

them, and he had a great advantage over his opponent in being able to state those objections frankly, for Judge Douglas neither denounced nor defended slavery as an institution—his plan embodied a compromise, and he could not discuss slavery upon its merits without alienating either the slave owner or the abolitionist.

Brevity is the soul of wit, and a part of Lincoln's reputation for wit lies in his ability to condense a great deal into a few words. He was epigrammatic. A molder of thought is not necessarily an originator of the thought molded. Just as lead molded in the form of bullets has its effectiveness increased, so thought may have its propagating power enormously increased by being molded into a form that the eye catches and the memory holds. Lincoln was the spokesman of his party—he gave felicitous expression to the thoughts of his followers.

His Gettysburg speech is not surpassed, if equalled, in beauty, simplicity, force and appropriateness by any speech of the same length of any language. It is the world's model in eloquence, elegance, and condensation. He might safely rest his reputation as an orator on that speech alone.

He was apt in illustration—no one more so. A simple story or simile drawn from every-day life flashed before his hearers the argument that he desired to present. He did not speak over the heads of his hearers, and yet his language was never commonplace. There is strength in simplicity, and Lincoln's style was simplicity itself.

He understood the power of the interrogatory; some of his most powerful arguments were condensed into questions. No one who discussed the evils of separation and the advantage to be derived from the preservation of the Union ever put the matter more forcibly than Lincoln did when, referring to the possibility of war and the certainty of peace some time, even if the Union was divided, he called attention to the fact that the same questions would have to be dealt with, and then asked: "Can enemies make treaties easier than friends can make laws?"

He made frequent use of Bible language and of illustrations drawn from Holy Writ. It is said that when he was preparing his Springfield speech of 1858, he spent hours trying to find language that would express the idea that dominated his public career—namely, that a republic could not permanently endure half free and half slave, and that finally a Bible passage flashed through his mind, and he exclaimed: "I have found it! 'A house divided against itself can not stand.'" And probably no other Bible passage ever exerted as much influence as this one in the settlement of a great controversy.

I have enumerated some, not all—but the more important—of his characteristics as an orator, and on this day I venture for the moment to turn the thoughts of this audience away from the great work that he accomplished as a patriot, away from his achievements in the line of statecraft, to the means employed by him to bring before the public the ideas which attracted attention to him. His power as a public speaker was the foundation of his success, and while it is obscured by the superstructure that was reared upon it, it can not be entirely overlooked as the returning anniversary of his birth calls increasing attention to the widening influence of his work. With no military career to dazzle the eye or excite the imagination; with no public service to make his name familiar to the reading public, his elevation to the presidency would have been impossible without his oratory. The eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero were no more necessary to their work, and Lincoln deserves to have his name written on the scroll with theirs.

(From "Lincoln As An Orator," speech at Springfield, Ills., February 12, 1909.)

#### THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH

And on this memorial day we shall fall short of our duty if we content ourselves with praising the dead or complimenting the living and fail to make preparations for those responsibilities which present times and present conditions impose upon us. We can find instruction in that incomparable address delivered by Abraham Lincoln on the battlefield of Gettysburg. IT SHOULD BE READ AS A PART OF THE EXERCISES OF THIS DAY ON EACH RETURN-

ING YEAR AS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IS READ ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

(From Arlington Memorial Day Oration.)

#### AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

When I visited Europe for the first time I had in mind a visit to the Tomb of Napoleon, and, remembering that Ingersoll had described in beautiful words the impression which a similar visit made upon him, I secured a book containing what he said. I intended to quote from Ingersoll in writing about the tomb but when I visited it myself I saw something which Ingersoll did not see, or which, if he saw, it did not impress him. It was a picture of Christ upon the cross in a stained glass window just beyond and above the sarcophagus "In which rest the ashes of this restless man." I do not know whether it was by accident or design that this god of war thus sleeps at the feet of the Prince of Peace, but to me it symbolized the victory of love over force, the final triumph of that philosophy which finds happiness as well as greatness in doing good.

(From The First Commandment.)

#### BY THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND

At another time I shall take occasion to speak of the life of Philo Sherman Bennett and to draw some lessons from his career; today I must content myself with offering a word of comfort to those who knew him as husband, brother, relative or friend—and as a friend I need a share of this comfort for myself. It is sad enough to consign to the dust the body of one we love—how infinitely more sad if we were compelled to part with the spirit that animated this tenement of clay. But the best of man does not perish. We bury the brain that planned for others as well as for its master, the tongue that spoke words of love and encouragement, the hands that were extended to those who needed help and the feet that ran where duty directed, but the spirit that dominated and controlled all rises triumphant over the grave. We lay away the implements with which he wrought, but the gentle, modest, patient, sympathetic, loyal, brave and manly man whom we knew is not dead and can not die. It would be unfair to count the loss of his departure without counting the gain of his existence. The gift of his life we have and of this the tomb can not deprive us. Separation, sudden and distressing as it is, can not take from the companion of his life the recollection of forty years of affection, tenderness and confidence nor from others the memory of helpful association with him. If the sunshine which a baby brings into a home, even if its sojourn is brief, can not be dimmed by its death; if a child growing to manhood or womanhood brings to the parents a development of heart and head that outweighs any grief that its demise can cause, how much more does a long life full of kindly deeds leave us indebted to the Father who both gives and takes away. The night of death makes us remember with gratitude the light of the day that has gone while we look forward to the morning.

The impress made by the life is lasting. We think it wonderful that we can, by means of the telephone or the telegraph talk to those who are many miles away, but the achievements of the heart are even more wonderful, for the heart that gives inspiration to another heart influences all the generations yet to come. What finite mind, then, can measure the influence of a life that touched so many lives as did our friend's?

To the young, death is an appalling thing, but it ought not to be to those whose advancing years warn them of its certain approach. As we journey along life's road we must pause again and again to bid farewell to some fellow traveler. In the course of nature the father and the mother die, then brothers and sisters follow, and finally the children and the children's children cross to the unknown world beyond—one by one "from love's shining circle the gems drop away" until the "king of terrors" loses his power to affright us and the increasing company on the farther shore make us first willing and then anxious to join them. It is God's way. It is God's way.

(From Under Other Flags.)

#### THE CHILDREN'S POET

Mr. Chairman, Dr. Riley, Children, Friends: It seems an intrusion for grown-up people to take part in these exercises, and I shall not violate the proprieties by trespassing long upon your time. This is Riley Day and the children are his hosts; all the children belong to Riley, and Riley belongs to them. You have just heard him described as chief among the song birds; perhaps that explains his migration to Florida. Like the other song birds, he divides his time between the north and the south in order that he may sing the year round.

I ask your attention while I speak two words, one personal and one as your representative. My children were brought up on Riley food, and I hereby acknowledge the family's indebtedness to him. My wife has whiled away many an evening hour reading his homely and wholesome rhymes to those who are to carry our blood down through the years to come. Our son—who knows how many pitfalls he might have stumbled into had he not been warned away by "The goblins will get you if you don't watch out"—was especially fond of Dr. Riley's writings, so much so that, when a few years ago, the eminent author honored us with a set of his works, we inscribed on the fly leaf of the first volume, "with remainder over to Wm. Jennings Bryan, Jr.," and the books will go from our library to his in recognition of this early attachment.

And now, Dr. Riley, a word from the audience to you. I do not know whom you had in mind when you immortalized the words "Good-bye Jim, take care of yourself." If it was your father's parting advice, you have obeyed it to the letter; you have taken care of yourself by devoting yourself to others—the only really effective way. Your life has proven anew that truth of the proverb: "There is a scattering that increaseth." You have made a success of life—such a success as few of your generation have achieved.

Your name is not found in the list of our multi-millionaires, but you have secured what all their money can not buy—that "loving favor" which is rather to be chosen "than silver and gold."

The blue books do not record your name among the great legislators of the nation, but this need not disturb you, for you are entitled to the distinction embodied in the words "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws."

You do not claim a place among the great warriors of the world, and yet you, the "Hero of the Nursery," are the commander-in-chief of a larger army than any general ever led, and those who follow you know not the cruel clamor of war or the mingled miseries of the battlefield, but rather the joy of innocence and the laughter of youth.

You are not of the royal company of kings, and yet you reign with undisputed sway over the twilight hours.

You have never aspired to the presidency of the United States, and yet without arousing the animosities of a campaign you have won a victory nation-wide. I constitute myself the messenger of the masses to inform you that, at an election where all could vote, you have been unanimously chosen to preside in the hearts of the children of America—chosen for life, and to live in memory forever after.

(From Riley Day address at Miami, Fla., 1916.)

#### MIRACLE OF MIRACLES IS MAN

Miracle of miracles is man! Most helpless of all God's creatures in infancy; most powerful when fully developed, and interesting always. What unfathomed possibilities are wrapped within the swaddling clothes that enfold an infant! Who can measure a child's influence for weal or woe? Before it can lisped a word, it has brought to one woman the sweet consciousness of motherhood, and it has given to one man the added strength that comes with a sense of responsibility. Before its tiny hands can life a feather's weight, they have drawn two hearts closer together and its innocent prattle echoes through two lives. Every day that child in its growth touches and changes some one; not a year in all its history but that it leaves an impress upon the race. What incalculable space between a statue, however flawless the marble, however faultless the workmanship, and a human being, "afame with the passion of eternity."

If the statue can not, like a human being,