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The Drama of Jeremiah, 1923.

SERMON BY RABBI ABBA H. SILVER

SUBJECT: THE DRAMA OF JEREMIAH.

AT THE TEMPLE, SUNDAY MORNING,

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JOSEPH T. KRAUS
Shorthand
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The war does not seem to have produced much that is great literature; it may in the days to come. But it has already produced at least one great drama. The author of this drama is a German poet and essayist--Stefan Zweig. The drama is built around the gigantic figure of that Prometheus of the Bible--Jeremiah--and around the epic of his life. In spite of the fact that the hero of the play belongs to the dim antiquity, and the action of the play revolves around a dim historical event, the playwright has succeeded, because of his remarkable skill and his consummate art, to weave into his grand tapestry certain thought-strands that seem surprisingly modern and certain ideas that seem to be freighted with profound present day implications.

The great war seems to echo and re-echo through the scenes of the play. Its passions, its struggle, militarism, pacifism, nationalism--the whole perturbed social complex of our day seem to be reflected in this drama built around an ancient figure and an ancient event..

Stefan Zweig seems to have achieved a two-fold triumph in this his play Jeremiah. Technically, as a play, his triumph is marvelous; he has constructed a play which seems to meet all the requirements of great drama; the action is swift and logical; the interest is sustained throughout, rising in a great crescendo to a powerful climax. The motif is there, the external conflict of the persons of the

drama, as well as the internal conflict within the characters of the actors, and there is a unifying theme, a dominant theme, throughout.

But his greater triumph, and the one that interests us chiefly, consists in the fine grasp, the fine spiritual grasp which the playwright seems to have of Hebrew prophecy, of the Hebrew prophet, of the sympathetic understanding, of the moral significance of the life and the labors of a prophet like Jeremiah. The playwright has, of course, taken liberties with the text; he has reserved for himself the right to select and to exclude and to combine and to stress the things that he wishes to, but he never violates the spirit of the Biblical Jeremiah. He is poetic but not fanciful, he is imaginative but truthful; he has read himself into the life and soul of the Biblical Jeremiah.

I am going to tell you the play this morning, and I shall comment on it as I go along; not that the play needs comment--it sheds its own light. Perhaps it is well, to begin with, to state the bare outline of the life of Jeremiah. Jeremiah was the son of a priest, Hilkiah by name, and he lived in a little town not far from Jerusalem called Anathoth. His life covers a period beginning with about 650 before the common era and ending in about 580 before the common era. Very early in life Jeremiah was summoned and he became a prophet.

A prophet is, as you know, the spokesman of the living God. The prophets were not soothsayers; they were

not fortune tellers; they were forth-tellers; they spoke the revelation which came to them; the prophets told the people vast and unfamiliar truths; the prophets spoke of profound things simply and of simple things profoundly. The prophets, especially those who lived in the Golden Era of prophecy between the ninth and the sixth centuries, told the people of God and of love and of justice and of pity; they spoke of the one God and of the one humanity, of peace, and of a peace based on righteousness; they taught the people how to pray and how to worship God and how to find God. They met the pride and the insolence and the arrogance of the oppressor and of the ruler with flashes of burning wrath, and they met the suffering of the people and their doubts and their despairs with the balm of love and pity.

They were great and lonely men, these prophets; some of them were killed, all of them were persecuted. They knew nothing else but their vision, and they faced the whole world with their vision alone, and the humblest of these and the lonliest of these and the greatest of these was Jeremiah. Jeremiah lived in the years of the people's death agony. During the close of his years Jerusalem fell and the temple was destroyed, and it is this death throes of the people and all that preceded it, the struggles and the conflicts and the agony, that forms the background of this play Jeremiah.

The play opens on the flat roof of Jeremiah's house in Jerusalem at dawn. Jeremiah staggers in, his robe torn open at the throat, panting as if he were being

strangled. He is in the grasp of one of his trances, of one of his visions. These terrifying and dreadful visions have been afflicting him of late. He seems to see the gates and the walls of the city crumbling; he has visions of a people being massacred, of blood and confusion and terror. He knows that these dreams are not purposeless; someone is trying to speak to him, someone is trying to reach him out of the dark. But he is confused and troubled; he wants a clear revelation, he wants a clear voice; and suddenly in the stillness of the night he hears a voice which seems to him to come as a response to his pathetic appeal, but it is only the voice of his mother, who appears to inquire the reason for this sudden change in the mood of her son. What seems to be perplexing Jeremiah? What is it that is driving him from the confines of men into these strange, terrifying moods of his?

And then Jeremiah, first haltingly and then more swiftly and rapidly, as if he were caught up in the grip of a tempest, tells his mother the vision that has been coming to him of late--the tramp of the mighty invading armies that are approaching from the north, the crash and the tumult of conquest, blood and terror and confusion; Jerusalem will be destroyed, the temple will be burned in flames. And his mother is terrified, and his mother is horrified; Jeremiah is uttering blasphemy; Jerusalem can never be destroyed because Jerusalem is the city of God, and the temple can never fall because the temple is the temple of the God; and

she begs of her son to let go of these false fancies of his, certainly to refrain from proclaiming them in public; and she tells him of the hope she has for him to become a great priest, to take on the mantle of his father; she had vowed him unto the Lord from his very birth. And Jeremiah seems to find in this revelation of his mother, that he had been dedicated unto the Lord from the very first, a confirmation; he has been called by the Lord; the dreams that have been coming unto him of late have been dreams coming unto him from the Lord.

And so he tells his mother that he must speak his revelation unto the people, and his mother, a true, loyal daughter of Israel, threatens him, threatens with a mother's curse, if he were to break the hearts of the people by pronouncing doom and destruction. But Jeremiah says to his mother, "I have no choice, I am but the lips of the Almighty. I can only speak that which the Lord has put into me; I am but the fountain which springs from deep, dark seas below; I am but the channel through which some eternal truth must seem to be pouring into the social consciousness of the people; I am a helpless vessel, a helpless tool, in the hands of an omnipotent power which grips me and holds me." And so Jeremiah leaves to proclaim his message of imminent doom and destruction to the people, and the scene closes amidst the broken sobs of a mother, who now realizes that her son is burdened with a double curse--her own curse and that, as it seems to her, of the Lord himself.

In this opening scene of the play the author adroitly touches upon one of the most characteristic phases of prophecy. The prophet does not know how God speaks to him, and yet because of the vividness, the sharpness, the intensity of the revelation which comes to him, he is convinced that God is speaking to him. The psychology of prophecy is very much like the psychology of genius--difficult to understand, difficult to explain. The prophet does not reason and think himself into his convictions any more than the great artist, any more than the great man of genius; his conviction seems rather to be an emanation of the soul, a sudden dramatic upthrust of a soul-yearning, suddenly. Suddenly a man becomes conscious--he knows not how--of a stirring within, a fermentation, an unfoldment, like the sap creeping up the tree, or like a youth coming into the stage of manhood. There is a real spiritual attack at a certain moment in his life which is so real, so overpowering, so strong, that it shocks him physically, and then he knows that something has awakened within him, and from that day on he becomes the slave of that revelation and of that impulse; he knows nothing else, he knows no one else; he would trample upon his own happiness and upon the happiness of those dear unto him; he will face the whole world and speak the Word even if the whole world commands him to be silent. He has been taken up by some dark, hidden omnipotent force; he is now the slave of a vision; he will now become a lonely and misunderstood man; he will now be a prophet. And that is

how Jeremiah became a prophet.

The drama now shifts from the house of Jeremiah to the great public square of the city. On the one side is the palace of the king; on the other side the temple. A great, motley crowd of men, women and children are moving to and fro, swayed by great excitement and great expectation. A delegation has come from the king of Egypt seeking an alliance with the Israelites against their common foe, the Babylonians. Here the playwright throws some marvelous light upon crowd psychology, upon the moods of the mob. There is the mob, a very real and living thing, swayed by excitement, chattering, gossiping, debating. "Do we want an alliance with Egypt? Do we want to fight Babylonia?"

The hot-bloods, the hot-spurs, the young men with the promise of victory before them, clamor for war; the military caste, the professional prophet, the religious cult, they clamor for war; war means their own exaltation; the husbandmen, the farmers, the old men, the cool heads ask for peace. But the mob is excited, the mob begins to clamor for war, and in the midst of this scene Jeremiah appears, his voice rising above the populace, insistent, strident, crying "Peace, peace at all costs! War is a ravenous, destroying beast! Have you raised your children for the slaughter? It is better to pay tribute ^{of gold} to the enemy than to pay tribute of blood to war. Peace at all costs!" "Nothing is holy; war is not holy, death is not holy, life alone is holy," cries Jeremiah.

And the people jeer him, and the people call him coward; and the people begin to move unto the palace clamoring for war, insisting that the King Zedekiah should at once declare an alliance with Egypt and go forth to fight the Babylonians; and the prophet Jeremiah, sensing the danger, places himself, his own body, between the advancing mob and the doors of the palace and begs and entreats and threatens and curses; but he is beaten down, the mob is triumphant, and alliance is effected, war has been declared!

And then the play moves on swiftly. The playwright makes of Jeremiah a pacifist, and the whole theme of the play seems to be pacifism, as exemplified and preached by Jeremiah. I believe that the writer here has violated the spirit of the prophet Jeremiah and of Hebrew prophecy. The Hebrew prophets were not pacifists; they hated war but not because war is always wrong. They visioned the day of universal peace, when men would beat their swords into plowshares; but not because they believed that war was always wrong. The prophets knew that sometimes an arm must be amputated to save the body, and that sometimes the body must be killed to save the soul, and that sometimes a million men must die to save an idea.

The genius of the Jew is not pacifistic; the genius of the Jew is activist. "Thou shalt not murder," reads the commandment, not "Thou shalt not kill." Sometimes war is holy, and sometimes death--the death of martyrs; sometimes death is beautifully holy.

The action of the play then moves on. A battle is in progress; rumors are floating in the air that the Egyptians have won, the Egyptians have defeated the Babylonians.

"Victory!" cries the mob. And then Jeremiah appears on the scene and again he is taunted and hooted: "Behold the prophet of evil! Behold his lying prophecies! We have won, we have triumphed! Jerusalem endureth forever!"

And Jeremiah himself begins to be persuaded that Israel is actually victorious, and instead of feeling ashamed that his prophecy has proved false, he, the true patriot and the true lover of his people, feels relieved; he feels a burden lifted from off his shoulder, and he himself begins to rejoice with the people. But the rumors of victory prove false; a messenger arrives announcing that the Egyptians have been crushed by the forces of Nebuchadnezzar; the enemies are approaching the city, and the call to arms is sounded.

And then Jeremiah begins to feel that perhaps his premonition was really true; he begins to dread the truth of his own vision, and he falls upon his knees and begs of God to prove him a liar, to prove his vision false and save the people.

The next scene is on the ramparts of the city; the city is besieged; two soldiers are discussing between themselves the war, and the playwright here throws into the dramatic arena the whole problem of war as it touches the soldier. Jeremiah appears on the scene again crying his doleful message of doom, and then the king Zedekiah appears

and he hears this cry and has Jeremiah brought to him; and for the first time king and prophet meet. Jeremiah faces Zedekiah even as Nathan faced David, even as Elijah faced Ahab, dauntless, fearless, armored with a mighty conviction. He called Zedekiah a coward for having yielded to popular clamor, and he calls upon him to save the city before it is too late. "Beg peace, sue for peace of Nebuchadnezzar and save the city!" Zedekiah says, "I seek Nebuchadnezzar, my foe?" Jeremiah said, "Send envoys, while there is yet time to save Jerusalem." "Why should I be the one to propose a parley?" "Blessed is he who first holds out his hand for peace," says Jeremiah. "Blessed is the king who spares the blood of his people."

"What if I were to offer my hand, only to find the offer rejected?"

"Blessed are they who are rejected for justice' sake, for they are men after God's heart."

"I tell thee that the very children would mock me, and the women would laugh at me in my shame."

"Better to be followed by the laughter of fools than by the tears of widows. Think not of thyself; but of the people, which God hath appointed thee to lead. Do God's will, though fools laugh. Thou hast raised thy head against Ashur. Humble thyself now before him."

"Humble myself?"

"Humble thyself, anointed of the Lord, for the sake of Jerusalem. Open the gates, open thy heart, thus only

canst thou save the city."

"With the sword will I save Jerusalem, at the hazard of my life, but not of my honor. Thou knowest not what thou askest."

"Of thee I demand the hardest of duties, as is befitting for the Lord's anointed. Offer up thy pride, the treasure of thy heart, for the sake of Jerusalem. Kneel before Nebuchadnezzar, even as I kneel before thee. Open the gates, and open thy heart. Abase thyself, King Zedekiah, for it is better thou shouldst be abased than that Israel should be laid low."

"Away with thee, away! I will humble myself before no man on earth."

Then Jeremiah springs impetuously to his feet. "Accurst, then, be the oil with which thou wast anointed. Zion has been entrusted to thy hands, and by thy hands is Zion destroyed. Mayst thou be forgotten by God's mercy, even as thou hast forgotten Jerusalem. A curse be upon thee, murderer of Zion.."

Zedekiah taunts him. "Flee to the enemy," he says, to Jeremiah, "you have my permission. My soldiers will let you through. Go, craven coward, and crawl before the Babylonians. I stay with my people; I am ready to die with them."

And the king leaves and Jeremiah feels that he has failed. Here was his chance to convince the king, to save the city and save the people; but now, perhaps because of his

own incompetence, because of his own impetuosity, his own weakness, he has failed, he is accursed by the Lord. None will heed him; the people at first, the leaders, and now the king, and he is crushed and broken.

But his via dolorosa--his path of sorrows, is not yet ended, and the next scene brings Jeremiah back to his mother's house. His mother is dying, and in her death throes she calls for her boy whom she had accursed--Jeremiah. Jeremiah comes--a humiliated and broken and crushed man, and his mother welcomes him as a mother would, and says unto him: "Jeremiah, now that men hate you, I will love you; now that men curse you, I will bless you." And Jeremiah feels sure that his faith, that his mother, that his whole lost world is being restored to him. He gains new faith and new courage.

But his mother has been led to think during her illness that nothing was wrong with Jerusalem, that it was not besieged, and so she asks of Jeremiah, "How are things? How is it with the city?" And Jeremiah is tortured with this question. Shall he tell his mother and break her heart? Shall he speak as God compels him to speak? Or shall he deny the living God that is throbbing within him, and, in order to save his mother the last agonies in her days, tell a falsehood.

And Jeremiah knows the depth of torture when he tries to tell his mother that all is well--Jerusalem endureth forever, the temple will not be destroyed! And he cannot,

for the words that come to his lips are not words of comfort and cheer, but words that come out of that dark, torturing conviction of his, and he cannot give his mother even a word of comfort. God will not let him.

The mob breaks in upon the scene. Jeremiah is hastened before a tribunal and is accused of treason and he is sentenced to be thrown into the pit.

The next scene, perhaps the most powerful in the play, is in the council chamber of the king. The siege is now in its eleventh month; provisions are running low. King Zedekiah is disturbed. He summons a council. Shall they sue for peace, or shall they not? The general, the militarists, the professional prophet, the high priests, oppose suing for peace; the steward, a man who is in charge of provisioning the city, and the old burgher, Imre, urge the king to sue for peace. And then the king announces that a messenger is come from Nebuchadnezzar offering terms of peace, and they are these: Nebuchadnezzar is ready to raise the siege; he is tired of the siege--on one condition: that as the gates are opened and he enters the city, King Zedekiah is to come to him on foot with his crown in his hands and a wooden yoke around his neck; he is to debase himself; he is to humble himself.

Zedekiah at first haughtily refuses; he is a proud man,--the king; he will not bend his neck to a yoke for any man. But then he is persuaded. Zedekiah consents to humiliate himself in order to save Jerusalem. But then the

second condition is presented, namely, the king is very inquisitive to know what is in that mysterious Holy of Holies of the Temple. He has heard so much of the invisible God who dwells among the cherubim in the temple that he wishes the privilege of entering it just once in order to see it.

And then the high priest rises in anger, and the professional prophet: "What desecration! Rather shall we perish, all of us!" And the king asks them to vote upon this proposal, and there is a division of opinion. The steward and the old burgher say, "Let us yield and save the lives of these men, women and children." The professional prophet and priest oppose it. And then it is left to Zedekiah. And Zedekiah, left alone, struggles with himself and with his pride and with his rising anger. Why should he permit himself and his people and his faith to be trampled under foot? He will not! And he decides not to accept the terms.

But even as he does that, alone in the dark, doubts beset him, fears beset him, visions of doom beset him, and he bethinks himself of Jeremiah--that voice that warned him eleven months ago--Peace! peace at all costs! that warned him on the ramparts at night, "Zedekiah, sue for peace and appease yourself."

And he stealthily orders one of his men to go and fetch Jeremiah from the pit and bring him before him. And there you have the last tremendous scene of the play--the

king and Jeremiah alone at night in the palace. Zedekiah asks of Jeremiah what he would do if such proposals are brought; and Jeremiah says at once, "Yield, yield at all costs!" Zedekiah says, "What! even let them desecrate the house of God!" Jeremiah says, "If God does not wish His house desecrated He will see to it. Yield! God does not dwell in tabernacles and God does not dwell in temples. Yield!"

And then Jeremiah learns that it is too late, that the messenger has already gone forth, and Zedekiah is merely trying to have him assuage his own soul and confirm him in his own decision. And then he turns, and in a wild wrath, in a wild, passionate outburst against Zedekiah, he curses him and curses his children, and says that Jerusalem will fall and the temple will be destroyed. "And before your very eyes, King Zedekiah, will your children be slain, one by one, and then your own eyes will be put out and you will be cast out, a broken, crushed, blinded, accurst figure--you, that betrayed your people!"

But Zedekiah faces this towering rage of the prophet and he is humbled before it, and as Jeremiah comes out of the trance Zedekiah walks to him and says, "What a power is entrusted to thee, Jeremiah. Thou hast broken the very strength of my limbs. The very marrow is frozen in my bones. Terrible are thy words, Jeremiah."

Jeremiah has awakened from his trance, and the fire in his eyes is quenched. "Poor are my words, Zedekiah. Weakness is all my strength. I know, but cannot act!"

Zedekiah: Why didnt thou not come to me sooner?

Jeremiah: I was ever at hand, but thou couldst not find me.

Zedekiah: Thou hast filled my heart with dread, yet I bear thee no grudge. There must be no quarrel betwixt us twain who stand in the shadow of death. Get thee back whence thou hast come. Thou shalt not lack food, for I will share my last crust with thee. Let none know of our converse, save God. (Jeremiah turns to go) Stay, Jeremiah. Must the fate be, which thou hast foretold? Jerusalem, my Jerusalem. Canst thou not avert it?

Jeremiah: Naught can I do to avert it. I can only prophesy. Woe upon the impotent.

Zedekiah: Jeremiah, I did not want war. I was forced to declare war, but I loved peace. And I love thee because of thy love for peace. Not with a light heart did I take up arms, but before I lived there was war under God's heaven, and there will be war after I am dead. I have suffered greatly, as thou canst testify when the time comes. Be thou near me when thy words are fulfilled.

Jeremiah: I will be near thee, Zedekiah, my brother.

Zedekiah: Jeremiah! Thou hast cursed me, Jeremiah. Bless me now, ere we part.

And Jeremiah, after a moment's hesitation, strides back and holds his hands over the king. "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee in all thy ways. May the light of his countenance shine upon thee, and may he give thee peace."

Zedekiah: (As in a dream) May he give us peace.

The crisis arrives; starvation is in the city; the people are beginning to grumble. They now begin to curse their leaders and their king. Now they begin to call for Jeremiah, now that the walls are beginning to crumble.

"Bring us Jeremiah! He told us the truth. He is our leader. He is Elijah. He is the prophet. Jeremiah!" And Jeremiah is hauled out from the pit and brought before the people, and the people clamor. "Jeremiah, show us a miracle. Save the city. Thou art great and powerful. Show us a miracle. The king has betrayed us."

And then Jeremiah turns against the people who are now facing him even as they once jeered and taunted him. "The king has betrayed you? You have betrayed yourselves. You are the guilty ones. You played with the sword and now you feel its edge. Show you a miracle? I can't work miracles, but even if I could I would not. If it is God's will that the city be destroyed and that you be exterminated, God's will be done, I submit."

And then the crowd shifts, as a crowd will, and seem to feel that Jeremiah is cursing them, and they rush upon him and beat him and drag him down even as the enemy enters the city.

The scene before the last is in the vast crypt in a hidden place outside the city, where the refugees are. Jeremiah is among them. And here the playwright brings in a marvelous note. Jeremiah's prophecy has been fulfilled.

His vision of doom has been proved true, and now Jeremiah, the patriot, Jeremiah, the lover of his people, that man with the milk of human kindness in him, asserts himself. He turns against God. He curses God. Why did not God prove his vision a lie? Why did God destroy the people? Why did he not show pity? Why is He so cruel?

And Jeremiah rebels. Jermmiah turns the great rebel and curses God. "I will return to the people," he says. "I will beg humbly their pardon. I will be with them. I will serve them. I will hate God who betrayed me and betrayed his own people." But in that very moment of rebellion a messenger arrives from the king Nebuchadnezzar summoning Jeremiah to appear before him in order to receive great reward for the true prophecy which he had prophesied concerning the destruction. The king Nebuchadnezzar wants him in order to restore him and to magnify him. And Jeremiah, the patriot, refuses, and even as he refuses his trance takes hold of him again, and the old fire comes back to the frame that had been tried and exhausted; and now there comes to him a vision of the doom of Babylon, of the destruction of this great empire that is now reveling and triumphant over the fall of Jerusalem, and now there come to his lips not the words of burning denunciation and hate, but sweet words of cheer and comfort and love. Now Jeremiah, the prophet of doom, becomes the prophet of comfort and cheer. A new day is coming unto the people of Israel. Zion rebuilt, Israel restored! Yet again do they come from the ends of the

earth and dwell each man under his vine and under his fig tree.

Jeremiah again is conquered by the Lord. Jeremiah again becomes a helpless agent of a vast prophecy, but now his prophecy is one of hope and faith and rebirth and restoration.

And the last scene of the great drama is in the public square. The exiles are preparing themselves for their sad pilgrimage to a distant land. The Chaldeans appear on the scene from the palace reveling, and in the midst of this brawling crowd is seen the figure of the blinded Zedekiah, who had been made sport of in the festivities of the Chaldeans. Upon the scene appears Jeremiah with his hosts of refugees, singing, singing; and he speaks unto the people who were about to leave their homes and their city. He speaks to them words of faith and cheer, and here the author has written some marvelous passages of pure lyricism which remind one of the classic phrases of the Bible.

And the Chaldeans stand astounded, and one of the captains says, "Verily, madness seems to have seized them. We are the victors, they the defeated and the disgraced. Why, then, do they not complain?" And another Chaldean says, "An invisible force must sustain them." And yet another says, "True, they believe in the invisible. That is the mystery of their faith." And the captain says, "How is it possible to see the invisible, or to believe in what cannot be seen? They must have secret arts, like those of our

astrologers and soothsayers. It would be well to learn their mysteries." And another Chaldean says, "These mysteries cannot be taught; the secret lies in faith. What sustains them, they say, is their faith in the invisible God."

And then one of the choruses of the wanderers sings:

"We wander adown the road of suffering,
Through our trials we are purified,
Everlastingly vanquished, and everlastingly overthrown,
For ever enslaved, for ever enfranchised,
Unceasingly broken and unceasingly renewed,
The mock and the sport of all nations on earth.
We wander through the eternities,
A remnant, a remnant, and yet numberless.
We march onward to God,
To God who is the beginning and the end,
To God who is our home."

One of the Chaldeans says, "See how they are walking to meet the sun. His light shines on their foreheads, and they themselves shine with the strength of the sun. Mighty must their God be." And the captain says, "Their God? Have we not broken down his altars? Have we not conquered him?" And the Chaldean says, "Who can conquer the invisible? Men we can slay, but the God who lives in them we cannot slay. A nation can be controlled by force; its spirit, never."

Had I the time--and I have not the time--I would dwell more at length, as I should wish to, on the inter-

pretation of some of the mighty passages of this great drama. I submit it to you that you read it; I submit it to you that you read Jeremiah of the Bible. This author was able to see in the character of Jeremiah an opportunity for a preachment that is pertinent and relative to our own day.

The prophets of Israel are not dead; their vision is not dead, their ideals are not dead; they must become potent and forceful and effective in our lives today, if our civilization is to be saved that catastrophe with which the kingdom of Judea was visited.

Jeremiah, his love for freedom, his love for peace, his love for truth; Jeremiah, who taught people how to worship God, in truth, in spirit and in will, not through sacrifices and not through formalism, and not through ceremonialism,--Jeremiah hoped for the day when men will be ruled not by law, not by ordinance, not by covenants written on tablets of stone, but by a covenant which will be engraved upon the tablets of the heart.

Jeremiah wished for the time when men will feel that nothing else in life counts--wealth, position, affluence, wisdom or knowledge--nothing is of value save only God and the quest of God and the truth of God and the love of God and the life in God.

Jeremiah, perhaps the greatest spiritual force in the world, is a living thing in our own day and in our own generation. "Let not the wise man pride himself upon his wisdom, and let not the strong man pride himself upon his

strength." Let not a nation pride itself upon its armies and its navies. Let not a people pride itself upon its scientific developments and inventions and towers and buildings.

If anyone must be proud, if anyone must boast, let him, let that man, that race, that people, that land, boast of this: "Seek ye and know ye" - meaning God.

That is Jeremiah.

--O--

