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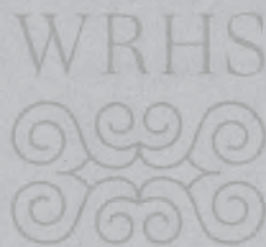
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Voices I love to hear - Abraham Lincoln, 1943.

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VOICES I LOVE TO HEAR

The Music of the Soul of Abraham Lincoln



By
Dr. Abba Hillel Silver

At
The Temple

On
Sunday morning, February 14, 1943

Few men in American History have revealed themselves so fully in speech as did Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln is associated in our minds not only with the greatest moments in our country's history -- the Civil War, the preservation of the Union, the emancipation of the slaves, but also with the spoken word, the great public utterances like the Second Inaugural Address, the Gettysburgh Address and countless other utterances, speeches, anecdotes, stories, humorous and sad which reveal the full humanity of this extraordinary man. Lincoln is a voice, one of the great voices of history. a voice which accents, reverberates around the world and which will echo down all the corridors of time.

And it is one of the most tender and timely of voices, one of the most warm and loveable of voices ever to rise from a great and compassionate soul. The voice of Abraham Lincoln is the sweet, sad not only voice/of his own tried and tired of hart, but also/the heart of the world.

There were many voices in his day lifted up to catch the ears of their fellow man in that tragic era plunged into bloody civil war over issues of slavery and union, loud, strident voices of orators and lawyers and statesmen and legislators, of slave-holders and abolitionists, of writers and journalists, hysterical voices, brutal and angry voices, voices of hate, bitterness in both camps. But they were nearly all silenced and lost in the void of oblivion, more or less forgotten voices, voices of the dead past. writing Historians/of that period are reawakening for a moment the echo of one or another voice of that motley chorus that dimmed the skies of America with their furious medley nearly a century ago. Even when those voices are awakened, they are merely incidental accompaniment to that voice, the sole voice, the voice of Abraham Lincoln.

And that voice abides, and it still speaks with unmitigated appeal to generations. And men stop to listen, for there is a welcome and familiar music in that voice, an ageless voice speaking of ageless things, unforgettable cadences.

Whenever the kinsmen of Abraham Lincoln, in times of darkness, danger and confusion long for wisdom to guide them, for a strength to sustain them, for a

or wistful humor to lighten their burden they turn to Abraham Lincoln. They tune in on Abraham Lincoln and across the years his voice comes back as serenely comforting as it must have come to those citizens in those turbulent years a long time ago.

People love to hear the voice of Abraham Lincoln. Some love to hear the unknown voices of some whose lives were closely linked up with the life of Abraham Lincoln, some whose lives were of the very warp and woof of Lincoln's life. There is, for example, the voice of Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks. So pathetically little is known of her. Lincoln's mother, who in that clay-floored log cabin in the Kentucky wilderness gave birth to one who was destined to become one of the earth's immortal beings. She died too young to know what would become of her boy, when Abraham Lincoln was nine years old. And she left him in the care of his father, Thomas, a migrant all his life, who could just about write his own name. In later years Abraham Lincoln said of his mother "that I owe everything that I am to her".

Now, what would Abraham Lincoln's mother say if she returned to earth seeking news of her boy? Rosemary Benet invoked her spirit, brought her to earth and made it speak:

If Nancy Hanks
Came back as a ghost,
Seeking news
of what she loved most,
She'd ask first
"Where's my son?
"What's happened to Abe?
What's he done?

"Poor Little Abe,
Left all alone
Except for Tom,
Who's a rolling stone;
He was only nine
The year I died.
I remember still
How hard he cried.

"Scraping along
In a little shack,
With hardly a shirt
To cover his back,
And a prairie wind
To blow him down,
Or pinching times
If he went to town.

"You wouldn't know
About my son?
Did he grow tall?
Did he have fun?
Did he learn to read?
Did he get to town?
Do you know his name?
Did he get on?"

Yes, mother Lincoln, he did get on. We do know his name. And in the farthest corner of the earth men know and bless his name -- and your name too!

Another poem by Edger Lee Masters brought back another unknown voice of another woman who fashioned the soul of Lincoln, Ann Rutledge, the one woman whom he loved in his manly life. Soon after they ~~xxx~~ were engaged, Ann Rutledge fell seriously ill and died. Of her grave, Lincoln said that his heart lies buried there. "The thought that the snows and rains fell upon her grave filled him with indescribable grief." Her death brought on spells of melancholy. He was frequently overcome with fits of depression so that he didn't dare even to carry a pocket knife with him. Out of that experience of his life, out of that life and death grief, he learned what wise men always learn -- compassion for the peoples suffering, sympathy and charity.

What would Ann Rutledge say if ^{she} were to speak? Edger Lee Masters makes such a speech:

Out of Me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music:
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

These are the unknown voices which come to us through the medium of imagination.

Out of the mouth of Lincoln came the real voice. There is a voice which reaches us from Lincoln's own youth, when he was still an unknown youth in charge of a ferry boat on the River. That voice wends its way like a recurrent theme through the whole pattern of his later life. With two other companions he makes a voyage down the Mississippi on a flat-boat to New Orleans. He is nearly 21 now. He could just about read, write and decipher. The mind of Abraham Lincoln was uneducated, but his heart, some instinctively, vibrates to all of God's great truths of the spirit. And in New Orleans he sees for the first time the negroes chained, whipped. He watches a slave auction, and the horror of it, the thing he had heard of but had never seen overcomes him and his heart bleeds. All the horror of it enters his soul and then he speaks to his companions: "By God, boys, let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard." Thirty years later he got this chance.

There was another of the earth's great immortals who when a young man made a trip to the slave-pens of his day. I refer, of course, to Moses in Egypt. "And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown up, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens, and he saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren." The story goes on to tell how Moses killed the taskmaster and was forced to flee in exile from the land of Pharaoh, and how he remained in exile until Pharaoh died. Then he was summoned by the voice of God back to Egypt to set his people free.

Lincoln on that trip to New Orleans could not slay the slave-holder. There were too many of them. Lincoln was not as passionate a man as Moses. Lincoln was more passionate and moderate throughout his life. He was opposed to revolutionary methods to destroy slavery. In great emergencies he was persuaded that moderation was better than revolution. "The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift." The slave-holding states, he knew, had a constitutional right to hold

slaves. To revoke that right was to destroy the Union and his first concern was to keep the United States from falling apart. He would not interfere with slavery where it existed, much as he abhorred slavery. Equally he was determined to keep slavery from expanding into ^{parts} ~~nations~~ where it did not previously exist. His hope was confine this unspeakable thing, slavery, to isolate it in an expanding country and gradually to liquidate it.

But his youthful ambition to hit that thing hard -- that never left him. "Slavery is a vilation of the eternal right" .. "It is a black foul lie that can never be consecrated into God's hallowed truth". He waited for his chance to hit that thing hard. He waited a long time to hit. He did not want to do anything that would endanger the Union. When he was President, his prime responsibility was to preserve the Union.

His chance came at the end of 1862 when he was Commander in Chief, and as a military measure, in order to weaken the slave-holding states at war in the Union, he issued an emancipation proclamation. He seized the historic opportunity to do as Commander-in-Chief, what he could not do as President of the United States without violating the Union. It was an unexpected and astounding thing to do. In his Second Inaugural address he said: "Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease." The voice of that spiritual resolution which we ^{heard} ~~heard~~ three decades before in New Orleans, rising out of a tortured heart of a young lad, that voice of spiritual resolution which can wait undefeated through the frustrations of years, that could wait until the hour strikes -- that is the voice of Abraham Lincoln.

There are other voices from Lincoln's mind and heart which have a very pointed reference to our own immediate hour. Listen to this: "And if the safeguards to liberty are broken down, as is now attempted, when they have made things of all the free negroes, how long, think you, before they will begin to make things of poor white men? Be not deceived. Revolutions do not go backward. The founder of the Democratic

party declared that all men were created equal. His successor in the leadership has written the word "white" before men, making it read "all white men are created equal". Pray, will or may not the Know-Nothings, if they should get in power, add the word "Protestant" making it read "all Protestant white men?"

Does not that sound as if it were just spoken yesterday? -- that admonition, that word of caution. The truth, the fundamental truth which men frequently forget is that ~~when~~ all men are involved in one common destiny, in one common persecution, in one common disaster when the safeguards ^{of} liberty are once thrown down as regards one group or minority. That voice of Abraham Lincoln was not heeded in our day until the Second World War was started. Revolutions can not go backwards. A revolution like the Fascist or Nazi revolution must go forward from one group to another, from nation to another. That is the basic truth of history. What Lincoln told men of his day we are learning anew.

Listen to this: This was spoken in 1858: "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 ~~XXXXXX~~ to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

Within the last few years it has been the same -- all of one, or all the other." Men tried appeasement...That can't exist. It can't be. Lincoln knew it. His countrymen learned it.

Listen to this, spoken in 1856: With steady eye on the real issue, let us reinaugurate the good old Central ideas of the republic. We can do it. The human heart is with us. God is with us. We shall again be able not to declare that all states as states are equal, nor get that all citizens as citizens are equal, but to renew the broader, better declaration, including both these and much more, that "all men are created equal." Lincoln in his day had to renew that charter of human freedom which had been announced seventy-five years before his day. His fellow citizens had forgotten it just as we in our own day -- nearly seventy-five years after, have to proclaim anew

this basic charter of human rights: "All men are created equal". Not merely the rights of citizens, as such, but the rights of human beings to equality before law. Can anything be more timely than those ten sentences, spoken in five minutes at the Battle of Gettysburgh, sentences which since have become immortal?

"It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us -- that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion -- that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain -- that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom-- and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Such governments were nearer the verge of perishing in our day than even in the days of Lincoln. We are still confronted with the unfinished work, with the great task which lies ahead for which so many of our beloved sons of this country and other people are giving their lives to the unfinished work.

Finally there is another voice speaking to us from the life of Abraham Lincoln -- the great Civil War was drawing to a close -- also the life of Abraham Lincoln. In March, 1865, Lincoln had been re-elected President of the United States and he is now delivering his second inaugural address. In the first, you will recall, he pleaded with the South not to secede from the Union. They did secede and four years of bloody Civil War ensued. Now the North is about to win the war. The President said, on that day: "Progress of our arms, is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all." There were high hopes of victory on that day. In point of fact, within a month Richmond was to fall and Lee was to surrender.

What did Abraham Lincoln speak on that morning in that second inaugural address? Was there a note of jubilation in his voice? Or a bitter note of

denunciation, or promises of revenge, retribution for which the people of the North were submitted by the rebels of the South? Amazingly, nothing of the sort.

Listen to the voice:

"Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us not judge, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"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 in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Only humility in that voice. Only resignation to the will of God. Only charity and forgiveness for all men. Abraham Lincoln is thinking of tomorrow, of binding up the nation's wounds, of a just and lasting peace among his own people and with all nations.

Within six weeks, the voice who spoke those words was still and dead, silenced by an assassin's bullet. And in a sense, that almost last utterance becomes his legacy to the American people for all times. We are today paying in another war, no longer a civil war, but for the self-same principle for which the Civil War was fought. We must now strive to finish the work which Abraham Lincoln started, the unfinished task... to establish a just world. We thank the voice of Abraham Lincoln.....



Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
 done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN

ANNE RUTLEDGE

OUT OF ME unworthy and unknown
 The vibrations of deathless music:
 "With malice toward none, with charity for all."
 Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
 And the beneficent face of a nation
 Shining with justice and truth.
 I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
 Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
 Wedded to him, not through union,
 But through separation.
 Bloom forever, O Republic,
 From the dust of my bosom!

—EDGAR LEE MASTERS

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smell and smack of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In that Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home—
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?
The millions shot down when we strike?
The millions who have nothing for our pay?
For all the dreams we've dreamed
And all the songs we've sung
And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've hung,
The millions who have nothing for our pay—
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—
And yet must be—the land where *every* man is free.
The land that's mine—the poor man's, Indian's,
Negro's, ME—
Who made America.
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,

Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose—
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,
We must take back our land again,
America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath—
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers,
The mountains and the endless plain—
All, all the stretch of these great green states—
And make America again!

—LANGSTON HUGHES

NANCY HANKS

If Nancy Hanks
Came back as a ghost,
Seeking news
Of what she loved most,
She'd ask first
"Where's my son?"

What's happened to Abe?
What's he done?

"Poor Little Abe,
Left all alone
Except for Tom,
Who's a rolling stone;
He was only nine
The year I died.
I remember still
How hard he cried.

"Scraping along
In a little shack,
With hardly a shirt
To cover his back,
And a prairie wind
To blow him down,
Or pinching times
If he went to town.

"You wouldn't know
About my son?
Did he grow tall?
Did he have fun?
Did he learn to read?
Did he get to town?
Do you know his name?
Did he get on?"

—ROSEMARY BENÉT

COLLOQUY FOR THE STATES

THERE's talk says Illinois.

Is there says Iowa.

There's talk on the east wind says Illinois.

Talk about what says Dakota says Kansas says Arkansas.

Can't make out: too far east says Michigan.

East of the roosters says Indiana.

Morning crows says Ohio.

East of the

East says York State.

East still says Connecticut: on east.

It's down east from here says Massachusetts.

It's east of the Quoddy says Maine but I hear it.

Hear

What says Texas.

What can you hear says Virginia.

Can't be sure says Maine. Surf on the reefs.

Ice pounding away on the pans in Penobscot.

Few men in Amer. history so ~~com~~ fully revealed his in Speech as A.L. He is associated in our minds not only with # one of the greatest events in our history - Civil War - Reconstruction - Emancipation Proclamation - but with the spoken word - with great public utterances both the Second Inaugural and the Gettysburg Address, and with countless lesser utterances, ^{speeches} anecdotes, stories, & humorous sallies which reveal the full humanity of this extraordinary man. Lincoln is a voice, one of the great voices of mankind, whose ^{deeds} ~~deeds~~ have reverberated round the world, and will echo down the centuries.

And it is one of the most tender and kindly, one of the most warm and lovable voices ever to rise from a great and compassionate soul. His voice is the sweetest music not only of his ^{own} ~~own~~ tried and true heart - but of the heart of the world.

There were many voices lifted up to catch the ears of the fellow men in that tragic era which saw this country torn asunder and plunged into a bloody civil war over the issue of slavery & the Union. Loud, vibrant voices of orators & lawyers and statesmen & big game hunters, of slave-holders and abolitionists, of writers and journalists, hysterical voices, brutal and angry voices, voices of hate and bitterness, impatient voices in both camps. They are nearly all silenced now in the void of oblivion. They are more or less forgotten voices. ^{Dead voices} ~~Dead voices~~ / a dead past. An occasional historian, that will re-awaken for a moment the echo of ^{one or another} ~~some~~ voice, that nobly shows that drained the skin of America with their human melody nearly a century ago. - Only as incidental accompaniment - Great solo

But one voice abides, and it speaks with unmitigated appeal to each succeeding generation, and men stop to listen, for there is welcome and faithful music in that voice - an abiding voice

speaking of all his things - in unforgettable cadences - ^{wherever} ~~wherever~~ ⁽²⁾
his kinsmen in times of darkness, danger or confusion long for a wisdom
to guide them, a strength to sustain them, a wordful humor to lighten their
burden, they turn in on A.L. and across the span, the long, lost years
his voice comes, as serenely as ~~stately~~ and comforting as it must
have come to his fellow-strugglers in those turbulent years of long ago.

2. People love to hear the voice, L. - Some would even love to hear the
unknown voices of some whose lives were, the very warp and woof of
L's life. And so they conjure up imaginary voices. There is the
voice of his mother - Nancy Hanks. - So pathetically little is
known of her who in that clay-floored log cabin in the Ky. wilderness
gave birth to one who was to become, the leader in America. She
died too young to know what became her child, L. was ^{an} old
leaving him to the care of his father Thomas - a migrant all his life, who could just barely get by with his own
where she died; L. said in later life that he owed everything that he was
to her. What would she say, if she returned to earth, seeking
news of her boy? Rosemary Benet - invoked her spirit
brought her to earth, and makes her speak - Irish

Yes, mother L. - he did fit in! he ^{did} know his name. And in
farthest corner, the earth men knew and bless his name - and your
name too.

3. And another part, Edgar Lee Masters, brought back another
unknown voice of another woman who fashioned the soul of L.
Anne Rutledge - the one woman ^{whom} he loved. Soon after they
were engaged, she fell seriously ill and she died. Of her name

he said that "his heart his buried there."

"He thought that the snow and rains fell upon her grave
filled him with indescribable grief"

His death lost on spells of melancholy. He was frequently
overcome by fits of mental depression so that he never
dared to carry ^{any} a pocket-knife.

Out of this soul-wrenching experience of his life, out of love
and death and grief and desolation - L. learned what ^{many} other
men learn, compassion for other people suffering, sympathy
and charity. ~~Just~~

What would Anne Rutledge say - if she were to speak.
(Intro. 308)

4/ There is a voice which reaches us from L. Youth - ~~which~~ when
he was still an unknown youth in charge of a ferry boat on the river.
but that voice means its way unmistakably, like a ^{recurrent} ~~repeating~~ theme,
through the whole tangled and complex patterns of his later life:
with 2 companions he voyaged down the river on a flat-boat
to New Orleans. He is nearly 21 now. The aggregate of all his
schooling did not amount to one year! He could just about
read and write and cipher, but that was all. The mind is
not educated! But the heart instinctively vibrates to the ~~garden~~
of the great truths of the spirit.

In New Orleans he sees negroes chained, whipped. He watches
a slave auction. The horror of it - the thing he had heard about

but never actually witnessed - Mr. Cam. Him. His heart beat. (4)
"By God, boys, let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance
to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard"

30 yrs. later he got his chance!

There was another on earth's immortals - who, ^{when a young man} made a trip
to the slave-pens, his day - Moses. "And it came to pass in
these days, when Moses was grown up, that he went out with his
brethren, and looked on their burdens, and he saw an Egyptian
striking a Hebrew, one of his brethren"

Moses killed him! Had to flee -

L. could not kill slave-holders. He was not as passionate a
man as Moses. More patient and moderate. Throughout his life he
was opposed to Revol. Methods to destroy slavery. In great emergencies,
he was persuaded, moderation is generally safer > revolution. "The battle
is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift." The slave-
holding state, ^{he knew} had a constitutional right to hold slaves. To revoke
that right was to destroy Union - and his first concern was to keep
the U.S. from being broken up. He would not interfere with slavery
when it existed, much as he abhorred slavery. Eventually was he
determined to keep it from expanding into regions where it did
not previously exist - To confine it, isolate it in an
expanding country and gradually to annihilate it.

But his youthful horror, slavery & his resolution "to hit
that thing hard, if ever he got the chance" - never left him.
"Slavery is a viatical right, the eternal right" - It's a delusion,
but lie that can never be converted into God's balanced truth.

His chance ^{threw and} came ~~in~~ 1862. - When as Commander-in-chief (5)
and as a military measure, in order to weaken the slave-
holding states who were at war - he issued the Emancipation
Proclamation. He seized the historic opportunity to do as
Commander-in-chief - what he could not do - as President, the U.S.
- free the slaves. ^{It was the unexpected and the astounding thing which he did!}
^{He then anticipated that the 'cause' of the conflict might cease with}
^{or even before the conflict itself should cease.}
The voice of spiritual ^{rest} which can wait undefeated through the prophets
of the peoples, ~~and~~ ^{await} ~~its~~ ^{to} ~~come~~ ^{tell} its hour strikes --

5/ There are other voices from L's mind and heart which have a very
pointed reference to our own immediate hour.
Listen to these:



1) - Noice & Caution - ~~Do not~~ do not ~~to~~ to ~~brushing~~ brushing wrong of your neighbor. - (E)
I'm the hope that you will be impressive.

"And if the safeguards to liberty are broken down, as is now attempted, when they have made things of all the free negroes, how long, think you, before they will begin to make things of poor white men? Be not deceived. Revolutions do not go backward. The founder of the Democratic party declared that all men were created equal. His successor in the leadership has written the word "white" before men, making it read "all white men are created equal" May will in a way not the hum-blowing, if they should get in power, add the word "Protestant" making it read "all Protestant white men?"

How timely! Jews in Germany - I involved all in one common Yanney - on common deserts presenters - on common deserts
"Revolutions do not go backward"

"And thus: 1858
1) A House Divided Against Itself Cannot Stand" - 1858

"I believe this govt. 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 do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all on thing, or all the other."

Fascism & Democracy - Opposition - Must expand or become extinct -

2) "On this: 1856
"All men are created equal" - 1856
"With steady eye on the real issue, let us re-inaugurate the good old "archaic issues", the Republic. We can do it. The human

heart is with us. God is with us. we shall again be able not to
declare that "all States as States are equal," nor yet that "all citizens
as citizens are equal" but to renew the broader, better declaration,
including both these and much more, that "all men are created
equal"

new charter of human rights!

~~X. Cooper Inst. Ind. - Feb. 7 - 1860~~

~~"Let us have faith that Right makes might, and in that
Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as our under-
standing is"~~

~~Nazis - Might - Free~~

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

~~8). On his way to Washington - to weakness to suffering to~~
~~Civil War - to martyrdom - Feb. 11 - 1861~~

~~His journey to Springfield - (p. 131)~~

~~Humble - Pieety - Resurrection~~

~~8) Gettysburg Address - Nov. 19 - 1863 (p. 281) 10 sentences
spoken in 5 minutes~~

~~What could be more timely - than this voice.~~

~~No note of triumph -~~

~~"The Unfinished Work" - ~~all over the world~~ -~~

~~"that Government of - by - & - shall not perish from the earth"~~

10). The Great Goli has been drawing to a close. - also the h/p (A.L.) (8)
It is now March 4-1865. - R. deked - Seven Inaugural addresses
In the First - pleaded with the Goli not to need -
"Pursues of an arms, is, I trust, remarkably satisfactory and
encouraging to all." There were high hopes for the future - hope of
victory. In point of fact - within a week ~~he will be~~ he will be
slain and he will surrender.

What was there of jubilation in the voice, A.L. on that occasion?
Or demonstration? or promise of revenge? Forgive to the
great heart of L!

~~only~~ ^{to all of God} humility, respect, charity for all men.
He is thinking of to-morrow - of binding up the nation's wounds -
of a just and lasting peace among his own people and with
all nations (p. 330)

Within ~~to~~ 6 weeks - the voice which uttered those unnumbered
words - was still in Death - silenced by an assassin's bullet.

His legacy to America - now engaged in another way
"still to finish the work we are in" -