in His blood, but who out of the depths of His seeming degradation and defeat was able to lift His voice in tones of calm triumph and say to His disciples: "Have confidence, I have overcome the world."

THANKSGIVING SERMON

Following is the sermon delivered by Rev John Brittan Clark, First Presbyterian church:

"What mean these stones?" Josh. 4:21.

The pages of the Bible are like slides in a wonderful stereopticon—putting great truths in the form of beautiful pictures on the screen of human consciousness. The text this morning is one of these impressive slides. It shows a heap of rude, uncut, weather-beaten, gray stones, piled in the form of a rude altar. Near them is a group of Hebrew children; they are wonderfully interesting as they stand there under the blue sky, in the yellow sand of the desert, in the brilliant sunlight,—dark skinned, bare legged and bare arms, the rosy flush of health upon their soft round cheeks, the wind playing with their uncovered black hair, their dark eyes alight with eager attention. They are gathered around one much older, looking with reverence into the face seamed with years, his head crowned with long white hair. He is telling them about these stones. Often they have noticed the deference paid them; they have wondered why they were so carefully guarded; why they were cautioned never to de-

face them, never to disturb them, never to use them when they built their forts in sport. These stones looked like all stones, but they were treated differently. Why? How were they different? Why must they be treated with reverence? Upon their childish lips had formed the question "What mean these stones?" and he around whom they gather is telling them "What mean these stones." He tells them that one day in April, many years before they were born, when the barley and the flax were ripe in the fields on the mountain sides and in the valleys, the Hebrew people came, in the course of their long journey from Egypt, to the Jordan river. The snows that had long lain on the peaks and higher levels of Hermon were melting, swelling the mountain streams which swiftly and noisily were rushing over the pebbly courses and the impeding boulders to empty into the Jordan. The Jordan is ordinarily quite an insignificant stream. It is its connection with the vital things of God that alone gives it its great prominence. Through a deep crevice in the rocks made by volcanic action many centuries ago, it hurries with great velocity to the Dead Sea, a narrow, muddy, and in some places, deep stream. On one side of it the bank rises in perpendicular bluffs; on the other side the ground is low and the water easily overspreads it with weeds, bushes and drift. These flats, varying in width, were covered that early April day with a rushing, boiling mass of brown water, deep, resistless. No boat could stem its force, no bridge spanned it. The sun flashed from its twisting current, overhead a bird or two hovered in the air, along the shore the thick bushes were swept under the muddy stream.

Suddenly, a clear ringing note rose upon the still air, trembled there a moment and died throbbingly away—the winding call of a ram's horn trumpet. Soon, the bushes on the bank parted; six men, clad in white robes which made a startling contrast to the green of the foliage behind them and the brown of the stream before them, stepped slowly into the edge of the seething current. Through the opening in the bushes behind them a vast host is visible, in a long line reaching far back into the distance. Mailed warriors are there with swords and spears and shields aglow in the sunlight. Aged patriarchs are there bending tremblingly upon their rude staffs. Anxious, shrinking women are there, gazing fearfully upon the scene before them. Timid maidens are there clinging to the firm arm of stalwart Hebrew youths. Nestling in loving arms are little children, warmed by the sun and lulled by the noise of the stream, blissfully unconscious of what is transpiring around them. There, too, were herds and flocks and all the possessions of a great nation in one of the most mighty migrations of all time. Before them is the Jordan, full to the brim and overflowing its banks, a seemingly impregnable barrier to progress.

Forward move the white robed priests, step by step, ever more deeply into the turbid stream. Suddenly—see the water round their feet—it boils, it recoils, it struggles like a maddened hound in leash, it mounts upon itself as if an invisible dam had been thrown across its path—as indeed there had. Higher, higher, higher it rises, piling up upon itself, twisting, hissing, coiling till the priests, standing in the midst of the Jordan carrying the Ark of God, have beside them and far above their heads a liqueous wall of trembling, throbbing water, quivering but never breaking. On the other side of them, the water rushes rapidly away as if affrighted at the marvelous sight, leaving the bottom of the course exposed; here and there, little shallow pools in the depression, here and there great stones gleaming wet in the unusual light; on the farther shore the trees are gently moving in the breeze like the beckoning hands of guiding angels to the onmoving Ark. "And the priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of the Jordan until all the people were passed clean over Jordan." But as they passed, twelve men, one from each of the twelve tribes of the nation, one from each of a stone from the bottom of the river's course, carried them to the land to which they went and placed them there to serve through all the future as a memorial of this great dividing of the waters. Such was the story the aged man would tell the groups of little Hebrew children, from year to year, when they stood about him, wonderingly asking "What mean these stones?" Can you not see it all—mean these stones?" Can you not see it all—the face of the tell aglow with emotion stirring his heart as he lives over again the great event in which, perhaps, he himself had had a

part? the young faces before him filled with wonder, all in wrapt attention, scarcely breathing in their excited interest? I think I can see some small brown hand creep out to touch those old, old stones, over which for centuries the wild river had run ere the eye of man had seen them.

"What mean these stones?" These stones meant the recognition of a great event in the nation's history. These stones meant the ceaseless remembrance of that event. These stones meant that in the life and deepest heart of each generation this precious heritage of the early days should be gratefully enshrined. "What mean these stones?" They were meant to keep the Hebrew people from ever forgetting the crossing of the Hebrew fathers westward over the Jordan river.

And does not that suggest, instantly, today, another crossing westward over the intervening water, of a pre-eminent pulsation of human life, carrying the religious destiny of a mighty race with it,—the crossing of the wild Atlantic by the Pilgrim fathers?

Once every year this nation stops its busy, its resistless, its almost mad rush of life; stops its factory wheels, stops its mail, stops its type machines and adding machines and all sorts of whirring, producing machines; all over the country the pens lie idle on the desks. What for? Why these cessations of life? What mean these closed stores, these quiet streets, these unoccupied people, these silent factories. In thought, at least, we all go to Plymouth Rock and ask the almost identical question these Hebrew children asked in the long ago century. "What means this stone?" It means that long ago the fathers of this people came out from enslavement to what they felt was wrong in man's relation to God, carrying in their hearts the holy ark of God,—the Bible with the pure spiritual life. They came to edge of the vast, wild, heaving waters of the sea. They committed themselves to it, feeling they were the priests of popular liberty, of the freedom to worship God. "What means this stone?" This is what it means. It means that the wild sea opened before them a path to the new world, that they passed as did the Hebrew fathers from Egypt into Palestine, from the lands of Europe with its old atmosphere into the new world with its new ideals.

But that was long, long ago; innumerable pressing interests have arisen since then, tending, not weakly, to make the present and oncoming generations miss the vital meaning of that momentous migration—the exodus from the old world of the Pilgrim fathers. The present looks rarely backward; when it takes a retrospect, it is more often in curiosity or for present material benefit than in reverent gratitude. To a far too great degree the Pilgrim fathers are names to be conjured with, rather than the incarnation of principles to inspire. Shall they who crossed the barrier between the slavery of conscience to killing forms, and the liberty of conscience to enjoy vital spiritual reality, be forgotten? To that question the Hebrews answered with glorious emphasis, "NO" and they reared twelve stones from out the very crossing itself to elicit the question from succeeding generations, "What mean these stones?" and every time it was answered, the fathers lived again, the vital transition of their national life was recalled for the adoring reverence of their descendants. Shall it not be so with us? What means this national thanksgiving which falls every year with its imperative prohibition across the mad rush of our secular life? What means this potent "Peace be still" to the noises of the street, to the fierce competition of business, to the loud grindings of the mills. It means that we, the children of the fathers, shall hear again the story of the crossing of the fathers, of the parting of the sea before the Mayflower, that ark of spiritual liberty; shall hear again, shall keep in mind, shall never forget, the passing of human life into the nation and the world God designed to be.

But the mere memory of a past event is not, in itself, dynamic. These stones meant far more than a reminder of something done. Up to that crossing of the Jordan, the way, though hard, had been comparatively easy for the Hebrew people. God had driven out their foes for them in miraculous ways. After crossing Jordan they themselves had to drive out their foes by many hard battles. Up to the Jordan crossing, their wants had been miraculously supplied. Did not the manna cover the ground like frost? Did not the quails cover the earth like the brown leaves of the trees in autumn? Did not the rocks