

the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. With malice towards 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 those who shall have borne the battle, and for their widows and orphans. And with all this let us strive after a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

These golden sentences are not the utterances of a mere earthly potentate or party politician. They are stamped with the seal of a deeper wisdom and a truer simplicity than any words mere statesman ever uttered. They seem to have been conceived more in the spirit of a prophet of the olden dispensation, or of a puritan of the seventeenth century, than of a nineteenth century statesman. It requires no prescient wisdom to foretell that they will be embalmed for ages in the memory and heart of Christians and lovers of liberty throughout the world. Devoutly thankful should we be to the Giver of all good, that great men have not yet died out from the earth; that such a man was raised up by God at such a period—a man whose sole principles of action seemed to be, the good of his country, and, as far as he was given to know it, the glory of his God.

There is just one event connected with his departure, that Christian men will *not* desire to embalm in their grateful memories. Need I say that I refer to his presence in a theatre, when he was shot by the cowardly assassin? What Christian man, what thinking man would seek to meet his end in such a scene? The very first thought that arose in almost every breast when the sad news came was this: O, if he was to die, would he had died elsewhere! I have no desire at present, nor indeed is this the time for me to discuss the question as to the lawfulness or moral influence of the stage. I hold, and am ready to prove, that the theatre is a place of vain and expensive amusement, a place unfriendly to piety, and hurtful to morality—a place, in short, whose frequenters are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." True, I am willing to throw the cloak of Christian charity over the President's presence there on that fatal night. I make every allowance for the fact that he was present on that Good Friday evening (*Good Friday*—does not the name seem almost a mack-

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