

phrase, is "the first American." It was when Whitman's poetry went sweeping to the mind of Europe, that Englishmen and Frenchmen and Russians first apprehended the significance of this "new nation," which had been "brought forth on this new continent." It was when this poetry had found its way, more slowly, into the mind of America itself, that "we, the people of the United States," began to understand our own character and mission. It is to-day, when we chant again the "barbaric yawp" of "the good, gray poet," that we know the soul of America and the music which it would sing.

But Whitman, like Lincoln also, is more than American. Or rather shall we say, that he is American only as America is herself more than America? Not a nation or a republic, but a spirit of freedom, a dream of democracy, a mounting hope of brotherhood! These two men, poet and president, belong now to mankind. They are become race heroes. In Whitman, we see the universal man. In him, we find the human soul laid bare. He is humanity babbling into speech, stumbling into progress, struggling and striving to fulfill the faith of centuries. This mighty seer interpreted his own age and country in all its crudity, its rude pioneering courage, its sublime self-confidence. At the same time, did he foresee and foretell the future of love achieved and beauty won throughout the circle of the globe. Comradeship, fellowship, brotherhood—these are the great words of our new age; and these were the symbols of the faith of Whitman.

### RECONCILIATION

by Walt Whitman

Word over all, beautiful as the sky!  
 Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage must  
 in time be utterly lost;  
 That the hands of the sisters Death and Night,  
 incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this  
 soiled world:  
 . . . For my enemy is dead—a man divine as  
 myself is dead;  
 I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the  
 coffin—I draw near;  
 I bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white  
 face in the coffin.

