

West New Brighton, N.Y.
Dec. 24, 1908.

Dear Miss Tarbell:

I once read somewhere that Lincoln
made a statement concerning his thought
as to the divinity or deity of Christ.

Do you happen to know what the
statement is or where I can find it?

I write to you as the best authority
I know of.

Good fortune attend you in your
worthwhile labors.

Sincerely
Edwin Markham.

This revised version was chosen out of two-hundred-fifty Lincoln poems by the committee headed by Chief Justice Taft, to be read at the dedication of the great Lincoln Memorial erected by the government in Washington, D. C., in 1922. There were one - hundred thousand listeners on the ground and two-million over the Radio. President Harding delivered the address, and the author read the poem.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

by EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of *The Man with the Hoe*, *The Gallows-Bird*, etc.

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.
 She took the tried clay of the common road—
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
 Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears
 Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
 And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
 Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
 Here was a man to hold against the world,
 A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
 The smack and tang of elemental things:
 The rectitude and patience of the cliff,
 The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves,
 The friendly welcome of the wayside well,
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea,
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn,
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars,
 The secrecy of streams that make their way
 Under the mountain to the rifted rock,
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
 That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
 He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
 The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
 The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
 His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
 Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
 One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
 To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
 Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
 The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a man.
 He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
 The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
 Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the judgment thunders split the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spik't again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise—
 Towering in calm rough-hewn sublimity.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham

Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton says: "Edwin Markham's *Lincoln* is the greatest poem ever written on the immortal martyr, and the greatest that ever will be written." 1930

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