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DRAWER 212

POETS

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# Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning S-So

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

## A King

We talked of kings, little Ned and I,  
As we sat in the firelight's glow;  
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,  
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,  
His armies to victory led.  
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn  
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,  
He was gentle and brave, and so  
Wasn't he greater than all the rest? .  
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,  
And in waiting for his reply  
A long procession of noble men  
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When "No" came slowly from little Ned,  
And thoughtfully; then with a start,  
"He wasn't a king--outside," he said,  
"But I think he was in his heart."

—St. Nicholas.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

**Lincoln, Soul of Freedom**

By Harold A. Sandstrom

Lincoln, soul of freedom, give us men to carry on;  
Rest? We know you cannot rest while trouble brews through-  
out your home;  
Charge God-fearing men with spirit you possessed and won—  
Rest then, Patriotic Saviour, for you will not be alone.

Lincoln, soul of freedom, take from us all evil thought;  
Cleanse our leaders, men of power, show them which is right  
and wrong;  
Then as peaceful family where Brotherhood is wrought  
Clouds of bondage, clouds of war will vanish by your freedom  
song!

*Boston Post 2-12-40*

THE LINCOLN ANECDOTE.

Another Lincoln anecdote  
The writer sat him down and wrote.

He sent the story to his brother,  
Who sat him down and wrote another.

He sent the couple to his cousin,  
Who sat him down and wrote a dozen.

Their uncle saw the bunch and wondered,  
But sat him down and wrote a hundred.

Then grandpa, mid his fancy browsin',  
He sat him down and wrote a thousand.

And thus the Lincoln anecdotes  
Have multiplied like sheep or shoats.

Well, since the people still demand 'em,  
I reckon Father Abe can stand 'em.

T. SAPP, JR.





L I N C O L N

*Taught by primeval voices of the wilds,  
This Titan's universal soul perceived  
Beyond the hate and misery of man,  
The promised land,  
And with the vision of a seer gave he  
To a despairing world, his creed:*

*"With malice toward none  
And charity for all."*

*The only creed  
To free humanity of strife.*

*Herbert Sartori*

COPYRIGHT 1938

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

Her jet-black dress was painted gold  
By fireplace flames that leaped for joy,  
While tiny candles traced the stitches  
In a comfort for her boy.

Today, the Weaver of all good things  
In silver silence begins to sew,  
And softly now, in the old churchyard,  
Wraps her in a blanket of snow.

ELVA ADAMS SCHAUB.

Yellow Springs, O.

*Handwritten:*  
Nancy Hanks  
2/10/43



## THE NATION'S LOSS.

APRIL 15TH, 1865.

Oh woe! oh woe! oh woe!  
 What awful sudden blow  
 Has changed to funeral moans our songs of exultation!  
 But yesterday so bright,  
 To-day in darkest night  
 Are quenched the blazing lights of joy's illumination,  
 We stagger to and fro,  
*Ourselves* struck by the blow  
 Of this most vile, most foul, most fell assassination.  
 The truth to credit slow,  
 We ask: *Can* it be so?  
 Is he indeed laid low,  
 The ruler wise and firm, and faithful of this nation?

Oh grievous, grievous loss!  
 Oh heavy, heavy cross!  
 This orphaned nation's heart is tottering, reeling under!  
 From a smiling azure sky,  
 In the twinkling of an eye,  
 Down crashed the fearful bolt that cleft our Head asunder.  
 Alas! now shattered lies  
 That Head so calm and wise  
 Alike for goodness ~~known~~, for strength and moderation;  
 With eyes that tears bedim,  
 With hearts full to the brim,  
 We lose, we mourn in him  
 Alike with Washington, a Father of this Nation.

• Oh horrid, horrid crime,  
 Bred in the foulest slime  
 Of Slavery's loathsome pool, all rotting with stagnation!  
 Oh, dastard, dastard crime,  
 Unheard of in this clime,  
 Whose men wage open war, but scorn assassination.  
 Oh senseless, senseless crime,  
 Committed at a time  
 Of reawakening hopes of peace and conciliation!  
 Alas! what dost thou gain?  
 In fury blind, insane,  
 The *mad* one thou hast slain,  
 A *sterner* now will reign  
 And thou hast roused again  
 The slumbering thunderbolts of Wrath's retaliation.

But nation deeply bowed,  
 Be all thy grief allowed,  
 Allowed be too thy wrath, thy righteous indignation!  
 But, like thy martyred chief,  
 Temper thy wrath and grief  
 With noble self-control and generous moderation.  
*Be just!* give each his due,  
 Let those be slain who slew,  
 Be blood for blood the fair and lawful reparation!  
 But, Justice satisfied,  
 Let Wisdom be thy guide,  
 Keep Mercy at thy side,  
 Finish thy sacred task, *our Union's restoration.*

Then from the firmament  
 Will he whom we lament,  
 Our nation's martyred saint,  
 Wearing a golden crown,  
 Remplacently look down  
 And let his blessing rest for aye upon his nation.  
 EMMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB,  
 From Switzerland.

## THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN

Today I walked on soil where  
Lincoln walked  
And stood where he once watched  
the changing skies.  
I moved within the rooms where  
he once talked,  
The rooms and halls where his  
laughs and sighs  
Still live; where to the God of all  
he prayed.  
Here Robert, Tad, and little Willie grew  
And heard their father using words  
he weighed  
Five times or six, to test them,  
feel them true.  
Until they too could sense the woe or joy  
He often felt so keenly for the nation;  
And yet as surely as he taught each boy  
The joyous power of words thru his  
elation.  
He grew himself, not knowing how  
one grows;  
He only knew one often reaps that  
which one sows.

Evelyn Schmidt



Schuerger, Frank A.

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1952

## Humility Lies Enshrined

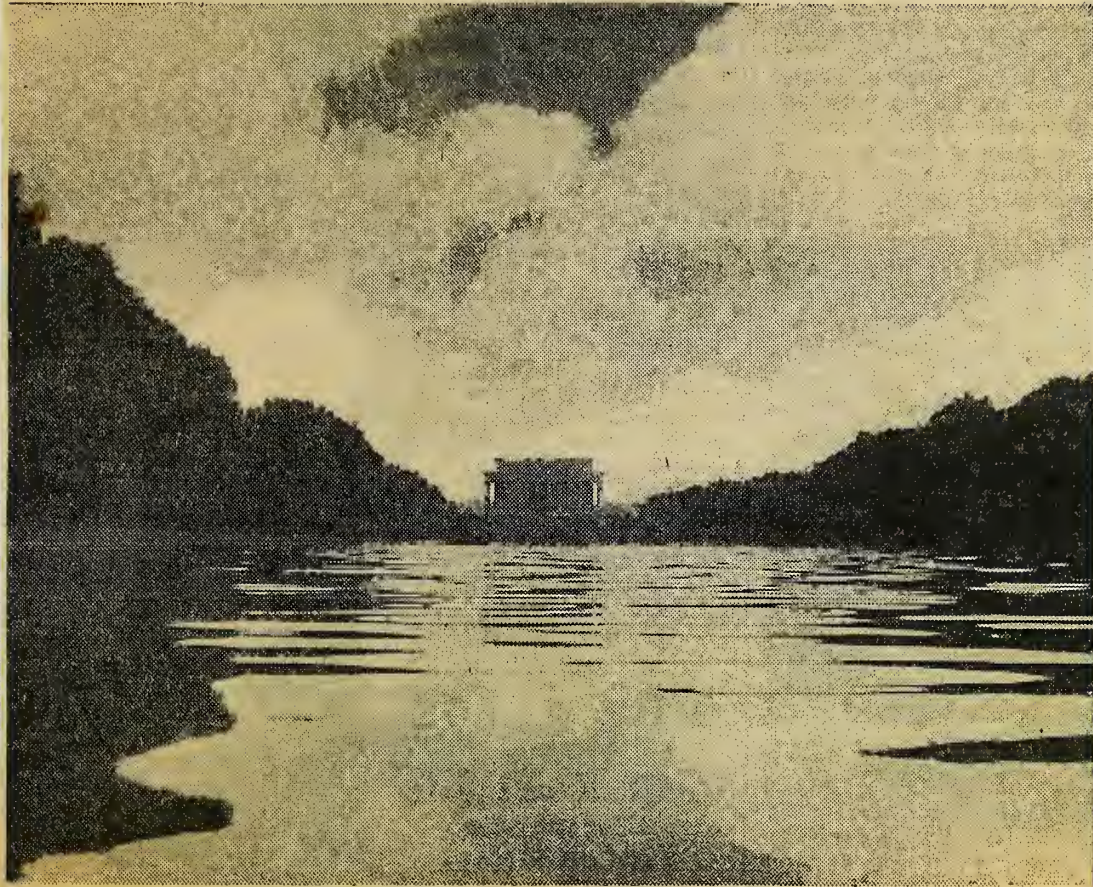


Photo and Tribute by Frank A. Schuerger

### LINCOLN MEMORIAL

This pile of stone which humble men have built,	The silvery reflecting pool mirrors the majesty
How magnificent, yet how small in stature	Of the memorial in many shapes and shades
When compared with the giant who gave his life	Just as his life reflects the greatness of his aim
Without regret to help keep a nation united.	Of freedom and equality of opportunity for everyone.
How cold the classic beauty and splendor of the shrine	The nation, the whole world wept when an assassin's
When compared with his gentleness and warmth.	Bullet ended his time on earth all too soon.
He would have stood in humility before it	Surely the world will long remember his words
Just as he, in white marble, now sits in humility,	Inscribed on the wall, and the nation has resolved
Towering over all in that grand hall so silent.	That he, too, "shall not have died in vain."

LEADERS LIKE LINCOLN

He's pointing to America—

Alas, they cannot see

The spirit of Abe Lincoln in

His vast eternity.

The liberated countries in

Their petty civil wars,

The fog from war too dense as yet

For them to see the stars!

He's pointing to America,

Where staunch and strong it stands;

He's pointing to America

On march in other lands.

He's pointing to a Georgia lad,

Arms linked with one from Maine;

His lips are forming "one"—yes, one,

Where Lincoln's shawl has lain!

Oh, would that Lincoln's might emerge,

Each country to unite,

When comes the battle for the peace,

And ends the simpler fight!

MRS. A. SCHUMACHER.

Brookville, O.

2/12/43 *Hayden Jones*



Schuster, Ad

# OTHER FELLOW

By Ad Schuster

*Oshtemo Car. Tribune*

LINCOLN <sup>2-12-52</sup>

I see him in the village store  
And feel again surprise:  
There's all the past and future  
In his deep-set brooding eyes.  
I hear him telling stories  
And may wonder at his choice  
But am caught in bonds of kin-  
ship  
By a something in his voice.  
We sent him off to Congress  
And some there were who  
jeered:  
But more there were who loved  
him.  
And more there were who  
cheered.  
We gave him times of crisis,  
Great causes to defend;  
He gave his life, a martyr—  
His soul remains a friend.

When we were very young, we  
lived on the fringe of the Lin-  
coln country in Illinois. Nearby  
was ground over which the  
Blackhawk war was fought and  
a few miles to the West was  
Freeport where one of the Lin-  
coln-Douglas debates was held.

In those days there were many  
oldtimers who remembered Lin-  
coln; many men who fought in  
the Civil War. These elders told  
stories of Lincoln and with repe-  
tition their acquaintance with  
the man grew more intimate.  
Those who had but seen him  
came to think they had known  
him well and had been, in fact,  
old friends. We don't remember  
the stories, but do recall the  
notes of affection, even rever-  
ence, which came into the voices  
of the narrators. And, of course,  
we had some who really did  
know Lincoln. They were easily  
our proudest citizens.

LINCOLN

Words, and yet more words,  
More than Time can count,  
Vain, expended herds  
That crowd athirst  
At his fount.  
My own words shall be few  
Since there is nothing new  
That can be said—  
He died; but is not dead!  
With his anointed name  
Time has no span  
For the vigil flame—  
The Torch of Faith  
In God and man!

WILLIAM M. SCHUYLER.



LD, THURSDAY, FEBRU

**LINCOLN.**

**The Face of Lincoln.**

Here is a face upon which men may see  
The hushed austerity that nature wears  
At touch of twilight, brooding on the  
cares

Of bygone days and of the days to be;  
And yet which bears the clear tranquillity  
Of one whose youth has breathed sweet  
prairie airs,

Or followed firm behind the ploughman's  
shares,

Or trodden leafy forest ways and free.

The forehead tells of mastery; a mind  
Which, holding life a thing inscrutable,  
Kept faith and hope forever sentinel;  
The furrowed cheeks, the locked lips sor-  
row lined,

Betray a will the nation knew so well,  
And deep eyes show a love for all man-  
kind.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

*N. Y. Herald - 2/12/20*

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE  
MONITOR

### On a Bust of Lincoln

This was a man of mighty mould  
Who walked erewhile our earthly  
ways,

Fashioned as leaders were of old  
In the heroic days!

Mark how austere the rugged height  
Of brow—a will not made to bend!  
Yet in the eyes behold the light  
That made the foe a friend!

Sagacious he beyond the test  
Of quibbling schools that praise or  
ban;

Supreme in all the broadest, best,  
We hail American. . . .

—Clinton Scollard.

THE FACE OF LINCOLN

From the New York Sun and Herald.

Here is a face upon which men may see  
The hushed austerity that nature wears  
At touch of twilight, brooding on the eaves  
Of bygone days and of the days to be;  
And yet which bears the clear tranquillity  
Of one whose youth has breathed sweet  
prairie airs.

Or followed firm behind the plowman's  
shares,

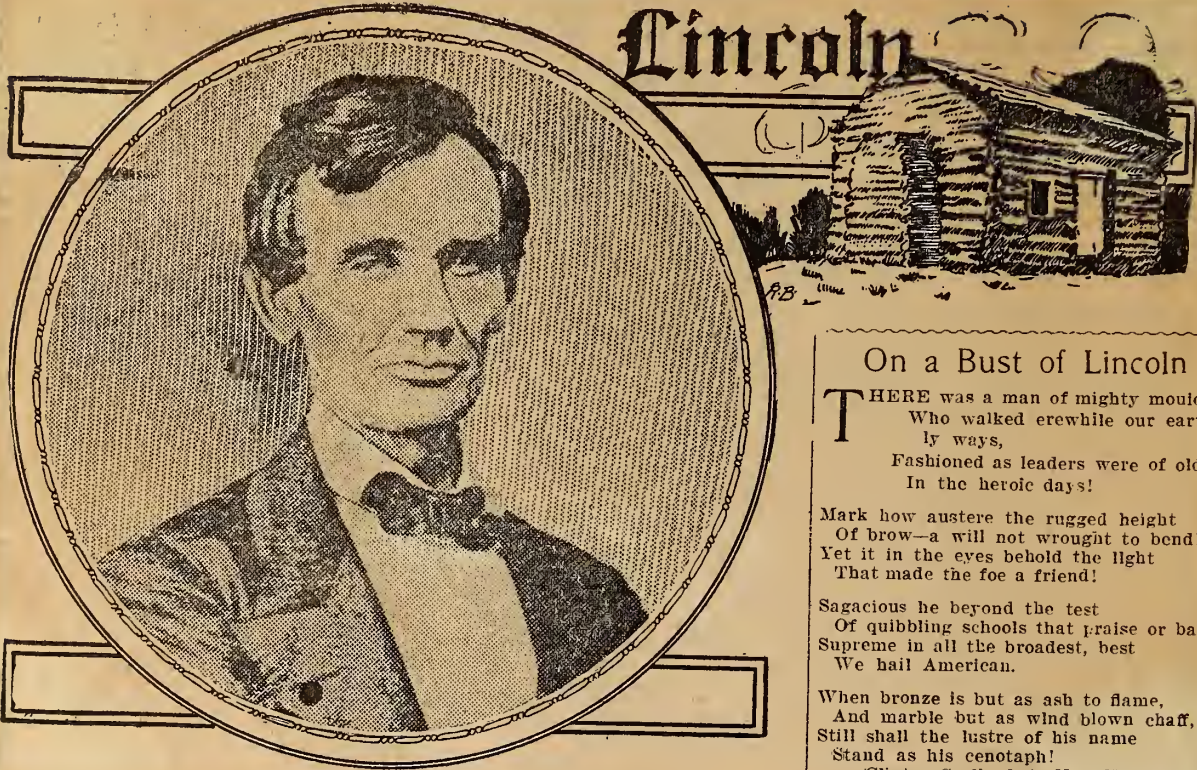
Or trodden leafy forest ways and free.

The forehead tells of mastery; a mind <sup>2/3/20</sup>  
Which, holding life a thing inscrutable,  
Kept faith and hope forever sentinel;  
The furrowed cheeks, the locked lips sorrow  
lined,

Betray a will the nation knew so well,  
And deep eyes show a love for all mankind.

*Phil Put. Ledger* Clinton Scollard.





**Lincoln**

On a Bust of Lincoln

**T**HERE was a man of mighty mould  
Who walked erewhile our earth-  
ly ways,  
Fashioned as leaders were of old  
In the heroic days!

Mark how austere the rugged height  
Of brow—a will not wrought to bend!  
Yet it in the eyes behold the light  
That made the foe a friend!

Sagacious he beyond the test  
Of quibbling schools that praise or ban;  
Supreme in all the broadest, best  
We hail American.

When bronze is but as ash to flame,  
And marble but as wind blown chaff,  
Still shall the lustre of his name  
Stand as his cenotaph!

—Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.

*On a Bust of Lincoln.*

This was a man of mighty mold  
Who walked erewhile our earthly ways,  
Fashioned as leaders were of old  
In the heroic days!

Mark how austere the rugged height.  
Of brow—a will not made to bend!  
Yet in the eyes behold the light  
That made the foe a friend!

Sagacious he beyond the test  
Of quibbling schools that praise or ban;  
Supreme in all the broadest, best,  
We hail American. \* \* \*

—Clinton Scollard.

*Mass City Journal  
Feb 12, 1892*





## Abraham Lincoln

Love is a wondrous thing;	And lacking that
Mankind forgets	They all missed immortality.
The blood-stained glory	The gentle Christ had love
Of great battle lords;	And while men live
Forgets adventurous ones	He'll be with them
Who sailed uncharted seas	Each circle of the sun,
Or pushed their way	And Lincoln had it
Through unknown lands;	And when eyes are turned
Forgets all those	To see the sun sink down
Who proudly stood	For the last time
In forums of the world	And ears attuned
And placed the imprint	To hear the last blast
Of their master minds	Of Gabriel's trumpet
Upon far-reaching laws;	The memory of Lincoln
All those who fashioned,	Will be fresh and sweet.
From inventive minds,	He was the brother
Cunning contrivances	Of the whole wide world.
To benefit mankind.	He loved all men
What now is Alexander,	Of every race
Caesar and Attila,	And every color.
Bonaparte and Grant?	From tender heart of him
What now Columbus,	Came gentle impulse
Livingstone and Stanley,	To bind up skillfully
Clark and Lewis,	The wounds of war;
Perry, Shackelton?	To lay soft hands
What mighty Cromwell,	Of kind compassion
Gladstone, Pitt and Fox,	On the fevered brows
Cruel Robespierre,	Of those laid low
Hamilton and Patrick Henry,	With ills of anger;
Clay and Webster?	To bind anew
They only live	The raveled threads
On the printed page	Of friendship's bonds;
Of musty books.	To build new hope up
The lives they lived,	In those weary hearts
What deeds they did,	Where hope had died.
What paths of glory,	God has some scheme of things.
Music gladdened by acclaim	We may not fathom,
Of cheering multitudes,	But this shines brightly,
They traveled on	That, from time to time,
Are all forgotten now;	He sends to us
They had all things	Some more than man
That men who lead must have	To teach us all that love
Save this one thing of love,	Is a most wondrous thing.



# YIR FRIEN' SCOTTY PHILOSOPHIZES

## Abraham Lincoln Loved Mankind

Love is a wondrous thing; Mankind forgets The blood-stained glory Of great battle lords, Forgets adventurous ones Who sailed uncharted seas Or pushed their way Through unknown lands. Forgets all those Who proudly stood In forums of the world And placed the imprint Of their master minds Upon far-reaching laws. All those who fashioned From inventive minds, Cunning contrivances To benefit mankind. What now is Alexander, Caesar and Atilla, Bonaparte and Wilhelm? What now Columbus, Livingstone and Stanley, Peary, Shackleton? What mighty Cromwell, Gladstone, Pitt and Fox, Cruel Robespierre, Hamilton and Patrick Henry? They only live On the discolored page Of musty books. What lives they lived, What deeds they did, What paths of glory, Music-gladdened by acclaim Of cheering multitudes, They traveled on Are near forgotten now. They had all things That they who lead must have Save this one thing of love, And lacking that	They all missed immortality. The gentle Christ had love And while men live He'll be with them Each cycle of the sun; And Lincoln had it, And when eyes are turned To see the sun sink down For the last time, And ears attuned To hear the first blast Of Gabriel's trump, The memory of Lincoln Will be fresh and sweet. He was the brother Of the whole wide world. He loved all men Of every race And every color. From tender heart of him Came gentle impulse To bind up skillfully The wounds of war, To lay soft hands Of kind compassion On the fevered brows Of those laid low With ills of anger, To bind anew The raveled threads Of friendship's bonds, To build new hope up In those weary hearts Where hope had died. God has some scheme Of things in general, We may not fathom, But this shines brightly That, from time to time, He sends to us Some more than man To teach us all that love Is a most wondrous thing.
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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

### The Century Birthday.

1809—1909.

One hundred years ago! Of Time  
A century is spent  
Since fair Kentucky gained a son  
And future President.

His birth not that of noble-life  
As man knows sons of caste,  
With wealth endowed, a stranger to  
Life's early toil and fast.

But lowly born—a cabin's home—  
Himself to teach and rule;  
A child of thought, a man self-taught  
He proved the lawyer cool.

Great life enwrought of nature-dower!  
Great life of spirit-might,  
Full six feet four (from earth to tower)  
Yet kind and just. May night's

Oblivion never veil from man  
The memory of this son;  
Whose life a type, to-day, portrays  
What great good men have done.  
Life's truth was his. Its gift of faith  
Did thought and deed control.  
And now to-day, his world (at peace)  
Time's Memory-Glass doth hold.

We see him statesman, wise and just.  
Twice-chosen on life's way;  
A people's President, to guard  
From sectional warfare's fray.

Of him the helpless sought redress,  
For he had faith, to see,  
A man's a man, whate'er his race,  
Or his condition be.

Blest life! So great, yet kind and true  
And loving unto man;  
Which honoring God and Home and State  
Met Death at Murder's hand.

As on that first night of his rest,  
(From grief of battle's name)  
He turned for a brief space, to rest,  
Death swiftly to him came.

Nor Death who comes to all plain-tossed  
Who may not surcease find,  
Nor Death who comes when life is lost  
In warfare of mankind.

A life was spent which knew no ill  
Toward any son of man;  
A, startled people turned too late  
To foil th' assassin's plan.

A nation wept in grief's lament,  
At awful crimes wrought deed;  
While loyal mourning velled the land  
By men of every creed.

Ne'er gaining conscious thought; token  
Of what great ill was done,  
The martyred President slept in death  
As day was just begun.

The man of Peace, who yet could war  
For right, has passed away—  
The Promise Prayer from Gettysburg  
Thrills hearts of men to-day.

May ne'er the name of Lincoln fade  
From memories of mankind;  
But to the youth of every age  
Be taught his life. Enshrined

Within each heart, always abide  
His God of Heaven and earth;  
Whose Word with life of Washington,  
Gave him his dual worth.

May love and faith and fealty  
A people's trust portray,  
As memory weaves the laurel-wreath  
To crown his century day.  
IDA GLOVER SEABURY.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

By **SCHUYLER E. SEARS**

He climbed the heights of holy  
sacrifice  
And love for shackled beings of  
this earth,  
For lowly of the land that gave  
him birth,  
To realms as boundless as the  
starry skies;  
The altitudes of Freedom's para-  
dise,  
Wherein is brotherhood of hu-  
man worth,  
He sealed with impulse from his  
humble hearth,  
And marked the path in which  
our glory lies.  
As year by year he looms so far  
ahead  
Of all our selfishness, and sham,  
and hate,  
We cast aside our seeming sense  
of dread,  
Lamenting footsteps hesitant  
and late,  
And strive to keep the lonely path  
he trod  
In leading this lost world to peace  
and God.

SHale, Margery

PRAYER FOR FEBRUARY

"In memory of that great and  
noble man

*The Postal 2/6/37*

*Prayer For February 12*

*In memory of that great and noble man  
Who gave his life that the slave might  
be freed from bondage,  
And that the government of the people,*

*by the people, and for the people,  
Might endure,  
We ask thy protection for our cherished democracy,  
And for those principles of liberty in which that beloved  
president  
So firmly believed.  
Especially wilt Thou protect that freedom which is denied  
in a dictatorship—  
The freedom to worship and serve Thee as we choose,  
So that our prayers and songs and deeds may truly come  
From a joyous and overflowing heart.*

*Bless, then, we pray, this land and its loyal citizens,  
In the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son. Amen.*

Margery Shale (age 15), Wisconsin.



LINCOLN

"Strong as the rails he split,  
Tender as the fledglings he placed back in the nest,  
Patient as the hills he climbed,  
Clear as the mountain brooks he waded,  
Humorous as the gentle laughter at the heart of things,  
Wise as the seven Wise Men without their foolishness,  
Plain as a blue-back spelling book,  
Determined as a thirsty root in quest of water,  
Impartial as gravity,  
Just as Aristides and meek as Moses,  
Artless as homespun and eloquent as mercy,  
Transparent as noonday and sweet with the forgiveableness  
of the Lord Christ.  
Has not our Abraham received an inheritance as boundless  
as the race and as ongoing as the years?  
Fred F. Shannon.

*Bulletin of First Presbyterian Church, Muncie, Ind.*  
**Sunday, Feb. 12, 1933**

# Epworth=Euclid Methodist Episcopal Church

Prospect Avenue and East 55th Street  
Cleveland Ohio

LOUIS C. WRIGHT } PASTORS      MAMIE MCGUIRE, DEACONESS  
GEORGE W. SWITZER }              MAYME ROGERS, MISSIONARY, KOREA  
CLARENCE E. HALL, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY  
OFFICE PHONE, RAND. 148

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FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING

Sunday, February Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three

---

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

On the Highway of the Ages,  
Lonely stands this man of Men,  
(Only One there looms above him,  
One, the Master of us all).

Wisdom, all hey brains did lend him,  
Strength, his mighty hands did send him,  
Voice he had to shake the Nations,  
He foretold and he fulfilled,  
Loving Peace with all his nature,  
He chose war at Duty's call.

Such a giant! All must fear him!  
No, a little child could lead him,  
For his powers and his dominions  
All were ruled by Christly heart.

Honor's robe upon his shoulders,  
Victory's sword within his grasp,  
Never changed his simple manners,  
Never turned his steadfast head.

Tall, his head above the mountains,  
Feet ne'er left the common earth,  
For he was so very human,  
Sorrow, laughter, side by side.

Would you know his fame's foundation?  
Here it is—*an honest man.*

We can never truly know him,  
Never scan his height, his breadth,  
But the whole world's love goes to him,  
And his spirit in our lives  
Cannot help but make us nobler  
Brothers to all sons of Men.

—John A. Shedd.





## LINCOLN LIVES TODAY

+

BILLY SHELPER

Founder and Superintendent

Home Sweet Home City Rescue Mission, Inc.  
Bloomington, Illinois

+

Lincoln dead, why no,  
He is more real today, although  
In flesh he left us many years ago.  
But years are only days to those above,  
Who go before with martyrs love,  
For those who live and love and go,  
Are surely those who really know,  
Today as in the days of fifty-nine,  
With torch in hand, through every line,  
He leads us on as he did then,  
To tell the whole wide world of men  
In SLAVERY BOUND, they cry today  
O! GOD! just send another man our way,  
From out of bondage lead, as LINCOLN led  
Those helpless, tawny men up from the dead,  
To VICTORY lead, to heights unknown  
Where seeds of confidence might be sown  
In HEARTS of men so hard and cold have  
grown,  
Yes, Martyred LINCOLN come today  
And lead us on the BRIGHTER WAY,  
Of honesty and truth, where man to man  
Will truly say, I WILL, I CAN.

# HOOSIER HOMESPUN



be better to eliminate this type altogether.

There are some things written today — not many perhaps, but some—that deserve careful reading. We read two books before leaving Brown County for Florida, which we enjoyed and read slowly, usually a chapter at a time. These were “The Dean’s Watch” and “The Ugly American”. Racing through either would have been fruitless, we felt. Were we a book reviewer for a library or newspaper, our methods might change.

Speed has taken us by storm. We travel fast, work fast, play the same way. Stopping to think and taste the things we encounter daily would surely not detract from the joy of living. Verily, we believe it would add to it.

Ann Thology, Nashville

## OUR LINCOLN

*His bare feet heired the feel of  
Hoosier soil;*

*His eyes caught all the moods  
of Hoosier skies;*

*His hands were hard from honest  
Hoosier toil;*

*His mind learned Hoosier trait  
of keen surmise;*

*His heart waxed warm with hos-  
pitality,*

*Gift of all Hoosiers, granted  
them by Fate;*

*And Hoosierland’s provinciality  
Of tongue oft tinged his speech  
till life was late.*

*So, since the twig into a tree  
will grow,*

*True to the training it received  
when young,*

*Hoosierland claims him . . .  
great, and yet so low . . .*

*Loves him and lauds him with  
one common tongue:*

*Our Abe, our little lad who grew  
to be*

*Earth’s champion of mankind’s  
equality.*

—Ruth Shelton

The Christian Advocate

February 3, 1921.



**EVERYBODY'S LINCOLN**

This medallion, by Victor D. Brenner, a Russian emigrant lad, who has become one of the great medalists of the world, is the likeness on the one-cent piece of the present bronze coinage of the United States.

**On a Bronze Medal of Lincoln by  
Victor D. Brenner**

This bronze our noble Lincoln's head doth bear;  
Behold the strength and splendour of that face,  
So homely-beautiful, with just a trace  
Of humour lightening its look of care.  
With bronze indeed his memory doth share,  
This martyr who found freedom for a Race;  
Both shall endure beyond the time and place  
That knew them first, and brighter grow with wear.  
Happy must be the genius here that wrought  
These features of the great American  
Whose fame lends so much glory to our past—  
Happy to know the inspiration caught  
From this most human and heroic man  
Lives here to honour him while Art shall last.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

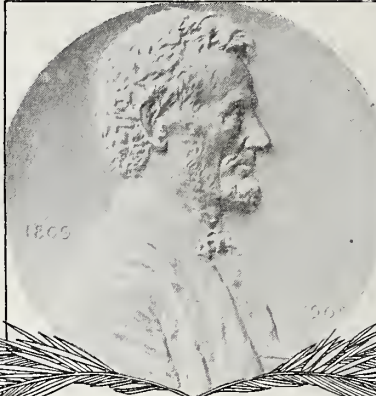


Sherman, F. D.

On a Bronze Medal

"This bronze our noble Lincoln's  
head doth bear --"

Success, February, 1909.



ON A  
BRONZE  
MEDAL

BY  
VICTOR D.  
BRENNER

*of* LINCOLN  
BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

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## The Mother of the Emancipator

BY

ELBERTA K. SHIPLEY

One wintry night, in cabin rude, when all her work was done  
Brave Nancy Lincoln, by the fire, sat reading to her son,  
She paused to hear him heave a sigh, and see his saddened looks,  
The story she had read to him was from the Book of Books;  
It told how Pharaoh, cruel King, with chain, and lash and rod  
Had beaten, driven, and enslaved the Chosen Ones of God,  
Until deliverance was sent by His Almighty Hand,  
When Moses safely guided them unto the Promised Land.

She closed the Book and bade her boy to keep this truth in mind,  
That by the Written Word of God all men could freedom find,  
The Emancipator's Mother crept to her humble bed  
And left him there to tend the fire and ponder what she'd read;  
Abraham dwelt upon her words as he tended the fire,  
The story of the Israelites did his young mind inspire,  
And freedom's call, conceived that night, bore fruit in later years,  
He nourished it with his heart's blood and fed it with his tears.

Her son, we know, throughout his life, this Book did often scan,  
And through his acts, its teachings shone, when he became a man,  
By stroke of pen, mid raging war, four million chains he broke,  
And led the way for all mankind to loose the bondman's yoke;  
Thus Nancy Lincoln's noble son, who did our Union save,  
When he had won, dreamed still of her in lonely, forest grave;  
He said in reverence, when the world heralded his fame,

"TO ANGEL MOTHER, I OWE ALL!  
GOD'S BLESSINGS ON HER NAME!"

Copyright, 1932 by Elberta K. Shipley  
198 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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radio, must be obtained from the author.*

*From an agent.*  
*WTP*

THE PHYSICAL LINCOLN.

His arms were strong-- to break his fettered chains--  
His brain was quick to learn and understand,  
His conscience was as clean as wind-swept plains--  
His dreams were to defend and keep our land.

His eyes could look into the future years--  
His face was lined from seeing soldier's graves;  
His gaze was often blurred with unshed tears--  
His hands removed the shackles from the slaves.

His ideals soared so high from lowly lot--  
His justice --was the union of the free,  
His knowledge gained by study dearly bought,  
His love was boundless as the restless sea.

His meditations-- were for liberty--  
His name-- in every land has been revered,  
His ordinance obeyed-- to set men free--  
His prayers were answered as he persevered.

His quietude-- this union planned to keep--  
His righteous soul communed with Heaven above,  
His sympathy was genuine and deep--  
His teachings were with tenderness and love.

His ultimatum-- was for unity--  
His vision was as broad as it was real,  
His wisdom meant our future liberty--  
His youth rewarded with untiring zeal!

Lenore B. Shurtliff,  
Ann Arbor, Mich. ) *agent*

Lenore, B. Shurtliff  
1312 Olive Ave.  
Ann Arbor, Mich (part time agent)



LINCOLN ACROSTIC.

Adversity had set it's seal on him  
But proved to be a blessing in disguise—  
Ransoming his soul from crudities  
And moulding him, instead— strong, gentle, wise.  
Honestly he strove— until his thoughts  
Ascended high above his former state—  
Making of a homely man, a chief;

Loving, sympathetic, honored, great,  
Impulsively he did not once decide—  
Nor did impatience ever move his hand;  
Compassion seemed to mark his every act—  
Ordained emancipator of our land;  
Loyal service was his true intent—  
Noble, righteous, martyred president.

Lenore B. Shurtliff,  
1312 Olivia Ave.  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

(Part time agent of L. N. L. Ins. Co.)

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Lenore B. Shurtliff,  
1312 Olivia Ave.  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Shurtliffe, Lenore

INSURANCE.

THIS IS YOUR NEED.

I am the thing that all men should possess--  
For I'm affected not by market's flair,  
But I build steadily as age goes on--  
I give you courage and freedom from care.

If death o'ertakes you, still I earn my way--  
I educate-- meet each emergency,  
I'm financed easily-- I give you faith--  
I guard your life-- make ease a certainty.

I save your home-- assure happiness--  
Increase your income, insure where you roam,  
If sadness comes, I still bring children joy--  
For I kill want and worry in the home.

Child labor, I prevent, your loved ones know--  
I lift the mortgage and I cancell debt,  
I am the nucleus-- the noble way--  
To see that in old age, your needs are met.

I protect little ones-- preserve the home--  
I quiet fears and doubts, you'll realize,  
I release capital-- require no care--  
I create self-respect-- and stabilize.

Thrift, I develope , I earn sincere trust,  
For I unite th family with my care -  
My value does increase as time goes on,  
The wisdom of my worth shows everywhere.

I am collectable, without expense,  
The young who have me do not fear distress,  
I am the zeal that works unceasingly--  
I am the thing that all men should possess!

Lenore B. Shurtliff,  
1312 Olivia Ave.  
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Feb. 12th, 1946.



By Shurtliff, Lenore B.

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Lenore B. Shurtliff,  
1312 Olivia Ave.  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

New York, N.Y. - 1905



◆◆  
—◆◆—  
**Lincoln.**  
◆◆

With sweet humility his mighty mind  
Gave freedom's mandate to mankind;  
Subdued the storms of hate and strife  
And saved unsolled the nation's life!  
He dreamed alone of liberty,  
And gave his life to make men free;  
While tyrants knew his magic word,  
And cowering, trembled as they heard.

◆◆  
—◆◆—  
DAVID BANKS SICKELS.  
◆◆

*LINCOLN*

The storm had broken,  
Weak men cried aloud  
For some strong spirit,  
From this cringing crowd;  
Some man of power  
To defy the cloud!

A mighty figure,  
Lonely...stood apart;  
The weak were bartered  
In a human mart:  
This was the burden  
Weighing on that heart!

A soul of iron—  
Yet tender and meek—  
Amid this chaos  
The mob heard him speak:  
Saw him brush tear-drops  
From every slave's cheek!

Beheld the clouds fade  
And light sift through;  
Watched shackles broken—  
Felt hope springing new:  
Saw still each white star  
Bathed in the flag's blue!

—Jay G. Sigmund.

## Lincoln Acrostic

Author of the proclamation  
Bringing end to slavery;  
Risen to weld a weakening nation  
All in union strong and free.  
"Honest Abe," native as honest,  
All wise—understanding—friend—  
Mourned was his untimely end.

Let it not be said hereafter  
In a page of history  
Near one state came to disaster  
Cause of lack of bravery.  
Out the conflict came one union  
Long to live; another son  
Niched in its heart his name,  
Lincoln!

W. L. SILCOTT.

Denver. Post 2/12/60  
(This wins contest award.)

**The Dead President.**

The noblest soul of all  
When was there ever, since our Wash-  
ington,  
A man so pure, so wise, so patient—one  
Who walked with this high goal in  
sight.  
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,  
Though very heaven should fall.

Ah, not for him we weep;  
What honor more could be in store for  
him?  
Who would have had him linger in our  
dim  
And troublesome world, when his great  
work was done—  
Who would not leave that worn and  
weary one  
Gladly to go to sleep?  
Edward Rowland Sill.



Were there no crowns on earth,  
No evergreen to wreath a hero wreath,  
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,  
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?  
Could there on our unworthy earth be found  
Naught to befit his worth?

The noblest soul of all!  
When was there ever since our Washington,  
A man so pure, so wise, so patient - one  
Who walked with this high good alone in sight,  
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,  
Though every heaven should fall.

Ah, not for him we weep;  
What honor more could be in store for him?  
Who would have had him linger in our dim  
And troublesome world, when his great work was done -  
Who would not leave that worn and weary one  
Gladly to sleep?

For us the stroke was just;  
We were not worthy of that patient heart;  
We might have helped him more, not stood apart,  
And coldly criticized his works and ways -  
Too late now, all too late - our little praise  
Too late now, all too late - our little praise  
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, O our God!  
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,  
That never, till a noble soul departs,  
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings  
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs  
Up from the mounded sod.

Yet want a deathless crown  
Of northern pine and Southern orange-flower,  
For victory, and the land's new bridal-hour,  
Would we have wreathed for that beloved brow!  
Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now  
We lay our cypress down.

O martyred one, farewell!  
Thou has not left thy people quite alone,  
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone  
Of power, of love, of trust, a prophecy,  
Whose fair fulfilment all the earth shall be,  
And all the future tell.

The Evangelical, February 7, 1922.

**Lincoln.**

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A man so pure, so wise, so patient—one  
Who walked with his high goal alone in sight,  
To speak, to do, to sanction only right,  
Though very heaven should fall!

—Edward Rowland Sill.

Simmons, Laura

LINCOLN'S Birthday should never pass without a new recognition of the great man's gifts. *Life* (New York) brings forward this one:

LINCOLN

BY LAURA SIMMONS

Surely upon his shoulders, gaunt and worn  
The seamless garment touched, invisibly!  
Surely he came upon Gethsemane!  
And was there not one single piercing thorn  
From that dark wreath of anguish, for his brow?  
Within that grail of bitterness, we know  
Was held one drop that he alone must drain:  
While from the crowd, the stinging jibe again—  
With lurking thrust that sped him to his fate.  
Friend of the friendless, meek, compassionate—  
Ours be the tragic grief—the haunting thought:  
"He dwelt among us—and we knew him not!"

Library Digest 2-19-21



## The Spirit of Lincoln

By Lester J. Skidmore

The spirit of immortal Lincoln lives  
E'en though his mortal frame long since was dust;  
The luster of his life forever gives  
A splendor that o'ershadows greed and lust.  
The impress that he left will e'er remain;  
Unknowingly we follow in his tread;  
And 'though the selfish heart still strives for gain,  
The spirit of the man survives the dead.

With all the strife that still begets the world,  
The works of Lincoln point to higher things;  
And in that day when battle flags are furled  
And we are done with potentates and kings,  
Mankind will live the justice that he taught  
And liberate the slaves of pomp and greed.  
The service to humanity he wrought  
Shall live again in every thought and deed.

The heart of great America beats true,  
With Lincoln's spirit still a guiding light;  
The hope of all the world is turning to  
This mighty nation, standing for the right.  
And this one man, shaped from the common clay,  
Has left an impress time cannot efface;  
His vibrant spirit, moulding thought today,  
Proclaims his worth to all the human race.

Porterville (Calif) Messenger  
Feb. 17 1923.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1923.

THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN

By Lester J. Skidmore

For The Republican

*Journal*

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### The Presidents in Rhyme

First, the great Washington appears,  
 And Adams serves for four brief years.  
 The House elects then Jefferson,  
 And Louisiana's grandly won.  
 Madison's is the next great name,  
 A war drags through, with checkered fame.  
 Then James Monroe assumes the chair,  
 His famous doctrine to declare.  
 A second Adams next is chief  
 (Thanks to the House). His term is brief.  
 The next is Jackson, who declares  
 We are a nation, and who dares  
 Nullification's host to fight.  
 Van Buren next and panic's blight.  
 Then comes the hero of Tippecanoe,  
 Brave Harrison—and Tyler, too.  
 Death claims our chief; and Texas, far,  
 To grace our banner, adds her star.  
 Polk takes the helm. The Mexican War  
 Brings us a vast Pacific shore.  
 Oregon rounds our vast domain.  
 Then Taylor and Fillmore. Once again  
 Comes the death angel! Fillmore tries  
 To heal our quarrels with compromise.  
 Pierce brings hope of a better day,  
 But Kansas-Nebraska is in the way.  
 Buchanan essays to calm the strife,  
 But secession aims at the nation's life.  
 Abraham Lincoln guides our ship  
 Through seas of blood, on its fearful trip.  
 But falls a martyr, when war is done,  
 And the land is saved, and the victory won.  
 Johnson fills out the lingering years,  
 And Grant, the hero of war, appears.  
 Then Hayes by the narrowest margin wins,  
 And a newer national life begins.  
 Garfield and Arthur come next in view,  
 But the first is slain ere the year is through.  
 Cleveland is next, then Harrison,  
 Then Cleveland again is the favored one.  
 McKinley carries our banner far  
 O'er distant seas, in the Spanish War,  
 But falls a victim of murderous hate,  
 And Roosevelt takes the chair of state.  
 Such is the presidential line  
 From the days of 1789.

—[Hubert M. Skinner.

3/4/09

Christian Advocate

Slagle, E. H.

Abraham Lincoln

"He was born in a cabin, a son of  
the soil -"

Abraham Lincoln

He was born in a cabin, a son of the soil,  
Enduring the hardships of pitiless toil;  
Rough hewn, was he, like the logs his ax  
cleft in twain,  
Was this man of the hour, of bigness and  
brain.  
The strife of a nation on his shoulders was  
lain;  
He walked in the night hours, in travail and  
pain  
When the clouds of secession hung o'er like  
a pall,  
His faith saw the peace-dove would rest  
over all.  
'Midst the carnage of battle, he walked to  
and fro,  
His great heart full of pity, at sorrow and  
woe;  
He gave cheer to the wounded, shed tears  
for the dead  
'Till grim war was ended, and peace reigned  
instead.  
Cruel was the fate that his noble life ended,  
Mournful the nation, with honor defended;  
Happy are the chattels that he freed by his  
pen;  
Glorious our Country, United again.

E. HARVEY SLAGLE.

Los Angeles Times  
Sunday Magazine,  
February 8, 1931.

### Lincoln and His Shadow

*Lincoln, striding in the sun,  
Watched his shadow, angled,  
thin;  
Stovepipe hat and pipestem  
legs,  
Stragglng beard that masked  
his chin.*

*Lincoln chuckled, crooked an  
arm,  
Shook a threatening fist, and  
spoke.  
"Abe, you're such a homely  
cuss,  
You would frighten gentle-  
folk."*

*Lincoln, humble, could not see  
His greater shadow, length-  
ened, whole,  
Casting through the centuries  
The stately imprint of his  
soul.*

Goldie Capers Smith



## LINCOLN

Immortal Lincoln! when we see thy face  
So sad and careworn, yet withal so kind,  
We feel that somehow a divine-like grace  
To thee, emancipator of a race,  
Was given for the great task assigned.

Of lowly birth, 'neath some propitious star,  
Called by a people to preserve the state,  
You, in the galaxy of fame, shall far,  
Outlast the name of Emperor and Czar,  
And unborn centuries proclaim thee great!

Not great for armies led and vict'rys won  
By arms and conquest, such as kings sport make;  
But by that higher ethics of the soul  
That makes each brother-man part of the whole,  
Exalting all mankind for love's own sake.

No granite cenotaph needs rise for thee.  
The magic name of Lincoln it will live  
To stir all hearts with patriotic zeal,  
And a desire to serve the common-weal,  
Long after granite passes through Time's sieve.

And so we crown thee at the feet of Him  
Who died upon the cross to save mankind.  
O thou, who gave thyself upon the pyre  
Of love for others, holy thy soul's fire!  
Within the hearts of men a crypt shall find.

—MILES R. SMITH.

Unlearned in the cant and quip of schools;  
Uncouth, if only city ways refine;  
Ungodly, if 'tis creeds that make divine;  
In station poor, as judged by human rules:  
And yet a giant towering o'er them all;  
Clean, strong in mind, just, merciful, sub-  
lime;  
The noblest product of the age and time;  
Invoked of God in answer to men's call.

O simple world, and will you ever learn,  
Schools can but guide, they cannot mind  
create?

'Neath roughest rock the choicest treasures  
wait;

In meanest forms we priceless gems discern;  
Nor time, nor age, condition, rank nor birth,  
Can hide the truly noble of the earth.

*(The foregoing poem entitled Lincoln, was written by the late W. Hazelton Smith of Franklin Street, Buffalo. It was later published by O. H. Oldroid in his book, The Poets' Lincoln.)*

Smith, W. H.

LINCOLN

"Unlearned in the cant and quip  
of schools —"

National Magazine

February, 1926.

LINCOLN

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—Wilbur Hazelton Smith





L I N C O L N

When the black brothers of God  
Were bartered on the auction block  
And cruel lash drew human blood  
A gaunt colossus  
Strode across the page of history  
Leaving clear traces of the Infinite!

His giant frame  
Was built for heavy loads,  
His bent shoulders  
Revealed the crushing weight;

His cosmic love  
Embraced the lowliest.  
The humble owned him as their friend,  
And sages harkened to his word!

His feet were moulds of common clay  
His soul, the artistry of heaven!

A testament of freedom's cause  
He wrote with the oppressor's blood  
And sealed it with his own!  
Then fetters fell!  
Millions walked free!  
When God grew tired of slavery!

P. M. Snider  
Tacoma, Wash.  
1713 No. Cedar.

I wrote this during the  
past week.    3/29/49.  
P.M.S.

P. M. SNIDER  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Lincoln Nat'l Lib

3/29/49

Gentlemen:

I know you are creating a library of Lincolniana, so I am enclosing a verse <sup>"Lincoln"</sup> that I wrote this week, which you may, or may not, wish to file. If not, please be free to return it to me.

Yours

P. M. Snider

1713 No Cedar  
Tacoma?

Wash.

Any comments would be appreciated.

Emd.

*Mother of Abraham Lincoln.*

Her day began as amber-tinted Dawn,  
Sifted yellow streaks through virgin forests,  
And ended when the searching stars looked down,  
Awaking music stored within her soul;  
Shedding Heaven's rays of magic light,  
Revealing vistas of the Infinite.

Forests told her all their wondrous secrets,  
And scented silence taught her poise and grace,  
While Nature's wind harps chanted "De Profundis."

Birds filled the space with sweetest song;  
Symphonic 'mid the beauty of the lay,  
She heard the plaintive coos of nearby doves,  
Whose tender calls re-echoed all the day.

Flattery's fawning face, nor grandeur's show,  
Lest the grandeur of the sunset glow,  
Nor greedy passions of the noisy mart,  
Nor Fortune's pride of place, corrupt her haert.

She reigned supreme within the rugged wild,  
Drawing water from the wayside well,  
Hearing lessons for her growing child.

And when at last her lowly tasks were done,  
She made her lavish will and left mankind  
A matchless gift, her much-loved, honest son.

—Katharine Higgins Sommers.

### EMANCIPATOR WEDGE

Or "THE BIG JOB"

When Treason burst forth with a jar as of thunder,  
The people were shocked with a horrible wonder,  
And cried for a man to split it asunder.

"Oh give us a heart that reason guides,  
A mind that is calm, and a will that prevails":  
And Lo, from the West, came the "Man of Rails."

So Abraham stood, as of old, in the wood;  
His ax sharp and his maul good,  
And his muscle the best in the neighborhood.

The bark was rough, and the grain was tough,  
And he pounded away "'till it made him "puff":  
But his heart blows were not heavy enough.

He smote at the ends, and he smote at the edges,  
As he swung in the air his ponderous sledges;  
But instead of the log, he kept splitting the edges.

"I'll rest me awhile," he said "and bring  
An end to this useless worrying.  
And take a long look at this cursed thing.

So he turned it over, and turned it around,  
He stood on the log, and he stood on the ground,  
'Till he spied a black knot, and the secret was found.

Then he clapped a new wedge in the treacherous spot  
And split with a blow, both the log and the knot;  
The best wedge in the world is a well driven thought.

— PROF. J. B. SOULE.

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