

Call him &
ask to ill to
come. - Mark
5000

Wentworth Pa
July 2, 1942

Miss Ida M. Tarbell,
Bethel Conn.

Dear Miss Tarbell -

My former correspondence with you make me feel solicitous concerning your health and happiness, and also something concerning your outlook on life. The nations of the earth are waging relentless warfare. There is a dark cloud over all the earth and our minds and hearts ^{are} troubled. Nobody knows what the ultimate outcome will be, but this we know that in quiet and confidence there is hope of better days to come. May God hasten that day is my earnest soul prayer.

The fact that you and I worship at the shrine of the immortal Abraham Lincoln serves as a stimulant when we ponder and meditate on current events, so vibrant with destiny. It is during times like these that Lincoln's spirit hovers over us like a benediction.

It may interest you to know that I paid a visit to the home, built over 200 years ago of Mordecai Lincoln, great-great grandfather of Abraham, near Bryerton in Pa.

When I knocked at the door, a young woman greeted me. "Is this the ancestral home of Abraham Lincoln?" I said. "Yes, walk right in, and be seated while I call mother," she said.

In a short while Mrs. John Hoffman appeared, and I felt right at home. Well, I felt a thrill of emotion as I sat there keeping myetic communion with the departed spirits - long since gone to the Summerland of song.

"It is Miss Tarbell over here," I inquired.

"Oh my yes," responded Mrs. Hoffman.

"She was here a couple of times." "She is a grand lady, cultured and refined, I dare say." "It was on one of her visits here that she presented me with one of her books on Lincoln with an appropriate autograph on the fly leaf. Wait and I will show you the book," she said.

~~Some~~ ^{Sure} enough that is Miss Tarbell's hand-

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writing, I said.

Well, to tell you candidly, I was on sacred grounds. The deep set window cases, the rafters, door plates ^{and} fireplace sing of mutation. A whisper, and anon, a prayer seems to re-echo through the halls. There is much to divine upon, after so long a time. Mordecai Lincoln was indeed a pioneer - one of those restless spirits, not afraid to face the hardships of the wilderness.

As a Lincoln devotee, I was nevertheless disgusted at the lack of interest our state seems to manifest in that historic shrine. The time is opportune to take action regarding maintenance, repairs etc. The Hoffman family bought the place twenty-one years ago, but like so many farming people, they face difficulty financially.

I am confident that a fund might be established by popular subscription. Of course, these are days in which public sentiment is concerned mostly about war rationing, sorry to say. Perhaps I may be able to assist in influencing some of our rich people, here in our

city as well as Reading in Berks Co.
 Mrs Hoffman and family requested me
 to send you their kindest regards and
 best wishes.

The poem "Lincoln, Man of Destiny" is
 enclosed with my compliments. I hope
 you may find it worthwhile.

As your grateful and admiring friend,
 I remain—

Yours Sincerely—

Harry O. Kner,
 135 89th St

LINCOLN, MAN OF DESTINY

Not with pomp or regal splendor
Came to earth that little child,
But amid the myriad voices
Of the woodlands, vast and wild--
Where amid the haunts of Nature
Angels whispered soft and low
As they marked the rugged pathway
Where his infant feet must go.

Mother love, so pure and holy,
Fate, so bountiful and blest
Meekly smiled upon his cradle,
Made his mission manifest--
Days of toil in field and forest,
Arduous tasks to clear the lands,
Poverty and want and sorrow,
Aching limbs and calloused hands.

Clean ambition blazed a pathway,
Courage roused his fervid soul
And he faltered not at failure
As he strove to reach the goal.
Step by step he mounted higher,
Growing rich in wisdom's lore
As he studied Burns and Shakespeare--
Sprawled upon the cabin floor.

Governed by a humane passion,
Cautious, patient, free from guile,
Lincoln pondered every effort
Trod each long and weary mile
In the light of faith and duty
And the courage to command
When the clouds of racial passion
Were darkening all the land.

Trusting in the God of battles,
Lincoln manned the Ship of State
While a severed nation struggled
Twixt grim war, rapine and hate.
Four long years our trusted pilot
Scanned the dark and sullen sea
For a ray of light resplendent
With the dawn of victory.

Lincoln, patriot, seer and prophet,
Thine was not a chartered sphere
Where alluring peaks of glory
And enchanted isles appear,
But a vale where echoes linger
By the placid mountain streams
And the forest glades are haunted
By imperishable dreams.

H. O. Knerr