

AN APPRECIATION OF ABE ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Man knows the Truth lives the lie, conceives the circle and walks the square, ignores the permanent and chases the evanescent. His scope is limited, his desire is infinite, in his miseries he dreams of Heaven as if he were a fallen god. He would be master of all things he surveys, yet lords not his own life. His youth is spent in making his old age miserable. He makes a worm of himself and complains when others tread upon him. He busies himself with non-important trifles and feels sore if perfection fails to gravitate to him. He lives in the past, complains of the present and fears his future and frowns on the fortunes if they don't favor him. His mind is in rotation and himself a quotation from his ancestors - he aspires to be a Prophet - a leader of men - the way-shower of nations.

Small men are caught up in the wheels and whirls of their own minds - going the dizzy round over and over again and labeling it "life." They are ever glad to be helped and do so infinitesimally little for themselves, they are ever helpless as well as hopeless. When one is caught up in a machine, one is bruised and broken by fatal forces. One's own business, social and domestic conditions politics etc become such a machine, and people get sorely caught up in them. Who would come to their rescue, give them aid and set them free? Who would liberate their souls from the darkness of ignorance, the bondage of passions, political pollution, economic slavery, racial hatreds and make them realize they are citizens of the Kingdom of the Eternal?

If minds are to be fertilized they must receive the seed of Truth from sympathetic minds - minds that are full of compassion for our Suffering Race of Man. When people's souls are sunk in matter, their lights quenched; then in response to their soul's prayers - the Infinite Father sends His chosen sons to lead them into the Promised Land and to restore to them their natural heritage, halted from them by the tyranny of man to man, and once again set them on the Road of Righteousness by destroying what was false and foolish. Such a one is in the midst of things fleeting and fickle, things that continually pass on - yet his soul partakes of Truths of worlds that never pass away. Like lotus flower, great ones are born in humble but moral surroundings and Truths of Life manifested by them change unharmony into harmony, discord into accord, ugliness into beauty, weakness into strength, division into unity. They live not in the world of phantoms and fancies - but actualize Reality to better all conditions. The whole world is elevated when They appear, the "Old World" perishes and the world of the True comes into being in the hearts of men.

One of such sons of Divinity was our Lincoln. Lincoln thou wert a lover of eternal values, a dweller with what is True, Good and Beautiful. Thy presence was a pain to diabolical men, crooks and cowards, hypocrites, liars and worshippers of mannon. Your whole life was a radiant rebuke to venal and vulgar souls. Thou wert ever a champion of the Many not money - "of the government of the people, for the people and by the people."

Thou wert lover of Humanity, colors and castes concerned thee not, thou wert champion of man, showing him the way to inner triumph, not be deadening his faculties and forces, nor by dwarfing his mind's horizon - but by bringing to the fullest use in happy service of others: man must rise victorious over himself, and his environments. Thy coming to birth in America has added luster to our lucky land and hallowed our Humanity. Thou server of Truth, thy memory sacred to us will ever remain enshrined in the hollows of our hearts, in the inner sanctuaries of our souls.

From thy Heavenly abodes, O Lincoln, do condescend to look down upon us and U.S. and inspire and instruct those who have a will, a heart, mind and strength to ever follow the True for ourselves and other without partiality.

Men would, O Lincoln, wrangle, write, die and fight for Religion, they will do anything for it except to live it. True Religion is Eternal; in it the soul of man becomes one with Its Infinite Author - the source of all harmony, unity, power, certainty and wisdom. Lincoln, men cannot be made good, brotherly, generous, truly democratic from without. Help us become one with Life, so our democracy, our sacred institutions will again be charged with the True Spirit - and not decay - but will be the Light of Legions for untold ages to come. Peace to Thee our great Emancipator - may we be worthy to carry on and improve ourselves by the Influx into our Hearts of His Love, Light and Life!

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