

will suffer yet. But because of the courage of those who have gone before, that star shines brighter and that voice speaks louder and plainer; and because of the courage of those yet to come, the East will grow so light with the blaze of the star and the world be so filled with echoes of the voice, that all will see the truth that Trumbull saw and heed the message that Trumbull delivered.

It is because Lyman Trumbull, having the eyes to see that star in the East, looked and saw; it is because he, having the ears to hear that still small voice, listened and heard; it is because he, having seen and having heard, made the message his own and never faltered in delivering and interpreting it, at whatever risk to himself—it is because of this, and not because of what men call the success of his career, that the naming of this school should excite our special emotion. There is peculiar fitness in naming a public school after a man like this, after a man who was distinctively an exemplar of the truth that Trumbull expressed as "human brotherhood and equality of rights"; of the truth that Jefferson expressed by saying that "all men are created equal"; of the truth that Jesus of Nazareth expressed when he defined love of the neighbor as equivalent to love of God, and gave us for the human test of brotherly love, that we do to others as we would in reason have others do to us. There is peculiar fitness in choosing such a name for such a purpose, because the chief function of the common school is to foster the truth of human brotherhood and equality of rights. If it fails in that it fails in all.

To inculcate this truth should be the highest ambition of the teacher. To apprehend it should be the eager aspiration of the pupil. To have it taught and have it learned should be the fondest hope as it is the noblest desire of the parent. The boy or the girl who has truly learned that lesson, and made this ideal his own, will find all other useful learning easier of acquirement and better in practical application. The school that teaches it will develop children into loving husbands and wives, into responsible fathers and mothers, into capable and generously ambitious working men, into efficient and honest business men, into intelligent and conscientious citizens.

Does not this give to Lyman Trumbull's name peculiar significance as the name for one of our public schools? The teachers and the pupils of any school which is identified in name with a great citizen who has clearly seen and distinctly heard the fundamental truth of human brotherhood and equal rights, and made it the working ideal of his life, cannot but be inspired by the noblest of influences.

Those are among the reasons why it seems to me, as I trust it may seem to you, that some school in this city should bear Lyman Trumbull's

name, and why you of this neighborhood should be glad that the choice has fallen upon your school.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Written for the Lincoln Centennial Exercises of Wheaton College at Wheaton Ill.

First of our "honored dead"—
Beyond the golden portals of the past
He stands in all his strength;
Sacred shall be his name until the last.

Others may fail; to him
With confidence we turn, and know that there
Stainless, unmarred thro' all
The changing years, we find his record fair.

No acrid prejudice,
No petty greed, no peevish whim, no hate
Lived in his soul; to him
A nation, blinded, bowed—alas, too late.

No vain pretense, no pride,
No arrogance, no self-conceit were there
To crush or break the weak
And helpless ones who, struggling, sought his care.

Croesus with his wealth,
And Samson with his might, have passed away;
No tender memory
Surrounds their lives or touches us today.

Lincoln was poor, and yet
For what he was and did we love his name.
He served "the least of these,"
And rescued Freedom's flag from Slavery's shame.

Gladly he gave to us
The last full measure of devotion true;
No fear lurked in his heart,
His will no cringing weakness knew.

But if he saw today
The slavery of toll, the greed for gain,
Would he as freely say:
"These honored dead shall not have died in vain"?

Be strong, in Freedom's name,
And push aside the barriers of fear;
Let not your soul be chained,
When Liberty with outstretched arms stands near.

HELEN CRIGHTON BOWEN.

BOOKS

LINCOLN OUR FRIEND.

Abraham Lincoln. By Brand Whitlock. The Beacon Biographies. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 1909. Price, 50 cents, net.

That Brand Whitlock has written a life of Abraham Lincoln for the Beacon Biographies is in the mere statement, full announcement that an exquisite and precious little gift has been offered to the American people. It is true cause for grati-

tude that a man who was fashioned of the common people should be interpreted to them by a biographer who can see and speak the spiritual beauty and strength which transcends all outward circumstance and may illumine any human soul. "Rightly told," says Mr. Whitlock, "the story is the epic of America."

All through the familiar chronicle of events are woven unforgettable glimpses of the man himself. "Thus he grew and came to manhood, with some knowledge of books, some knowledge of men, some knowledge of life. His learning was tainted with the superstitions that were rife in the settlement, and always, in a measure, they clung to him, to merge in later years into the mysticism of his poetic nature." Even at twenty-six "he had an occult sense of public opinion, knew what the general mind was thinking. Always fundamentally democratic, he was so close to the heart of humanity that intuitively he measured its mighty pulsations, and believed that the public mind was not far from the right."

Later in describing the years of practice on the Eighth Circuit, the biographer speaks of Lincoln and his story-telling: "The impression, however, that Lincoln was a mere story-teller, a raconteur, a lawyer who practiced by his wits, is inaccurate. He was fundamentally serious and a man of dignity; he was not given to uncouth familiarities. Men referred to him affectionately as 'Honest Abe' or 'Old Abe,' but they addressed him always as 'Mr. Lincoln.' His humor, never peccant, was close to his brooding melancholy, and saved every situation in a life he knew so profoundly as to feel its tragedy and its tears. It was not for his stories that men loved him: it was for his kindness, his simplicity, his utter lack of self-consciousness. . . . All his life long he strove to make things clear, and to men, to juries, to statesmen, diplomats, and whole peoples he was ever explaining, and he told his stories to help his purpose." "They sneered at him for his lack of education, and yet he might have been said to be almost perfectly educated. Certainly he was cultured; for had he not wisdom, pity, love, humor, shrewdness, and a rarely sympathetic imagination, that enabled him to put himself in every other man's place?"

"As the scenes in the great war receded, as the perspective lengthened and passions cooled, men came to see how great, how mighty, how original he was. As slowly they grew in the national spirit he breathed into them, as mankind in its upward striving reached toward his stature, they began to recognize in him not only the first, but the ideal, American, realizing in his life all that America is and hopes and dreams. And more and more, as time goes on, he grows upon the mind of the world. The figure of Washington, the first of American heroes, has taken on the cold and classic isolation of a marble statue. But Lincoln, even

though inevitable legend has enveloped him in its refracting atmosphere, remains dearly human, and the common man may look upon his sad and homely face and find in it that quality of character which causes him to revere and love him as a familiar friend, one of the common people whom, as he once humorously said, God must have loved 'because he made so many of them.' Thus he remains close to the heart, just as if he had lived on through the years, essentially and forever human, not alone the possession of our own people, but of all people; not of a nation only, but of the whole human brotherhood he loved with such perfect devotion, and of that humanity to which he gave his life."

The small, well printed volume is, like all the series, most attractive, containing portrait, chronology and bibliography, and presenting its authentic narrative without annotation. Unfortunately, perhaps, the convenient biographical device of dating each page is omitted.

ANGELINE LOESCH.

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THE RECORD OF BOOTH'S CRIME.

The Death of Lincoln. By Clara E. Laughlin. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 1909. Price, \$1.50 net.

There are only two fit classes of readers for this Lincoln book: expert historians investigating this phase of our country's life, and strong lovers of all humanity. The author writes as both to both. Her clear, minutely circumstantial and carefully referred account of plot, murder and trial, make a book of reference; her brief analyses of motives and character spell the word mercy, as all deep analyses of motives do. For the reader who is neither deep student nor great lover of humanity, this tale of human justice, transformed into hasty vengeance by a people's rage, confounding guilt and innocence and torturing both, makes a poor light by which to read the Gettysburg speech.

ANGELINE LOESCH.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF SWEDENBORG.

The Divine Philosophy. By G. J. Fercken, A. M., Ph. D., author of "Even Thine Altars," and "Twelve Letters to My Son on the Bible." Published by The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia and London. Price \$1.00.

An exposition, simple and colloquial, of the philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg. It is especially valuable to the general reader for its lucid explanation of the difference between discrete degrees and continuous degrees; for it is in overlooking or rejecting this difference that other philosophies fall into confusion and the sciences go astray.