

**A THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE: THE RULE OF  
DIVINE PROVIDENCE, DELIVERED IN THE FIRST  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF DETROIT,  
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1860; A  
DISCOURSE. OUR NATIONAL SINS TO BE  
PRINTED OF, AND THE GROUNDS OF HOPE FOR  
THE PRESERVATION. PP. 1-37**

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A Thanksgiving Discourse: The Rule of Divine Providence, delivered in the first presbyterian church of Detroit, Thursday, November 28, 1860; A discourse. Our national sins to be printed of, and the grounds of hope for the preservation. pp. 1-37 by George Duffield

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**GEORGE DUFFIELD**

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A THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE.

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THE

RULE OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE

APPLICABLE TO THE

PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR COUNTRY,

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF DETROIT,

Thursday, November 28, 1860.

BY GEO. DUFFIELD.

DETROIT:

FREE PRESS MANMOIR BOOK AND JOB PRINTING HOUSE

1861.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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DETROIT, January 19, 1861.

TO THE REV. GEO. DUFFIELD,

DEAR SIR:

Having listened with pleasure to your discourse, prepared and delivered on the National Fast Day, and being of the opinion that many of the facts and suggestions therein contained, and much of the counsel affected by it might prove of service, if more generally circulated through the community, we beg leave to ask of you a copy of the same for publication.

Those of the undersigned, who likewise enjoyed the privilege of listening to your Thanksgiving Sermon in November last, would be pleased to have a copy of that also, in order that the two might be jointly published.

We remain, with much respect,

Your obedient servants,

H. H. WELLS,	D. COOPER,
HENRY A. MORROW,	J. W. TILLMAN,
GEO. W. HOFFMAN,	J. A. FARRELL,
N. MINEE PRATT,	J. S. FARRAND,
C. N. GANSON,	A. KNIGHT,
C. H. BHEL,	W. S. PENFIELD,
J. W. BAGLEY,	MORSE STUART,
C. M. DAVISON,	C. VAN HUSAN,
F. J. DOUGALL,	GEO. S. FROST.

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DETROIT, January 26, 1861.

TO H. H. WELLS, HENRY A. MORROW,

GEO. W. HOFFMAN, J. W. TILLMAN, AND OTHERS:

GENTLEMEN:

In the hope you inspire, that the discourses of which you request copies, "might prove of service, if more generally circulated through the community," it gives me pleasure to comply with your request.

With much respect and Christian regard,

I remain, yours, truly,

GEO. DUFFIELD.





## THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE.

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JERE. 18: 7, 8. "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up, and to pull down, and to destroy it; if that nation, against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them."

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Our annual day of Thanksgiving meets us under circumstances so strongly marked, and of such striking contrast, as to bid us "rejoice with fear and trembling." Seldom has there been a year so crowned with the goodness of the Lord, in many respects, as the past. "His paths have dropped fatness," and "the little hills have rejoiced on every side." Abundant, exuberant crops have poured plenty into the lap of the husbandman; the fruits of the earth have been reaped and gathered, and stored in richest profusion; commerce and trade had recovered from the embarrassments and distrust, for a year or two previous, so prevalent and perplexing; no pestilence has invaded our cities, nor disease of mortal malignity prostrated any wide extent of our country; nor epidemic any limited district. The seasons have been marked with health, and unusually exempt from extreme degrees of heat or cold, or sudden and violent fluctuations. Tempests and tornadoes, floods and

flames, have accomplished less than ordinary destruction. The ravages of death have been more than ordinarily restrained. The mortality of our city has been much less than usual, and no conflagration, or calamity of a public nature, has filled our habitations with sorrow. Although sad and painful calamities have here and there occurred, and we have been called, as a congregation, to mourn with parents whose hearts were broken by the untimely loss of a beloved and promising son; yet much fewer than in previous years, have been the visits required from us to the city of the dead. And although here and there, in the southern portions of our land, the showers of heaven have been withheld, the verdant field turned into a dry and barren waste, and the hideous spectre of famine reared her frightful form in some of our distant borders, yet has there been more than abundance to meet the deficiency of provender and provisions thus caused, and a prompt exercise of generous liberality, to prevent and mitigate the threatened suffering. "The pastures have been clothed with flocks, the valleys, also, have been covered over with corn," and the shout of joy, and the song of praise, have ascended from nearly every corner of our land.

Amid these tokens of unmerited goodness, however, are to be seen indications of a fearful and portentous nature. It has been a year of religious declension. But few revivals of religion have blessed the churches. The zeal and prayerfulness of many have subsided into monotonous formality. "The solemn feasts" and Sabbaths have by many been forgot-

ten. The sanctuaries of the Lord have been desecrated; few have come to the solemn assemblies. Vice and immorality, in various forms, are on the increase; intemperance laughs at the restraints of the law; public opinion sustains not its enforcement; professors of religion extensively frowned upon and condemn attempts for that purpose. The Sabbath has become a day of traffic, of sensual indulgence, and of noisy amusement, and drunken excesses and brawls; and places of corruption, whirlpools of perdition, spring up around, while magistrates, ministers of justice and law, and multitudes that name the name of Christ, rest at ease, and consent and "love to have it so." Party political strifes have greatly neutralized christian influence. The wicked have walked on every side, and vile and unprincipled men have been exalted, by catering to the corrupt passions and depraved appetites of the lovers of strong drink. Nothing, comparatively worth speaking of, is done to stay the tide of intemperance and of Sabbath desecration, which are sweeping so many of our youth and others to the drunkard's grave. God's gifts have been abused. His mercies have been despised or forgotten. "Dumb dogs, that cannot bark," have stood as sentinels of the press; and the work of corruption, the ravages of intemperance, the increase of crime, move forward without molestation, or hindrance of any great efficiency from officers of justice, churches of the living God, and christian professors generally.

These are alarming requitals for the goodness and mercy and loving kindness of the Lord. Suddenly, and most unexpectedly, in the midst of abundance,