

was: "Unfortunately the military did not arrive in time to protect the plows and they were smashed to pieces by the peasantry." The Russian mijik is no more civilized than his plow.

Thus history, contemporary and ancient, assures us that the plow is the world's greatest invention, just as peace is the world's greatest blessing. But the association of the two parts of this evening's theme depends not only on records of agriculture, rescued from the ruins of dead and buried nations; it comes to us as a part of that most precious legacy of antiquity, the chapters filled with yearning and threatening, gentleness and rebuke, lamentation and triumph, despair and sweetest hope, coming down to us from the great Hebrew prophets. The book of Isaiah is full indeed of wrath and wailing; we see the present calamities of the house of Jacob and the coming calamities of Damascus and Assyria, the isles and all the enemies of the chosen people, hanging all over it like a dense cloud, the drear funereal blackness relieved only by lightning flashes from heaven's throne, hurling vengeance for their luxury, riot and dissipation, vengeance for their faithlessness to Jehovah, upon hapless multitudes. But through these baleful clouds and apart from these terrible flashes, are here and there to be seen some gleams of celestial radiance, of the bright sky that is to follow the gloom and storm—we see that the prophet's true delight is less in the bloody triumph to which he looks in some passages, or in the exultation of gluttoned ire which runs through some others, than in such visions as these:

"And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. * * * They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Wrathful as Jehovah often appears in the sixty-six chapters of this book, He yet "shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom"—and, again, "thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones. For I will not contend forever, neither will I be always wroth." Here we are told "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace," and promised that "violence shall no more be heard in thy land, desolation nor destruction within thy borders." Here also we find what kind of man will escape the perils encompassing his brethren: "He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions,

that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from looking upon evil; he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks." And here we meet the first utterance of that glorious prediction which afterward adorns the book of Micah:

"Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge between many peoples, and shall reprove strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every [man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it."

It is not to the majesty, or ineffable beauty of form, or purity and sincerity, of these passages that I would now ask your attention, but to the point that they are not poetry only—they are practical indications of what is possible, and what may be made actual. Is a consummation such as the prophet sets before us worth having? If so, then it is worth bringing about. If worth having at any time, it is worth having now. This prophecy is not applied to "latter days" because it is unsuitable for these days, but because that will then be a certainty which is now but a possibility. Yet it does not indicate a state of things that will bring itself to pass by its own force and transcendent merit, but something that must be brought to pass by the work of men—by you and by me—by all who are willing to labor for light rather than darkness. Difficult I find it to repress impatience with those who carelessly cast aside the "millennial prophecies" as though they related only to some Jerusalem of remote futurity, and were without bearing on the conduct of men of muscle and men of mind in America in 1898. We must work for these blessings ourselves—with our mind and muscle—must see in them not only beauty but duty.

Shall our nation, today, beat its swords into plowshares, attentive to the teaching of my text? How blind are they who fail to find in that very course the essence of practical wisdom. We boast, in these days, of our strength; but what, pray, has given us that strength—sword or plowshare? Not only are our triumphs in arms the direct product of capital, which the plow has helped us mightily to store and which a frequent resort to the sword would have scattered, but the union of hearts and hands that has blessed us at home, and our freedom from all apprehension of attacks from banded enemies abroad, are results that flow straight and true from the general consciousness that we are a peaceful people. If we see in the plow something more than merely the

labor of the husbandman, regarding it at the same time as an embodiment of mechanical contrivance—a type of mental power applied to material purposes—we may look upon the perfection to which American inventive talent has now brought that venerable implement as a manifestation of that true eye and exact calculation which, in "the men behind the guns," brought to nought the unquenchable courage and desperate daring of the Spaniard before Manila and Santiago. Whatever may be thought of the old saying that we are to win peace by being prepared for war, it is altogether true that even our victories in arms are won for us by diligently following the pursuits of peace. We gather strength by storing, not by wasting—by building, not by burning barns and factories and cities. The sword desolates, the plowshare cultivates and improves. War is destructive, peace is constructive. The sword wastes, the plowshare enriches. War is barbarous, peace is Christian. The plowshare is a symbol of that heavenly promise that seed time and harvest shall not fail, while the most dazzling exploits of the sword only serve to show that the paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The willingness of patriotic Americans to accept the dread arbitrament of war, a few months ago, in an international disagreement that seemed to have gone too far to be settled otherwise, came only because they thought they saw behind the brutish monster a white-robed angel of mercy. The bloody blade of battle seemed but the surgeon's knife which alone could remove forever the cancer of Spanish authority and maladministration on this western hemisphere. From this belief followed their rejoicing in the extinction of Spanish naval power and the surrender of Spanish fortresses. But such rejoicing is only justified when victories are considered as a means, never as an end—when they are looked upon as steps to an early, honorable and lasting peace—and when the whole country is content with securing the result for which the war was undertaken. Then only is it right to rejoice over victories. If they serve to kindle or strengthen a martial spirit throughout our land and to stimulate a desire on the part of our people to conquer and subjugate other peoples, then true lovers of their country must say as was said of old, "A few more such victories and we are lost."

The loudest-mouthed jingo in the land is not more fully convinced of and impressed by the greatness of America than I am, and it is the dearest wish of my life that this greatness may be preserved and increased. But let us pause and reflect upon what constitutes it. Such benefit as wars have brought has come in each case from the destruction of a hampering evil and not as a direct positive effect of military strife. We could