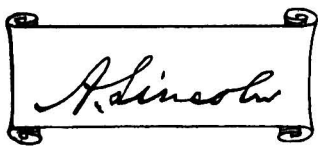


# Lincoln at Gettysburg.



On a bright November afternoon, when the autumn leaves were tinged with a thousand hues of beauty, upon an eminence in the midst of a great plain bounded by lofty mountains, I saw a vast concourse of men and women. I saw

among them illustrious warriors, gifted poets, and profound statesmen. I saw ambassadors of mighty empires, governors of great commonwealths, ministers of cabinets, men of high position and power. I saw above their heads, upon every hand, a starry banner, drooping under the weight of sombre drapery. I saw men and women standing among new made graves, overwhelmed with grief which they vainly endeavored to conceal. I knew that I was in the midst of a people bowing under great affliction, of a land stricken with sorrow. I knew that the tide of destruction and death had not ceased to ebb and flow, but that at that moment the fate of my country was trembling in the balance,—her only hope in the fortitude and valor of her sons who were baring their breasts to storms of shot and shell only a few miles away.

I saw standing in the midst of that mighty assembly a man of majestic but benignant mien, of worn and haggard features, but whose eyes beamed with purity, with patriotism, and with hope. Every eye was directed towards him; and as men looked into his calm, sad, earnest face, they recognized the great President, the foremost man of the world, not only in position and power but in all the noblest attributes of humanity. When he essayed to speak, such solemn silence reigned as when, within consecrated walls, men come into the presence of Deity. Each sentence, slowly and earnestly pronounced, sank into every patriotic heart, gave a strange lustre to every face, and nerved every arm. In those utterances, the abstract, the condensation, the summing up of American patriotism, were contained the hopes, the aspirations, the stern resolves, the consecration, the dedication upon the altar of humanity, of a great people.

From the time of that solemn dedication the final triumph of the loyal hosts was assured. As the Christian day by day repeats the solemn words of prayer given him by his Savior, so the American Patriot will continue to repeat those inspired sentiments. While the Republic lives he will continue to repeat them, and while, realizing all their solemn significance, he continues to repeat them, *the Republic will live.*

CLARK E. CARR.