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BRAKEMAN

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A GREAT MAN FALLEN.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

METHODIST CHURCH, BATON ROUGE, LA.,

APRIL 23, 1865,

ON THE DEATH OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY

REV. N. L. BRAKEMAN, POST CHAPLAIN.

PREACHED AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

PRINTED AT THE NEW ORLEANS TIMES BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

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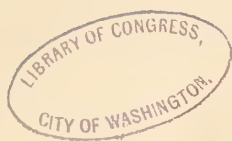
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NOTE TO THE READER.

The following discourse was prepared and preached without the remotest idea of its publication. Immediately upon its delivery, however, a number of friends, through Lieutenant Colonel Roy, (1st Indiana Heavy Artillery,) commanding Fort Williams, made verbal application for a manuscript copy, with a view to printing it. Subsequently, a formal application was made in writing, renewing the request. And to these earnest solicitations of influential friends, whose judgment and wishes could not be disregarded, and not to the vanity or presumption of its author, it owes its introduction to the public.

Had the discourse been originally composed with a view to publication, its arrangement and style would have been materially different; but both must now remain, the same in type as in extemporaneous address.

It was preached from copious "notes," not read from full manuscript, and, as nearly as may be, is here reproduced. Such resources of fact and illustration as were at hand (and they were meagre) were laid under tribute. Some citations of the President's own words were from memory, and there may be verbal inaccuracy, but the sentiment is correct. I have quoted them at considerable length, for they are doubly dear to us now that he is no more.

Praying that God may sanctify the great affliction to the nation's good, and make the sermon a blessing to those who heard and all who may read it, it is reluctantly submitted to the press.

N. L. B.

BATON ROUGE, LA., *May*, 1865.

S E R M O N .

Know ye not, that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? 2 Samuel iii, 38

This is the language of David to his servants and people, as he mourned with them for the son of Ner, who, like the man our nation mourns, had fallen by the hands of an assassin. In that instance, however, the murderer and his victim were equals in position and character. Abner was near kinsman to Saul, and Chief Captain of his hosts. Joab was Chief Commander of David's forces. These military chieftains, at the head of contending armies, had met "in the wilderness of Gibeon," and "there was a very sore battle that day," and Abner and Israel were beaten before the arms of David and fled. Joab pursued them, and, as Abner was sore pressed, he turned and slew with his own hands, Asahel, the brother of Joab.

Subsequently, Abner had a quarrel with one of Saul's sons, and deserting that king, fled to David, treated with him and became his ally, and, departing in peace, immediately set about persuading all Israel to follow his example. This had transpired while Joab was gone on an expedition against the Edomites and other enemies. When Joab returned, and learned of Abner's visit to David and league with him, and of his departure again, he professed to believe Abner a spy, and sent messengers for him, and taking him aside as if for private friendly counsel, assassinated him. We stop not to ask for Joab's motive in this deed ; whether it was revenge for his brother's death, sincere belief in Abner's treachery, or jealousy and envy of a powerful rival.

Abner was murdered and David mourned : dwelling, doubtless, upon his noble lineage, his high official position, his power and influence in the State, his valor and ability as a chieftain, and all his excellent qualities, he said to the people : " Know ye not, that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel ? " *

A prince and a great man has fallen in our American Israel. I shall not venture, on this occasion, any attempt at formal or popular encomium upon the late President. That task is left to orators and

* This introduction, for want of time, was omitted entire when the sermon was preached.

statesmen. He needs, however, the eulogy of none. His private virtues and public life are above all praise. His selection by the American people for the first office in their gift, at a time the most trying and inauspicious the country ever saw ; his election, once and again, to that highest trust ; his diligent, patriotic and arduous labors therein ; the great success that crowned his efforts, as also, the deep, sincere, universal and inexpressible grief felt and manifested at his untimely and tragical death, tell most eloquently, and beyond the power of man, to add or detract what he was, what he did, what the debt of gratitude the nation owes him, what its confidence in and affection for him, and what his name and memory must be in all time to come.

In what follows your attention will be called to some illustrations of greatness in the character of him we mourn ; and, in conclusion, to a few practical remarks befitting, we hope, the theme and the occasion.

I. His first claim to greatness is this : He belonged to a great country ; was a citizen of our royal republic, where all are princes, or at least, lords of the land, to the manor born.—A country great in its extent and resources, its progress and power, its men and its means, its army and navy, its ideas and institutions, its language, laws and government. He was, emphatically, “one of the people.” The son of a poor farmer, brought up in a log cabin, he lived for a quarter of a century by the labor of his hands. He never enjoyed but one year’s advantage even of the backwoods’ schools of his day, and never attended any other. He eagerly sought knowledge, however, borrowed the books he was too poor to buy, and made one of them (Ramsay’s *Life of Washington*) his own, we are told, by three days’ hard work in the corn field. Habitually diligent, he passed through a variety of avocations—farmer, Mississippi boatman, civil engineer, clerk, merchant, postmaster, captain in the army, lawyer, legislator, representative in Congress—faithful in all. This was no indication of instability, but each calling was a landmark, so to speak, in the road of progress towards the highest position and honor a nation could bestow. From 1858 his life is known to the world.

With less of learning, reputation, wealth and emolument than any other chief magistrate of the nation, he has been more truly a representative of the people than any of the fifteen who have preceded him. A great trial was at hand. The “irrepressible conflict”

of ideas, waged for half a century, had culminated, and was about breaking forth in civil war. The case of the Privileged Class vs. the People had been reached at last, and was to be tried in open court before the civilized world. How appropriate that the case should be put upon its true merits, and a man *of* the people appear *for* the people, with the understanding that all concerned should abide the results. There was not only poetic propriety in this, but, in the adaptation of means to the end, a higher purpose was served. Mr. Lincoln coming from the people knew the people—in his own person he had experienced their privations and wants, their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, aspirations and disappointments—and they knew him, and wisely chose him their champion. Thus, knowing each other, as parties who had had a common origin, life, education and experience, and having a common destiny at stake, they trusted each other and the result is before the world! During the four years, and more, consumed in reaching a decision of the case, never did he misunderstand or mislead the people, never did they distrust or fail him. And in this union and harmony between the People and their Advocate, is found the secret of their success—the source of that strength whereby and beneath which they have humbled in the dust the most gigantic power that ever arose to oppress the poor, and vindicated their right to and ability for “government of the people, *for* the people, by the people.”

His successor in the chair of State, learned the alphabet after he was ten years of age, and never attended school a day in his life. Surely that is a great country that takes beneath its ample protection the humblest, unlettered child in the land, instils into its mind the love of wisdom, virtue, truth, liberty; makes it a blessing to mankind, and leads it up to honor and fame, such as compels the homage and admiration of the world. And they are great men who rise from obscurity to such a position. Lincoln was, in many respects, the model American—a great man of a great country.

II. He was a great man because he was a good man. The good are always great. “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.” And what man, private or public, ever manifested more complete mastery over himself than did Abraham Lincoln?

Chieftain of the people during four of the most exciting, and eventful years of this or any nation—years of revolution, years of wild

passion, mad ambition, and angry debate ; when the fires of party strife were raging with incandescent glow ; years of rebellion and blood—who remembers an angry word from his tongue, or an acrimonious sentence from his pen ? “ If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man,” says inspiration. Was not he perfect then ? Of no other man could we more safely say : He never spoke a word we would have him recall, or wrote a line which, dying, he would wish to blot.

A man now prominent before the country, and who knew him from boyhood, in a speech in Cincinnati, on the very day of his assassination, said of him : “ I knew him at home, and elsewhere when he was a citizen, have known others who knew him well before and after he was President, but neither they nor I ever saw him angry, or heard him use a vulgar word, or do anything that would have been offensive to the most fastidious.” He brought not to the White House the culture of the college, or the fastidiousness of the court, but the homely virtues of a plain, honest man of the people—perfect simplicity of character, integrity of purpose and unaffected dignity. He brought to the discharge of his duties an incomparable temper ; never elated by success, never depressed by disaster, sometimes, perhaps, drawn aside from the path of stern duty by the tenderness of his nature, but never driven to undue severity by the lashes of acrimonious epithet, or the keener thrusts of sarcasm and ridicule ; though none suffered more in these respects than he. “ How much we owe, as a nation, to this equable, and kindly temperament we shall never know.”

He was eminently unselfish. His answer to those who came to congratulate him on his re-election was thoroughly generous, chivalrous and patriotic. He gloried in patriotism not in party ; he did not so much rejoice in the support of his constituents as in their allegiance to the constitution and the country. “ I do not” said he, “ wish to triumph over any man.” “ I have never willfully planted a thorn in any man’s bosom.” In the hour of defeat he said : “ I am responsible”—and in the hour of triumph : “ The glory is not mine.” He closed his second inaugural “ with malice towards none, with charity for all.” No bribe could swerve, no sophistry deceive or adulation blind, no threat intimidate, no danger delay him, no power precipitate him, no enemy surprise him. He was calm in the wildest storm, cheerful in calamity, firm where others faltered, hopeful when others despaired, wise in counsel, mature in judgment, deliberate in

action, steadfast and unyielding in his convictions of right, patient under the severest provocations, merciful to his foes, and greatest of all, *pure amid the corruptions of our Capital.*

Conservative with his constituents, conciliatory towards his opponents, he gave to both an example in his devotion to the Union, in the toleration and liberality of his principles, and the pureness and integrity of his motives and actions.

“The foundation upon which his character was built was his moral sense, coming out in absolute truthfulness. This gave him marvelous moral uprightness, kept him unseduced by the temptations of his profession, untainted by the corruptions of politics, and unblamable in public administrations. Every element of his being, even his passion and compassion, and every act of his life, was in most rigid submission to his moral sense and reason. The ruling, all-controlling characteristic of his mind was his accurate, massive, iron-armed reason. His mind acted with the precision of logic. His ideas came out naturally in syllogisms. His whole character was rounded out into remarkable practical common sense. Thus his moral sense, his reason, and his common sense were the three fixed points through which the perfect circle of his character was drawn, the sacred trinity of his great manhood.” *

But he was more than moral and virtuous—he was a Christian. Member of no denomination, he was a representative of American Christianity as of American democracy. Deeply religious sentiments abound in almost all his public speeches and documents. In his farewell speech at Springfield, when, as President elect, he was starting on his way to Washington, he said: “To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with me and aid me, I must fail. But if the same Omniscient mind and the same Almighty arm that directed and protected him, shall guide and support me, I shall not fail; I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all—permit me to ask that, with equal sincerity and faith, you all will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me.”

Two days afterwards, I heard him in the Capitol of Indiana, at the close of a brief speech, repeat, in tremulous tones, the same request, and never was I more deeply impressed with a man’s earnestness and

* Rev. C. H. Fowler—This quotation is added to the Sermon as preached.

sincerity. He always referred to his escape from intended assassination in Baltimore with devout thankfulness to God. Arrived at Washington he entered upon his duties in the same felt and acknowledged dependence upon the "Omniscient mind and Almighty arm." In his celebrated "Sabbath Order," he enjoined "the orderly observance of the Sabbath" upon both "the officers and men in the military and naval services." He said : "The importance to man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest ; the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors ; a becoming deference to the best sentiments of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, all demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled by the profanation of the day and the name of the Most High." Adopting the words of Washington, in 1776, he said : "At this time of public distress, men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality. The President hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest and most sacred rights and privileges of his country."

To one who said to him, in the beginning of the war, "I hope, Mr. Lincoln, the Lord will be on our side in this great contest," the President replied : "I am not concerned whether the Lord is on our side or not ; for I know he is always on the right side. But God is my witness, that it has been my constant anxiety and prayer that myself and this people should be on the Lord's side."

In his thanksgiving proclamation for 1863, he said, referring to victories in the field and blessings at home and abroad : "No human council hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things for us ; they are the gifts of the Most High God, who while dealing with us in judgment for our sins hath remembered mercy. And it has seemed to me fitting and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged by the whole American people."

It is stated that, on the day of the reception at Washington of Lee's capitulation, the Cabinet meeting was held an hour earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member was able, for the time, to give utterance to his feelings. At the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln, all dropped on their knees, and offered, in silence and in tears,

their humble and heartfelt acknowledgments to the Almighty for the triumph He had granted to the National cause.

And on the evening of April 12th, in the last public speech he ever made, while he would not attempt to restrain the abounding joy of the people, and which overflowed his own heart, for the capture of Richmond and Lee's army, yet, like a kind father, he gently directed the minds of the happy multitude up to the glorious Giver of "every good and perfect gift." "Yet, in the midst of it all," said he, "He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten."

But happily we are not left to inference upon a matter of so much interest and importance. He made a solemn and earnest dedication of himself to God, and has told us when and where. Conversing in the White House with a minister upon the subject of his own religious experience, the President said: "When I left my home in Illinois to take this chair of State, I requested my countrymen to pray for me; but I was not then a Christian. When I had formally entered upon my duties as President, and found the country really in danger, and myself sustaining a burden that none before me had borne, I felt more than ever the need of wisdom and strength from God; but I was not then a Christian. Here I lost my son—the severest trial of my life—I received it as a chastening from God's hand, but still did not devote myself wholly to Him. But when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes, who had fallen in defence of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ; and now *I do love Him*."

With this incident before us, how significant is the language of his brief speech at Gettysburg! "We are met upon a great battlefield of this war. We have come to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, which they who fought here have, thus far, so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;

that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a *new birth* of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

How significant, we repeat, in the light of his related Christian experience recorded above, is much of this language. The terms "dedicate," "consecrate," "hallow," "high resolve," "devote," "increased devotion," "last full measure of devotion," "new birth," are all to the Christian burdened with a meaning more than earth can give. How deeply his soul felt, and how clearly his mind saw the eternal fitness of those highest relations, and that most sacred of all consecrations ; with what chastened joy and tender confidence he gave its "last, full measure ;" with what new and hallowed emotions he mused, as he turned homeward, upon that "new birth of freedom" to his soul, that brought him into the liberty of God's dear children, we shall never know, but some can imagine.

We have seen his Christian *experience* ; we give an incident of his Christian *life*. Some months after his visit to Gettysburg, Dr. Adams, of Philadelphia, "having an appointment to meet the President at an early hour, went fifteen or twenty minutes before the time. While waiting for the hour, he heard a voice in the next room, as if in grave conversation, and asked the servant : "Who is talking in the next room ?" "It is the President, sir." "Is anybody with him ?" "No, sir ; he is reading the Bible." "Is that his habit so early in the morning ?" "Yes, sir ; every morning he spends the first hour after rising in reading the Scriptures and praying." Here was evidence of true Christian life ; daily communion with God, and study of his Holy Word."

One other illustration, looking more to his habitual state of mind than to his conversion or private Christian life. In his second inaugural, he says : "The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Wo unto the world because of offences ! For it must needs be that offences come ; but wo to that man by whom the offence cometh !' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of the offences which in the providence of God must needs come ; but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the wo due to those by whom the offence come ; we discern therein no departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we

pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue, until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk ; and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword—as was said three thousand years ago—still it must be said : ‘The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’”

These words and sentiments fall gratefully upon the ear and heart of every true patriot and Christian, and therein the nation seems to be listening again to the devout, solemn, paternal admonitions of the “Father of his Country”

Such are some of the evidences that our lamented Chief Magistrate was, in the highest sense, a *good man*. And this chapter in the history of his greatness, will gather interest with passing time, and be studied with increasing profit and delight from generation to generation. And when in after years, our own and the nations of the earth have learned properly to appreciate him, (for now they do not, they cannot,) then, and for all time, shall this attribute of his character appear in its true light—the brightest gem in the crown of glory, as it shall be the fullest measure of his reward in eternity.

III. A man of the people, an honest politician, a Christian patriot and statesman, see *the work he wrought*. We have said the time was inauspicious in which he came to the chair of state. It was a time when, to use his own language, “all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war ; but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive ; and the other would *accept* war rather than let the nation perish. And the war came.”

And the first great question meeting President and people was : *Shall we attempt to maintain the Union by force?* It was decided in the affirmative. Wisely did our leader determine, that the Republic *founded* by war should not be abandoned without an effort to *defend and save* it by war. And here we pause a moment to scan, so far as we may, principles and motives.

The President in his first inaugural used these words : “In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the

momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government ; while I have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.' "

And with what tender affection, what beauty and sublimity did he close that address : "I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

But against this warning and tender appeal ; against interest, reason and religion, the terrible issue was taken.

And we hesitate not to say that, upon the part of the insurgents—we mean the few, the leaders, who must forever bear the responsibility of the unequaled crime—the war was founded in falsehood, arrogance, aggression and tyranny ; it was assumed without cause, without law or authority, but against these ; has been carried on without principle, and attended by consequences the most appalling. It was no more nor less than a high-handed attempt upon the integrity and life of a nation for the gratification and advantage of a few. We have no *heart to dwell* upon the *ruin* their madness has wrought.

The acceptance of war by President and people was purely an act of self-defence—involving life, to be sure, and to a fearful extent, but for the preservation of principles for which life had been gladly given in every land where Freedom had sought rest for her weary feet ; the same principles for which Brutus perished in Rome, Tell in Switzerland, Bruce in Scotland, Sydney in England, Emmett in Ireland, and for which Washington and the heroes of the Revolution fought. Not for empire, or conquest, or subjugation ; not for wealth, or power, or pride ; not to slake animosities and wreak unholy revenge ; not to crush man and despoil him of his rights ; not to take away from the common people a share in their own government ; not to bind heavy burdens upon the backs of the poor for the advantage of the rich ; not to seal up the fountains of education, and pervert the promises and prophecies of God's Holy Word ; not to break down the safeguards of society and destroy the supremacy of law—for none of these was accepted by our fallen Chieftain.

Men there doubtless have been among us, who were moved by

wrong motives and for base purposes ; but whatever unholy passions may have burned in the bosom of others, they found no place in that generous heart, now stilled forever. And here I will digress to say, that to all of us, even those whose hearts and homes are darkest and most desolate, it is a consolation to reflect, in our loneliness and grief, that we have not left our homes, nor offered ourselves or our kindred, nor given our means, nor inflicted the evils of war upon others for the sake of hurting any human being, or demolishing one single right, personal, political, social, civil or religious, that justly belongs to any one. Our hearts have bled, and if, in return, we have made others bleed, it was only the doom they madly challenged.

Shall the man who sets upon you, intent upon your life, marvel or complain if you deal him a blow that carries with it wounds or even death ?

The first decision of the President saved the nation's life. A good beginning, surely.

The second great act we shall notice was like unto the first—it secured future *health* to the life he had saved. Suppression of the slave trade in this country, and the abolishing of slavery from the District of Columbia, were “signs of the times,” foreshadowing that great coming event—the edict of Freedom. How to eradicate slavery from our government had been a problem of gravest import at every period of our history ; it had employed the best wisdom and ability of the nation. The immortal Clay said concerning it : “If I could be instrumental in eradicating this deepest stain from the character of our country, I would not exchange the proud satisfaction for the honor of all the triumphs ever decreed to the most successful conqueror !” But what Clay in vain aspired to do ; that which baffled the wisdom and skill of a Washington and a Webster ; that which the combined skill of all the statesmen the country ever produced could not do, Abraham Lincoln has done ! A race is free and a nation at *last* “redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled.” And so of other and the rest of his public acts, had we time to dwell upon them ; but we must pass.

And yet we are told he was not a statesman. Tried by a formal, exacting, diplomatic standard, perhaps he was not. But within the constitution, laws and political circumstances of the nation, he was a statesman. He distinctly apprehended the fundamental principles of the government at the head of which he was placed, and enunciated them, when occasion required, with a breadth and clearness which

gave them fresh validity. He kept his main object—the preservation of the Union and the Constitution—distinctly in view, and steadily directed all his efforts to it. If he suffered himself to be guided by events, it was not because he lost sight of principles, much less because he was drifting, aimless ; but because he deliberately recognized in events the manifestation of moral forces which he was bound to consider, and the behests of Providence which he was bound to obey. He neither floated at random between the different sections of his party, nor did he abandon himself to the impulse of any one of them, (whether it were that of the extreme Abolitionists or that of the mere politician,) but he treated them all as elements of the Union party, which it was his task to hold together and conduct, as a combined army, to victory.

It is almost an insult to his memory to stop and answer the charge of tyranny against the late President. It was eminently fitting that a vile assassin, brandishing his bloody knife, should repeat the motto of Virginia (just free from a tyrant's grasp) and apply it to his murdered victim. The man who could commit so foul a crime could prefer so false a charge ! *He was the very man to do it.* But no one who knew the President, or could appreciate his position, or the times and circumstances in which he moved, or had any regard for honesty and truth, would or could entertain such a charge for a moment. Never was a man more deeply imbued with reverence for liberty and law, or more sincerely desirous of identifying his name with the preservation of our free institutions, than was Abraham Lincoln. He sanctioned, though he did not originate, the military arrests ; but he did so knowing that the power to do it was given him by the constitution, and that the circumstances had arisen in which it was necessary to exercise it for the salvation of the State. His justification of these acts is scrupulously and anxiously constitutional. To the remonstrants who told him that the safeguards of habeas corpus and trial by jury, “were secured substantially to the English people after years of protracted civil war, and were adopted into our constitution at the close of the Revolution ;” he replied : “Would not the demonstration be better if it could have been truly said, that these safeguards had been adopted and applied *during* the civil wars, and *during* the Revolution, instead of *after* the one and at the *close* of the other ? I, too, am devotedly for them, after civil war, and before civil war, and at all times, ‘except when in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require their suspension.’” This last sentence is quoted

from the Constitution, and makes provision for all the President did by martial law.

So much for the false accusation of "flagrant and inexcusable usurpation." Charged with invading the rights of the people, no man was ever more jealous for them, more zealously defended, or more successfully, or in so high a degree developed and secured them. Charged with tyranny and disregard of the Constitution, no man has so broken the chains of oppression, the arms of treason, or so inspired and strengthened the hopes and confidence of the Republic. And henceforth the name of Abraham Lincoln, like the flag beneath which he fell, and whose sacred folds enshrouded him in death, shall be a terror to all tyrants, while ocean rolls or there glitters a star in the heavens above !

IV: Another indication of his greatness is seen in his *remarkable power over the people*, and his use of that power *for* the people.

Man's power and glory, originally, is seen in that he was made head over all beneath the sun. There remains but one higher manifestation of earth by dignity and honor for him, and that is, power over his kind. This is the climax of human greatness. It is given to but few men to enjoy. It was given to Alexander and Bonaparte, to Wellington and Washington. Kings and military chieftains may inherit greatness, or seize it by fraud and violence. It is a very different thing to gain it in a republic, and by the will of the people. Even there intrigue, policy and bribery may outstrip merit in the race. But to gain such distinction honorably, meritoriously, and to rise thus from the most common obscurity, this indeed, and at once, bespeaks man's power, and constitutes his highest earthly glory and destiny.

Such was the path and goal of Lincoln's career. His popularity with the people during the first presidential campaign was unbounded; his re-election almost unanimous, the third Chief Magistrate of the nation who ever received that honor. He held discordant parties in his power, and by the magic of his influence moulded them into one. His war and emancipation policies (and especially the latter) at first found many opponents among his best friends. I remember an officer of influence, who, when asked to subscribe resolutions sustaining the President's policy, tore them into pieces in a rage, and bitterly denounced him instead. But he afterwards repented, in sackcloth and ashes, became his admirer, voted for his re-election, and is to-day one of his sincerest mourners. And thus was it with multiplied thousands

everywhere. This great man, as by a charm, "turned the hearts of the people as the rivers of water are turned." His name, breathed in universal prayer, became the watchword of the nation, the battle-cry of its army and navy; his likeness, a cherished household treasure in the homes of the million, and his policy the talisman of the Republic. The eyes of the world were upon him, and the nations gazed in astonishment at his career and his train!

And yet this man, the foremost of the age, who had the hearts of the people, and wielded this mighty influence over them, used it all to help the people help themselves. "Of the people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said, 'The gates of hell cannot prevail against them.' In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, and, doubtless, I shall be placed in many such, my reliance will be placed upon you and the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and for ever, that it is your business and not mine; that if the union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me. I desire they should be constitutionally performed. I, as already intimated, am but an accidental instrument, temporary, and to serve but for a limited time, and I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that with you, and not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you, is the question, shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations?"—*Lincoln's speech at Indianapolis, February, 1861.*

If not a providential design, it was certainly a practical result of his administration, to more fully demonstrate the principle of self-government. It was, emphatically, the administration of the people, by the people. The people, as never before, have governed themselves—they have spoken and it has been done, they have commanded and it has stood fast. When the President seemed hesitating, undecided, he was only awaiting the will of the people. No other chief magistrate ever so threw the people upon their own judgment and resources. And when he did so, and the people, in the midst of rebellion, were left to themselves, our enemies (monarchy in the Old World and aristocracy in the New) shouted for joy, and said: "The bubble is broken; *government by mechanics and laborers is*

at an end; the days of the great American Republic are numbered, its glory departed, and their vaunted Temple of Liberty, that stood in the calm, will be blown to ruins in the storm, burying beneath its rubbish all who cling to its fortunes." But how have the people—the Republic—belied their prophecies and their hopes. The man who, through four terrible years, had led the people, was, when the storm was loudest, calmly, triumphantly returned to his important position for another term, and the people, looking to their leader but trusting in God, moved on, confident of success, exclaiming :

" O, country ! marvel of the earth !
 O, realm, to sudden greatness grown !
 The age that gloried in thy birth—
 Shall it behold thee overthrown ?
 Shall traitors lay thy greatness low ?
 No ; land of hope and blessing, No ! ! "

" But the people are strong in the might of this one man ; let their chieftain fall, let their Moses be taken from them, and ruin, inevitable, speedy, fearful, will follow, and they will die in the wilderness of war." Well, we shall see.

The awful trial came. Their chieftain fell. Not in battle, not by accident, not by disease, but *by the hand of an assassin* he is brutally murdered ! But when the enemy expected confusion, anarchy and every evil work, lo ! the people are calm and self-possessed, united and strong, and another of their number, a *mechanic*, too, one who never attended any school for a single day, immediately steps forward at their bidding, takes the reins of government from the hand relaxed in death, and all moves on steadily, harmoniously and successfully as before—our securities are firm, our armies victorious, and our laws, institutions and government stand like mountains which cannot be moved ! Labor, as never before, is dignified and made honorable. Lincoln the farmer, and Johnson the mechanic, have forever redeemed and glorified the common people, and government by laborers and artisans is fully and triumphantly vindicated before the nations of the earth. And our Johnson, we believe, shall lead us triumphantly to the *Promised Land of Peace* ! But to return. And now that this man of power has been taken from the people ; now that we have passed every fiery test ; now that the enemy has done his worst ; now that the storm has spent its rage, that morning breaks, and light appears, how, let me ask, stands our Liberty's grand fane ? Firm and unshaken :

“ Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
 Spreads from the vale and midway leaves the storm ;
 Though along its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Glorious temple ! founded in wisdom, defended by valor, consecrated by years, cemented by the purest and best of patriot blood ; renowned, sublime, hallowed ; a blessing and forever blest ; may it stand, aye, it SHALL stand, with the fame of our martyred President, immortal and unimpaired, when the last traitor and tyrant shall have perished before the march of Freedom—

“ Like a worm upon destruction’s path ! ”

V. But we check these thoughts and ask : Is it so ? Is the President dead ? Has this prince and great man in our Israel fallen ? Is this great leader of the people no more ? We can only say alas ! alas !! The nation *is* bereaved and the people mourn. We labor in vain to fully realize the mournful fact, or comprehend the magnitude of our loss. And yet, we realize enough, feel enough to bewilder the mind and render words a mockery. No tongue or pen will ever give, to foreign nations or posterity, a faithful portrait of the national emotion. Men wander purposeless, or sit dumb with amazement and grief. “ The costliest blood is shed ; the clearest eye is dimmed ; the strongest arm is nerveless ; the Chief Magistrate is no more ! The mighty man cries bitterly ; the day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess and a day of clouds and thick darkness.” All classes are clothed in sackcloth. The exile from tyranny and oppression in distant lands ; the homeless wanderers of the South seeking refuge from conscription, cruelty and want ; the poor among us, who, left without employment or bread, are fed by his bounty ; the freedmen who heard the words of the *Emancipator* and awoke to a new life ; the toiling millions, by field and flood, who loved him as a brother ; the soldier and marine, the sailor and civilian, the mechanic, the merchant and the lawyer ; all true friends of America and of liberty every where ; all are afflicted and mourn—deeply, sincerely mourn.

We have had other griefs ; our loved ones have died or fallen in battle, and we have felt their loss. Our comrades in arms and our commanders in the field, whom we loved and obeyed, we have seen cut down at a stroke, and with sad hearts we laid them coffinless to

their last rest. But our great captain survived, and while we heard his manly voice amid and above the war of elements, and knew that his strong and practiced hand was on the helm, piloting us through storm and night to a port of peace, we toiled and suffered on, and said all was well.

But suddenly, violently, O, how shamefully he has been stricken down, and we feel that never before have we known bereavement or sorrow. The voice of lamentation and wo, and bitter weeping as never before, is heard everywhere throughout the land. Millions of hearts are sincerely exclaiming: "*Would God I had died for thee!*" It added greatly to the pain of David's grief for Abner to remember how he died: "Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put in fetters"—thou was not overcome by one stronger than thou—thou didst not fall in equal combat or by thine equal—"as a man falleth before wicked men, so fallest thou." In the hour of danger, or just as the ship of State was past the peril, "one of its passengers stole to the pilot's back, (to whom the nation owed its life) and murdered him in cold blood. Family, city, army, navy, nation, all smitten by one terrible blow. God of heaven! what a calamity, what a crime!

The man who, to escape assassination four years ago, was obliged to enter Washington disguised, now leaves the city in his coffin, a victim, at last, to the fell conspiracy!

How deep, dark, painful the dispensation! And yet we must believe it was needed, and submit without question or complaint. Perhaps, too much, we were glorying in our guide—putting in mortal man the confidence belonging alone to God. He may have been thus taken that the lessons of his life and God's word might be more deeply impressed upon the nation's heart. We may have needed the revelation it has given of the true character and that diabolical spirit that sought the nation's life. Perhaps he would have been too lenient with that spirit, and was removed that justice might be dealt with a sterner hand. We may have needed this unprecedented trial to teach us, as a nation, and others also, how much we could bear and yet survive. We had felt one common thrill when first the tocsin of war was sounded; we had felt bound by a common sympathy in the hour of despondency and gloom; we had witnessed the triumph of patriotism over party at his re-election, and felt that we were strong; a mighty triumph, twice told, had just awakened and united the nation in a common joy; did we need another tie to bind us in yet closer union? We find it in this great overwhelming

national grief—never have we known a sympathy so unanimous, so powerful. Perhaps we were not sufficiently chastened and humbled as a people, and our sins required yet this rod of correction. But we will not question. “He doeth all things well.” We yield submission and only look up to God through our tears, and say: “Thy will be done!”

“ And if in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal’s heated bars
Our feet are scared with crimson scars;
Thy will be done.

“ If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power;
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty’s eternal gain;
Thy will be done.”

And while we thus submit, there is much to relieve the poignancy of our pain. Let us not, in our grief, forget to be grateful that God gave us such a man, and that he has spared him to us so long; spared him till the fierce storm had spent its fury, and his own eyes saw the bow of promise span the sky, a pledge that storm should cease; till the long dark night of war had worn away to the dawn of the day of peace; spared him till he saw the proud Palmetto State, the first to cast off her allegiance to the government, humbled beneath the power she had madly spurned, and the citadel of secession in desolation and ruins; till his own feet stood triumphantly in the last stronghold of the enemy, and pressed the soil of the Old Dominion finally and forever free; till he saw the insurgent chieftain and his great army captives, and the arch-traitor himself a fugitive from justice; spared him to behold the day that saw the identical flag, which was the first to be humbled at the behests of treason, floating in triumph again over Sumter’s shattered walls; till the old flag waved victorious over some part of every revolted State; spared him till his heart, weary with long toiling and waiting, might inly have said with one of old: “Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!”

I do not say it is so; but, if his death be the last cowardly effort of rebellion, let traitors know that his fall has given their hopes a more fatal blow than they could have in any other nanner received. And this may be God’s severe judgment upon them. Falling as he

has, in his grave he will lead more men to victory—certain, speedy, decisive victory—than ever he could have done while living, or than can any chieftain we have left. He dies Samson-like, crushing his enemies in his fall ! Nor will his death be lost upon us.

The oak that breaks beneath the blast,
Or falls before the woodman's strokes ;
Spreads, by its fall, the ripened mast
That holds in germ a thousand oaks.

“ And in his fall, his death hath strown
More than his fallen life survives ;
For o'er the Nation it has sown
Seeds for a thousand noble lives.”

From the death of Pompey we date the extinction of the Roman Republic ; from that time the Senate lost its power, the commonwealth its liberty, and the people were never without a master. But the death of Lincoln marks a new, a more glorious era in the stability, power, purity and promise of American liberty.

Thus does Divinity shape our ends ; thus make the wrath of man to praise Him ; thus smile from behind “a frowning providence ; thus from the bitter bud brings forth the fragrant flower ; from mystery, deep and dark, bring to light His wise designs and make all things seive the good.

And thus, again, it is true that—

“ They never fall who die in a good cause.
The block may soak their gore—their heads
May sodden in the sun—their limbs
Be strung on castle walls and city gates ;

“ And though, in after years
Others may share as dark a doom ;
They but serve to augment the deep
And swelling thoughts that overpower
All others, and lead the world at last to
Freedom.”

Our departed President justly deserves every tribute we or posterity can pay him. The most popular Chief Magistrate of the Nation, he gloried in being an American citizen, and now America glories in claiming such a man. Possessed of high moral courage, he was generous, benevolent, humane. Highest in position, he never forgot the rock whence he was hewn, and the humblest had audience

with him. Alike at home in the log hut or the White House, the Sabbath School or the Cabinet, in polite affectionate attentions to a poor child, or well-merited official hauteur to foreign nations. His private and public life were consistent. Such were his virtues as a citizen and his ability as a magistrate, that it is difficult to say, whether as a man or a President, he is most lamented.

We hesitate not to place him beside the Father of his Country, and claim for him equal dignity, honor and glory. Like him he was returned to the Chair of State for a second term. Washington was the founder of a republic, Lincoln the emancipator of a race. Washington who redeemed us from tyrants abroad, Lincoln who delivered us from traitors at home. Washington who gave us civil liberty, Lincoln who preserved the Union. Washington the Father of his Country, Lincoln the Savior of the Nation. Washington liberated us, Jackson defended us, but Lincoln *died* for us. And we hail in him, at once, the hero, the patriot, and the martyr. With such a record, the future historian will dwell with delight upon his administration and his memory, finding little to censure and much to commend. The future will do him justice—we cannot. But in making a present estimate of the man we should consider well the times in which he lived—"times of portent and prodigy, enough to perplex the good, confound the wise, and daunt the brave"—times "when experience was an infant and calculation a contingency." And yet he was equal to the emergency—was eminently the man for the times. Many before him have done excellently, but he has excelled them all. If the departed know what transpires on earth, how must the heroes of the past, "spirits of the mighty dead," have rejoiced in the labor of his hands. And with what reverence and glad acclaim did they receive to their shades, where no jealousy or envy reigns, the spirit of one who in honor and labor was more abundant than they all.

His labor done, he sleeps "by all his country's wishes blest." And while patriotism shall boast its Patrick Henry, and science and philosophy shall revere the memory of Franklin; while "glory shall rekindle at the urn of Washington," and valor cherish the name of Jackson, and while statesmanship shall learn lessons at the tombs of Clay and of Webster, the American mind will instinctively, and with pride and satisfaction, turn to ABRAHAM LINCOLN as the true genius of her government and free institutions. "He incarnated the ideal Republic, and was the living personification of the divine idea of free government."

With sympathy and condolence for his stricken family, with prayer and hope for our bereaved and sorrowing country ; with confidence in and a hearty support of his successor in office ; and with his own words sounding in our ears, let us arise and gird us for the remainder of our task. Hear, then, and let the nation hear, coming up from the place of his silent rest—for I am sure if he could speak from the grave he would repeat—these words :

“ With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God shall give us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in ; to bind up the nation’s wounds ; to care for him, who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan ; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

I close this part of the discourse with the following epitaph, furnished me by another :

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GOD’S NOBLEST WORK—AN HONEST MAN !

THE BRAVE. THE WISE, THE GOOD.

Ambitious without vanity.

Discreet without fear.

Confident without rashness.

In disaster calm, in success moderate, in all things upright and true.

The Hero ! the Patriot ! the Statesman !

The guiding star of the people ! The friend of the oppressed !

The deliverer of the bondsmen.

A victim to slavery,

A martyr in the cause of Human Liberty

He died that his country might be free.

A grateful nation will honor his name, perpetuate his principles, and

Remember his virtues.

What are the lessons of this great calamity ?

The first is one of warning and instruction to young men. Upon the young men of to-day will depend the success or failure of all the great social, civil and moral interests of the next generation. This vast responsibility is theirs by a solemn destiny as inevitable as fate. Heirs apparent, they succeed to the thrones and estates of the future. Governed and learning now, they must teach and govern the race then. The press, the bar, and the pulpit ; science, commerce, art, literature and religion will all be in their possession. They are to wield the mighty power, and fill the high places of honor and trust, and meet all the exigencies of the coming age. And among them,

too, (alas ! that we must say it,) are the predestined successors of all who now wield an *immoral* influence, and fill positions of dishonor, shame and infamy. I repeat, if the perjured villains, the nameless assassins and murderers, the base and brutal leaders of their kind, and all the guilty horde of loathesome, terrible, demented and demonized humanity of to-day are to *have* successors, the young men of to-day must fill their places ! Solemn thought ! And yet the awful idea that should appal every heart falls powerless and inefficient because of its hackneyed truism. We cannot stop here to enforce it. Time flies, and rapid years make haste to bear you on, and unseen hands busily prepare for your coronation in virtue or vice, in honor or infamy. Your destiny depends mainly upon your own decision. Man is the maker of immortal fate, and do you hesitate in your choice of crowns ?

These words will be soon forgotten. But never can you forget the names and characters representing these two classes and destinies ; the murderer and his victim—the eternally infamous actor, the honored and immortal President. An impassable gulf divides them. Characters cannot stand in greater contrast. You know their early history, associations, principles, habits, character, life and end—*which will you follow ?*

2. It seems to me eminently proper on this occasion to press the claims of Christianity upon those occupying high positions in social, civil and military life. I have given at considerable length the pious sentiments of the late President. I will add a few words from Washington : “ Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connection with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are instruments of investigation in our courts of justice ? And let us, with caution, indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education upon minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.”

Thus we have the testimony of the two greatest men that ever lived—made so by their principles—to the influence and importance of religion. They tell us that the best citizen, the best soldier, the best man, and the best magistrate, is the true Christian. That though there are great and good men in all these relations who are not Christians, true religion would make them greater and better ; that vice and immorality endanger the safety of the nation ; that morality and religion are its firmest pillars, its indispensable supports ; that he is the highest patriot who most heartily labors to infuse moral health into society and state ; while he who should labor to subvert religion would thereby sacrifice all claim to patriotism. And He whose throne is established in the heavens, and whose kingdom ruleth over all—who ordained civil government and threw around it the safeguards of the Decalogue and the New Testament—has said that “righteousness exalteth a nation ;” that “sin is a reproach to any people ;” that “Godliness is profitable unto all things ;” that “the nation that doeth wickedly,” He will “utterly destroy.”

Who, then, can look indifferently upon the remarkable prevalence of Sabbath desecration, profanity, intemperance, licentiousness, fraud, violence and official corruption ? “For these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.” For these things empires decay and nations die. Let us be careful, then, how by word or act we encourage or countenance them. Vice is a monster wherever found. Personally it ruins health, wastes fortune, blasts reputation, poisons domestic bliss, sacrifices life, and destroys the soul forever. From the individual, its deadly infection spreads through family, society, state, army and nation, ripening all for the retribution of offended heaven !

In all these relations religion is first *pure*—giving life, health and vigor—then peaceable and full of good fruits. Always and everywhere it enjoins upon each and all whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, virtuous or praiseworthy. It secures to each personal interests high as heaven, vast as the universe, and lasting as eternity. It is good for the individual, it exalts the nation. It has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Well may we say, “a volume could not trace all its connection with private and public felicity.” And from beneath the shadow of this great grief, where all hearts feel the overpowering impress of solemnity and tenderness, I make my most earnest and urgent appeal to heads of families, to teachers and guardians of

American youth, to leaders in society, to commanders in the army and navy, to the judges and rulers of our land—in behalf of religion! Hear and heed its claims. They are transcendently, infinitely important. “The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them.” You love your country and Government, love God who gave them. You love and cherish thoughts of happiness and heaven, lead, then, the life which secures them to you for ever. You mourn and love him who has died for the republic, will you not love Him who has died for the world? You have responded to the call of patriotism, will you not yield to the claims of heaven? It was when, on a great battle-field of the war, Mr. Lincoln saw how others had given themselves to Liberty, that he consecrated himself to Religion. You would gladly die for your country, will you not live for God?

While you cherish the names and memories of Washington and Lincoln, remember their example and heed their solemn admonitions and instructions. Their words are but the combined utterances of philosophy and experience, of reason and revelation. Time has proved them true, and they gather importance and emphasis with growing years. I have thought, if our lamented President could have been conscious in his final hour, and permitted a last message to the nation he had loved and served so well, and was leaving in such deep grief and forever, in the language of God’s prophet of old (and to whom he has been aptly compared,) he would have said: “Behold, I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me; keep, therefore, and do them, for this is your wisdom, your understanding and your life in the sight of the nations which shall hear all these statutes and say: Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. Only take heed that thou forget not these things; but teach them to thy sons and to thy sons’ sons, that it may be well with thee and thy children after thee in the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee forever.”

And if Washington and Lincoln could be heard again; if their voices, which once had audience from the civilized world, but are hushed in death, could now break the silence of the tomb and speak to our nation in its tears, what could they more than repeat their solemn admonitions and say: “Only take heed lest thou forget these things, but teach them to thy children and thy children’s children, that it may be well with thee and with them forever!” God help us all to

remember our personal responsibility ! That each one, however humble, is a part of the great nation, a part of the government ; that as are the parts, so will be the whole. As is the character of the masses—their intelligence, patriotism and morality—so will be the character of the nation ; that as is the “sense of religious obligation,” so will be the “security” for property, for reputation for life ; that as is the morality of the nation, so will be its perpetuity, power and glory ; and that “reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can be maintained in exclusion of religious principles.”

3. But, finally—for I have already detained you too long—we learn again, and how impressively, the uncertainty of human life and the instability of all earthly good. All know these things, but are prone to forget and need to be reminded of them. And what a remembrance is this ! In the strength of his manhood, when success and honor most gloriously crowned him, when his life was most a blessing and most blest, in the hour of relaxation and pleasure, surrounded by friends, the mightiest man is smitten down without a moment’s warning. With what solemn force does it bring home to our hearts the sacred admonitions : “Prepare to meet thy God !” “Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live !” “In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man shall come, therefore be ye also ready !” “This night thy soul shall be required of thee !” “All flesh is as grass, and the glory thereof as the flower of the field !” “We all do fade as a leaf !” “Life, as a vapor, appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

By what a feeble tenure we hold this feverish and troubled existence ! And while it continues, how uncertain is all we proudly call our own ! Youth, beauty, health, riches, power, friends we love, happiness, hope, and life itself, all may vanish in a moment, and leave but darkness, despair and death. How has this been verified to the nation in the last four years, and specially in this last and greatest affliction. How have time, and bereavement, and misfortune, with silent footsteps, been treading the wasting hearts of mourning millions. Let us not misinterpret these chastenings of our Father’s hand, or fail to learn the lessons of the hour. Do you ask again, why is it thus ? A voice in sovereign majesty replies : “Be still and know that I am God.” “When my judgments are abroad in the land, the people will learn righteousness.” It is in love, then, and for our good. “He afflicts not willingly,” and in mercy.

“ Each pain, each ill of mortal birth,
 Is sent in pitying love ;
 To turn our thoughts away from earth,
 And speed their flight above.

“ And every pang that wrings the breast,
 And every joy that dies,
 Tells us to seek a purer rest
 And trust to holier ties.”

Let us, in our grief, betake us to the mercy seat—“here bring our wounded hearts, here tell our anguish—and learn that earth has no sorrow heaven cannot heal.” A prominent man who was once present when Mr. Lincoln received the news of a great military disaster, says of him : “It was after our Eastern armies had met with repeated disaster and the nation was dejected. When the President had read the dispatch, his face was white as snow ; it looked like a dead face. Every drop of blood in his body seemed gathering to his heart, and that heart, for once, seemed ready to sink, and he went away by himself. Afterwards, in speaking to me about it, when he was in a confidential mood, he said : ‘If I could not then have knelt down in secret and cast my troubles upon God, *they would have killed me.*’ He added : ‘I have seen more than one such occasion since I became President.’ O, these are reasons which make suppliants of us all ; when the crushed and anguished heart instinctively turns to heaven and sincerely cries out : “God pity us ! God help us !” Such prayer is always heard and brings relief ; then come sweet assurances to the burdened soul of a better world, where sin and death can never enter, where pain, and night, and anguish are unknown, where tears are wiped from all faces—

“ And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.”

There, we believe, rests the spirit of our martyred President, and there may all meet him at last who mourn his loss.

APPENDIX.

We have referred (on page 24) to Mr. Lincoln in Sabbath School. We give the following incident from the *Western Christian Advocate* :

In 1860 he visited New York City, and made a speech before the Young Men's Republican Club at Cooper Institute, and during his stay in the city he visited the Five Points House of Industry. A teacher in the school thus narrates the event :

"One Sunday morning I saw a tall, remarkable-looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance expressed such genuine interest that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure ; and coming forward, began a simple address, which at once fascinated every little hearer and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intensest feeling. The little faces around him would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of 'Go on ! O, do go on !' would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him, and while he was quietly leaving the room I begged to know his name. He courteously replied, 'It is Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois.'"

From the same source we give the following illustration of his attention to children :

"Mr. Lincoln had the faculty of making everybody feel at home in his presence. He was always on the best of terms with children, as the little folks of Springfield, Illinois, where he lived so long, will testify. He loved them, and they loved him, and this is the true solution of his magnetic influence in social life. In the summer of 1864, three little girls, the daughters of a Washington mechanic, neatly but poorly clad, passed into the Presidential mansion with the crowd on reception day. Their curiosity was on tip-toe, and their

sparkling eyes were glancing from object to object, not designing to offer their little hands to the President, as their seniors did. Doubtless they thought that the Chief Magistrate of the nation would not like to have little girls intruding themselves upon his presence on such an occasion ; but the President's sharp eye beheld them as they passed by him, and he called out :

“ ‘ Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands ? ’ ”

“ Then he bent forward and warmly shook the hand of each child, all of whom seemed delighted with the interview, though not more so than everybody in the apartment ; for every beholder stood spell-bound by the touching scene, in which the beautiful simplicity and sincerity of Mr. Lincoln's character appeared.”

All remember his reference to foreign affairs in *a single line*, in his last message to Congress, and which was pronounced “ decidedly cool.”

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