

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

CONTENTS

- PHILLIPS BROOKS, *Julius H. Ward.*
THE MASTER OF RAVEN'S WOE, *Arthur L. Salmon.*
PURIFICATION, *George Edgar Montgomery.*
MICE AT EAVESDROPPING,
THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS, *Prof. C. M. Woodward.*
DEPOSED, *Florence E. Pratt.*
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, *John W. Chadwick.*
THE BEACONSFIELD TERRACES, *John Waterman.*
THE PINES, *Zitella Cocke.*
THE GRAY DAWN, *S. Q. Lapius.*
A SALEM WITCH, *Edith Mary Norris.*
THE YELLOW WALL PAPER, *Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET, *Samuel Woodworth.*
THE AUTHOR OF THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET, *Geo. M. Young.*
CHRISTMAS EVE, *Agnes Maule Machar.*
STORIES OF SALEM WITCHCRAFT, *Winfield S. Nevins.*
'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST, *Philip Bourke Marston.*
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Phillips Brooks.*

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Assets	- - - -	14,074,813.56

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1892.

Phillips Brooks	Frontispiece.
Phillips Brooks	<i>Julius H. Ward</i> 555
Illustrations by Chas. H. Woodbury, Jo. H. Hatfield, Sears Gallagher, James Hall, Jos. R. Brown, and Louis A. Holman: Phillips Brooks as a Harvard Student; Rev. Alex. H. Vinton; St. Paul's Church, Boston Latin School, Bedford Street; Massachusetts Hall, Harvard; Rev. John C. Brooks; Rev. Frederick Brooks; Rev. Arthur Brooks; Professor William Sparrow; Theological Seminary, Alexandria; St. George's Hall, Alexandria; Mr. Brooks in His Old Room at Alexandria; Church of the Advent, Philadelphia; Phillips Brooks during his rectorship of the Church of the Advent; Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia; Phillips Brooks during his rectorship of Holy Trinity; Old Trinity Church, Summer Street, Boston; Mr. Brooks's Residence, Clarendon Street, Boston; Trinity Church, Boston; Interior of Trinity Church, Boston; Phillips Brooks's house, North Andover.	
The Master of Raven's Woe. A Poem	<i>Arthur L. Salmon</i> 579
Purification. A Poem	<i>George Edgar Montgomery</i> 580
Mice at Eavesdropping	581
Illustrations by A. S. Cox: Headpiece; "Mister, what yer doin'? What yer doin'?" "A Precious Chair;" "A strange Expression of Distress escaped him."	
The City of St. Louis	<i>Prof. C. M. Woodward</i> 588
Illustrated under the direction of Mr. Holmes Smith of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, by Ross Turner, Chas. H. Woodbury, M. O. McArdle, and others: Map of St. Louis; The Mercantile Club Building, St. Louis; The New Union Depot; A Bit of the Levee; St. Louis Bridge; James B. Eads; James E. Yeatman; The late Henry Shaw; Vaults of Equitable Building; Linnean House, Shaw's Garden; Apse of Christ Church Cathedral; Part of the Levee; Exposition Building; Dr. William J. Eliot; Grand Avenue Bridge; Church of the Messiah; Washington Avenue looking West; Lafayette Park in Winter; Reading-room, Mercantile Library; Mercantile Library; Fireplace in Mercantile Library reading-room; St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts; a St. Louis Residence; Vestibule of Museum of Fine Arts; Statue of Alexander von Humboldt; Entrance to Westmoreland Place; Grand Saloon of Mississippi River Boat; A Tide Marker in the Mississippi; Headlight of River Steamer; The Levee End of the Great Bridge; the New City Hall; Premises of the Samuel Cupples Real Estate Company; Security Building; Ely Walker Dry Goods Company's Building; Dr. William T. Harris; Entrance to Boatmen's Bank; Director's Room, Boatmen's Bank; Grain Barges on the Mississippi.	
Deposed. A Poem	<i>Florence E. Pratt</i> 623
George William Curtis. A Poem	<i>John W. Chadwick</i> 624
The Beaconsfield Terraces. Illustrated	<i>John Waterman</i> 625
The Pines. A Poem	<i>Zitella Cocke</i> 636
The Gray Dawn. A Poem	<i>S. Q. Lapius</i> 637
A Salem Witch. A Story	<i>Edith Mary Norris</i> 628
Illustrated by H. Martin Beal and William Fuller Hersey: Headpiece 1690; "His strong frame shook with an agony too deep for words;" A Bit of old Salem.	
The Yellow Wall-paper. A Story	<i>Charlotte Perkins Stetson</i> 647
Illustrated by Jo. H. Hatfield: "I am sitting by the window in this atrocious nursery;" "She didn't know I was in the room;" "I had to creep over him every time."	
The Old Oaken Bucket	<i>Samuel Woodworth</i> 657
Illustrated by Jo. H. Hatfield.	
The Author of the Old Oaken Bucket	<i>George M. Young</i> 661
Christmas Eve. A Poem	<i>Agnes Maule Machar</i> 663
Stories of Salem Witchcraft	<i>Winfield S. Nevins</i> 664
Illustrations by Alfred C. Eastman, Jo. H. Hatfield, Chas. H. Woodbury, James Hall, T. Hendry, and B. V. Carpenter: Samuel Sewall; "What a Sad thing it is to see Eight Firebrands of Hell hanging there;" Site of Old Jail House, Salem; Sheriff Corwin's Grave, Salem; Cotton Mather; Howard Street Cemetery, Salem, where Giles Corey was pressed to death; The Giles Corey Mill, West Peabody; Site of Giles Corey's House; Jonathan Putnam's House, Danvers; Beadle's Tavern; William Stoughton, from the Portrait in Memorial Hall, Harvard; The Roger Williams House, 1635; A Corner of the House as it is To-day; Site of Court House where Witch Trials took place.	
'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost. A Poem	<i>Philip Bourke Marston</i> 680
Abraham Lincoln	<i>Phillips Brooks</i> 681
Editor's Table	686
Phillips Brooks's Sermon on Abraham Lincoln; The Boston Latin School's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.	
Omnibus	688
"Trenton Snows," J. E. Cutter; "A Christmas Toast," Charles Gordon Rogers; "The Fitting Finis," Harry Romaine; "The Fire of Love," Harry Romaine.	

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.¹

By Phillips Brooks.

“HE CHOSE DAVID ALSO HIS SERVANT, AND TOOK HIM AWAY FROM THE SHEEPFOLDS; THAT HE MIGHT FEED JACOB HIS PEOPLE, AND ISRAEL HIS INHERITANCE. SO HE FED THEM WITH A FAITHFUL AND TRUE HEART, AND RULED THEM PRUDENTLY WITH ALL HIS POWER.”—*Psalm lxxviii.*, 71, 72, 73.

WHILE I speak to you to-day, the body of the President who ruled this people, is lying, honored and loved, in our city. It is impossible with that sacred presence in our midst for me to stand and speak of ordinary topics which occupy the pulpit. I must speak of him to-day; and I therefore undertake to do what I had intended to do at some future time, to invite you to study with me the character of Abraham Lincoln, the impulses of his life and the causes of his death. I know how hard it is to do it rightly, how impossible it is to do it worthily. But I shall speak with confidence, because I speak to those who love him and whose ready love will fill out the deficiencies in a picture which my words will weakly try to draw.

We take it for granted, first of all, that there is an essential connection between Mr. Lincoln's character and his violent and bloody death. It is no accident, no arbitrary decree of Providence. He lived as he did, and he died as he did, because he was what he was. The more we see of events, the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character. It will be our duty, then, to see what there was in the character of our great President that created the history of his life, and at last produced the catastrophe of his cruel death. After the first trembling horror, the first outburst of indignant sorrow, has grown calm, these are the questions which we are bound to ask and answer.

It is not necessary for me even to sketch the biography of Mr. Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky, fifty-six years ago, when Kentucky was a pioneer state. He lived, as boy and man, the hard and needy life of a backwoodsman, a farmer, a river boatman, and finally, by his own efforts at self-education, of an active, respected, influential citizen, in the half-organized and manifold interests of a new and energetic community. From his boyhood up he lived in direct and vigorous contact with men and things, not as in older states and easier conditions with words and theories; and both his moral convictions and his intellectual opinions gathered from that contact a supreme degree of that character by which men knew him, that character which is the most distinctive possession of the best American nature, that almost indescribable quality which we call in general clearness or truth, and which appears in the physical structure as health, in the moral constitution as honesty, in the mental structure as sagacity, and in the region of active life as practicalness. This one character, with many sides,

all shaped by the same essential force and testifying to the same inner influences, was what was powerful in him and decreed for him the life he was to live and the death he was to die. We must take no smaller view than this of what he was. Even his physical conditions are not to be forgotten in making up his character. We make too little always of the physical; certainly we make too little of it here if we lose out of sight the strength and muscular activity, the power of doing and enduring, which the backwoods-boy inherited from generations of hard-living ancestors, and appropriated for his own by a long discipline of bodily toil. He brought to the solution of the question of labor in this country not merely a mind, but a body thoroughly in sympathy with labor, full of the culture of labor, bearing witness to the dignity and excellence of work in every muscle that work had toughened and every sense that work had made clear and true. He could not have brought the mind for his task so perfectly, unless he had first brought the body whose rugged and stubborn health was always contradicting to him the false theories of labor, and always asserting the true.

As to the moral and mental powers which distinguished him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness or truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces in this man with another. The fact is, that in all the simplest characters the line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combinations you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience, or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions, the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They co-operate, they help each other less. They come even to stand over against each other as antagonists; till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together, till we expect to see and so do see a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand, and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

¹ A sermon preached in Philadelphia, April 23, 1865, while the body of the President was lying in the city.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's, that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children, but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness; if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness—call it what you will—its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature. So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest even although they be the newest ways, to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here then we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be

quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things, social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule. Surely, with such a type-man for ruler, there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

But then we come to the beginning of all trouble. Abraham Lincoln was the type-man of the country, but not of the whole country. This character which we have been trying to describe was the character of an American under the discipline of freedom. There was another American character which had been developed under the influence of slavery. There was no one American character embracing the land. There were two characters, with impulses of irrepressible and deadly conflict. This citizen whom we have been honoring and praising represented one. The whole great scheme with which he was ultimately brought in conflict, and which has finally killed him, represented the other. Beside this nature, true and fresh and new, there was another nature, false and effete and old. The one nature found itself in a new world, and set itself to discover the new ways for the new duties that were given it. The other nature, full of the false pride of blood, set itself to reproduce in a new world the institutions and the spirit of the old, to build anew the structure of the feudalism which had been corrupt in its own day, and which had been left far behind by the advancing conscience and needs of the progressing race. The one nature magnified labor, the other nature depreciated and despised it. The one honored the laborer, and the other scorned him. The one was simple and direct; the other, complex, full of sophistries and self-excuses. The one was free to look all that claimed to be truth in the face, and separate the error from the truth that might be in it; the other did not dare to investigate, because its own established prides and systems were dearer to it than the truth itself, and so even truth went about in it doing the work of error. The one was ready to state broad principles, of the brotherhood of man, the universal fatherhood and justice of God, however imperfectly it might realize them in practice; the other denied even the principles, and so dug deep and laid below its special sins the broad foundation of a consistent, acknowledged sinfulness. In a word, one nature was full of the influences of Freedom, the other nature was full of the influences of Slavery.

In general, these two regions of our national life were separated by a geographical boundary. One was the spirit of the North, the other was the spirit of the South. But the southern nature was by no means all a southern thing. There it had an organized, established form, a certain definite, established institution about which it clustered. Here, lacking advantage, it lived in less expressive ways and so lived more weakly. There, there was the horrible sacrament of slavery, the outward and visible sign round which the inward and spiritual temper gathered and kept itself

alive. But who doubts that among us the spirit of slavery lived and thrived? Its formal existence had been swept away from one state after another, partly on conscientious, partly on economical grounds, but its spirit was here, in every sympathy that northern winds carried to the listening ear of the southern slaveholder, and in every oppression of the weak by the strong, every proud assumption of idleness over labor which echoed the music of southern life back to us. Here in our midst lived that worse and falser nature, side by side with the true and better nature which God meant should be the nature of Americans, and of which he was shaping out the type and champion in his chosen David of the sheepfolds.

Here then we have the two. The history of our country for many years is the history of how these two elements of American life approached collision. They wrought their separate reactions on each other. Men debate and quarrel even now about the rise of northern Abolitionism, about whether the northern Abolitionists were right or wrong, whether they did harm or good. How vain the quarrel is! It was inevitable. It was inevitable in the nature of things that two such natures living here together should be set violently against each other. It is inevitable, till man be far more unfeeling and untrue to his convictions than he has always been, that a great wrong asserting itself vehemently should arouse to no less vehement assertion the opposing right. The only wonder is that there was not more of it. The only wonder is that so few were swept away to take by an impulse they could not resist their stand of hatred to the wicked institution. The only wonder is, that only one brave, reckless man came forth to cast himself, almost single-handed, with a hopeless hope, against the proud power that he hated, and trust to the influence of a soul marching on into the history of his countrymen to stir them to a vindication of the truth he loved. At any rate, whether the Abolitionists were wrong or right, there grew up about their violence, as there always will about the extremism of extreme reformers, a great mass of feeling, catching their spirit and asserting it firmly, though in more moderate degrees and methods. About the nucleus of Abolitionism grew up a great American Anti-Slavery determination, which at last gathered strength enough to take its stand, to insist upon the checking and limiting the extension of the power of slavery, and to put the type-man, whom God had been preparing for the task, before the world, to do the work on which it had resolved. Then came discontent, secession, treason. The two American natures, long advancing to encounter, met at last, and a whole country, yet trembling with the shock, bears witness how terrible the meeting was.

Thus I have tried briefly to trace out the gradual course by which God brought the character which he designed to be the controlling character of this new world into distinct collision with the hostile character which it was to destroy and absorb, and set it in the person of its type-man in the seat of highest power. The character formed under the discipline of Freedom and the character formed under the discipline of Slavery developed all their difference and met in hostile

conflict when this war began. Notice, it was not only in what he did and was towards the slave, it was in all he did and was everywhere that we accept Mr. Lincoln's character as the true result of our free life and institutions. Nowhere else could have come forth that genuine love of the people, which in him no one could suspect of being either the cheap flattery of the demagogue or the abstract philanthropy of the philosopher, which made our President, while he lived, the centre of a great household land, and when he died so cruelly, made every humblest household thrill with a sense of personal bereavement which the death of rulers is not apt to bring. Nowhere else than out of the life of freedom could have come that personal unselfishness and generosity which made so gracious a part of this good man's character. How many soldiers feel yet the pressure of a strong hand that clasped theirs once as they lay sick and weak in the dreary hospital! How many ears will never lose the thrill of some kind word he spoke—he who could speak so kindly to promise a kindness that always matched his word! How often he surprised the land with a clemency which made even those who questioned his policy love him the more for what they called his weakness,—seeing how the man in whom God had most embodied the discipline of Freedom not only could not be a slave, but could not be a tyrant! In the heartiness of his mirth and his enjoyment of simple joys; in the directness and shrewdness of perception which constituted his wit; in the untired, undiscouraged faith in human nature which he always kept; and perhaps above all in the plainness and quiet, unostentatious earnestness and independence of his religious life, in his humble love and trust of God—in all, it was a character such as only Freedom knows how to make.

Now it was in this character, rather than in any mere political position, that the fitness of Mr. Lincoln to stand forth in the struggle of the two American natures really lay. We are told that he did not come to the Presidential chair pledged to the abolition of Slavery. When will we learn that with all true men it is not what they intend to do, but it is what the qualities of their natures bind them to do, that determines their career? The President came to his power full of the blood, strong in the strength of Freedom. He came there free, and hating slavery. He came there, leaving on record words like these spoken three years before and never contradicted. He had said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." When the question came, he knew which thing he meant that it should be. His whole nature settled that question for him. Such a man must always live as he used to say he lived (and was blamed for saying it) "controlled by events, not controlling them." And with a reverent and clear mind, to be controlled by events means to be controlled by God. For such a man there was no hesitation when God brought him up face to face with Slavery and put the sword into his hand

and said, "Strike it down dead." He was a willing servant then. If ever the face of a man writing solemn words glowed with a solemn joy, it must have been the face of Abraham Lincoln, as he bent over the page where the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 was growing into shape, and giving manhood and freedom as he wrote it to hundreds of thousands of his fellowmen. Here was a work in which his whole nature could rejoice. Here was an act that crowned the whole culture of his life. All the past, the free boyhood in the woods, the free youth upon the farm, the free manhood in the honorable citizen's employments—all his freedom gathered and completed itself in this. And as the swarthy multitudes came in, ragged, and tired, and hungry, and ignorant, but free forever from anything but the memorial scars of the fetters and the whip, singing rude songs in which the new triumph of freedom struggled and heaved below the sad melody that had been shaped for bondage; as in their camps and hovels there grew up to their half-superstitious eyes the image of a great Father almost more than man, to whom they owed their freedom,—were they not half right? For it was not to one man, driven by stress of policy, or swept off by a whim of pity, that the noble act was due. It was to the American nature, long kept by God in his own intentions till his time should come, at last emerging into sight and power, and bound up and embodied in this best and most American of all Americans, to whom we and those poor frightened slaves at last might look up together and love to call him, with one voice, our Father.

Thus, we have seen something of what the character of Mr. Lincoln was, and how it issued in the life he lived. It remains for us to see how it resulted also in the terrible death which has laid his murdered body here in our town among lamenting multitudes to-day. It is not a hard question, though it is sad to answer. We saw the two natures, the nature of Slavery and the nature of Freedom, at last set against each other, come at last to open war. Both fought, fought long, fought bravely; but each, as was perfectly natural, fought with the tools and in the ways which its own character had made familiar to it. The character of Slavery was brutal, barbarous, and treacherous; and so the whole history of the slave power during the war has been full of ways of warfare brutal, barbarous, and treacherous, beyond anything that men bred in freedom could have been driven to by the most hateful passions. It is not to be marvelled at. It is not to be set down as the special sin of the war. It goes back beyond that. It is the sin of the system. It is the barbarism of Slavery. When Slavery went to war to save its life, what wonder if its barbarism grew barbarous a hundredfold!

One would be attempting a task which once was almost hopeless, but which now is only needless, if he set himself to convince a northern congregation that Slavery was a barbarian institution. It would be hardly more necessary to try to prove how its barbarism has shown itself during this war. The same spirit which was blind to the wickedness of breaking sacred ties, of separating man and wife, of beating women till they dropped

down dead, of organizing licentiousness and sin into commercial systems, of forbidding knowledge and protecting itself with ignorance, of putting on its arms and riding out to steal a state at the beleaguered ballot-box away from freedom—in one word (for its simplest definition is its worst dishonor), the spirit that gave man the ownership in man in time of peace, has found out yet more terrible barbarisms for the time of war. It has hewed and burned the bodies of the dead. It has starved and mutilated its helpless prisoners. It has dealt by truth, not as men will in a time of excitement, lightly and with frequent violations, but with a cool, and deliberate, and systematic contempt. It has sent its agents into northern towns to fire peaceful hotels where hundreds of peaceful men and women slept. It has undermined the prisons where its victims starved, and made all ready to blow with one blast their wretched life away. It has delighted in the lowest and basest scurrility even on the highest and most honorable lips. It has corrupted the graciousness of women and killed out the truth of men.

I do not count up the terrible catalogue because I like to, nor because I wish to stir your hearts to passion. Even now, you and I have no right to indulge in personal hatred to the men who did these things. But we are not doing right by ourselves, by the President that we have lost, or by God who had a purpose in our losing him, unless we know thoroughly that it was this same spirit which we have seen to be a tyrant in peace and a savage in war, that has crowned itself with the working of this final woe. It was the conflict of the two American natures, the false and the true. It was Slavery and Freedom that met in their two representatives, the assassin and the President; and the victim of the last desperate struggle of the dying Slavery lies dead to-day in Independence Hall.

Solemnly, in the sight of God, I charge this murder where it belongs, on Slavery. I dare not stand here in His sight, and before Him or you speak doubtful and double-meaning words of vague repentance, as if we had killed our President. We have sins enough, but we have not done this sin, save as by weak concessions and timid compromises we have let the spirit of Slavery grow strong and ripe for such a deed. In the barbarism of Slavery the foul act and its foul method had their birth. By all the goodness that there was in him; by all the love we had for him (and who shall tell how great it was); by all the sorrow that has burdened down this desolate and dreadful week,—I charge this murder where it belongs, on Slavery. I bid you to remember where the charge belongs, to write it on the doorposts of your mourning houses, to teach it to your wondering children, to give it to the history of these times, that all times to come may hate and dread the sin that killed our noblest President.

If ever anything were clear, this is the clearest. Is there the man alive who thinks that Abraham Lincoln was shot just for himself; that it was that one man for whom the plot was laid? The gentlest, kindest, most indulgent man that ever ruled a state! The man who knew not how to speak a word of harshness or how to make a foe!

Was it he for whom the murderer lurked with a mere private hate? It was not he, but what he stood for. It was Law and Liberty, it was Government and Freedom, against which the hate gathered and the treacherous shot was fired. And I know not how the crime of him who shoots at Law and Liberty in the crowded glare of a great theatre differs from theirs who have levelled their aim at the same great beings from behind a thousand ambuscades and on a hundred battle-fields of this long war. Every general in the field, and every false citizen in our midst at home, who has plotted and labored to destroy the lives of the soldiers of the Republic, is brother to him who did this deed. Tho American nature, the American truths, of which our President was the anointed and supreme embodiment, have been embodied in multitudes of heroes who marched unknown and fell unnoticed in our ranks. For them, just as for him, character decreed a life and a death. The blood of all of them I charge on the same head. Slavery armed with Treason was their murderer.

Men point out to us the absurdity and folly of this awful crime. Again and again we hear men say, "It was the worst thing for themselves they could have done. They have shot a representative man, and the cause he represented grows stronger and sterner by his death. Can it be that so wise a devil was so foolish here? Must it not have been the act of one poor madman, born and nursed in his one reckless brain?" My friends, let us understand this matter. It was a foolish act. Its folly was only equalled by its wickedness. It was a foolish act. But when did sin begin to be wise? When did wickedness learn wisdom? When did the fool stop saying in his heart, "There is no God," and acting godlessly in the absurdity of his impiety? The cause that Abraham Lincoln died for shall grow stronger by his death,—stronger and sterner. Stronger to set its pillars deep into the structure of our nation's life; sterner to execute the justice of the Lord upon his enemies. Stronger to spread its arms and grasp our whole land into freedom; sterner to sweep the last poor ghost of slavery out of our haunted homes. But while we feel the folly of this act, let not its folly hide its wickedness. It was the wickedness of Slavery putting on a foolishness for which its wickedness and that alone is responsible, that robbed the nation of a President and the people of a father. And remember this, that the folly of the Slave power in striking the representative of Freedom, and thinking that thereby it killed Freedom itself, is only a folly that we shall echo if we dare to think that in punishing the representatives of Slavery who did this deed, we are putting Slavery to death. Dispersing armies and hanging traitors, imperatively as justice and necessity may demand them both, are not killing the spirit out of which they sprang. The traitor must die because he has committed treason. The murderer must die because he has committed murder. Slavery must die, because out of it, and it alone, came forth the treason of the traitor and the murder of the murderer. Do not say that it is dead. It is not, while its essential spirit lives. While one man counts another man his born inferior for the color of his skin, while

both in North and South prejudices and practices, which the law cannot touch, but which God hates, keep alive in our people's hearts the spirit of the old iniquity, it is not dead. The new American nature must supplant the old. We must grow like our President, in his truth, his independence, his religion, and his wide humanity. Then the character by which he died shall be in us, and by it we shall live. Then peace shall come that knows no war, and law that knows no treason; and full of his spirit a grateful land shall gather round his grave, and in the daily psalm of prosperous and righteous living, thank God forever for his life and death.

So let him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from the western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his western grave and tell us with a silence more eloquent than words how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God, he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob, his people, and Israel, his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this—"He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power." The *Shepherd of the People!* that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed *all* his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him and his work was done!

He stood once on the battlefield of our own state, and said of the brave men who had saved it words as noble as any countryman of ours ever spoke. Let us stand in the country he has saved,

and which is to be his grave and monument, and say of Abraham Lincoln what he said of the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg. He stood there with their graves before him, and these are the words he said:

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men 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 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; and this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE sermon on Abraham Lincoln by Phillips Brooks, given in his church in Philadelphia while the body of the martyred President lay in Independence Hall, on the sad journey from Washington to Springfield, is re-published in the preceding pages as one of the conspicuous and impressive illustrations of the great preacher's attention in his pulpit to national affairs from the earliest days of his ministry. It is only an illustration, only one conspicuous instance. Entering upon his life as a preacher at the very juncture when the forces of Freedom and Slavery were fitting themselves against each other for their death struggle in the republic, his pulpit from the beginning rang with sermons which witnessed to his conviction that religion is here in the world for nothing at all if it is not here, as the old Hebrew prophets conceived it, and as our own old Puritan divines conceived it, to bring itself directly to bear upon the whole life of the community, to work for the kingdom of God here and now, boldly rebuking the sins of politicians as well as the sins of priests, and holding up the standard of righteousness for the State as well as for the Church. This sermon upon Lincoln is surely not,—so at least we think most will feel who have been used to hearing Mr. Brooks or to reading his volumes in these later years—one of his great sermons, although a true and noble sermon it certainly is, one of the noblest pulpit tributes to Lincoln—and one cannot help remarking the fact that here, several months before the "Commemoration Ode," Lincoln is spoken of as "this best and most American of all Americans." The sermon lacks the breadth and firmness and fulness of his later sermons—which is simply saying perhaps that it is a young man's sermon, and that the other sermons which we read are the mature man's sermons. But it is good fortune that this early sermon, on a subject so solemn and significant, was preserved, to illustrate the political element which has ever remained so prominent an element in Mr. Brooks's preaching. This, we believe, is one great element of his power. Lowell said of Parker, in the *Fable for Critics*, "You're thankful to meet with a preacher who smacks of the field and the street." Phillips Brooks's sermons, most spiritual sermons of our time, have always been most *real* sermons, never dealing with ghostland, but always closely and directly

touching human life—the life of the school, the business life, the scientific life, the political life. Every hearer has known and felt that the preacher was his brother, a man among men, a sharer in all the great struggles, anxieties, aspirations, and enthusiasms of society and the State. One of the leading English writers has recently published a searching and impressive essay entitled "The Citizen Christ." The very word enforces the truth necessary for this time; and the whole career of Phillips Brooks has enforced it. He is not simply the divine, he is also the *citizen*—and so he is strong.

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REFERENCE is made in the article in the preceding pages to Mr. Brooks's oration at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Boston Latin School. This, too, reveals, and in quite as notable a way as the sermon on Abraham Lincoln and the various stirring sermons of the war time, the intensity and the sweep of his feelings as a *citizen*. It reveals as well his fine historical imagination and his power of attention to details in re-creating the past. It has been said that Mr. Brooks seriously considered, in the early period of his ministry in Philadelphia, the acceptance of a chair in ecclesiastical history. Had he become a teacher of general history, he would have been an inspiring and an eminent teacher. He has the historical consciousness and the historical talent, as Arnold of Rugby had them, and Dean Stanley; and these are shown most strikingly perhaps when he steps outside of the distinctly religious field and handles political, social, and literary themes. He has, indeed, done this but little. He has not been a writer of essays to the extent that Dean Stanley and others of the English Broad Churchmen have been. No other great preacher of our time, no preacher of equal prominence, has been so exclusively a preacher. The scope of his preaching, indeed, has been as broad as the interests of men, a thousand sermons touching politics and business and literature and science and society, as well as the immediate religious life. But it has been chiefly in *sermons*, as a preacher, that he has touched these things; he has seldom appeared on the platform or in the magazine. When he has done so, it has almost