

clear sky, was suddenly snatched from the body of the dead man, arise and go thy way rejoicing, as silently and even lovingly looking over the battlements of Eternity observing the metamorphosed Negro slave, and me thinks, he soliloquizes thusly: "Well done; I built even better than I planned."

Whether mortal or otherwise, we know not, but if we take as our criterion either sacred or profane history, we are forced to admit that all through the ages great shining human lights, more God than man have unheralded, unobserved and often unbelieved, come into the world as did Lincoln and taught and enunciated truths and doctrines, which made this a more inviting as well as a better world in which to live.

How different would have been the history of man had not Moses of Pharo fame rose to the necessities of the time and successfully piloted the children of Israel through the tortures of the forty-day wilderness wander and the watery wall of the Red Sea, with pests and pestilences hounding their footsteps by day and by night, but finally into the land of milk and honey. Grant you that this story is more or less mythological to later day historical researchers, and yet the lessons he taught and the precepts he laid down are still the elixirs of life and, who will gainsay, that the Mosaic dispensations are any less efficacious today than when they were brought down from Mt. Sinai.

The Nazarene, whose divinity in the minds of many is but a conjecture, may not have been the God He has been pictured, but whether God or man or both, He left a trail of truths from His cradle to His grave, which, if lived up to, will not only lead us to the gates of peace on earth, good will to men, but will serve as passports to the coronation of the angel of Everlasting Rest.

But, come we now to the spirit of this occasion, paying homage to the memory of Abraham Lincoln of blessed memory, a bit selfish, perhaps, but excusable. This Lincoln, who rose step by step from rural obscurity, appeared on the historic horizon as Lincoln the man, lived as Lincoln the mysterious, and died as Lincoln the God, but amid it all, he performed well the work he came to do and gave up the ghost without a murmur or complaint.

Though born in the midst of the accursed institution of human slavery and of white parentage, yet to him it was a festering boil on the body politic, and after observing it in one of its most repulsive performances, he was moved to exclaim: "If I ever get an opportunity to hit the institution of slavery I will hit it hard." How strangely remarkable that this young steamboat laborer, Abe Lincoln, should or would for a single moment entertain a thought that he would or could ever get an opportunity to deal a death blow, or even a staggering one, to an institution almost nation-wide in its scope. If his presumption was not absolutely pusillanimous, it was surely idiotic in the minds of those with whom he was conversing, to say nothing of being criminal and even treasonable in the minds of the slave-owners.

Hopeless, however, as seemed the threat, yet the opportunity did come to Abe Lincoln, and he did do exactly what he said he would do. Like the Nazarene, his divinity is doubted, and yet he seemed destined for the work, and it finished, again like the Nazarene, by violent hands he laid down mortality and his soul returned to the God that gave it, and, if nothing more, a most remarkable coincident of two lives exist in that of Jesus Christ and Abraham Lincoln.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he giveth his life for his brother."

But time is the essence of life, and life has no ills, aches or complaints, which time will not soothe, satisfy or settle. Time has wrought astounding changes in the emancipated Negro of this country, and for verification of this fact, we have but to look about us, and the evidence is so apparent that he who runs may read.

Arising from the ashes of the fires of slavery were Douglas, Revels and Bruce, a galaxy of Congressmen whose suaveness, brilliancy and diplomacy favorably compared with that of their white colleagues holding like legislative positions. The entire world can point with pride to such an educator as the late Booker T. Washington, who can be truthfully styled the father of real industrial training, and likewise to thousands of professional men and women in Negro circles, who successfully cope with the whites; all of which further demonstrates the curative elements of time.

Scholarly divines fill thousands of pulpits of this country, who administer to colored congregations, but who no longer adhere to the religious dogmas of their slave-ridden fathers in that, "You may have all this world, if you give me Jesus," but from their pulpits they now discuss liquor and lynching, capital punishment, Ku Klux Klan and like current topics, which have for their ultimate object the betterment of our land and country, irrespective of race, color or creed, with Jesus but the acting umpire of the whole. Justifying this apparent sacrilegious thrust, you can get Jesus any old time you go after Him in spirit and in truth, but it is simply hell to get justice from your white neighbors; and to win, you must fight the devil with fire. Could our fathers have seen one of the black aviators of this age sailing through the air they would exclaim: sweet chariot has actually swung low and has a black angel in it to carry us home. And thus has time transformed the ignorant black race into useful and constructive dark-skinned citizens of this proud republic. Time has lifted the Negro out of his former squally home quarters and set him down in real, and even palatial homes, with inviting and commanding surroundings including high-powered limousines, in which he leisurely tours the country to see and, I suspect, to be seen.

Even in the physical appearance of the Negro, heavy inroads have been made by Father Time since emancipation, and the shuffle-along Negro man of emancipation day has been transformed into a more or less polished, clean-cut, high-stepping, straight-haired, copper-colored gentleman, and you must actually see his face to know his group classification. Time has snatched the red bandanas from the heads of the Aunt Dinahs and the black mamys and converted the wearers thereof into high-brow ladies, with boyish bobs and abbreviated skirts, and though it makes them look shorter, yet they have the satisfaction of knowing it makes the men look longer.

Climaxing the whole, time is conforming the Negro of this country to the environments among which he moves and operates. If, therefore, he has not yet adjusted himself to all of the finer senses characteristic of his white fellow countrymen, like little Bow Peep, just let him alone and he will come home and bring his tail behind him. But we have been taught that man can not live by bread alone, and it is well to practice what we preach, which is to say: too much reaching for the cookies on the top shelf and overlooking the meat and bread below has been indulged in by the

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