

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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DISCOURSE

Given Through

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,

Pastor of the Church of the Soul.

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Synopsis of an Address Given by the Guide of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at the Regular Service of the Church of the Soul, Sunday, February 2, Hall 309, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

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The Church of the Soul holds Services in Hall 309, Masonic Temple,
Every Sunday at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 10 A. M.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ADDRESS GIVEN BY ABRAHAM
LINCOLN THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY
OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND

At the Regular Services of the Church of the Soul, Sun-
day, Feb. 13, 1910, Hall 309, Masonic
Temple, Chicago.

With a brief introduction by the President of the
Board of Trustees of that church—Mr. Waldo Dennis.

Introduction.

It was Sunday, Feb. 13, and therefore Lincoln birth-
day-Sunday. The regularly announced subject for the
day, "Apollyon, the Destroyer," had been postponed, as
I supposed, that the opportunity might not be lost of
saying a few of the many things his life and character
would naturally suggest. But suddenly the speaker an-
nounced, "What is to be said to you on this occasion will
not be of Lincoln, but by him." I was thrilled with joy
and expectation.

Even as a boy, at the end of the rebellion, as I
pored over the life of Lincoln a great love went out to
him. And again as I read what Miss Tarbell has gath-
ered from the four quarters of the earth, my love con-
secrated itself to him anew. Through my adoration
for him, I suffered with him in all his crushing, tortur-
ing load of anxiety he carried as President, and I re-
joiced with him in his relief and gratitude, when came
the final triumph.

And how I enjoyed every personal fact about his boy-
hood, the boyhood that was a prophetic revelation of
the man, boy and man alike, characterized by a kindness
that was angelic, and by an integrity that was as simple
and natural as it was unswerving; the unmistakably di-
vine life that was sent for the crisis needing his sweet
patience and great wisdom.

To me Lincoln was the greatest man of our country,

its second savior, commissioned from on high to redeem it from its sin of chattel slavery. He was my soul's adoration. And now I was to be vouchsafed this great blessed privilege, the privilege of hearing Lincoln declare himself. That what he would say would be both profound and vital, I was very sure.

And dear reader, when you have perused the following reproduction of what he said, perhaps you will understand the satisfaction that was mine. My spirit waited, expectant, eager to meet his, in the inspiration which it was his to give.

In a line written to Mrs. Richmond the day following the address, Mr. Dennis wrote: "I am full of to-day's services; the discourse by the dear Lincoln—and my heart goes out to you for making it possible, and to him for the inspiration; isn't it wonderful! An instance of the highest mental phenomena known to the world."

Address.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all"

"My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind."

In the larger life of the spirit I would say: My country is the Universe, my countrymen are all souls.

Hero worship has ever been the curse of the past; people have mistaken the source of power and achievement; have substituted the human for the divine. One must not mistake his own part in the great fulfillments of the Infinite purpose.

The great tide of loving and grateful remembrance must reach one even in the life of higher realities than earth can give; but the day of human birth and death are of small account compared with the life that lies between and beyond them.

Grateful for all that the human heart hath given, in the personal and collective remembrance of the day just past, let us turn from the personal to the national, from the national to the universal view of what the century has wrought for humanity.

Those who have followed the history of the nation that led up to the struggle between the North and the South, will readily grasp the idea that the signs indicating the approach of that conflict were portentous and many; long before the immediate cause was precipitated upon the nation; that the very existence of chat-

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tel slavery, presumably protected by the constitution, was a perpetual menace to the existence of a representative government, and that the extension of slavery into the then new states of the southwest meant the immediate forfeiture of the liberty that had been gained. When, therefore, the struggle in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, resulted in the admission of those states without slavery, or with compromise, it meant the approach of the final struggle of the South to gain supremacy.

A life-long abhorrence of chattel slavery, a few occasions for aiding in the struggle in the southwestern and border States, a wish that somehow and sometime in the near future the great blot would be removed from the escutcheon of the nation, this was all the preparation the one addressing you had for the duties into which he was ushered by the great swirl of that political crisis; but others there were who were more perfectly prepared by years of experience and steadfast maintenance of the rights of all people to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

It was necessary, at that juncture, that one be chosen to represent the side of the nation that had been newly awakened to the perils of the hour, who was not known; whose name had not been so closely identified with the struggle in the past between the slaveholders and the advocates of the abolition of slavery. It was thought that the one so chosen could give no offense to either section of the country. But the very fact that the newly awakened Republican party succeeded, the very fact that the victory was with the non-slaveholding North, made the South aware that slavery, as a political power, was doomed. From that time the subsequent results were inevitable.

Perhaps you are aware into what a great and goodly company the results of that election ushered the almost unknown President: The Congress of the United States held at that time the flower of American statesmanship; they were the strong hosts sent on in that hour of the nation's need, to upbear the hands of him who might have faltered, but for their great and wise patriotism: Sumner, who had already tasted the violence born of slavery; Wilson, Wade, Howard; but why name them? Their work bespoke their great insight and wonderful ability to cope with the rapidly culminating events. Let no one suppose that any other than that master mind of

statesmanship—William H. Seward—that mind who dared to say that if the Constitution of the United States made slavery legal there was a “higher law” that made Freedom under the Constitution the inalienable right of every man born in this fair land. The cabinet was chosen from the intrepid and far-seeing ones who gave to the one entrusted with executive power the strength of a mighty people, aroused as never before in the history of the country.

Not only were there in both houses of Congress the best minds that the nation could at that time produce, and in the cabinet the finest ability and the true spirit of statesmanship, but there was ever the unfailing help from above—the guidance not born of human councils, or of earth; the Infinite Helper. There were His messengers—not dimly recognized as angels afar off—but veritable advisors and friends to whom one might turn with confidence and trust; for one can never seek, with the highest motive, for guidance, that the guidance does not come.

It is ever oppression that strikes the first blow—not only in the act of oppression, but when brought face to face with Truth and Freedom, strikes the first deadly blow to slay.

Slavery was doomed; and slavery struck the first blow at the heart of the nation. You know what followed, but perhaps you do not know how the human brain faltered and the human hand hesitated, and the human heart was wrung with anguish because of the inability to cope with the mighty problems of that hour. War! That was the fearful thing that had been thrust upon us. When you praise overmuch the feeblest man of that day—the man who would have failed but for the statesmen whom the people sent to sustain him, please remember that success crowned the Cause of the nation as the Cause of freedom, and that equal ability and perhaps equal sincerity in another cause, not of freedom, might not have led to victory.

Then, when the war was upon us and there had been defeat, the army and the people constituted the hosts that were led to victory—not by the President but by one of the most modest, unassuming and peace-loving men whom the world has ever seen—Ulysses S. Grant—without whom there could have been no day of final emancipation, no victory for the nation.

All this is now past history; yet the one addressing you remained long enough before being summoned from the mortal form to realize, in some degree, the dangers into which the nation had been plunged during that dread ordeal of war and the almost equally dread ordeal of victory and peace.

Chattel slavery was removed, but the negro was not free from the persecutions and abuses of an enslaving dominant race, nor had he yet overcome the long continued influence of servitude. There was much—oh, so much, to do—the problem of reconstruction, the proper balance between justice and mercy. Have these problems yet been solved? With all the rapid advancement of the negro in education and preparation for citizenship, is there equality and protection for that race before the law throughout this country?

Other slaveries there are, imminent then, precipitate now. Perhaps you will recall the last message ever sent to the Congress of your country by the President of that time: Sounds of war had been silenced by the loud acclaim of triumph and peace; your victorious armies had entered the conquered capital of the erstwhile Southern Confederacy; the flag of the nation floated over the entire country; not yet united but ready for reconstruction. There were other slaveries; in that message to the especial Congress, convened to consider the problems of peace—the new peace—there was one sentence, a warning as well as a prophecy.

“I would warn the laboring man against the ever encroaching power of wealth.” Alas, that warning, justified then, has been more than realized in the years that have intervened; and you are upon the very verge—nay, you are in the very midst of the conflict. For the time labor is silenced, or perhaps deadened in perception, by the newly awakened activity of the government in bringing to the bar of justice the greatest offenders against the people—the gigantic trusts and monopolies.

The secret of all this financial power and combination is not new; Andrew Jackson met and overcame it once when the Republic was comparatively new. During the war between the North and South the one addressing you wrote to the Senator who was afterward chairman of the reconstruction committee. “I have more difficulty with Wall street than with the entire Southern Confederacy,” which meant that Wall street was speculating

upon the needs and misfortunes of the nation. This was not all: Contractors for the supplies of the army and navy; "shoddy" productions of all kinds, found their way into the various departments. While your young men were fighting the battles for the preservation of the nation, these cormorants of greed and corruption were robbing the public treasury; the "sinews of war" were grudgingly supplied at usurious rates by Wall street and "neutral nations" of Europe.

From that time there has been one continuous tide of ruinous "prosperity"—I do not mean that the legitimate prosperity and increase of the wealth by natural development is ruinous—the prosperity born of speculation, of gambling in all the natural products of the country.

The "strike" on the one hand, and the "lockout" on the other are the unfailing result of a system of corruption of men in high places who have abused the confidence reposed in them and have used their vast influence to favor these acts and institutions of oppression.

Anything that oppresses is wrong; and when a system becomes so oppressive that the government is obliged to take action against some of the foremost citizens of the country, it proves the existence of a great wrong.

All the great nations of the past perished because of corruption; Egypt for a thousand years led the world after her conquests, in the arts of peace; Rome, once the name that Paul quoted, "I too am a Roman citizen," became the plaything of a corrupt and dishonorable "System."

We have the examples of all the nations of the earth. Wars of conquest may bring temporary victory, but no nation can permanently exist that expects to gain by aggressive warfare the fair possessions of other nations.

The days of crude and brutal force as the principal factor in the "civilization" of the world are nearly over; and soon the nation will awaken from its long struggling dream of material power by "right of conquest" to that larger dream of the ideal nation whose Supreme Song is for that Liberty born of Justice."

If your boasted Republic is anything more than a mere name, if the Liberty you prize so highly is to be purified from the enslaving corruptions of partisan poli-

tics and financial exploitation, if the ballot is to remain (aye and be extended to the other half of creation—woman) if the Dove of Peace now circling over the nations of the earth—not finding a resting place from the contending floods of war and oppression—shall finally rest over this fair land it will be when you shall have arisen to the bright ideals of the greater day, the larger Republic:

The disarmament born of the federation of nations—of arbitration.

The world is steadily rising to the ideal Republic of Plato, and the philosophers; to the Divine Brotherhood of Jesus and the great teachers. Not always will the sounds of the preparation for war be heard, not always will the people pay the terrible tribute of their life blood to foster the ambitions of kings and rulers.

The Spiritual Baptism that is poured out upon the world to-day means the onward march of the mental and moral forces of the people, the moral and spiritual to keep pace with the mental.

The bondage of ignorance and fear is far greater than any material slavery; bigotry, fostering ignorance, has enslaved the spiritual nature and now that the "stone has been rolled away" from the sepulcher of physical death, the same Higher Powers are rolling the stones away from the sepulchers of fear, doubt and ignorance.

There are thousands who hail this dawn of the new day; hundreds of thousands who gaze with longing eyes and who work with steadfast faith and courage to bring the promised dawn; it cannot be far off, for such as are ready in their heart to deal justly and kindly with their fellow men. No king or ruler of earth can bring it, no government can declare it, like the ideal Republic of poets it must be the outgrowth of souls.

Above your nation the great and wise and good of all past time watch, wait and inspire the daring and the true to higher deeds of humanity, nobler works of truth and righteousness. Over all the earth the ministering ones attend to teach such minds as are ready to strengthen and uplift the faltering ones.

Happy are they who have arisen from the selfish and narrow aims of personal ambition and greed and are working and waiting for the perfect day, the Birthday of Human Brotherhood.

