

# SERMON,

DELIVERED IN

FARMINGTON, (*Maine,*)

DECEMBER 4, 1817;

BEING THE DAY

SET APART BY THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL,

AS A DAY OF

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

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BY THOMAS ADAMS,

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HALLOWELL.

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1818.

December 5, 1817.

DEAR SIR,

THE *Farmington Religious Society*, tender you their thanks for your very able discourse, delivered yesterday, and request you to have the goodness to favor them with a copy of it for the press.

With sentiments of great respect,

Yours, &c.

H. BELCHER, }  
C. NORTON, } *Committee.*

MR. T. ADAMS.

*Farmington, December 28, 1817.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN compliance with your polite request, I submit the following pages to your disposal; trusting that they will be *perused* with the same candor with which they were *heard*.

Please to accept, for yourselves, and for the Society,  
the assurances of my sincere esteem.

T. ADAMS.

H. BELCHER, *and*

C. NORTON, *Esqrs.*

## SERMON.

IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS.—1 THESS. V. 18.

SUCH was the injunction of an inspired apostle to the christians at Thessalonica; an injunction, not founded on any temporary circumstances, in which they were at that time placed, but founded on principles, that are immutable. If it was a suitable injunction *then*, it is equally suitable *now*. If it was suitable when addressed to the *Thessalonians*, it is equally suitable when addressed to *us*; for *we* derive *our* blessings and *our* enjoyments from the same source, from which *they* derived *theirs*. If *they* had occasion of thankfulness for the blessings *they* enjoyed, much more have *we* occasion of thankfulness for the blessings *we* enjoy. "*In every thing give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.*" It is not a command of human origin; it comes from Him, whose will we are bound to obey.

That a tribute of praise and thanksgiving is due to Him, who is the author of our existence, and the source of all our mercies, is the universal dictate of conscience. There is no heart so unfeeling but it is sometimes constrained to acknowledge it. A principle of gratitude is to be found among those original features of the human heart, which were impressed by the divine hand of our Maker, and which the ravages of sin have defaced, but not totally obliterated. This we shall sometimes feel, even though we may strive to suppress it. It is felt by man in his most uncultivated state; and the ideal object of his reverence and worship, often receives the effusions of his grateful heart.

If this original principle is thus displayed among those, who have never risen above a state of savage nature, have we not just reason to expect that it will be displayed in much greater perfec-

tion among those, who enjoy the light of civilization, and the much more resplendent light of the gospel? Have we not reason to expect, that the sentiment and expression of *their* gratitude, will be more pure, rational, and constant? But how often does experience disappoint these expectations. While the hideous images of pagan superstition receive the daily homage of their misguided votaries;—the great Jehovah;—the God of christians, is forgotten!—And while the crowded temple of some shapeless idol resounds with the frequent praises of its worshippers; the unfrequented courts of those temples, that have been consecrated to the worship of the true God, too often plainly demonstrate that the *love* and the *gratitude* of many have waxed cold. And while the untutored savage, with enthusiastic zeal, sounds the praises of what his *own hands* have made, comparatively few and feeble are the strains, which are raised to Him, who *spake the universe into existence*.

But by neglecting to unite in that act of homage, and praise, and thanksgiving, which is rendered by all holy beings to the great Author of all our mercies, we deny ourselves the highest dignity, of which our natures are susceptible; for praise, sincere and heartfelt praise, is the noblest employment, in which rational beings can engage. When engaged in praising God, we act in concert with the holy angels above;—we join our voices to swell the grand chorus, which is sounded by that holy throng, that surrounds the throne of God. By heartily uniting in an act of thanksgiving and praise to God, we lose, as it were, for a while, our human nature;—we bring heaven to earth, and anticipate those celestial enjoyments, which are destined for the future, eternal possession of the redeemed of the Lord. With what sacred veneration then should we regard those seasons, that are set apart for the special purpose of uniting in an act of this nature. With what sacred awe;—with what profound reverence should our hearts be inspired, when we enter the courts of the Lord to unite in such an act.—With much propriety might those words be addressed to us, “*Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground.*” Truly solemn, and awful is the place, where immortal beings offer up their ascriptions of praise to him, *who liveth forever and ever*.

This day has been set apart by civil authority as a day of *public thanksgiving and prayer*, throughout this Commonwealth. Could this day indeed witness the united homage of the people of this Commonwealth, not in form only, but in reality, it would be a scene, which saints, angels,—yes, and God himself, would view with complacency and delight. Rivers of blood, and clouds of incense could not furnish so acceptable an offering.—But this is a scene, which fancy may paint, but which we cannot hope, in this world, to realize.—We might fondly dwell on this pleasing, this interesting thought.—But on an occasion like the present, it rather becomes us to consider things as *they are*, than as we *could wish them to be*. And though we may be pained at the contrast to this scene, which the reality will present, we must dismiss imagination from our service, and restrict our thoughts to this worshipping assembly.—Assembled within these sacred walls, agreeably to the injunction of the constituted authority, it becomes an interesting inquiry to us; how shall we be enabled to render that tribute of praise, which shall be acceptable in the sight of God? *Wherewith shall we come before the Lord, and bow ourselves before the high God?*—Will He be pleased with *thousands of rams* or with *ten thousands of rivers of oil*? It is not such a thank offering, that we are this day to bring to His altar. He requireth it not at our hands; but He requires the service of our hearts; and this we must render him, or we cannot hope to find a gracious audience or acceptance with Him.

The *first* subject of inquiry, that presents itself to our minds, is, what constitutes an acceptable thanksgiving?—or with what feelings must we be actuated, in order to render an acceptable service unto God?—To this inquiry, I shall attempt a brief reply;—and shall then, *in the second place*, mention some of those dealings of Providence towards us, which are worthy to call forth our gratitude.

Let us then, *in the first place*, as in the presence of Him, who searches the heart, inquire, what must be the feelings of our hearts, in order that we may this day render acceptable service unto God? And as we proceed in the discussion, let each one apply the subject to his own heart, and inquire if he is prepared to unite in the solemn

nities of this day in such a manner as to gain the approbation of his God.

First;—We must feel sensible of our dependence on God for the blessings we enjoy.—If we are not dependent on God for the blessings we enjoy, we have no occasion for the exercise of gratitude towards Him. And if we are dependent, if we do not feel sensible of our dependence, we shall not be prepared to render Him an acceptable tribute of gratitude. And it is because mankind are prone to lose sight of their dependence on God, that there is usually so feeble an exercise of gratitude towards Him. We do not thank our neighbor for any favor, which he has had no agency in conferring upon us; neither shall we be disposed to thank God for any favor, of which we do not regard Him as the author. And the deeper sense we have of our dependence on God, the more lively will be the feeling and expression of our gratitude towards Him. If we entertain but vague and indefinite ideas respecting our dependence on God, our gratitude will be cold and lifeless. And it must be obvious to all persons of reflection, that if our ideas of our dependence on God are inadequate, the gratitude we feel towards Him, will likewise be inadequate.—And what one blessing; what one comfort of life do we enjoy, of which we can say, for this we are not dependent on God?—Is there a blade that grows without His agency? Is there a drop of rain distils, that falls without His appointment? Or is there a breath of the air we breathe, that blows not at His command?—The injunction of the apostle is, *In every thing give thanks.* But God makes no unreasonable requirements. All His requirements perfectly accord with the uniform constitution of things. The requirement therefore necessarily supposes, that for *every thing* we are dependent on God; otherwise, why should we be required to give Him thanks? But do mankind usually feel and acknowledge this dependence? Does the husbandman, when surveying his loaded fields, or his crowded garners, extend his views to the supreme fountain of good? Or does he confine his views to himself? Does he say, all these things come by the blessing of God? Or does he say, behold the work of mine own hands?—Does he regard them as the free bounty of God; and as what God has a power and a perfect right at any time to take from him?—Or does he presumptuously say,

“*Soul, thou hast goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry?*” Does he think to acknowledge that it is God, that clothes his fields with verdure, and crowns the year with loving kindness? Or does he imagine that all his blessings spring from the dust, but come not down from above? We are not to expect that his gratitude will rise above the source whence he imagines his blessings to flow: And if we do not look above this earth for the origin of our blessings, our gratitude will not probably rise above it. But he that is accustomed to “*look through nature upto nature’s God,*” will see; in the growth of the meanest vegetable the active energy of almighty power, and the display of infinite goodness. He will regard the agency of Him, who holds the stores of heaven at his control, and who profusely scatters his bounty upon the inhabitants of this lower world, or withholds it at his will. *God raineth upon one city and not upon another: and the city whereon it raineth not, withereth.*

But are those genial showers, which fertilize the face of the earth, usually regarded as the bounty of Providence?—or are they attributed to some fortuitous cause?—The treasures of nature, from which we derive the necessaries and conveniences of life, would soon be exhausted, were they not constantly replenished by Him who first established them. And what individual enjoyment do we possess, for which we are not thus dependent?—Even life itself, on which we may say that all other enjoyments are, in a certain sense, dependent.—What but the sustaining power of Omnipotence could keep us one moment in existence? But if we are not made sensible of our dependence for these favors, we shall not feel grateful at their reception. If we do not cherish an habitual sense of this dependence, ingratitude will soon reign in our hearts;—and if on an occasion like the present, we have not a full sense of this dependence, we cannot hope to raise an acceptable tribute of gratitude to our Almighty Benefactor.

Secondly;—We must possess a readiness and a desire to communicate of the blessings we enjoy to others of our fellow creatures. No individual has a right to monopolize the bounties of Providence. As he possesses nothing but what he has received, he is bound sacredly to improve it in such a manner, as shall accord with the design of the donor.—The vast design of God’s benevo-

lence embraces the whole family of mankind. And when individuals are made to share more liberally in his bounties than others, it is that they may be made the honored instruments of distributing his bounty to his creatures. And it is in vain they pretend to feel grateful towards Him, while they act contrary to His design. Were you to place a sum of money in the hands of another person, accompanied with an injunction to appropriate a part of it to certain objects of benevolence, but he should, in the face of your injunction, appropriate it solely to objects of his own pleasure and convenience, could you persuade yourself that he felt really grateful towards you for the trust you reposed in him? Would any expressions of gratitude he might use convince you that he was really actuated by feelings of gratitude? Notwithstanding all his professions, and all his external show of gratitude, would you not regard him as unworthy of any further confidence? Thus God makes us his *stewards*. He bestows upon us severally a *portion of his goods*, and has clearly intimated to us the manner in which he designs we should improve them. He evidently does not design that they should minister exclusively to our own individual enjoyment;—nor are we to suppose that, as respects the bestowment of any portion of worldly substance, which any of us may have received, we were the exclusive objects of his favor. If he has seen fit to bless any of us with worldly prosperity, it is that we might be made a blessing to others. And we shall furnish but poor evidence of our gratitude, if we *pervert our Lord's goods, consuming them upon our lusts*. No acceptable tribute of gratitude can proceed from the heart, that selfishly hoards those blessings, that were intended for the common benefit of mankind. If we refuse to communicate the blessings we enjoy to others, that are destitute, we must do it in the face of the most explicit expressions of God's will.—Says the apostle, “*To do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.*” “*But whose hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*” And we may add, how can he render an acceptable tribute of gratitude to God? And whatever blessings may be entrusted to us, if we are truly grateful for them, we shall

strive that others may likewise be made the partakers of them. We shall earnestly desire that the civil and religious privileges, with which an indulgent Providence has favored us, should be extended to every nation under heaven. And this desire will be rendered evident by correspondent exertions to effect this purpose.

Thirdly;—In order to keep an acceptable thanksgiving, we must be duly impressed with a sense of the solemnity of such an occasion. It is indeed a truly solemn thing at all times, and on all occasions, to approach into the presence of God. But is there not, in an occasion like the present, something, which ought in a peculiar manner to affect our minds with a sense of its solemnity? We are this day called to review the many distinguished mercies of God towards us, and to render him our tribute of praise. And is there not something in the contemplation of this subject, that is calculated to inspire the mind with awe and solemnity? Must not every one who is sensible of his dependence on God, feel a lively interest in the solemnities of this day? But do not the vacant seats of this house of God, on occasions like the present, often indicate a lamentable deficiency of that grateful spirit, which ought to pervade every rational mind? Have we not the plainest demonstration, that rendering thanks to God is esteemed by the great body of the people but a secondary object? But few can spare time from their other avocations, which it seems they consider as more important than uniting in a tribute of praise, to wait upon God in his house; and fewer still;—have we not reason to fear?—bring with them feelings that accord with the solemnities of the occasion. Their *persons* may be here, but their *hearts*, their *affections*,—their *whole desires* are on some scene of *idle, senseless gaiety*, in which they have recently, or in which they hope soon to participate. Instead of cherishing feelings of *gratitude to God*, they will greedily engage in those vain pursuits, which are directly calculated to *drive all thoughts of God from their minds*.—But is this the offering, with which we expect God will be well pleased? Is it thus that we will dare to insult the Majesty of heaven? Is this the mockery, which we will presume to call a thanksgiving to God? What infinite love and mercy is that.

which spares those, who are guilty of such a perversion of sacred things!—If we hope to pay our vows unto the Most High in an acceptable manner, we must realize that we are in His presence;—that this is His house, where *His honor dwelleth*:—that His eye is upon us, and that our hearts are open to His view. And all the transactions of this day should comport with these solemn considerations.

Fourthly;—We should possess a desire to glorify God in our lives and conversation. True gratitude to God for the mercies we enjoy, is one of the qualities of that heart, which alone is capable of rendering an acceptable service. True gratitude is never found to exist independent of various other qualities, which assist to constitute the whole character;—the principal feature in which is, supreme love to the character of God, together with a sincere devotedness to his fear and service. These different qualities are inseparably joined; and where one is wanting, we shall in vain look for the other. We must be either for, or against. The tendency of our conduct is either to honor God, or to dishonor him. We would not pretend to feel grateful towards a fellow creature, whose honor, or interest we were striving to subvert; and with as little propriety can we pretend to feel truly grateful towards God, while we dishonor him in our conduct.

If any have come hither this day, strangers to those feelings that have now been described, we have reason to fear their visit to the sanctuary will subserve no valuable purpose;—that they will thereby neither *honor God*, nor *benefit themselves*. But if there are any in this assembly, with the feelings of whose hearts the foregoing observations have accorded, these will lend a willing ear while we attempt to enumerate the various dealings of Providence, which are worthy to call forth our gratitude. To those, who have learned to estimate the bounties, and adore the goodness of God, it furnishes a delightful theme to recount the acts of his munificence and love. But a full exhibition of these, would far exceed the limits, to which we are at this time necessarily restricted. Seldom on an occasion like this, have we had such ample cause for pouring forth our hearts in gratitude to the Father of mercies. The year has indeed been crowned with his loving kindness, with rich displays, of his tender love. If ever

we felt our hearts inspired with true gratitude to God, it will be on this occasion. *We shall call on all that is within us to bless His holy name.*

First;—We have abundant reason to render praise to God for His *preserving mercy*. Every moment of our existence furnishes a renewed instance of the forbearance of God. And we, as individuals, have now occasion to recognize his hand in the preservation of another year. Those lives, that were long since forfeited to his justice, are still continued;—we have not yet been called to congregate with the dead. And the sparing mercy of God has not only been manifested to *us individually*, but to *our friends*, to our *companions*, and to the *community generally*. Health to an unusual degree has prevailed. No *destroying angel* has been commissioned to go forth amongst us. Though some, stooping under a weight of years, may have been gathered to the grave, and here and there one, in the vigor of life may have departed, emphatically admonishing survivors to be also ready, yet comparatively few have been called to *clothe themselves in sack-cloth*, and seldom have the *mourners* been seen to *go about your streets*.—Time has indeed with its usual diligence been sweeping its thousands to the grave, and has carried us all forward another stage in the journey of life, yet the all-devouring hand of death has been in a peculiar manner restrained.—And does not this instance of the Divine goodness challenge our gratitude? We are still among the distinguished monuments of His mercy. Where would our deserts have placed us?—Had his justice ere this cut short our lives, where would our portions have been assigned us? Instead of lifting up our eyes in despair, we are yet in this land of hope. We are still permitted to visit these earthly courts, where the offers of mercy are repeated, where the messages of grace are delivered. And are our hearts enlivened with no emotion of gratitude, in view of these distinguished mercies? Must we not then be shocked at that picture of hardened depravity, which our own characters exhibit?

Secondly;—We have occasion to render praise to God for furnishing us with an abundant supply of the necessities, and conveniences of life. Seldom have you experienced such a rich profusion of temporal blessings, as you have the year past. Your



gloomy fears and apprehensions have been dissipated. He, by whose breath frost is given, commanded that it should not hurt the springing blade. And though winter seemed for a while unwilling to yield its empire to the mild dominion of spring, He shielded the tender herb from the influence of its un pitying blasts. At length the sun appeared to shine upon you with renewed warmth and splendor. *God did not leave himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave you rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness.*—Do you wish for an evidence of God's providential kindness? Look to your crowded garner.—*You went forth bearing precious seed,—and you returned with joy bringing your sheaves with you.* God has given a renewed pledge of his fidelity to that promise He gave at an early period, *that while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.* Well may your hearts rise in gratitude to Him, *from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift.*

Thirdly ;—We have occasion of gratitude for the preservation of our civil rights and privileges. And herein is exhibited, through the Divine blessing, a proud triumph for our republican principles. We now find ourselves in possession of what the nations of the earth have long sought for, but never yet attained. A government founded on those principles of freedom, for which ours is distinguished, has long been considered a *desideratum* in the politics of nations. Yet those, who have heretofore attempted it, did not seem to be aware that *wisdom and knowledge* must form the *stability* of every free government. Destitute of this foundation, we are not to be surprised at the event. However fair and promising the superstructure, as it was *built on the sand*, it soon fell a prey to the boisterous winds and floods of faction. Frequent and fruitless experiment had almost induced despair, when our wise progenitors, having achieved our independence, determined to rest its continuance on the basis of such a government. The eyes of the world were fixed upon it. The nations watched its gradual rise, and lamentable were the predictions, that were uttered of its fate. The causes, that have brought ruin on other governments of a like nature, existed and do still ex-

ist, to a certain extent, in ours. Vice and ignorance, those fosterers of turbulence and faction, were deeply rooted in our soil. Consequently, few men of discernment cherished the hopeless idea, that our government had no difficulties to encounter. Its warmest friends soon found occasion to indulge in gloomy apprehensions. And already in imagination they beheld those, who had contributed to its establishment and nurtured its growth, buried beneath its ruins. A storm seemed to be impending ;—the clouds gathered blackness—and the thunders of desolation sounded *long and loud.*—*But the great agony is past ;—the storm has spent its fury,—and our republic still exists.*—The clouds are dispersed, and our political horizon is again illumined with the cheering beams of prosperity. That tree of liberty, planted by the labors, and watered by the blood of our fathers, still flourishes ;—it extends deeper its roots ;—it spreads higher its branches ; and we humbly trust, that till the pillars of earth are shaken, no cause shall be permitted to check its growth, or impair its beauty.—May we not be permitted to indulge the hope, that our *past experience*, joined with the *progress of science and reformation*, will serve continually to strengthen the foundation of our civil institutions. The progress of truth, though slow, is sure ;—and when it shall finally pervade the community, we venture to predict, it will produce, not the triumph of any political party, but a coalition of the wise and good of all parties, in the defence and support of the true interest of the public. This period, we trust is gradually approaching. The rage and virulence of party spirit has in a measure subsided ; and we may hope that patriotism is no longer to be considered synonymous with a clamorous defence of *names*, without any reference to the *propriety of things* ;—and that those, who are seeking for the honors and emoluments of office will soon be left alone to fan the flames of contention, on which they may imagine their elevation depends.—But are we to impute the stability of our government solely to our own superior wisdom and virtue? Or to the superintending care of Him, who ruleth *among the inhabitants of the earth*, as well as in the *armies of Heaven*? Whatever second causes may appear to operate in our favor, for these we are dependent on God, and to Him is to be given all the praise.

Fourthly;—We have occasion of gratitude for the unusual prevalence of peace among the nations of the earth. Not only our own country, but the whole civilized world has been remarkably exempt from the calamities of war; that desolating scourge of nations, which has rendered all Europe, as it were, a Golgotha.—Whatever political speculatists may tell us of the temporal advantages, that would result from the conflicts of other nations, those who are possessed of true benevolence will rejoice and be thankful at their prosperity and happiness. And these have peculiar cause for gratitude at this interesting period. With the exception of a few inconsiderable provinces, the great world is at peace. No disturber of nations has been permitted to throw the whole civilized world into confusion, and spread death and desolation around him, to gratify his personal ambition. The mild arts of civilization are succeeding to those *refinements in barbarism*, that long threatened to banish the *very name* of humanity from the earth. Instead of the horrid clangor of arms, and the awful desolations that marked the progress of those engines of cruelty, we may again hear the mild accents of peace, and behold the first fruits of returning prosperity. Surely then it becomes us to render praise to the God of nations, who has thus said to the warring passions of the human heart; *Peace, be still.*

Fifthly;—We have occasion of gratitude that God is building up His cause, gradually extending the kingdom of his Son, and hastening the accomplishment of those promises, which have been the hope and the support of His people, under all their discouragements and persecutions. Here we lose sight of all minor occasions of gratitude.—Our thoughts are swallowed up in this. For where is the true friend of Zion, that does not exult at Zion's prosperity! The year past has been distinguished by God's goodness to his church. Many parts of the vineyard of Christ have been visited with copious showers of Divine grace. Sinners have left the service of Satan, and enlisted under the banners of King Jesus. Christians are continuing their exertions to spread the gospel.—We may hope that nominal distinctions are fast vanishing away,—and that, *Who is on the Lord's side?* will soon become the great and only inquiry. The great and noble of the earth are lending their aid and their influence. Kings are opening their

princely treasures, and applying them to assist in disseminating the word of God. In short, all the signs of the times unite to indicate, that the *night is far spent*,—that the *day is at hand*.—All concur to strengthen our confidence in the promises of God. We are daily receiving renewed assurance that they will never fail. Do not our eyes already behold the dawning of that glorious day, which more than two thousand years since was promised to the church. The light of the gospel is fast penetrating the dark regions of the earth. The shadows are fleeing away, and we have ample reason to believe that the Sun of righteousness, in its full splendor, is soon to shine upon us. And can he be a true friend of Zion, whose heart is not influenced with love and gratitude at this animating prospect? Wherever there is a *spark* of real grace, it will here be *blown into a flame*. For here the kingdom of darkness is beheld tumbling into ruins; here sinners are freed from the thralldom of sin, brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and made heirs of eternal glory. And here the wonders of redeeming love are richly displayed. Shall we not then join our voices, with the voices of angels above, in rendering praise to God and to the Lamb?

Finally;—While we recount these distinguished mercies and benefits, is there a soul in this assembly, who does not feel emotions of gratitude to God, and who is not prepared to render him a tribute of praise? Once more I must request you to cast your eyes over the prospect we have now been briefly reviewing.—The voice of health is generally heard in your dwellings. Health and prosperity have, as it were, been borne on every gale. Your fields, lately waving in rich luxuriance, have yielded you an abundant supply of the comforts and conveniences of life. There is no complaining for want. The tumults of war are hushed.—Not a hostile note comes to disturb your repose, or summon you to the field of danger. Warlike preparation has given place to the mild arts and the delightful employments of peace.—But rest not your views here.—There are louder calls for your gratitude than any of those, that I have named. Go to the word of God and learn what he has wrought for you. There see the exhaustless treasures of his love and grace, opened to satisfy the desires of your immortal minds. Follow back the river of his grace to its foun-



tain ;—till you behold it *flowing from the side of your crucified Redeemer*.—Mark its progress. Behold it disseminating its blessings.—See the kingdom of the Messiah extending ; the clouds of Pagan darkness fleeing away before the beams of the Sun of righteousness. The *day spring from on high* beams with its celestial radiance on the nations of the earth, and kindles its heavenly fire in the hearts of men. From the valley of sin and death, we behold a multitude rising to manifest the praise of God, and the glory of his name.—This is a theme, that employs the tongues, and wakes the sweetest strains of angels above ;—and shall not saints on earth join their voices to swell this concert of praise ?—*“Awake up, my glory ;—awake psaltery and harp. I myself will awake early. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people ; I will sing unto thee, among the nations. For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds. Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens, let thy glory be above all the earth.”*