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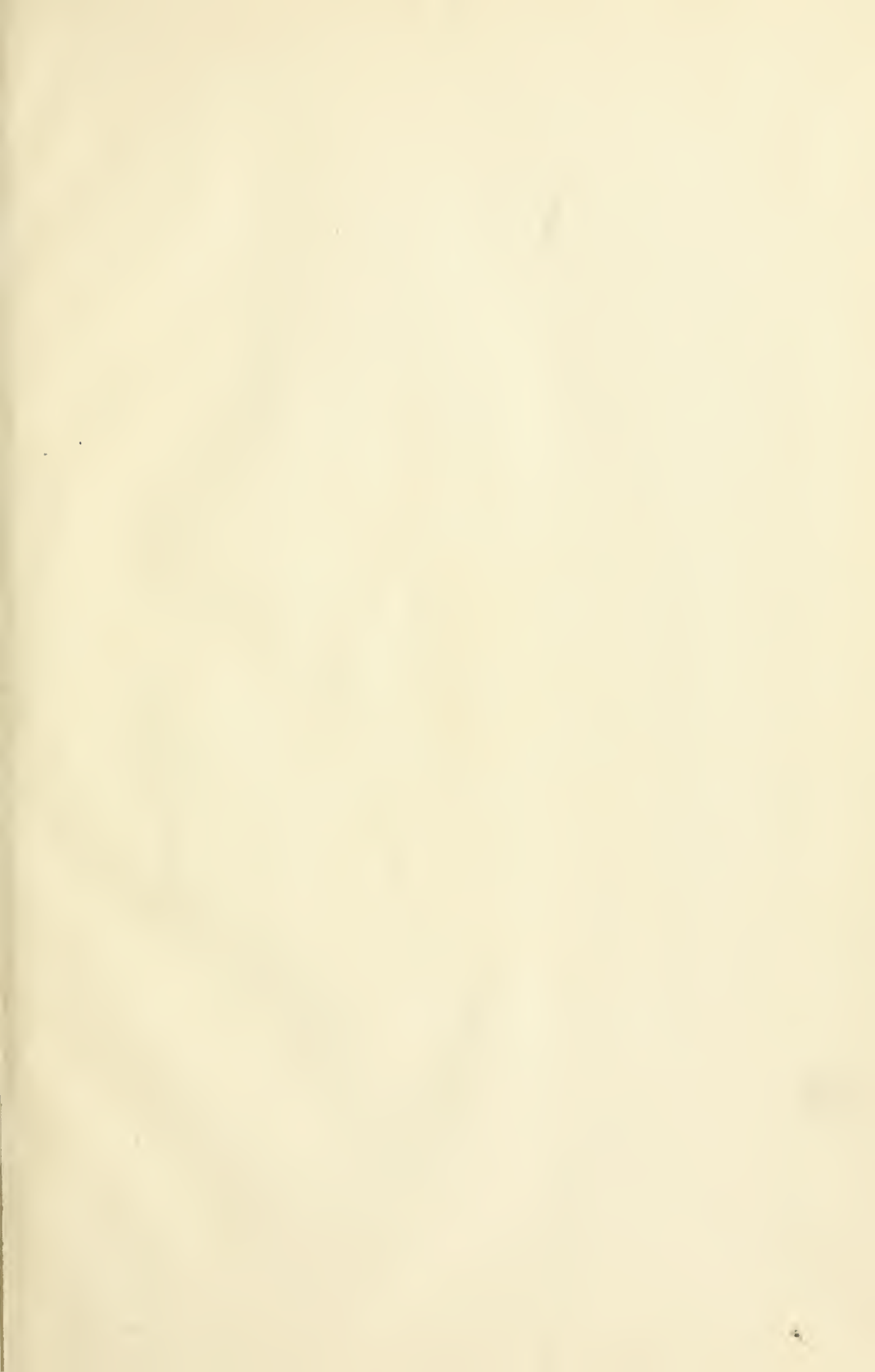
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Lessons from the Life and Death of a Good Ruler.

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A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED ON THE

Day of National Mourning,

JUNE 1, 1865,

IN CHRIST CHURCH, CINCINNATI.

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BY REV. JOHN W. McCARTY, A. B.,  
RECTOR OF THE PARISH.

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CINCINNATI:  
PRINTED BY JOS. B. BOYD, 25 WEST FOURTH STREET,  
1865.

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FROM THE

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DAY OF NATIONAL MOURNING.

TO BE READ IN THE CHURCHES OF THE DIOCESE OF OHIO, AT MORNING PRAYER ON  
THE LAST SUNDAY OF THIS MONTH.

*To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese:—*

BRETHREN:—Our respectful attention is called to the following Proclamation of the Governor of this State:—

“THE STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
“COLUMBUS, *May 2, 1865.*”

“In view of the afflictions of Divine Providence upon the nation, the President of the United States has designated THURSDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE NEXT, as a day of humiliation and mourning, and recommended ‘that our people on that day, in their respective places of worship, unite in solemn service to Almighty God in memory of the good man who has been removed, so that all shall be occupied at the same time in contemplation of his virtues, and sorrow for his sudden and violent end.’

“Fully concurring with his Excellency, the President, in this measure, I do recommend to the people of the State of Ohio a united and solemn observance of the same; that all places of business be closed, and that the day be observed as a Sabbath of the Nation; that all our people unite, not only in humiliation before the Lord, and contemplation of the services and virtues of the great and good man who has been taken away from us, but in earnest prayer that Almighty God will sanctify this great affliction to us as a nation and a people; that in His wise providence He will rule all these things for our good, and that he will strengthen and guide our present rulers, and endow them with wisdom to conduct the nation to peace and unity again.

“In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, the day and year first above written.

“JOHN BROUGH.”

In due respect to this united recommendation of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, and of the Governor of the State of Ohio, and in deep sympathy with the sorrow of a bereaved people, mourning the death of our late most honored President, whose administration God so wonderfully guided and prospered; I exhort the Clergy and Laity of this Diocese, with one heart and mind, to assemble in their several churches, on the first day of June, forsaking all worldly care and business, and uniting together in humiliation and prayer, that our merciful God and Father, who in the way of his judgments, has given us such signal deliverance, and through great dangers and trials, has preserved to us unimpaired our great national blessings and privileges, may be pleased to sanctify to us our recent most grievous affliction that we may the more learn the true wisdom of the fear of God, and obedience to all His Will.

CHAS. P. McILLYVAINE,  
*Bishop of the Diocese of Ohio.*

CINCINNATI, *May 5, 1865.*

Ms. A. 1. 19. 172

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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CINCINNATI, O., *June 2, 1865.*

REV. J. W. McCARTY, *Rector of Christ Church*:—

DEAR SIR: We heard the discourse you delivered yesterday with great pleasure, and would now express our cordial sympathy with its spirit, as well as our thorough assent to the great truths you so ably vindicated.

We respectfully ask that you would furnish a copy for publication.

Your friends and parishioners,

B. STORER.  
D. K. ESTE.  
N. FOSTER.  
P. G. FORE.  
A. H. MCGUFFEY.  
H. E. FOOTE.  
A. C. NEAVE.  
S. P. BISHOP.

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CHRIST CHURCH VESTRY ROOM,  
CINCINNATI, *June 6, 1865.*

*To Hon. BELLAMY STORER, and Others*:—

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a very kind and complimentary communication from you, bearing date of 2d inst., requesting a copy of the discourse delivered by me, the day before, in Christ Church. In reply, I would say, that, after thinking the matter over, I have concluded to place the manuscript at your disposal.

At first I felt very reluctant to offer it for publication; but, then, on the other hand, I reasoned, that, as the sentiments expressed in my discourse, have approved themselves to your judgment, and to that of others not able to be present at its delivery, whose opinions I also respect, I do not feel at liberty to decline a compliance with the request for its publication.

Besides, we live in times when sentiments of a decisive character lose almost all their value by being held too much in reserve. While, then, it affords me very great pleasure to think I shall see my humble effort put within reach of the public, there is an intensely greater pleasure in the assurance that therein I shall also see the opinions of leading gentlemen of our congregation—some of whom are known, not only in all the churches, but to the nation. Its publication, in a certain sense, makes this, not so much *my* discourse, as an instrumentality to which Christ Church defines her position and principles to the Christian public.

Believe me, affectionately, your friend and Pastor,

JOHN W. McCARTY.

## DISCOURSE.

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II SAMUEL, iii, 38.—“Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day?”

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It is seldom that a great nation is called to the throne of God under circumstances more solemn than those of to-day. Nay, since time had its origin, there never was such a spectacle as the uplifted features of our continent—might I not say of all the continents?—present to Heaven to-day. It is the spectacle of a world acknowledging and adoring its almighty Monarch! It is the spectacle of subdued humanity! It is pride wearing sackcloth, while God wears the crown! It is haughty man humbled; vain-boasting man subdued; ambitious man checked; the so-called lord of creation made to feel that he is but dust; and God, sovereign and supreme, recognized on the throne, and holding the reins of the universe! Ah, this a solemn scene in the magnificent drama of the eternal and universal empire!

It is a solemn day, too, in the history of the human race. Not since man had his origin, has mankind had such impressive surroundings. War's long, protracted, and bloody carnival is over. The grim monster's voice, trained to most startling loudness for four terrible years, is hushed. Reeking with bloody and ferocious aspect, he stands among us, but his occupation is gone. The sword is sheathed. The battle-flag is furled. The cannon and the drum no more respond to his behests. A continent rocked to and fro under his martial tramp, but the alarming vibrations have ceased. Death and Desolation were growing rich upon his spoils; but no more shall

they gather in his cruel trail. Come, sweet Peace! take the scepter from his inhuman grasp, and bid this, thine enemy and ours, be gone. Ah! we feel thy refreshing breath to-day. We realize thy calm; the very air whispers thy sweetness; the very sunshine reflects upon us thine inspiring promises of prosperity and joy. And Liberty, sweet nymph, stands, too, among us to-day, wearing an aspect of new hope! She holds *all* her wards by the hand to-day. They are casting away their broken chains into the abyss of oblivion, and Liberty is writing their names, for the first time, upon the rolls of humanity. Justice is standing by, smiling at this touching transaction, as much as at her own immortal triumph, or at the new diadem in her immortal crown. The shouting of our victorious citizen-soldiers, ringing in the national atmosphere, is fitting music to this momentous occasion. And if we pause to feel the full impressiveness of all combined, there is something that whispers in our hearts that the spirits of the illustrious dead are not to-day uninterested spectators.

But let us not forget—let not the magnificence of our surroundings tempt us to forget—why we are here to-day. Let not our eyes be turned back from heaven because there are *some* splendid accompaniments with us here on earth. Let not the majesty of our position as victors beguile us into indifference with respect to the incomparably greater and loftier majesty of the Most High, before whom we humbly and tenderly bow at this time. Let us remember we have met in obedience to the dictates of our national authorities, in service to Almighty God, in memory of the honored Chief Magistrate, who so lately has been so suddenly and calamitously removed from among us, We are expected to be “occupied in contemplation of his virtues, and sorrow for his sudden and violent end.” and, may I not add, in the practical lessons inseparably blended therewith.

I. There is something sublime in the history of our late President. We discover it, not so much in the fact that the vicissitudes of our nation, in a measure, forced him out of obscurity into greatness, as in the equally apparent fact that the hand of the Almighty Wisdom knew where to find the instrument, Almighty Providence needed.

A few years since, and he was unknown to fame; but, then,

the circumstances of the last few years were unexpected. It is, to-day, permitted us to draw aside the veil of the past, and contemplate the incidents by which a great character was born and nursed in obscurity for the emergencies of a greater era, and of the most illustrious prominence. It is only one of many instances where we may ask, How are great men prepared for the world's great events? and we may answer, "God educates them."

I can even now, with fancy's eye, see that plodding backwoodsman. I can imagine him some twenty years ago, and, as some unseen voice whispered to me, "There is one who shall yet attract the world's praises, and at whose fall the world's tears shall gush forth." I can believe it, when I know that industry and virtue seldom pave a downhill pathway.

He was one of those illustrious few who did not find, as the result of ambitious and painful effort, the world of politics: the world of politics found him. He stands before us, not like the victorious gladiator, who is the champion of the arena of strife, and who is entitled to hold his post of honor on account of the victims he has sacrificed to his superior powers: no, for our hero's superior merits were in the superiority of soul. His prowess is his goodness. He is a conqueror, because he is good. He has no record of political heads decapitated, or political principles trampled upon to bring forward. No, he was nursed in the lap of virtue. Peace was his guardian angel. Virtue, therefore, exalted him, and Peace made choice of him to reëstablish her in the beautiful home, from whence anarchy and rebellion attempted to drive her away for ever.

With this man's earlier history we have no more to do than to see in it the steps leading to his exalted ascent. He is ours only from the time the Nation appointed him; but, since that time, he is no more his own. He belongs to us, to the world, and to posterity.

It seems as if 'twere only a few days since that his name was first announced as the nominee of one of the great political parties of five years ago. To what shall we compare our great nation at that time? Shall we call it a vast volcano in those wonderful regions which childish fancy conceived as the realms of the giants? Its terrible rumblings were heard over the

world. Its formidable sides heaved in reaction from the fierce fires, which struck it within in every direction, in order to find vent, and rush out with molten floods of ruin and desolation. The great men themselves were terrified. Fear and consternation paled every face. Every heart was convulsed. Opinions relative to the threatened danger, opinions of every character and kind, were given. What can be done? The political giants gathered in counsels. A great division, characteristic of leading opinions took place. One party was for strengthening the mountain sides with chains of old conservatisms forged heavier and stronger. Its motto was "Let the fires burn as fiercely as they will, provided only we keep them confined." What mattered it that they must burst through some day, provided it is not our day. What care we for posterity? Patch up the weak spots. Disguise the real danger of the case. Let there be, at least, the semblance of unity. Better any thing than that the bursting flames should mar the symmetry of our territory, or break its unity and integrity. I need not tell you, now, that it was *not* this multitude which named our great representative of progress.

The principles of the other assembly of counsellors were, of course, differently advocated. Their voice was, "Let us suppress the eruption, if possible. Unity and integrity at any cost, except that of liberty and justice. But no more chains, no more old conservatisms, no more compromises, no more finching from the claims of right, no more insults to Liberty. Let the volcanic fires burst forth, if they must; we will meet them calmly. Let ruin and disaster mar our fair empire; we will stand up like men. Let our lines be broken, if it is necessary, we will not rest until they are reunited more firmly and more gloriously than ever. Let treason, if it dare, puncture some weak spot, so that the full flood of burning desolation will find vent; it can not injure truth and right, nor quench the spirit of the brave hearts who are sworn to sustain them. Our province it shall not be to precipitate the day of danger and terror; but we shall be prepared for its exigencies, for we believe it is best that the volcanic force should expend itself. Till then, we can hardly hope for permanent security and safety." Such were the views of the great men who selected



him we mourn to-day, as their representative. Such the spirit of the platform of which he was only the visible and living embodiment. The public voice to-day, declares as to the wisdom of these decisions, and as to the ability and fidelity of him who fell in discharge of the duties they imposed.

We know the issues of the case. Treason defiantly let loose the pent-up fires. Rebellion and War rushed forth at once. Gloom gathered in the skies of our National destiny. The very air crackled when the devouring flames found vent. The mountain rocked to its very base. Men were divided by more distinct lines than ever. It was no longer party spirit merely, it was conservatism and progress at war. It was the counterfeit of Liberty being punished and annihilated by the enraged goddess herself. And meanwhile the molten lava of old notions of fossilized principles, of defunct privileges, of oligarchical pretensions, of political rottenness, mingled in one angry stream, was rushing out from beneath the foundations, carrying much destruction and terror with it; but, even now, fast cooling and solidifying, and forming above a purer and better soil, over whose surface the verdant beauty of luxuriance and life shall at once gather to beautify and enrich evermore the home which for herself and her favored ones, Liberty has chosen.

We have seen these issues, but, amid the turbulence and turmoil, we have watched the conduct and leadership of him who held the chief official chair in Liberty's temple, and we were not disappointed. Amid the terrible convulsion, he stood calm, and placid, and dignified. When angry passion threatened to prevail, his prudent counsels dissipated it. When disaster promoted despondency, his sanguine nature inspired courage. When success excited arrogance, his mild and sympathetic heart suggested that even the vanquished had human rights. His was one of those strange, inflexible natures, true to its own impulses, no matter how the force of the popular current went. So, when the nation advocated haste, he appeared tardy, and when the nation grew languid, he appeared too impetuous. And yet, in all, he kept true time to the measures beat by the popular heart. Whether in advance or following, he knew the spirit of the age, he felt the feelings of the people, and he nobly and faithfully interpreted both. The haughty crest of war was

held in check by his wisdom, even when animated by his inspiration. Even Liberty learned to listen more patiently to the groans of her long oppressed children, and to witness more patiently the horrible inhumanities perpetrated upon her war-worn heroes, in wretched pens of starvation, and disease, and madness, and death, and to wait more patiently for the day of better things, when soothed and encouraged by him whose confidence in the right and in the God of right, taught him "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."

\*For do not imagine that this great man was insensible to religious feelings at the head of a nation, and in the leadership of her victorious struggle. Certainly, if there be any occasion in which a soul, great in its own grandeur and perfection, is in danger of forgetting God, it is in those illustrious stations where a man becomes as a god to others, by the prudence of his conduct, the mightiness of his courage, the strength of his arm, the number of his adherents, and the force of his constituents—and whose fidelity to the cause of right, inspires all the rest of the world with love, admiration, or even terror—even his surroundings—the tramp of messengers and the glitter of victorious arms—the marchings of troops—their glorious achievements—and their dying words—the solemnity of Cabinet meetings—the grave discussions, the important decisions, the momentous results—all these assault the soul on so many sides, that, being unchecked by wisdom and moderation, it knows neither God nor itself. But do religion and humility ever appear more majestic than when they keep the heart of a man, though in so exalted a point of glory, in that submission and dependence which the creature always owes to the Sovereign of the Universe? Ah, brethren, he of whom we speak to-day, was never more sensible that there was a God over his head, than on those extraordinary occasions, when others generally forget their Creator. It was then his prayers were most fervent. When he first left his home to ascend the Presidential chair, his legacy to his friends was, "I leave you with the request that you pray for me," and that request moved the hearts and lips of millions. During the four years of his momentous adminis-

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\*NOTE.—Vide, "Oraisons Funebres, par M. Flechier."

tration, marked by many a dark and doubtful hour, he thought and prayed, and fought and forgave, until the dawn of victory already tinged the horizon. \*And when he penned his last official document, there was enough of the Christian visible in it to attract the attention, and call out the praise of even cold and unfriendly Europe. †Ah, it is very difficult to be victorious and humble at the same time. Success leaves a pleasure in the heart that often excludes all other thoughts. We ascribe to ourselves the superiority of power and strength. We crown ourselves with our own hands.

We form a secret triumph in ourselves; we look upon those laurels which are gathered with labor and pains, and are often sprinkled with our blood, as our property. And even when we give God solemn thanks, and hang up our victorious banners in His temples, what danger is there that vanity will not extinguish some part of the acknowledgment that encomiums to self will not detract from unreserved gratitude to God, and that self will reserve some little portion of the incense we are going to burn upon His altars? It was, on such occasions, that our late President, divesting himself of all such pretensions, ascribed all the glory to Him to whom alone it lawfully belongs.

II. There is in the character of every great hero that which fastens us to its contemplation. We love to linger near it, and view it in every possible light; for greatness, either in the physical world or in the human world, can not be comprehended at a glance, or appreciated by too rapid a survey. Its lines of light must be studied *seriatim*. We have but glanced at a few points of our departed hero; we can not linger longer with him now; we must sum up his greatness in a few words. God gave him a life of hard, hard work. Meeting him first in the flinty valley

\* NOTE.—The following are some of the *living* words which remain to us as the legacy of our *dead* President:

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are engaged in, to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*Second Inaugural*.”

† M. Flechier.

of humility, the Almighty took him by the hand and educated him in the nobility of toil. From thence the Divine hand led him up the mountain steep of intellectual toil, and, as he ascended, it was discovered that the man possessed a conscience; and then the Divine Providence led him into the great battle of life—the battle of life and liberty and the right, and when he was well tried, another Providential movement placed him in the Executive chair of the nation: and there I need not trace for you his history; for step by step he rose in greatness before us, holding high over the carnival of war, the olive branch to an infatuated and infuriated people, who *would not* look: yet is he not disconcerted thereby—breathing peace over a martial continent, but unheard, because the atmosphere of passion and ambition would not waft its tender and conciliating messages—until, all dispassionate, he reached the pinnacle where he might untrammelled strike the clarion of liberty, and startle, thereby, the world from its slumbers. Ah, the century will have closed before the echoes of emancipation shall be hushed—that single act shall live as long as progress is the law of the world. When the pillars of Waterloo and Bunker Hill, like an Egyptian obelisk, shall have lost their inscriptions and their meaning, Freedom's monument shall remain “a rock amidst the flood of time.” No wonder the world woke as from a dream. No wonder crowns and scepters grew cowardly, and the hammer and the anvil grew royal! No wonder that caste grew pale, and industry shouted for joy! No wonder the eyes of the world turned upon this great leader of liberty's march. But the wonder is, the world beheld the man in his simplicity and honesty still, nothing affected by his sublime ascent, except that, at every upward step, he recognized more clearly the finger of God, and bowed with all the more reverential homage to its significant and earth-embracing indications. And, Oh, grander and more inspiring thought than all, when, at the very loftiest summit of his greatness, his eye caught the splendor of the cross of Jesus, and his heart embraced the Redeeming Savior! \*It was about a month previous to his unexpected death I was put in possession of the spoken testimony of this great man, that, as he gazed upon the memorable fields of Gettysburg, and recalled the terrible things trans-

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\* Vide Appendix A.

acted there, written there in letters of blood, he could not but realize the necessity of a Divine atonement for human sin, and that, therefore, he must not withhold his heart's love from his Savior. Oh, there is something sublime in such a life! It grows greater still as we gaze upon it; it makes us realize that the Sampson of Bible history is not a myth; for in his life, like Sampson, he carried away the gates of the Gaza of rebellion; in his death, like Sampson, he pulled down the pillars of the temple of rebellion. "In his death,"—alas, that we have to say it!—"in his death,"—alas, that this dark drapery still keeps it fresh in memory—"in his death!"\* Oh, terrible God, and yet just in Thy dealings with the children of men, Thou disposest both of rulers and nations, to accomplish Thy will, and make us fear Thy judgments. Thy power overthrows those whom Thy power had raised. Thou sacrificest great victims to thine own sovereign greatness, and Thou striketh, when Thou thinkest fit, those illustrious heads, which thine own hand hast so often crowned.

I did not intend to pronounce a eulogy, but I could not help it. Truly, it is hard to look away from the greatness of one whom God has made great. Perhaps there are some here to-day who do not see as I see, who have some other ideal before their mind's eye, of whose claims to greatness they are somewhat jealous. Well, at least, it can be said, so as to break down all thoughts of rivalry, my hero is now an occupant of that unseen Kingdom † "where there is no fear of rivals, and where competitors view one another without jealousy."

III. But, I can not close to-day without viewing our subject in another light. Abraham Lincoln reposes in the silent tomb, but the spirit, which found embodiment in him, still survives, and is in no danger of ceasing to exist.

For, after all, what was this man any more than the representative of the American people? As long as they live, he virtually lives; his enemies are the enemies of the people, his principles are the people's principles. The people's triumphs are his, even if nought earthly but his ashes remain to participate therein. When, therefore, we contemplate his memory to-day, it is only fitting that we contemplate the National era, of which his administrative life has been but the index. When we reflect that

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\* *Oraison Funiebre de M. Turenne.*

† *Bosuet.*

the hand which struck him down, and the power which prompted the stroke, aimed not so much at the man, as at the National heart, it is fitting we recall the dangers and the deliverances of those momentous days.

What, then, has been the chief danger? Treason, treason in high places, treason rampant. It has been the era of treason arrayed against loyalty, aiming at dominion, defiant of constituted law, audaciously attempting National disintegration, deceiving one-half the world, bribing the other, (and that by false promises) to aid its usurpation. Let us analyze the insidiousness and audacity of its plans, in order to have plainly before our minds the formidable forces it led in its onslaught upon our National Constitution and law.

1. Far back in our national history, treason infused its pestiferous influence into our nation by *so* tampering with rulers and people as to promote disobedience to the law of God. "Let the Constitution be the law," was its sage advice. Sin was thus legalized. We can have no higher law, no other ground of final appeal, no code of more binding authority, than the Constitution as it is. Why, we can scarcely believe to-day that principles so fanatical were ever advocated; but then we can well remember when *he* was branded as the fanatic who had courage enough to pronounce the Constitution imperfect, and who had daring enough to state its imperfections. *That* was the first grand attempt of treason. Truly, I must believe, the evil spirit himself was present to prompt the measure. It was a master-stroke of infernal strategy, which, when the bulwarks of National safety were shaken, would leave the people without the protection of a justly offended and angry God.

2. But, by-and-by, treason brought in its more ostensible pretext in the shape of slavery. The way was well paved by the principle just alluded to. Treason cried aloud, the Constitution recognizes and sustains this institution; how dare you, then, call it in question from the law of God? Treason had no heart to interpret the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It had no soul in which to weigh the golden rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." It could very glibly descant upon the virtuous act of Paul, who sent back

Onesimus to Philemon; but it took good care to quote Scripture, just as the archtraitor did when tempting Immanuel, namely, just enough to suit its own villiany; for it never told us, that when Paul sent Onesimus back, he very specifically mentions, "No longer as a slave, but above a slave, a *brother* beloved." But, what mattered all this to treason? It had unsettled men's minds, as to the final appeal of the law of God in any case. And so it pushed its idol into the foreground with impudent arrogance, and demanded that Freedom, in the name of Freedom's God, should cede it an empire! What shall I say? Was the insulted God inactive? Did the Almighty brook the insult? Ah, He sent out the blast of his indignation, and invoked the winds and waves, and the tempest arose. He touched the land with the finger of His providence, and the rumbling of the earth-quake was heard. A pestiferous air of factions and insurrections suddenly revealed itself in the State, extending itself on every side. The passions, which sin and selfishness, fanned by treachery had kindled, broke the fences of justice and reason, and some of the wisest men being drawn away by the torrent of sophistry and unshaped opinions against their better inclinations, found they had strayed beyond the bounds of their duty, ere they perceived it. Ah, why can not we obliterate those melancholy facts from history, and keep them from the knowledge of posterity? Why shall it ever be written that American citizens, not only tolerated, but even worshipped at the shrine of Slavery?

3. But I wander. It was at this conjuncture, that treason, instigated, as the next accomplice in its projects, the fell demon of rebellion. Need I tell you of the sad scenes which followed? Alas, they are too plainly printed in letters of blood, upon the tablets of memory. Ah, they are printed where desolation and death have walked hand in hand—where fire and sword have envied each other—where sickness hath destroyed in the night, and destruction wasted at noon-day—where starvation watches over its thousands of victims, and where the march of war can be tracked by the graves where the slain lie sleeping. I speak not of widowed homes; I mention not the anguish of orphaned hearts; I count not up the catalogue of childless mothers. I can only say, permit me, in response to my heart's emotions at this spectacle of horror and sorrow, to drop a tear

of sympathy for the sorrowful, and a tear of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead! Oh, in what terrible times we have lived!\* Do you think the thousands of fallen heroes? Do you think the very tombs of your ancesors will not break into groans if ever henceforth you speak in aught but the most uncompromising denunciation of treason and rebellion, thus conspiring and attempting to demolish the asylum of the world?

4. And behold, to-day, in the act of assassination, the finished, but unsuccessful work of treason. It has assumed the serpent-shape once more, and crept to the very throne of the Republic, *there*, with venomous fang, to strike at the nation's crown. Ah, it originated in pride, it was well it should go out in folly, for there be no more absurd infatuation than to imagine that the assassination of the honored President of a victorious Republic could accomplish aught else than to strengthen the principles of the people whom he represented, and to consolidate their hearts and their energies anew to be more than ever consecrated to their God and the right. And ah, as we commemorate the man to-day, we read in his memory volumes of our National history. It sets visibly before us the links of that chain of causes, which has clothed a continent in mourning—and which marks the successive steps in treason's formidable attempt. These links are: 1st. Impious disregard of God's law. 2d. The idolatry of human slavery. 3d. The arrogance of rebellion, and last, the assassin's hand.

IV. I have done with the past. Since it is impossible to hide altogether those of its dark features, upon which so much blood has made too strong an impression, let us henceforth reveal them, at least, like that artful painter who invented the profile, in order to conceal the blemishes in a face. What then shall I say? I see the assassin dishonorably fallen, and the assassin's act universally hated and condemned. I see the spirit of rebellion broken, its dreams of empire dissipated, its cause a stigma, its uniform gladly exchanged for the uniform of loyalty, its adherents, many penitent and all subdued. I see human slavery put to death, and the scroll of universal emancipation, registered upon the nation's archives, while four millions of



unfettered hands are clapping with the joyous enthusiasm of disenfranchisement and liberty. The world looks on half surprised, half terrified, and humanity ascribes, "Thanks unto Almighty God!" I see "disobedience to God's law" becoming more and more unpopular, in proportion, as it is discovered to be unsafe, and in proportion as the beauty, as well as the majesty of divine order and law, like a light breaking through the clouds, becomes more and more evident, and, therefore, more and more impressive. I hear the dying notes of war, the swelling music of National hope, attuned to the spirit of an age, in which again, "Liberty unsheathed the sword, necessity stained it, victory returns it." And in all these events, no less wonderful than rapid, I feel the impressive footstep of the approaching and still more glorious future. Already the dawning of the new day that is coming upon this earth of ours is breaking, and I feel that I shall behold the sunrise of this day. Ah, brethren, like the Prophet Elijah, we may perceive the presence of the Lord in His still, small voice of peace, even amid the roar of storms, the convulsions of the earthquake, the ravages of the fire, and the crashing of tempests. It is a day of sacred things, we dare not be indifferent to its indications. We dare not shut our ears, when, from earth and skies, the song of the world's destinies is sounding\* "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! From sunrise to midnight flames the power and might of the Lord! Who will stay his thunderbolts?"

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Into all lands looks thine eye of love, O, Almighty King, Thy truth endures for everlasting. Who will reverse Thy decrees?"

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The redemption of humanity draweth nigh. We have seen the yoke of the oppressor broken. His dominion is ended. No one shall build his kingdom again for ever: for the Lord hath spoken it in the wondrous deeds we have witnessed, and are witnessing.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah!"

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\* NOTE.—Words like these, formed the dying exclamation of the pious Jacob Bolime, the Seer of Gorlitz.

## APPENDIX A.

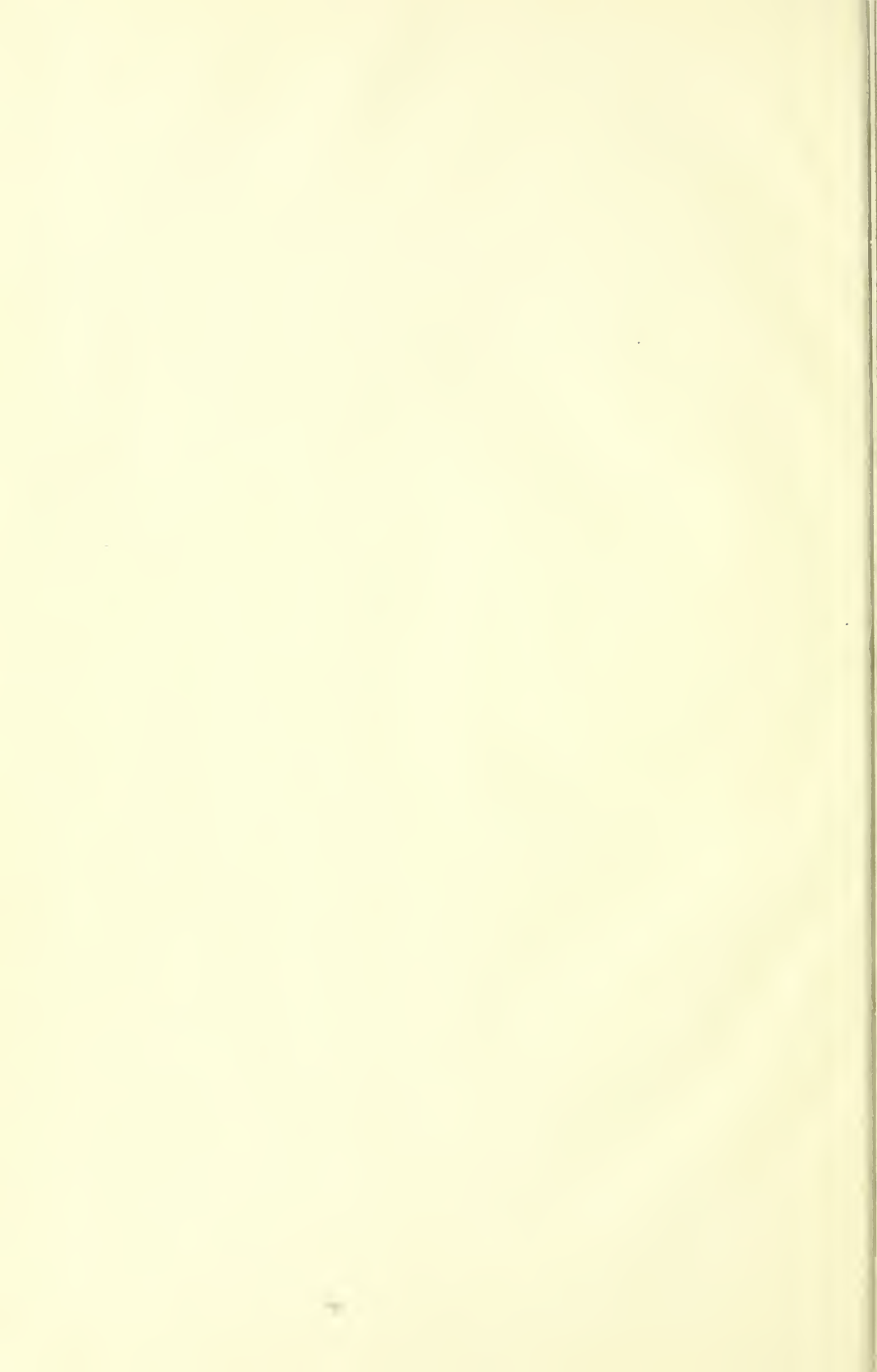
The following extract, clipped from a number of the *Christian Press* issued some six weeks previous to the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN, is especially valuable. It is no *post mortem* testimony, manufactured to suit a special occasion; but simply an honest word, spoken while yet the man lived; when no one expected his death; when from his spirit and conduct, every one was prepared to believe it. Often did I think over it, while yet he lived, to thank God—often have I thought of it since he died, only to thank God more fervently, for such soul cheering testimony:

Probably no President of the United States was ever the subject of more earnest prayers than has been ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and from published statements it is gratifying to believe that those prayers have been answered. At a recent Sabbath-school convention in Massachusetts, a speaker stated that a friend of his, during an interview with Mr. LINCOLN, asked him if he loved JESUS. The President buried his face in his handkerchief and wept. He then said: "When I left home to take this chair of state, I requested my countrymen to pray for me. I was not then a Christian. When my son died—the severest trial of my life—I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes that had fallen in defense of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to CHRIST. *I do love Jesus.*" Rev. Mr. ADAMS, of Philadelphia, stated in his Thanksgiving sermon, that, having an appointment to meet the President at 5 o'clock in the morning, he went a quarter of an hour 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 any body with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible." "Is that his habit so early in the morning?" "Yes, sir; he spends every morning, from 4 to 5 o'clock, in reading the Scriptures and praying."



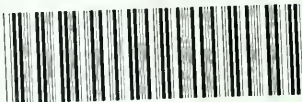








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