

"Who would not fear Thee, O King of Nations?"—JEREMIAH x. 7.

We live in an age replete with stirring events. Incidents of the most startling character loom up to the view and arrest our attention.

The tide-wave of progress sweeps with accelerated force from continent to continent, while the voice of the nations take up and prolong the grand chant—man shall be free.

We live in an era where revolution follows swift upon the heel of revolution, with the utmost celerity. The nations, in both hemispheres, are in commotion. Mind meets mind, thought grapples with thought, and comes to the conflict harnessed in the brazen mail of war. Ideas are wrought out into tangible results, into living actualities. Men are restless under the iron rule of the oppressor, whether in Poland or America.

Give us freedom or leave to die, is the mighty thought that burns and glows in the breast of this age. A man had better die for his rights than live without them, is the motto of the world. Without that sacred boon life is a myth, a misnomer, is the universal response—the time for words is passed, the hour for action has come. Stern, relentless duty calls upon us to endure without murmuring the hardships and sacrifices of the hour. The people demand fidelity to humanity in their leaders.

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If a man be true to his God and the rights of man he is the people's man, be he a son of Yale, or a graduate of the cotton fields. Through the uprising of a great people we, who were and still are the victims of a cruel bondage, have been lifted from the dust, and placed, in some degree, in the scale of men. The Dread Avenger has hurled the bolts of his ire upon the head of the despot. The iron hoof, all livid with human gore, is shattered to atoms. he reign of blood is over; the dynasty of tyranny upon this continent is annihilated—it is among the things that were.

The thunder-bells of eternity are striking the death-kneel of American slavery. The first shot upon the ramparts of Sumter sealed its doom, affixed its fate. The roar of that cannon thundered the announcement of the American jubilee. At the roar of that gun the dwellers in the dismal swamps shouted: "He is coming—our deliverer, he is coming!" They heard the sweet chimes of liberty's bell and united in swelling the song of the free.

Christianized America, long ruled by the fell demons of wrong and cast, has reached out the hand of fraternal kindness to her dark-browed, outcast sons and daughters, and says to them:—Be Free! Be Men! The temples of art, science and letters, each will cheerfully unfold their royal portals and bid the black man enter and de-

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monstrate his ability to compete with the white man, intellectually, morally, physically, socially, politically and religiously. Religion, learning and wealth are the three grand elements which are to give us character and prestige in the world. These three great forces are to raise us to eminence and power.

The bloody scenes of New York, will but hasten the hour of our complete redemption. Right not might must rule. Such scenes make luminous the upward pathway which leads to greatness, emolument and preferment. Principle and justice will finally crush out rowdyism, be it in Berlin, or in the metropolis of the western world. The spirit of mobocracy will not be tolerated in the United States, while there is virtue in canister and sword.

"Yet serve thy spirit to the truth,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof—
The sage may frown, yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last
The victory of endurance borne."

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
The eternal yeas of God are hers—
But error wounded writhes with pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

To you, young men, is awarded a princely inheritance. I trust you will prove yourselves worthy of perpetuating the

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"Yet nerve thy spirit to the truth,
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To you, young men, is awarded a princely inheritance. I trust you will prove yourselves worthy of perpetuating the

blood-purchased legacy, which is now being handed over to your keeping. Preserve the hallowed boon inviolate, through weal and through woe.

The nation shall emerge from this conflict regenerated and redeemed. This living baptism of fire and blood, will purge us from the tin and dross of inhumanity and wrong. The grave of every loyal soldier will be a tongue, fervid with thrilling eloquence, thundering against a species of wrong, which has drawn upon the country the vengeful fire of the Almighty's ire. The noble, loyal dead, from their gory beds, utter their ceaseless protest against the enslavement of man. The immortal Broderick, as he passed down to the dwellings of the dead, exclaimed, with gasping breath, "They killed me because I was opposed to the extension of slavery." Many thousands of whites as well as Afric-Americans have been offered up upon the altar of that bloody Moloch. A new empire founded upon the imperishable basis of eternal justice, shall rise from the elements of strife and carnage. The present is the nation's golden hour.

An oriental legend says that a poor man sat waiting at the gates of Paradise a thousand years; from a sense of weariness he fell asleep for an hour, during which time the pearly gates swung back their portals. The poor man awoke only to find

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that he had forever lost the opportunity of entering into the beatified world. The heavenly gates of freedom are open now: the angel of emancipation bids America arise from the dust, put on the spotless robes of purity and truth, enter the celestial realm, and be eternally saved. We believe she has heard God's trumpet-call, and will, as a nation, seek to deal out justice to a race who have been the victims of a most cruel prejudice. Great and signal advances in the pathway of civilization and enlightened Christianity have taken place during the past few years.

The shadow upon the dial of liberty has moved forward a thousand degrees. Surely the scenes which are transpiring to-day, are quite enough to quicken the dust of those illustrious names who preferred death to oppression. Nat Turner, Lovejoy, Torrey and John Brown—names whose memories shall shine on with increasing lustre through all the successive cycles of the ages to come.

Touching the valor of our race, none but a mind utterly blinded by prejudice will attempt to brand us with cowardice. The rebels doubtless are satisfied touching the fighting qualities of the colored soldier. Let Port Hudson speak of the unparalleled heroism of the colored Louisiana volunteers, who not only once, but six times, charged upon a supercilious and imperious

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foe. The valiant deeds of our colored soldiers will be recorded with a diamond-pointed pen upon the scrolls of fame, so that our children's children may revere their memory and list their praise, the name of the 54th Massachusetts will live through the annals of all coming time.

"Give us our rights, and we ask nothing more," is the voice of 5,000,000 colored Americans. Remove all civil disabilities and none shall excel us in our heroic devotion to the banner of our country. Our deeds of prowess and daring shall add fresh lustre to the bright constellation of imperishable names which already blaze upon the scroll of our country's fame. Assure our men of full protection according to the laws of war. Let the potent word retaliation be enforced in all its broad significance. Blood for blood, shot for shot, when you maltreat, sell, hang or burn our sable warriors, who forsake all for God, their country and freedom. Concentrate the African forces. Give them officers of the right stamp, and the Southern tyrant will meet and find a foeman worthy of his steel.

There are many reasons for devout thanksgiving. Our Divine Keeper has heard our groans and come to our relief. We have found a true friend in the person of that great and sapient statesman, His Excellency, *Abraham Lincoln*, with the fiat

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of his will and pen, has declared all rebellion forever *free*. He spoke with the voice of a deliverer and said: "Ye bondmen, be free." The freedom proclamation has created a great uproar in all the regions of pandemonium, which is the true rendering of secessia. Still the edict has gone forth. "Slavery, thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Henceforth the civilized world shall place the brand of infamy upon thy accursed, hideous brow. A nation's capital no longer witnesses the humiliating spectacle of men, women and children, being sold under its very eaves. Senators and statesmen, presidents and judges, no longer gaze upon the nation's shame, from out the very windows of the nation's Senate House. The crack of the whip, the rattle of the slave coffle, and the deep, mournful wail of the slave-mother will be heard nevermore in the District of Columbia. Glad rejoicings should fill our hearts when we remember the hour of our redemption has struck, while millions obey the summons, and the same trumpet-peal that so triumphantly announces our deliverance, with equal certitude proclaims the downfall of the tyrant. Surely the great Man of War, *the King of nations*,

Hath come to our relief,
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He hath broken the steel bolts which barred our dark, dank dungeons. He hath poured the meridian blaze of freedom's pure and holy light upon the mountains of prejudice which had well-nigh crushed out our life. To the eternal God belongs all the praise. Men are but the media or instruments through and by which he works. He is the Sovereign Ruler. All must sooner or later acknowledge His sway, submit to His reign. He is the Mighty of Mighties, the King of kings and Lord of lords. His red horses are pawing in the valleys of battle even now:

"There whilst the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshippers, and spread the ground.

"Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And we have learned to lisp Thy name;
But, O, the glories of Thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind."

Thou has caused men to ride over our heads. "We went through fire and through water, but thou broughtest us into a wealthy place." Psalms 67 ch. 12 v. The same banner of fire that led Israel in safety through the desert will guide us triumphantly, until we shall have passed through this sea of carnage, blood and fire.

We who dwell in the Pacific States possess a glorious patrimony. Our mountains are ribbed with beds of precious metals, waiting to be developed by the hard, horny

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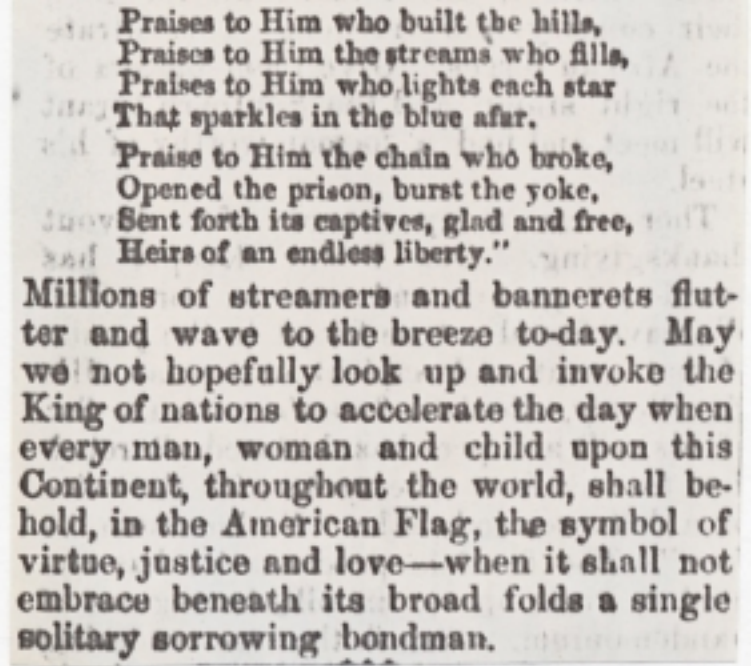
hand of toil. Our rivers sparkle and glitter with spangles of gold. Our valleys are radiant with the bloom and aroma of perpetual summer. Our orchards teem with golden fruit—the mellow peach, the delicious apricot, the rosy apple, the red-cheeked cherry, the flowers in a thousand different hues,—all demonstrate the untold wealth embraced within our borders. Everywhere the monuments of human skill and endurance stand out in bold relief. The terrible black laws which, one year ago, disgraced our State code, thanks to our God, no longer crimson the cheek of the State with shame. We have our *oath*, and while we stand upon the ocean's shore, and listen to the deep thunder-base of the stormy and restless billows, let us, as a band of brethren, cemented by the memory of a common heritage of sorrow, lift up our hearts and voices in praise to him whose breath has been our arrow, whose arm our defence. Sound the organ, swell the trump; breathe out the notes full and strong, let the strain of gold hallelujah sweep on from the orient to the occident from the zenith to the nadir, until the united voices of the nations, with one loud, universal shout, shall exclaim, GOD IS OUR FATHER, EVERY MAN IS OUR BROTHER. "Who would not fear thee, O King of Nations?"

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Praises to Him who build the hills,
Praises to Him the streams who fills,
Praises to Him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar.

Praises to Him the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth its captives, glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty."

Millions of streamers and bannerets flutter and wave to the breeze to-day. May we not hopefully look up and invoke the King of nations to accelerate the day when every man, woman and child upon this Continent, throughout the world, shall behold, in the American Flag, the symbol of virtue, justice and love—when it shall not embrace beneath its broad folds a single solitary sorrowing bondman.



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