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Prospectus, the Life of Abraham Lincoln in Verse, for Old and Young

Stella Tyler Mathews

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PROSPECTUS

*The Life of
Abraham
Lincoln*



I n V e r s e

FOR OLD AND YOUNG

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IN VERSE

Endorsed by the Grand Army of the Republic.

Sponsored by

The Woman's Relief Corps—Auxiliary to the G. A. R.

Also endorsed by

The Ladies of the G. A. R., Daughters and Sons of Veterans,
and their Auxiliaries

At the Forty-First Annual Encampment of the
Department of Washington and Alaska Grand Army of the
Republic,

Spokane, Washington, June 25-29, 1923

FEW characters in history have been written about—praised and censured—as has that greatest of all Americans, Abraham Lincoln. The praise will live; the censure is rapidly becoming extinct as the truth about this man, God's nobleman, is becoming known.

But of all the books that have been printed and the stories that have been told, it is difficult to find anything in verse, that vehicle of thought that makes the most direct appeal to the child. If the life of Lincoln, with all its inspiring achievement, is to be stamped indelibly upon the minds and hearts of the rising and of future generations, it will be done very largely through the medium of verse in the simple language the child will comprehend and the adult enjoy.

It was most natural that the incentive to write THE LIFE OF LINCOLN IN VERSE should come to one especially gifted in the poet's art and to one who at the same time had drunk deeply at the well of inspiration through stories of our martyred president told at her mother's knee. The character and training of Stella Tyler Mathews seems to have peculiarly fitted her to do this work, heretofore left undone.

Mrs. Mathews wrote her first Lincoln poem two years ago and has continued her work up to the present time, translating into verse the events as she had heard them. Her great admiration for the man of whom she wrote was the incentive for her poems. They are not of the "machine made" variety, but are the result of much care and thought. They show a deep appreciation of the high character of Lincoln and unfold a story of unusual interest. All Mrs. Mathews' poems on the life of Lincoln have recently been assembled and put in proper shape for publishing in book form.

The manuscript is now in the hands of the printers and the first issue will be off the press about August 10th. The work has the unqualified approval of the Grand Army of the Republic and the endorsement of the Woman's Relief Corps of the state of Washington. The latter have ordered five thousand copies with the intention of placing one or more copies in every school in the state. It is their sincere hope that a copy shall be placed not only in the schools of this state, but of every state in the Union.

The story is told in fifty-five short poems. They are especially adapted to use in school, religious and patriotic entertainments. A complete Lincoln day program could be easily prepared from them. Patriotism is the keynote of every page and each verse is an appeal to higher endeavor and is an inspiration to a life of service.

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN IN VERSE will contain approximately ^{over} two hundred pages; will be printed on a good quality of book paper, attractively bound in cloth, the cover showing an embossed head of Lincoln. The price has been made relatively low (\$1.50) so that a large circulation may be had in the shortest possible time.

The following verses will give just a slight idea of the character of the work. Its scope and variety can be appreciated only by a complete reading of the volume.

The Dying Soldier Lad

'Twas the early part of summer, in 1863,

The war was raging heavy, that set the negroes free.

Ah, do we e'er consider the sorrow it has cost,

The sufferings of the soldiers, of those whose lives were lost?

Though Lincoln's cares were many, he, work aside would lay,

And go and see the wounded—would each a visit pay.

He gave them words of comfort, of sympathy and love,

And told them of the Father that watched them from above.

Their pain he would make lighter when he would take each
hand,

And give them the assurance that he by each would stand.

The wondrous love they felt, as Lincoln's eyes they met,

And many soldiers saw their ruler's eyes were wet.

A soldier boy lay dying—just sixteen summer's old;

Was soon to meet his Master, the Shepherd of the Fold,

And Lincoln stood beside him, his words were tender, true,

“Well, my poor boy,” he said, “what can I do for you?”

The boyish face then brightened—“Write mother, please, for
me!”

“Ah, that I will,” he answered; then boyish words flowed
free.

And with a pen and paper, he sat beside the boy,

Some word to mother—the boy's heart filled with joy.

And so he wrote the letter, and though 'twas very long,

He gave no signs of hurry, the words to him were song;

The mother's heart might brighten—the boy was staunch and
true,

Would die to save the flag of red, and white, and blue.

He 'rose—with love questioned in a tone that love can bring,
“What else can I do my boy—do you wish for anything?”
The boy looked up, eyes pleading—he knew he'd understand,
“Please won't you stay with me, I want to hold your hand?”

Ah, Lincoln knew the meaning—those words were far too
strong,

He took the precious hand and waited—waited long.
Two hours there he sat with love as for a son—
No wonder that respect from soldiers Lincoln won.

And when the angels came, and took with them the lad,
With love as of a father, his big heart ached, was sad;
The boy's arms he folded—then Lincoln burst in tears—
'Twas one of the many scenes that could be seen those years.

No matter who the soldiers were, though dressed in blue or gray,
They had this love of Lincoln's that helped them on their
way;

And many stories have been told how he has helped the sad,
And this is only one—of The Dying Soldier Lad.

Our Hero of February 12th

Today we all come to celebrate,

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln The Great,
Our model—our hero the greatest of men,

It helps us each day when we know what he's been.

His home we all know was the poorest to find,

Yet all through his life he was humble and kind,

His mother his teacher, had taught him each day,

To be upright and honest in work and in play.

She taught him his lessons when he was a lad,

From a bible and speller; 'twas all that she had.

He did a man's work when he was but ten,

And really his childhood had ended then.

After working all day he would study at night,

Read books he could get by the dim candle light,

Or by flames by the great burning logs in the grate,

He would study and work until very late.

His school days numbered just twelve months in all,

There was no time for school; just work was the call.

Oh what would he think could be here today,

And see our great schools? He'd think study was play.

Opportunities never went by him unseen;

If they had he would never our President have been.

But study his life and follow it through,

And then you will know what a poor boy can do.

We've had other great men as the years have rolled by;

We all have our heroes—to be like them we try.

But I'll take dear Lincoln and I'll try to be

Like him, so you will be proud of me.

When you hear all our stories you'll agree with me then,

He was the poorest of boys—though greatest of men.

Then compare him with others and what he passed through,

And you'll want to make him your hero too.

Cost of Lincoln's Trousers

How many yards, my boys, will it take,
For you a pair of trousers to make?
You never have thought, so how could you tell?
When Lincoln was young he figured it well.

The trousers he wore—made of flax and of tow,
Were cut tight at the ankles but never below.
The family was poor and had little means,
So he paid for his trousers made of brown jeans.

For every yard these trousers took,
Four hundred rails he split—now look,
And find how many rails 'twould take
To pay for yours, how many you'd make

But Lincoln was tall when he was a boy;
Oh, the goods that it took—yet to him it was joy
To split rails for the making and for one pair, they say
One thousand four hundred, he made for the pay.

Orders should be placed through
the Woman's Relief Corps, The
Allied Civil War Orders, or
may be sent direct to the pub-
lishers, ~~Lowman & Hanford~~
Co., Seattle.

Price \$1.50 Post paid.

*Orders may be sent direct
to Lincoln in June
304 Bigelow Bldg
Seattle Wash.*

Ft Wayne

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