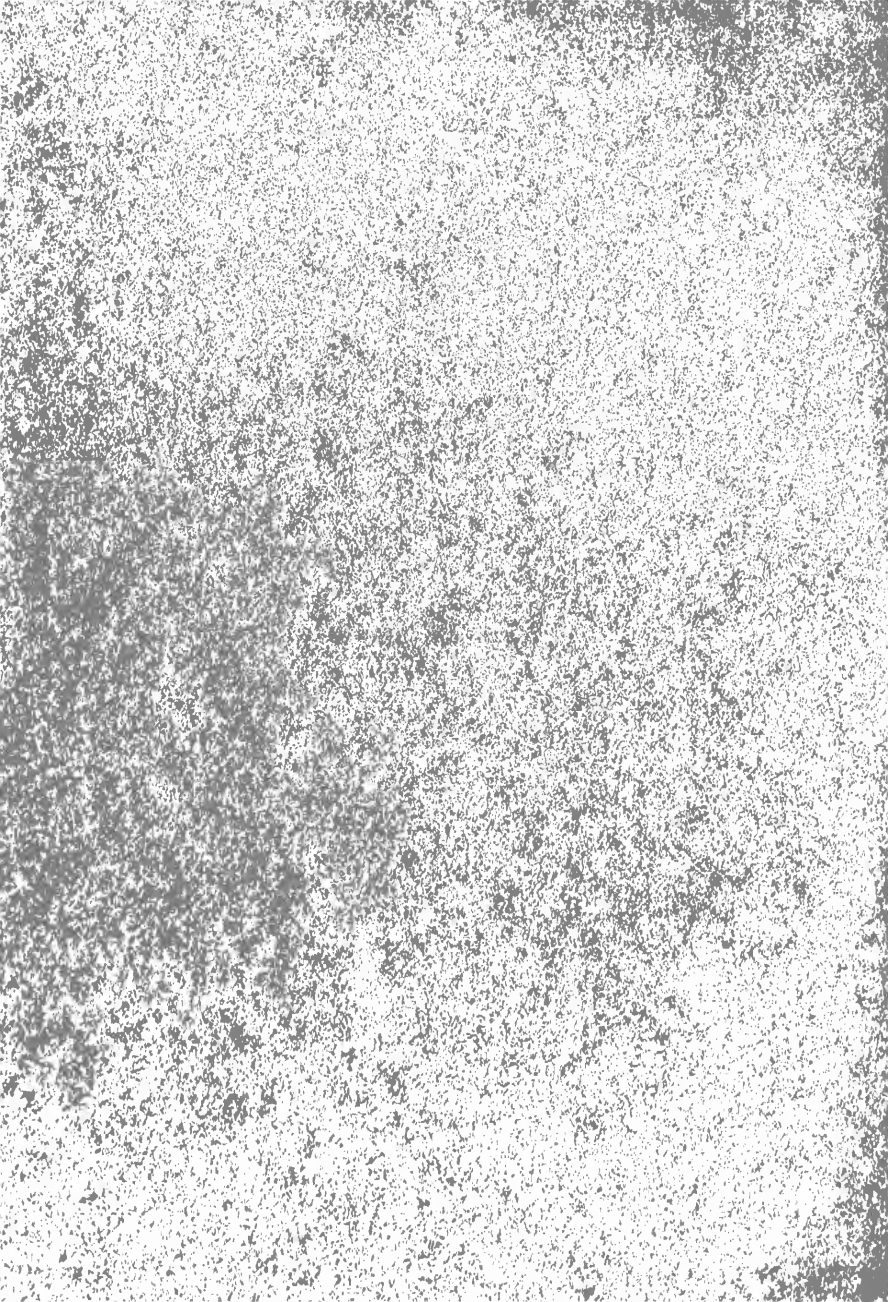


THE QUALITIES
OF WASHINGTON

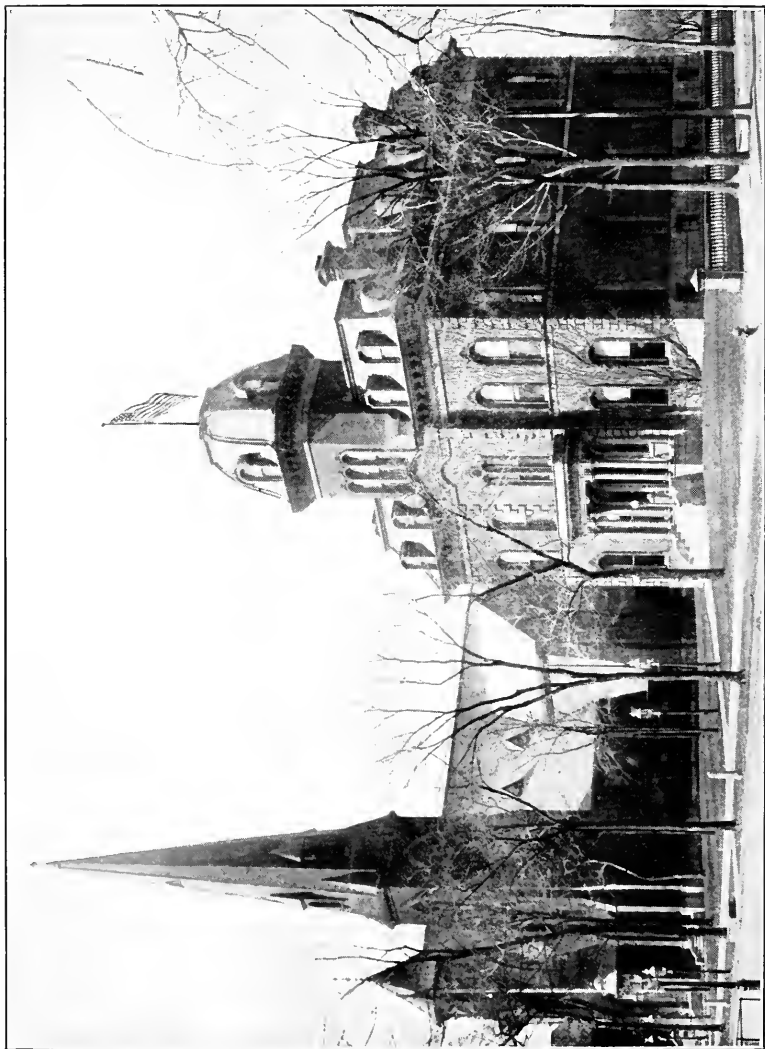
■
LINCOLN AND
HUMANITY

BY
WALTER M. ZINK





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BUFFALO CONSISTORY, A. A. S. R.

THE
QUALITIES OF WASHINGTON
..
LINCOLN
AND HUMANITY

..
BY
WALTER M. ZINK

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BUFFALO CONSISTORY
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BUFFALO, N. Y.

FREEDOM

••

W^E turn our thoughts to early days;
Our hearts are filled with joy and praise
Of statesmen, soldiers, wise and brave
Who thought and fought; a nation gave,
That we might be free.

Oppression's yoke was cast aside;
An independent people tried
To give to each an equal right
To live in freedom's love and light,
That we might be free.

We trace the progress of our land;
We see its wealth and power expand;
From North to South, from East to West,
We see a nation richly blessed
Because we are free.

Prophetic now must be our view,
For all depends on me and you,
To solve the problems now at hand:
To firmly for our nation stand;
To keep ever free.

We welcome to our country dear,
The peoples all, both far and near;
'Till now the problem for the State—
To properly assimilate;
To keep ever free.

*'Tis said our freedom stands for naught;
Forgotten then how dearly bought.
From known to unknown we should grow;
All changes sane, and sure, and slow
To keep ever free.*

*So long as Stars our Banner holds;
So long as Stripes with it unfolds;
So long as freedom is our cry;
May love for country never die,
For we now are free.*

*So long as tides shall ebb and flow;
So long as flowers bud and blow;
May concord, peace and love and right,
Direct the world to Truth and Light;
That all shall be free.*

*Boast not of victories to-day;
To Him, let's bow our heads and pray
For peace, for peace, for peace, for peace;
That cruel, useless war shall cease;
O, God: keep us free.*

—GEORGE K. STAPLES.

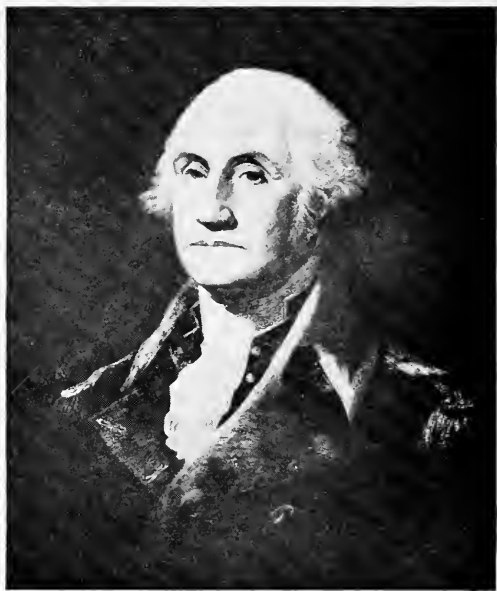
THE
QUALITIES
OF WASHINGTON
•
A
DRAMATIC
POEM

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TO
THE BUFFALO CONSISTORY

WHICH, in its various degrees, strives to inculcate the virtues of Patriotism, Justice, Mercy, Generosity, Charity, Bravery, Honor and Truth, this poem is dedicated.



THE QUALITIES OF
WASHINGTON

••

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

PROLOGUE
PAST
PRESENT
JUSTICE
CHARITY
PATRIOTISM
GENEROSITY
BRAVERY
TRUTH
HONOR
MERCY
MESSENGER

THE QUALITIES OF WASHINGTON

••

SCENE

Any interior.

No one on stage when curtain rises.
All entrances from front. All exits to front.

••

(Enter Prologue)

PROLOGUE:

Good people all, I give you hearty welcome.
In answer to our call you've come to-night
To help us conjure up our living dead,—
Yes,—living dead,—for though his body now
These many years hath moulder'd in the earth,
The Attributes, that made him what he was,
The Qualities, that made men call him great,
The Influence, he wielded while on earth,—
All these yet live. And we can call them forth
When we have need.

And now that need is ours.

The Present and The Past meet here to-night.
One comes to learn. The other comes to teach.

* * *

(Pauses. Then, forgetting his character as Prologue, meditates.)

Oh, Present, may thou humble be to-night.
Forget thy conquests on the sea and land.
Forget thy triumphs in th'unstable air.

For, though thy progress in material things
Hath far out-run the wildest dreams of man,
Thou still hast need of all those qualities,—
Those qualities, which from the dawn of time.—
Man needed always, e'er he was called great.
So humble be, and take the chance thou hast
To listen to the lessons of the Past.

* * *

(Another pause. Then, suddenly recalling his character as Prologue,)

Good people all, I give you hearty welcome.
My masters come, The Present and The Past.

(Present and Past enter during last two lines. Prologue indicates each on his last line. They separate as soon as entering. Past proceeds up left side, Present up right side. They meet in center at front. Present at first very haughty. Past gazes at him steadily. Present gradually loses haughtiness, bows lower and lower to Past and finally kneels on one knee and raises cloak of Past to his lips.)

PAST *(To Present, still kneeling):*

'Tis well, my child, that thou dost yield to me.
Full well I know thy power, wisdom, might.
My fondest hopes in thee, thou'st far out-stripped,
Yet would I see thee humble. Not that I
Have joy in slavish def'rance, but that thou
Shouldst recognize the debt thou owest me.
True honor waits upon humility,
Remember that, my child.

And now arise,
For I have come to thee upon this night
To teach thee, as I've done so oft before,
And this, my message is. Bear well in mind.
If any man hath been accounted great,
His Mem'ry love. His character, make thine.
The things that made him great are likewise thine
If thou wilt but receive them.

To-night, I give to thee great Washington.
Take him my child as though thy very own
To hold, to cherish, emulate and love.
This is the message that I give to-night,
And now, my child, farewell.

(Past starts to exit. Present, in deep thought, allows him to get nearly to the door. Then arouses suddenly.)

PRESENT :

But stay, my father, how can this thing be?
The man thou givest me hath long been dead.
Will he return to earth at my command?

PAST (*After returning to Present*):

Not so, my child. His body only died.
"The Attributes, that made him what he was,
The Qualities, that made men call him great,
The Influence, he wielded while on earth,
All these yet live." For thee I call them forth.

Oh Justice, Charity and Patriotism,
Generosity and Honor, Mercy, Truth,
And likewise Bravery; I call to Ye,—
Ye Qualities our Washington possessed,
Ye Qualities that made men call him great,—
I call to ye to come at this command,
Yea, now I call. The Present needs ye. Come!

(Enter procession of Justice, Charity, etc., each carrying a banner.)

PAST (*To Present, indicating Charity, etc.*)

My child, this is my gift to-night to thee.

PRESENT (*Bewildered*):

But father, this I scarcely understand.
How meanest thou?—Great Washington—

(Justice, misunderstanding why Present doubts, interrupts.)

JUSTICE:

Dost thou then doubt that we are part of him?

PRESENT:

Nay, Nay, I only thought—

JUSTICE (*Again interrupting*):

Ah, then, 'tis well,
For no man now disputes the settled fact
That Justice dwelt in him, and was a part
Of his great soul. When he was on the earth
A few there were, who claimed he was unjust.
But who were they? No man doth honor them;

Or if such are remembered now, 'tis but
To be despised.

And this, remember too;
The influence he wielded while on earth,
The love and veneration felt for him,
Could not be his, if he had been unjust;
Nor would his loving people say of him:
"He was the first in war and first in peace,"
And add, "The first in all his people's hearts."

(Charity interrupts.)

CHARITY:

'Tis true and undisputed, he was just;
'Tis true his influence on earth was great;
But must we give to Justice all the praise?
I, too, was part of Washington's great soul.
Some call me "Charity," and others, "Love."
Mayhap, it was because I dwelt in him,
Because I made him love his countrymen,
That all his countrymen had love for him.
But, more than this, I made him give himself
For many years unto his country's cause
Because he lov'd it, and could not refuse.

(Patriotism interrupts.)

PATRIOTISM:

Yea, Charity, we give to thee all praise,
But thou couldst not have done this thing alone.
With thee, he might have loved, but that was all.
His Patriotism urged him on to act.

And he was patriotic to the core,
As earnest in his work for all the land
As for his own Virginia. He was moved
By no Colonial prejudice, and knew
No bound'ry line of colony or State.
He always sought to learn his country's need,
And then,—His Country First—That was his creed,
That was his creed.

(Generosity interrupts.)

GENEROSITY:

Oh yes, that was his creed;
But would a selfish man have had that creed?
Did Generosity then play no part?
I lived as part of him through all his life.
Full well I know the measure of that soul.
He sowed, and cared not if another reaped;
If but the cause was served, he was content.
For all those years of carnage and of war
He gave himself unto his country's need,
And when the war was done, and that great heart
Desired naught but Home and Peace and Rest,
Ah, then his country called again to him,
And leaving all for which his spirit yearned,
He gave himself once more.

PAST (*To Present*):

No man e'er lived with more of Modesty
Than Washington. Yet now he's dead, note how
His Attributes and Virtues speak for him.

BRAVERY:

Let me, too, speak.
For Bravery's my name, and in the life
Of Washington, I, too, played well my part.

* * *

When he was in the very flush of youth,
When life was dear and all his hopes ran high,
There came a call for one to risk his life.
His native State had need of some brave man
To carry warlike message to the French.
Three hundred miles this message had to go,
And all on foot through forests never trod.
Three mountain ranges in succession lay,
And rivers must be crossed as best they could.
And savages, on warfare bent, were there.
These dangers, all, this messenger must face.
A man was needed, but no man stepped forth.
Then came our Washington, though but a youth,
He took the message others feared to take,
Delivered it, and brought the answer back.

* * *

There is no need to tell the many times
That Bravery possessed this noble soul.
Enough to say, that never in his life
Did danger call, but what he made reply.

TRUTH:

His Bravery is far beyond dispute,
Nor will one question that Truth dwelt in him.
I could relate a thousand instances
When falsehood would have seemed to serve his need,
But he relied on me, relied on Truth.
Now every schoolboy in this widespread land
Can tell the stories of his truthfulness.
And so, with all his other Attributes,
I take my place, the Quality of Truth.

(Honor interrupts.)

HONOR:

And so with me. I make no argument.
They call me Honor. I was part of him,
And all his life, I shaped his acts, his words,
His very thoughts, and never once did I
Relax my vigilance.

JUSTICE:

Nor yet did I.

PATRIOTISM:

I, too, make claim, that never was there time
When Patriotism did not guard this soul.

(Mercy replies triumphantly.)

MERCY:

But once thou slept, oh Patriotism, great,
And Justice, thou wert not with him that night,
And even Honor nodded; and then I
Did rule, alone, the mind of Washington,
And Mercy was supreme in that great soul.

(*To Patriotism and Honor.*)

Thou art too cruel at times, the both of ye,
And even Justice rules with stony heart.
When Washington would act with me and show
The pity his great heart would feel at times,
Then Justice interfered; and Honor, too;
And even Patriotism bade him stop,
And would not let him do his act of love.

(*To All*)

But once, weak Mercy triumphed o'er you all.
It was that time we lay at Valley Forge.
For days, the men but scanty rations had.
Night after night they shivered in their cots.
The soldiers all half naked were, and some
Were sick. The rest, all weak and worn.
The night was very cold. The army slept,
Save where the pickets kept their dreary watch.
At midnight, Washington stole softly forth.
From post to post went he through all the camp,
Until he reached the very outmost post,
And there, upon his watch, a soldier boy,—
Yea, only boy was he, the pride and joy
Of some fond mother's heart, who let him go
To fight his country's battles, while she wept
And prayed at home,—This soldier boy was there.
His spirit brave; but oh, his flesh was weak.
Half starved, half clad and weakened by the cold,
He fought his fight until his strength was gone.
Then, overcome by sheer exhaustion, he
Sank to the earth, and at his post, he slept.

ALL:

What? Slept?

MERCY:

Yea, Slept.

PATRIOTISM:

Most monstrous thing. The fate of thousands more
Was in his hands. And for his weak neglect
Might all have died.

JUSTICE:

The law is very plain.
A sentry found asleep while at his post
The penalty must pay, which, from all time,
Hath been decreed. That penalty is death.

HONOR:

Great Washington, himself, would rule the same.
In honor, he could do naught else, for he
Had placed his country's fate, the lives of men,
The hopes, the prayers of all who trusted him,
In this one sentry's hands. But faithless to
His trust, this sentry slept.

MERCY (*To Patriotism*):

"Most monstrous thing," Methinks I heard ye say.

(*To Justice*)

"The penalty is death," so ye declare.

(*To Honor*)

"In honor, he must take this poor boy's life,"

(*To All*)

That was the time when Patriotism slept,
And even Honor nodded, and when I
Did rule, alone, the mind of Washington.
'Twas then weak Mercy triumphed o'er you all.

Great Washington did not condemn the lad.
He did not e'en disturb his needed rest.
But, picking up the arm from where it fell,
Himself patrolled the post, and there remained
Until the lad awoke. And then, with ne'er
A word, he handed back unto the boy
His arm. And then went on his way.

JUSTICE:

A crime, this action was.

PATRIOTISM:

An act most wrong
When judged by all that I have ever taught.

HONOR:

An act to cause me shame when e'er it's told.

MERCY:

An act, which stamps our Washington as Great.
An act, which made the angels sing with joy.

PAST (*To Present*)

Behold the value of the gifts I give.
See what they were to this one noble life.
They were the Qualities that made him great,
The Attributes, that made him what he was.

PRESENT:

Oh Past, most gen'rous hast thou been to me,
The sum of all thy knowledge handed on,—
The hoarded wealth of all the ages gone,—
And other gifts, as many as the stars,
Hast thou bestowed on me. But, better far
Than all the wealth of silver or of gold
Are these thy gifts to-day. I prize them all.

Oh, Mercy, Justice, Bravery and Truth,
What greater wealth than these can one possess?
With Charity and Generosity,
Who holds these gifts, is one supremely blest.
And then is added Patriotism, too,
And yet one more, the greatest of them all,
Thou givest Honor, sum of all the rest.
Oh, Past, How can I show my thanks to thee?
My overwhelming gratitude?

PAST:

To me
Thou owest naught; but if thou wouldst
Be worthy of these gifts, use them aright,
And hand them down unsullied at that time
When thou shalt be "The Past."

(Bugle call heard outside. Messenger enters and bows low to Present.)

PRESENT:

A bugle call hath sounded at our doors.
Find out the cause and then return to me.

(Exit Messenger.)

(Present Meditates.)

Use them aright
And hand them down unsullied at that time
When thou shalt be "The Past."
"These Attributes, that made him what he was,
These Qualities, that made men call him great,
The influence, he wielded while on earth,
All these yet live." Use them aright
And hand them down unsullied at that time
When thou shalt be "The Past."

(Entrance of Messenger interrupts meditation.)

(Messenger bows low to Present.)

PRESENT:

Who is it that hath sounded this alarm?

MESSENGER:

He says his name is "Everyman."
He says he comes from "Everywhere."
He says he's called "Humanity."

PRESENT:

Humanity? What call hath he to make
Upon the Present?

MESSENGER:

He says that he hath need of these, thy gifts,
That now the Qualities of Washington
His Influence and all his Attributes
Are needed in the World.

PRESENT *(To Past)*:

How soon the answer comes. But now, I ask'd
How could I show to thee my gratitude,

And thy reply: "Use them aright," and now
My chance hath come. Humanity hath called
And thus do I reply.

(As Present mentions the name of each character, that character takes his place in line with his banner. All face center.)

Now Justice, stand thou forth, prepared to go
Unto Humanity, who waits for thee.
But do not go alone, for thou hast need
Of Mercy. Mercy, thou must also go.
Cleave closely unto Justice. Work with him.
Do what thou canst to aid Humanity.
Now Generosity and Charity,
My precious gifts, I send ye forth to one
Who needs ye everywhere at everytime.
Oh, may he use ye well.
And now I call to Patriotism and Truth.
Go hand in hand with Bravery and Honor.

(All above characters are lined up in two rows facing center.)

PRESENT (*To Past*):

This, father, is the answer that I make.
Thou didst reply to me: "Use them aright,"
And this is how I use them.
Most gratefully did I receive these gifts
From thee, and freely now I send them forth
Unto Humanity. Have I done well?

PAST:

Thou hast done well. Not for Humanity
Alone, but also for thyself.
The more thou use these gifts for others' sakes
The more are they thine own.

(Each character raises his banner as his name is called.)

PRESENT:

Justice, Mercy, Generosity, Charity,
Patriotism, Honor, Bravery and Truth:
Oh heritage of all the Past: Oh hope
Of future days: I know that in thy time
Thou wert the Qualities of many men.

Thou know'st not age, nor race, nor creed, nor time,
But since that day, long past, when first the cry
Of man to man went forth; the cry for aid,
For counsel, for advice, yea, since that time,
Thou wert. And yet, to-night, thou cam'st to me
As Qualities of one whose name we love,
Well knowing that by loving him, we love
The Qualities that made men call him great.

“The Qualities, that made men call him great,
The Attributes, that made him what he was,
The Influence, he wielded while on earth,”
All these are ye; and ye shall ever live.
One is without, and Everyman's his name.
From Everywhere he comes. He's called Humanity
He asks for ye, and so I bid ye go.
Go forth unto a waiting world and there
Do well thy work. Thy work awaits ye. Go.

(All exit except Present and Past. Messenger leads procession.)

PRESENT:

Once more are we alone. Hast more to teach?

PAST:

Nay, nay, my son. I feel the time hath come
When I must learn from thee.

PRESENT:

Not so, great Past,
The lesson of to-night hath been well learned.

(Meditates.)

“The Attributes, that made him what he was,
The Qualities, that made men call him great,
The Influence, he wielded while on earth,
All these yet live.” And all belong to me.

(During above four lines, Past has been slowly walking toward exit. Has gone about half way, when Present finishes. He turns at once toward Present and interrupts:)

PAST:

And now, my son, to-night my work is done,
And I must wander on and on and on.
I go with joy,—the joy I have in thee,
My offspring great, my pride, my joy, my son.
He, who can learn the lessons of the Past,
Need fear no future woe. And now, Farewell.

(Past continues on his way to door. There he stops again, turns and gazes at Present, while Present gives closing lines.)

PRESENT (*Meditating again*):

Yea, he who learns the lessons of the Past,
Need fear no future woe. Let me receive
The gifts of bygone days; use them aright,
And hand them down unsullied at the last.
And when I scan the life of one called great,
Let me remember then this simple truth:
“The Qualities, that made him what he was,
The Attributes, that made men call him great,
The Influence, he wielded while on earth,
All these yet live.” They wait for Everyman,
And they are mine, if I but will it so.

(Long pause, while Present and Past gaze at each other from opposite ends of the room.)

PRESENT:

Oh father mine proceed upon thy way.
Blaze thou the trail, as thou hast ever done.
Where thou wilt lead, I, too, must follow on.
So father, go.

PAST (*Starting out*):

I go.

(Present follows, saying while starting.)

PRESENT:

I follow on.

LINCOLN
AND HUMANITY

•

A
MORALITY
PLAY

TO
GEORGE KELLEY STAPLES

WHO lives according to the Great Commandment; who, in his daily life exemplifies the principles of Faith, Hope and Love; and who, by his example as well as by his words, daily does his share to aid Humanity in his struggle for the Light; this *Morality Play* is dedicated.



LINCOLN AND HUMANITY

• •

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

HISTORY
HUMANITY
HATE
HUMAN SLAVERY
FEAR
GREED
ANGER
DOUBT
REVENGE
DESPAIR
HYPOCRICY
NORTH
SOUTH
FAITH
HOPE
LOVE
GENEROSITY
MERCY
TRUTH
COURAGE
JUSTICE
MESSENGER

• •

THE stage is arranged so that "HISTORY" can be shown through a scrim about seven feet above the stage level. The lights are so arranged that the light can be on "HISTORY" while all the rest of the stage is dark, or that "HISTORY" may fade away into darkness as the remainder of the stage is lighted.

THE curtain rises with all lights out. The lights are gradually turned on "HISTORY," showing him standing at one side of an immense closed book.

LINCOLN AND HUMANITY

••

PROLOGUE

HISTORY:

Ye mortals, who have gathered here to-night,
Give ear; for History would speak with ye.

* * *

Behold this book. It is a volume huge,
Yet 'tis but one and there are many more.
They are the record of Humanity
And here is writ whatever man has done.
Each generation writes a book like this,
Each individual, his record makes.
And, when it's written, nothing can be changed.
Ye may amend; but ye can not erase.
The generations that have come and gone
Have left the record for all time to read.
And as ye read their records, think of this:
Another book is being writ by ye.

* * *

To-night we con the record of that time
When brothers fought; when sons, their fathers killed;
When mothers wept; when wives and sweethearts mourned;
When this fair land was drenched with soldiers' blood;
When armies battled, striving to decide
If this great Union, born of Liberty
And dedicated to Equality,
Should longer live, or perish from the earth.

Within the pages of that awful time
Live Hate and Love, and Fear and Courage bold.
Ye all may read that record here to-night
From this great book, as Hist'ry turns the page.

(History starts to open the book.)

Now as I turn the leaves of this great book,
I work my magic and my pages live.

(The lights are gradually turned off until History fades from sight. At the same time, the lights are brought up on the stage, showing Humanity entering.)

PART I

HUMANITY:

The way is long; in many places dark;
And yet I struggle on.

So many men,
So many minds, such countless creeds, and all
At constant war,—yet all a part of me;
Yea, all a part of me,—the good,—the bad,—
All make me what I am,—Humanity.

Yet praises give for all these many minds.
Give praises e'en for all these diverse creeds.
They show me I am not the thing I was,
For once I had no mind and knew no creed.

From year to year and then from age to age
I've toiled and struggled; fought and stumbled on.
A savage once, I had no thought except
For those material things which rule the brutes.
A brute, myself, I fought for all I had.
My brutish passions ruled. I sought for pow'r
For nothing else except to gratify
My savage pleasures or my savage needs.
If there was that within me, now called mind;
If there was that, which now we call the soul;
If there was that, which leads a man to God;
I knew it not. My mental world was dark.
Full many generations lived and died
Nor knew the Light, which since has come to me.
How long ago that was,—that distant time,—
When first I saw that one faint ray of Light;
That feeble ray, which sought to penetrate
The gloom of evil all about me and
Illuminate the darkness of my soul.
I struggled toward that Light with eager steps.
'Twas faint and dim and sometimes disappeared.
And when it came again, I followed on,
My hands out-reaching, struggling blindly on.
At times, 'twas there. At other times, 'twas gone.
But still I sought. Then came that blessed time
When somewhere there in the dark and gloom
My groping hands touched God's. The Light was mine.

My soul within me waked. My heart cried out
For better things than those that I had known.
But when I sought to shake the fetters off
And free myself from Hate and Lust and Greed,
And all the rest, whose word had been my law,
And live the life, which this new Light revealed,—
I found how weak I was; how strong were they.

The struggle then commenced. We're fighting yet,
As we must fight for ages yet to come;
But now we fight with Hope, cheered on by Faith,
And Love is striving in the hearts of men.
The odds, which once were great against the Light,
Are now reversed and Darkness sees its doom.
Oh Light, the time will come when all will say:
"Thy kingdom come" and "Hallow'd be Thy Name."
But so, alas, I've often thought before.
So many times I've raised my temples high,—
In Egypt, then in Greece and then in Rome,—
So many times I've buildd but on sand.
In each was progress, followed by defeat.
In Western Europe next I fought my fight
For better things,—for Faith and Truth in Man.
And here at first, I fought a winning fight.
The Great Commandment stirred the hearts of men,—
The force of Love, which beareth everything,
Which hopeth all, believeth in the good,
The Love, which never faileth, fought for me.
It turned the eyes of Mortals toward the Light.
It turned the hearts of Mortals to their God.
But even then, the battle was not won.
My evil forces donned the garb of Truth,
And Darkness masqueraded as the Light.
The Inquisition reared its slimy head,
And while my mortals quaked in deadly Fear,
Hate routed Love. Intol'rance ruled supreme
And Superstition took the place of Faith.

But not with all. A few there were rebelled.
A few still held true Faith and Hope and Love.
Some died for it and some set out to find
Another land, where conscience would be free.
They found it on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And braving hardships, even facing death,
Forsaking all, they came to this new land
To settle here and seek a Faith's pure shrine.

My struggle will go on throughout the world.
In ev'ry land Humanity will strive
To rise to all the best there is in man
And live the life, which this new Light revealed.
But here, in this new land, more hope have I,
For here I build on rock and not on sand.
I'll build on that foundation, broad and deep,
Which here is laid, which none can overthrow,—
That great foundation, which the pilgrims laid,
The freedom of the man to worship God.

(Humanity starts to exit. He is met by Human Slavery entering. Humanity starts back.)

HUMANITY:

And do I see aright? Can it be true?
Has Human Slav'ry entered even here?

SLAVERY:

Why not? E'en here Greed rules the souls of men.

HUMANITY:

And here I thought Humanity was free.
(Fear enters with a mocking laugh.)

FEAR:

And why should ye think this?

HUMANITY *(Aside)*:

My Fear is here.

FEAR:

Yea, Fear is with ye always, always was.
But why should Human Slav'ry cause ye fear?
'Tis but the symbol of that greater Fear,
The slav'ry of the mind, which I control.
(Enter Hate.)

HATE:

And Hate is also with thy mortals here.
Humanity's the same where'er ye go.
E'en here I may enslave the souls of men
As I have always done, since time began.

HUMANITY:

Thy threats are idle. Minds and souls are free.
But Human Slav'ry makes my blood run cold.
It is the concrete victory of Greed,
Which I have battled,—lo, these many years.
Is Greed to win? Must I still bow to him?
Is Great Humanity then still a slave?
Oh where is Faith and Hope? And where is Love?
Those pow'rs that fought these many years for me?

(Enter Faith, Hope and Love.)

FAITH:

We always come, if ye but call for us.
We're always here, if ye but will it so.

HUMANITY (*Pointing to Human Slavery*)

Seest thou this thing? 'Tis human slavery,
E'en here in this fair land, which I thought free.

LOVE:

We've met it many times, Humanity,
Why fear it now?

HUMANITY:

It means there is no Love.
It means that mortals have succumbed to Greed.

FEAR:

It means that Fear and Hate can rule ye still,
That mortals are our slaves and do our will.

HOPE (*To Fear and Hate*):

All mortals are not slaves to Greed or Hate
Some mortals do not know the name of Fear.

(To Humanity.)

Hope on, Humanity, the fight is yours.
In this fair land, you've made your longest strides.
Here, hearts of mortals beat with Hope and Love,
Their lives are built on Faith,—their trust, in God.
A mighty army battles for the right.
It only waits its leader. He will come.
'Twas but to-day I saw him. None would guess
That he would wage this greatest fight for you.
A product of your humblest mortals, he,
His mind, self-taught, his soul, in harmony
With all that's best in Great Humanity.
His name is Lincoln. He will lead ye on.
He met this thing called Slavery and looked
On its vile face with eyes of blazing fire.
His very soul leaped out. His hand he raised.
And then, with ne'er a thought of blasphemy,
But only rev'rence in his voice, he said:
"If e'er I get a chance to hit this thing,
By God, I'll hit it hard."

*(The stage scene fades out. The light is slowly brought up
on History, who is seen just turning a page.)*

• •

FIRST INTERLUDE

HISTORY:

Oh mortals, I have traced the constant rise
Of weak Humanity to tow'ring strength.
Greed still rules some. O'er others, Hate holds sway,
And all the other evil pow'rs of earth
Are still with men, as they have always been.
But man has risen. Mind and soul are free.

And now, Humanity must strike again.
The slavery of man to man must cease.
For Truth proclaims this doctrine unto men:
"No man is free, while any man is slave."
Humanity will fight for this great Truth
And he will fight until the right prevails,
As he has fought for Truth in ages gone,—
As he will fight for Truth in time to come.
His mortals now are rising for the fight.
They need but some strong leader. He will come.

In all the struggles men have waged for Truth,
The people call, and lo,—the leader comes.

Upon the pages of that awful time
Is written much that man would fain erase,
But as the page is written, so it stays.
Ye may amend, but ye cannot erase.
Ye write your life, and be it good or bad,
It stands as written for Eternity.
And as ye read this record, think of this:
"Another book is being writ by ye."

* * *

Again I turn the pages of the book.
Again I weave my magic spell. Again
My pages live.

(As before, History fades away and the light comes up on the stage. As Part II opens, North and South are grappling, South trying to pull away from North, North trying to hold him. South finally breaks away. Both glare at each other. South starts to draw sword.)

• •

PART II

NORTH (*As South is drawing sword*):

Remember this, oh South,
Who draws the sword, shall perish by the sword.

SOUTH (*With sword half drawn*):

Ye seek to hold me. I will not be held.
I'll go my way alone and ye go yours.
Ye say ye'll hold me. I say ye shall not.
Make good thy threat, for this is my reply.

(South draws sword. Humanity enters, unnoticed, and listens to the argument.)

NORTH:

Then be it so.

(He also draws.)

I think, oh South, that thou art wholly wrong,
But as our Lincoln says—

SOUTH:

Speak not to me of him. He is the cause
Of all the enmity that now exists
Between myself and thee, oh North.

NORTH:

Not so.

We fight because of Human Slavery.
It was our curse for long e'er Lincoln lived.

SOUTH:

Ye call it curse, but once, ye said not so.
There was a time when even ye held slaves.
And then, for years, we compromised the case.
Ye were content. The South was satisfied.
Then came this man called Lincoln. He it was
Who raised the angry passions of the North.
In those debates with Douglas, all could see
That Lincoln was the foe of Slavery.
Ye of the North have not the need for slaves.
Ye do not know conditions in the South.
We must have slaves. It is our only hope.
We will have slaves. It is our firm resolve.
Now ye have raised this Lincoln to be chief,
The man who would annihilate the South,
The man who preaches where so e'er he goes:
"This nation can't exist, half slave, half free."

*(Both notice Humanity for the first time. Both turn quickly
to him. Humanity advances to both as both advance to him.
North and South both kneel before Humanity.)*

NORTH:—SOUTH:

Humanity.

HUMANITY:

Oh North. Oh South.

(Tableau for a moment. Then North and South rise.)

HUMANITY:

Put up thy swords and listen, both, to me.
(They sheath their swords.)

HUMANITY :

I love ye both, for both are part of me.
I've watched thy rise and I am proud of both.
In both, I see those qualities of soul
That I have struggled long to give to ye.
Ye are the flow'r of ages stress and toil.
In both is much of right; in both, some wrong.
For none are wholly right or wholly wrong.
Those who are mostly wrong, are always part—
Way right: And those who think they're wholly right,
Are always somewhat wrong.

(To South.)

But in this quar'l,
I fear me, South, that thou art mostly wrong.

Time was when I thought slavery was right,
And many of my mortals think so yet.
But some have risen to a higher plane,
A plane which thou wilt also reach in time.
Ye cannot see it now, for all thy life
Thou hast regarded Slavery as right.
But wrong, how e'er long practiced, still is wrong.
Long acquiescence never makes it right.
The best of mortals in your sunny South
Are now agreed that Slavery is wrong.
A small minority are they, 'tis true,
But small minorities are oft-times right.
'Twer best to yield, for Slavery is doomed
And freedom comes to all Humanity.

SOUTH *(As though trying hard to believe):*

If it should be that thou wert really right,—
I would that I could get thy point of view.

(He ponders.)

But no. It cannot be. We need the slaves,
And what is needful, surely must be right.
Upon this point, the South will never yield.
The South will form a nation of its own.
We'll go our way and let the North go his,
And if he tries to pull us back,

(South draws sword.)

We'll fight.

(South salutes Humanity and exits.)

NORTH:

I'll follow ye and I will bring ye back.

(North draws sword. He salutes Humanity and exits.)

HUMANITY:

Both North and South are sure they fight for me.

Oh, why could not the South see this aright?

'Tis I who suffer, when men disagree.

Now I must follow. I must watch them fight.

(Humanity exits.)

(Hate enters, unnoticed, while Humanity recites last line. As Humanity exits, Hate watches him, showing his character all he can by his attitude and expression. After Humanity exits.)

HATE:

Come, all ye evil spirits of the earth,

For Hate commands ye. Answer to his call.

(A large number of evil qualities enter, including Greed, Fear, Anger, Doubt, Revenge, Despair and Hypocrisy.)

HATE:

Now, each of ye in turn account to me.

Tell what ye've done to fan the flames of war.

GREED:

Oh master great,—

HATE:

We'll hear thee, Greed.

GREED:

I've poisoned half the hearts of all mankind.

I've made them think that what they need is right.

I've made them think that evil must be right

Because it is the thing that always was.

And so the South will fight for Slavery.

This, I have done, to fan the flames of war.

HATE:

Thou hast done well, oh Greed; but what of him
Who leads the North? What hast thou done with him?
He is our greatest Human enemy.
He preaches Love and Faith and Hope in God.
To bring on this great war is our design,
But that is not enough; for peace will come,
And when peace comes, if Lincoln is not ours,
He'll lead his people farther yet from us.
He'll raise Humanity to greater heights.

GREED:

With Lincoln, I've done naught. I've tried in vain.
There is no place for Greed in his great soul.

HATE:

I looked for more from ye.

(Hate turns to Doubt.)

Doubt, tell thy tale.

DOUBT:

In Lincoln's mind is very much of doubt,
But it is not the kind of doubt we need.
It is the doubt, which merely wants to know,
The doubt, which simply waits till knowledge comes.
And when that knowledge comes, that doubt will cease.
Serene and calm, he studies all the facts.
He will not act until he sees the Light,
But he will see it. He will do the Right.

HATE:

Hypocrisy, art thou a failure too?

HYPOCRICY:

I've failed completely, as I knew I'd fail.
I can not reach him. Lincoln's faith is pure.

HATE:

Has no one then some progress to report?

(Hate pauses for a reply and looks to each in turn as though expecting a reply. Each looks away from him, shamed. No one replies.)

HATE:

Is this thy boasted power? Weaklings all.
He's but a man and all mankind is weak.
We are the pow'rs that once ruled all the world.
Humanity once worked our ev'ry will.

DOUBT:

Ye call us weaklings. What ye say is true.
But what of ye? Can Hate reach Lincoln's soul?
We all have tried and each of us hath failed.
What hast thou done to show thy mighty pow'r?

(There is a long pause. All watch Hate and wait for his reply.)

GREED:

We wait thy answer, Hate. What hast thou done?

HATE:

Alas, I, too, am weak. I also failed.

One time, I was the greatest pow'r on earth.
I ruled mankind as I would rule the brutes.
The strongest passion here on earth was Hate.
Hate ruled the world. Hate owned the hearts of men.
Then was Humanity my abject slave,
And so remained until that dreadful time
When that first Light illum'd the mind of men
And turned the souls of mankind to their God.
E'en then my pow'r was great. The Light was dim.
Then came that Great Commandment unto men,
The force of Love came battling in the world,
And humankind hath grown away from me.
The ages were when Lincoln could not be.
But he is here. I can do naught with him.

No malice in his heart, but pity great,
He sets about his dreadful task with Love.

(Hate seems to be thinking deeply. He pauses. All watch him intently. After a long pause, he continues:)

We ne'er can win
The people who have leaders such as this.
What's left to do?)

(There is another long pause, during which Hate looks from one to the other as though expecting a reply. Receiving none, he continues:)

Remove this leader great.
Revenge can act on some half-crazéd mind
And drive some mortal to this hellish deed.
Your chief has spoken. Such is my command.
Remove this man. For Hate would have it so.

(Exit Hate.)

(There is a pantomime consultation of all Evil spirits, with Revenge in the center of the stage. Exit evil spirits, consulting as they go. As they exit, Humanity enters with Faith, Hope and Love.)

HUMANITY:

I've watched my North and South fight for their lives.
I've seen the dreadful carnage of the war.
The best and bravest men of all the land
Are in the battle line, some South, some North.
At first it seemed as though the South would win,
But now I know that this will not be so.
Great Lincoln is the man who leads the North
And but for him, I fear the North would fail.

Praise God for this great man, who sprang from me,
And who, in turn, leads me to greater heights.
He is the product of my growing Faith.
He symbolizes all my Hope and Love.

FAITH:

It is his Faith in God that gives him strength.

HOPE:

It is a Holy Hope that bears him up.

LOVE:

It is a Mighty Love that makes him great.

(The stage picture slowly fades out as before, as History is shown.)

• •

SECOND INTERLUDE

HISTORY:

The dreadful war rolls on. No end in sight.
And when it first began, both sides were sure
That this was but a pleasant holiday.
A few short months would see the dawn of peace.
How easy to invoke the God of War.
How difficult to stop his dreadful work.
For Hate is active, breeding still more Hate,
And Anger rises in the minds of men.
The evil passions of Humanity
Delight in war. It is their harvest time,
And many of them mask as virtues then
And men embrace what once a man would shun.
But some there are, who will not yield to Hate.
Humanity has risen step by step
And countless mortals meet the test of war
And answer Hate with Faith and Hope and Love.

Sometime this war will end and peace will come,
But peace will ne'er restore the wreck of war.
The price is great to-day, but that's not all,
For years to come, Humanity must pay.
However great the triumph in the end,
Humanity will bear the scars of war.
Time will relieve the pain and heal the wound,
But time will never wipe away the scars.

* * *

This is the warning Hist'ry gives to men:
"Fight only when ye must, but then fight hard.
Fight only on the side where Justice leads.
Fight only when Humanity demands."

* * *

The record stands just as the record's writ.
The bad stands with the good on Hist'ry's page.
In future times, ye may amend the past,
But that is all. Amend. Ye can't erase.

* * *

Once more I turn the pages of the book.
Once more my magic makes my pages live.

*(As before, History fades out and the stage lights come up.
As Part III opens, Doubt, Superstition, Anger, Despair and
Hypocrisy are on the stage.)*

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PART III

(Enter Greed.)

GREED:

Bow low, ye spirits, for thy master comes.

*(Greed steps to one side and, himself, bows low. All other
spirits also bow as Hate enters.)*

HATE:

Have all arrived?

DOUBT:

Revenge hath not arrived as yet, oh Hate,
And Human Slavery hath not been seen.

HATE:

We'll wait for them and then start on our way.
We'll strive again to rule the human mind.
We'll strive again to own the human soul.
We all are growing stronger day by day.
The war is working for us. We will win.
Humanity no longer scorns my pow'r.
At times, he hates, as I would have him hate.

GREED:

I, too, am stronger. I've shown countless men
That Greed is now the quickest way to wealth.
I've made them think that if they have but wealth
They then can buy what e'er their hearts desire.
They even use their country's awful plight
And trade upon its needs to gain that wealth.

DOUBT (*Interrupting Greed*):

I, too, am winning. Men are asking now:
"If there's a God, why then must we have war?"
Poor fools, they do not know that this is but
The price they're paying for their country's past.
This great result, they trace not to its cause.
They will not see that man's alone to blame.
But first, they charge their errors up to God,
And then, then doubt, and then,—deny that God.

(*Enter Revenge.*)

HATE:

Revenge, thou'rt late to-day. We would be on
Our way.

REVENGE:

Now, onward we may go.
I've done my work. Great Lincoln will be killed.
I've found the man that thou didst bid me find.
I've filled his mind with naught but thoughts of me.
I posed as Patriotism first, and then
I posed as Duty. He will do my work.
'Twill be some time before he strikes the blow,
But I have sown the seed. In time, the plant will grow.

HATE:

'Tis well. And now, ye spirits, come with me.
Once more we'll strive against Humanity.

(*Hate starts to exit and the other spirits follow. Hate stops. He motions all spirits back. They back, four to left side of stage and three to right. Hate backs to center.*)

HATE:

No need to start. Humanity comes this way.
And see, my greatest foe is coming too.
And all the other pow'rs that we must fight
Are also with him. What does this portend?

*(Enter Humanity with Truth, Mercy, Generosity, Courage,
Justice, Faith, Hope and Love.)
(Hate blocks the way.)*

HUMANITY (*Aloof*):

Aside, oh Hate, for I am on my way.

HATE:

Thou'rt never quiet. Always on the move.
Hast thou no time to give to me to-day?

HUMANITY:

Humanity is always on the way.
Humanity must ever onward strive.
Humanity hath work enough to do
And little time to give to thee to-day.

HATE:

But little time to give to me to-day?
But little time to give to these, thy friends?
(Indicating the evil qualities.)
For ages past, we've uttered our commands
And as we order, so wilt thou obey.

HUMANITY:

The past is past.
Who are these friends who would command me now?

(In the following lines, as each evil quality announces himself, he starts to advance to Humanity. He stops when the opposing good quality confront him. The lines of the evil qualities are addressed to Humanity. Each good quality addresses his reply to the evil quality whom he confronts. As these replies are made, the qualities become grouped in eight groups and so remain until the final tableau.)

DESPAIR :

Humanity must surely know Despair?

(Courage confronts Despair.)

COURAGE:

My name is Courage and while I am here
Humanity need never know Despair.

ANGER :

They call me Anger. I have ruled the mind
Of Great Humanity these countless years.

(Justice confronts Anger.)

JUSTICE:

My name is Justice. Ye must fight with me,
For Anger can not rule the human mind
When Justice bars the way.

HYPOCRICY :

No need to tell Humanity my name.
His oldest friend am I,—Hypocrisy.

(Truth confronts Hypocrisy.)

TRUTH :

My name is Truth. Ye have no power here.

REVENGE:

Humanity hath always needed me.
Humanity will always need Revenge.

(Mercy confronts Revenge.)

MERCY :

My name is Mercy. As my power grows,
Mankind will have but little need for thee.

GREED:

But I am Greed and all men bow to me.
I'm growing stronger as the years roll on.
Hypocrisy and all the rest may die,
But Greed will live to rule Humanity.

(Generosity confronts Greed.)

GENEROSITY:

I'm but a youth called Generosity.
Yet while I'm here, thou canst not rule mankind.

FEAR:

And I am Fear. Humanity can not
Resist the power I have always had.
I'll rule thee now as in the days gone by.
Who is there here, who dares contend with Fear?

(Hope confronts Fear.)

HOPE:

Humanity hath learned the name of Hope.
And Hope is here,—and dares contend with Fear.

DOUBT:

Humanity must surely know my name,
For Doubt is ever in the minds of men.
A breath of mine destroys the work of years.
I ruin homes. I shatter mankind's God.

(Faith confronts Doubt.)

FAITH:

And Faith can shatter all of mankind's Doubt.
When first we met, Faith was no match for ye,
But times have changed and now I fear ye not.
(Doubt laughs and starts forward toward Humanity.)

Stop where ye are, for Faith commands ye,—stop.

(Doubt hesitates, then stops, facing Faith.)

*(Hate walks across the stage, looking at the various pairs,
showing his contempt for the weakness of the other evil quali-
ties.)*

HATE: (*To other evil qualities*):

Ye weaklings, to let others stop ye thus.

(*To the good qualities*:)

Who is there here who would contend with Hate?

(*Love confronts Hate.*)

LOVE:

A greater pow'r than Hate contends with ye.
For I am Love. I work with Faith and Hope.
We three, with others, guard Humanity,—
Faith,—Hope,—and Love,
And the greatest of these is Love.

HATE (*To Love*):

The pow'r of Love
Is never great, save when man wills it so.
Humanity may choose between us two.
And when he chooses to be ruled by Hate,
Then Love may plead in vain.

(*To Humanity.*)

Humanity,
Hate calls upon ye now to do his will
And bid this vain usurper to be gone.

HUMANITY:

When Love is here, then Hate will call in vain.

HATE (*Sneeringly*):

Humanity hath changed since last we met.
Or, is this pose some new Hypocrisy?
Why art thou so aloof?
But yesterday, thou didst treat me as friend.

HUMANITY:

This attitude is not Hypocrisy.
But I'm to blame if thou dost think it so,
For often in the past that charge was true,
Full often I have played the hypocrite.

Thou knowest well that I'm a poor weak thing,
Though not so weak as in the distant past.
Thou know'st that all these evil qualities
And even thee, thyself, art part of me.
But I have all these better spirits, too.
I try to live as they would have me live.
And when, through them, some great soul springs from me,
I glory in that soul and strive to rise
To reach that level with all humankind.

And now, great Lincoln leads my men of earth.
He acts as all my better self would act.
He's shown the heights to which a man may rise.
He's shown what all men can be if they will.

If I were friendly with thee yesterday,
I did forget my Lincoln. But to-day
I'm striving with the strength of all my soul,

(Indicating the good qualities.)

To live the life that he would have men live.

This attitude is not hypocrisy.
I make no claim that thus I'll always be.
But as I'm acting now, I'd always act
If all mankind were Lincolns.

HATE:

What hath this Lincoln done to change thee so?
What is the secret of his mighty pow'r?

HUMANITY:

The secret of his mighty pow'r is Faith.
'Twould take too long to tell all he hath done.

(Triumphantly.)

To-day, he strikes the shackles from the slave.
The slavery of man to man hath ceased.

(Great consternation among the evil spirits.)

HATE (*Maddened*):

The slavery of man to man hath ceased?

(*To Revenge.*)

Didst thou hear that, Revenge? Thou'rt now too late.
We've lost our greatest hold on Humankind.

(*To all evil spirits.*)

Are Faith and Hope and Love to win o'er us?
It must not be. We've ruled the world too long.
It will not be. We'll conquer yet by force.
Dark fiends of evil, strike your hardest blows.
The time is now. Oh strike, my brothers, strike.

ALL EVIL SPIRITS:

Yea, strike.

(During the above speech, Humanity stands calmly in the center of the stage with arms folded. At his right are Faith, Generosity, Truth and Courage. At his left are Hope, Love, Mercy and Justice. As Hate finishes his speech, he rushes at Love with arm up-raised as though to strike. At the same time, Fear rushes at Hope, Greed rushes at Generosity, Doubt rushes at Faith, Revenge rushes at Mercy, Hypocrisy rushes at Truth, Despair rushes at Courage and Anger rushes at Justice.)

All the good spirits stand calmly with folded arms. As the evil spirits near the good spirits, they are suddenly stopped as though by an invisible barrier. Their up-raised arms slowly fall. All evil spirits sink into cringing attitudes.)
(Humanity laughs at Hate and the other evil spirits.)

HUMANITY:

What fools ye are. Would ye resort to force?
By force, ye cannot change the human mind.
By force, ye cannot gain the human soul.

HATE:

Why can we never gain our ends by force?

HUMANITY:

Ye act on only minds and souls
And minds and souls are free.

(The stage picture fades out as before, as History is shown.)

THIRD INTERLUDE

HISTORY:

Good people, all, this chapter nears its close.
This is but one and there are many more.
And there are countless chapters still to write
Before the record of mankind is closed.
Throughout this record, Hate will write his part,
And part of it is being writ by Love.
And Hope and Fear and Faith and Doubt will all
Their record make, as they have made before.
Which ones will write the most in days to come?
The choice is yours. Ye all may pick and choose.
Ye may choose Love or Hate, choose Fear or Hope.
Your mind's your own. The human soul is free.
And as ye choose, so is the record writ.
And as it's written, so 'twill always be.
Ye may amend, but ye cannot erase.
Ye write your life, and be it good or bad,
It stands as written for Eternity.
And as the past is studied, think of this:
"Another book is being writ by ye."

* * *

I turn the pages of that awful time.
I weave my magic spell to make them live.

(History fades out as before. The stage lights are brought up, showing Humanity alone on the stage.)

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PART IV

HUMANITY:

The awful days are past and peace has come.
And now the task is mine to mend the past.
Oh Faith and Hope and Love, I need ye now
And all the other virtues that I have.

(Enter the eight good qualities at one side of the stage and the eight evil qualities at the other.)

(Humanity looks first at the evil qualities, then at the good, and then back to the evil.)

HUMANITY (*To evil qualities*):

I did not call for ye. I want but these.
(*Indicating the good qualities:*)

HATE:

We're with ye always, as we've always been.

FEAR:

I'm not yet dead. Ye still must fight with Fear.

REVENGE:

I'm here, for men have not out-grown revenge.

DOUBT:

And Doubt is still a power in the world.

LOVE:

Though Hate may live, his power's on the wane.
The Great Commandment stirs the hearts of men.

FAITH:

Though Doubt may live and rule the lives of men,
They'll find a time when Faith's their only friend.

HOPE:

And Hope grows stronger with the passing years
And Fear grows less, as mankind turns to God.

HUMANITY:

Oh Hope, I turn to thee for comfort now.
What canst thou offer for the coming years?

HOPE:

Thou needst not fear, nor dread the coming years.
Thou still hast Lincoln. He will lead thee on.
When men are led by men with souls like his,
Then Hope mounts high for all Humanity.

HUMANITY:

Yea, Hope mounts high for all Humanity.

(As Humanity recites this line, a messenger enters and kneels before him.)

HUMANITY:

Who art thou and what dost thou want with me?

MESSENGER:

A messenger am I with tidings sad.
Great Lincoln hath been shot.

ALL GOOD QUALITIES, WITH CONSTERNATION:

ALL EVIL QUALITIES, WITH ELATION:

What? Lincoln shot?

HUMANITY:

What? Lincoln shot?

(To Hope.)

Is this the answer to thy cheering words?

(To Love.)

Is this the way the Great Commandment's kept?
Was it for this, that I have fought for Love?

(To All.)

Was it for this, that I raised Lincoln up?

ANGER:

The time has come for Anger. Now choose me.
Let Anger rule, oh Great Humanity.

HUMANITY *(To Messenger, with eager hope):*

You say he has been shot, but is he dead?

MESSENGER :

Not yet, but there is little hope for life.

HUMANITY :

Away with ye and come not back until
Ye bring me tidings. Bring them, good or ill.

(Exit Messenger.)

REVENGE :

Humanity, 'tis now ye need Revenge.

HATE *(Aside)* :

This is my hour. Now he will act with me.

HUMANITY :

I may need thee, Revenge, and Anger, too.
Oh I could hate the author of this deed.
And all the South shall pay for this rash act,
Yea, they shall pay, and great will be the price.

(Turns to Despair.)

Despair, ye fill my soul and numb my will.
What is there left for me, when such things be?
What hope have I, who placed all hope in him?

(Fiercely, to Hope.)

What Hope? I ask, when Lincoln is no more?

HOPE :

Hope first that he will live; but should it be
That his great life should end, do not despair.
His principles will live throughout all time.
His influence will rule the lives of men.

(Enter Messenger very slowly. All eyes follow him as he advances to Humanity. He kneels and bows his head.)

HUMANITY :

Thy attitude doth tell thy tale, but speak.

MESSENGER :

Thy Lincoln, he is dead.

(Silent tableau. All eyes are turned to Humanity, who stands for a moment as one stunned. Then Humanity walks feebly to Despair, from him to Anger, from Anger to Hate and from Hate to Revenge. At each, he stops and half speaks, half whispers the name of the quality, doing so in a questioning manner. Despair? Anger? Hate? Revenge? He hesitates at each one, then shakes his head and passes slowly on. From Revenge, he goes to the center of the stage, where he stands with bowed head and drooping shoulders. Then he slowly straightens himself up as in one last effort to pull himself together. He slowly turns to Faith and holds out both arms toward him, calling him by name ("Faith"). Faith comes quickly forward and grasps both hands of Humanity. Both look into each other's eyes for a moment, and then:)

FAITH *(To Humanity, while still holding his hands and looking straight into his eyes):*

Another book is being writ by ye.
What's written now, stands for Eternity.
Ye may amend, but ye cannot erase.
Act now as that great soul would have ye act.

(The stage picture slowly fades as the lights are extinguished. There is total darkness. The curtain falls after all the lights are out. The darkness continues for a moment after the curtain has been lowered. Then the lights are gradually brought up.)

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