

LINCOLN  
A WREATH.

He labored in a lonely field-  
Yet sometimes I have thought  
He glimpsed a Figure distant there  
As patiently he wrought-  
Thro' aching stillnesses, wherein  
He toiled and murmured not.

How often in the anguished hours  
He felt, and understood  
The silent One, who seemed, afar  
To share his solitude'  
The Friend whose misty presence there  
Gave solace to his mood'

Surely he knew Him near, when men  
Forsook and fled the place'  
When all he found of comforting  
Was in that nameless grace'  
Surely, in his Gethsemane  
He must have seen His face!

--\*--

Laura Simmons

N Y City  
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My dear Miss Tarbell - I enclose a  
bit of Lincolniana which I came across  
and send it on in the thought that you may  
not have seen it. I think the tribute  
on page 2 very appealing and heartfelt.  
You need not return the scraps.  
Sincerely

Laura Simmons

Feb. 10

N.Y. Sun

file for [unclear]