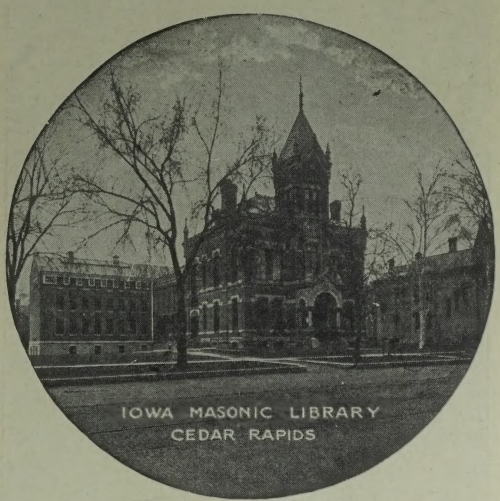
M 2800 (2)

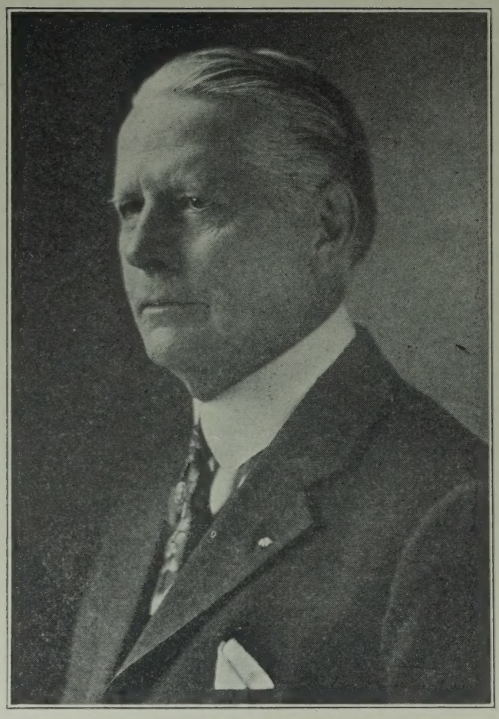
THE GREAT TASK ASSUMED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE BURDEN HE HAD TO BEAR

BY BROTHER JOSEPH BENJAMIN OAKLEAF
MOLINE, ILLINOIS



Address delivered before the Grand Lodge of Iowa, A.F.&A.M.
at its Eighty-second Annual Communication,
held at Davenport, Iowa, June 9-11, 1925

PRIVATELY PRINTED
IOWA MASONIC LIBRARY
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
1925



Bro. Joseph Benjamin Oakleaf

THE GREAT TASK ASSUMED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE BURDEN HE HAD TO BEAR

By Brother Joseph Benjamin Oakleaf

As a rule, a man can give a reasonably accurate history of his ancestors for three generations, but it was not so with Abraham Lincoln, for he knew nothing about his ancestry.

He knew where he was born, for he stated in writing (a fac-simile of which is hanging on the wall of my office) to Jesse W. Fell, when asked for the information in the autumn of 1858 during the celebrated discussion between Senator Douglass and Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Fell feeling assured that there was a possibility of Mr. Lincoln's becoming an available candidate for the presidency in 1860 and therefor applied to him for a brief history of his early life: "I was born on February 12th, 1809, near Hodginsville, LaRue, now Hardin County, Kentucky; my parents were born in Virginia of undistinguished families; my mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams and Macon Counties, Illinois; my paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, when a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, while he was laboring to open up a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year and reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I became of age I did not know much; still somehow I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since."

Then in order to add a little personal touch, he said: "If any personal description of me is desirable, it may be said: I am in height, six feet four inches nearly; lean in flesh; weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion; with coarse black hair and grey eyes. No other marks or brands recollected." That is all Abraham Lincoln knew about himself. And the party compiling a "Dictionary of Congress," who sent a

request to Mr. Lincoln for a sketch of his life, received the following reply dated June 15, 1858: "Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky; education, defective; profession, a lawyer; have been a Captain of Volunteers in Black Hawk War; postmaster at a very small office; four times a member of the Illinois legislature and was a member of the lower house of Congress." When Mr. J. L. Scripps, of The Chicago Tribune, applied to Mr. Lincoln for facts upon which to predicate a short life of Mr. Lincoln for campaign purposes, he replied: "Why, Scripps, it is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of my early life. It can all be condensed into a single sentence; you will find it in Gray's Elegy:

" 'The short and simple annals of the poor'."

Those who were nearest to Abraham Lincoln during his professional and political career, were not told much more, for Mr. Lincoln never talked about himself or his family, and all those who knew Lincoln well, stated that he was "the most close mouthed man they ever knew."

Much has been said about the paternity of Abraham Lincoln but notwithstanding the voluminous amount of search and research that has been given to the public, the fact remains without the question of a doubt, that Abraham Lincoln was born in lawful wedlock and Thomas Lincoln acknowledged him as his son, so, from a legal standpoint, his parentage cannot be questioned, either by the courts or history.

The question was first raised by William H. Herndon, who became his law partner in 1843, and the partnership was not dissolved until Abraham Lincoln's death, for he stated to Herndon the evening of the day prior to his going to Washington:

"Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live I am coming back some time and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing ever happened."

Yet, I cannot understand why Herndon was not at the depot to bid him farewell.

I have no reason to doubt Mr. Herndon's statement concerning what Lincoln said to him about his parentage. Why should anyone think that Herndon had put words into Lincoln's mouth that Lincoln had never spoken? All that Herndon says on the subject is:

> "On the subject of his ancestry and origin I only remember one time when Mr. Lincoln referred to it. It was about 1850, when he and I were driving in his one-horse buggy to the court in Menard County, Illinois. The suit we were going to try was one in which we were likely, either directly or collaterally, to touch upon the subject of hereditary traits. During the ride he spoke, for the first time in my hearing, of his mother, dwelling on her character-

istics, and mentioning or enumerating what qualities he inherited from her. He said, among other things, that she was the illegitimate daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well-bred Virginia farmer or planter; and he argued that from this last source came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition, and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family. His theory in discussing the matter of hereditary traits had been, that, for certain reasons, illegitimate children are oftentimes sturdier and brighter than those born in lawful wedlock; and in his case, he believed that his better nature and finer qualities came from this broad-minded unknown Virginian. The revelation—painful as it was—called up the recollection of his mother, and as the buggy jolted over the road, he added ruefully, 'God bless my mother; all that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her,' and immediately lapsed into silence. Our interchange of ideas ceased, and we rode on for some time without exchanging a word."

I feel satisfied that Herndon would not willfully lie and he has been criticized for not telling it sooner, as he did not give it to the world until after the death of Mrs. Lincoln. There is only one person who could have corroborated Abraham Lincoln's and Herndon's statements and that was the grandmother of Abraham Lincoln herself, for she alone would know the truth or falsity of the statement.

We have no picture of Lincoln's parents; the only picture we have of them are word pictures and they are very meager, so we have not much information as to their appearance except from statements made by those who knew them; their son did not look like either one.

No doubt, the words of the negro minister, who attempted to define to his illiterate audience, he himself also being illiterate, what is meant by "faith" and "knowledge," would apply to Lincoln's grandfather. He floundered around considerably and was almost ready to give up in despair, when he spied, down on the front bench, Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones and their five piccaninnies. A very pleasant expression came into his face and his eyes expressed his pleasure when he said: "Now, bredren and sisters, dar am Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones and dar five piccaninnies. She knows dat dem ah his chillun—dat am knowledge; he believes dey is—dat am faith," so it was in the case of the maternal grandparents of Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln spoke very feelingly of his mother; she was a good woman; a good mother and Lincoln loved her, for he said on more than one occasion: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother," but we have no statement by Lincoln, so far as history records, that Abraham Lincoln ever said anything concerning his father, either for or against, except that at one time he said: "My father taught me to work—not to laugh." We do know that he was obedient to his parents and remained under his father's roof

until he became of age—then he was free to go. He had not much to be thankful for, excepting that he was brought into the world. His father did nothing towards educating his son, but we are satisfied that if his mother had lived, she would have made some effort at least, to have given her son the rudiments of an English education.

We have no record that Abraham Lincoln ever returned to the home of his father after he had left it, although for seven years he lived at New Salem, the formative period of his life. During this time he was clerk in a general store, merchant, deputy surveyor, postmaster, politician and candidate for office. Although within a day's journey, he never returned to his father's home. From what we know, so far as history records, Thomas Lincoln died without again seeing his son. Even while sick, though Lincoln was informed that his father was not expected to live, Abraham Lincoln did not go to see his father; his excuse was that he had sickness in his own family; nor did he write to him, but he wrote to his step-brother as follows:

"Springfield, Jan. 12, 1851.

Dear Brother:—

On the day before yesterday I received a letter from Harriet, written at Greenup. She says she has just returned from your house, and that father is very low, and will hardly recover. She also says that you have written me two letters, and that, although you do not expect me to come now, you wonder that I do not write. I received both your letters; and although I have not answered them, it is not because I have forgotten them, or not been interested about them, but because it appeared to me I could write nothing which could do any good. You already know I desire that neither father nor mother shall be in want of any comfort, either in health or sickness, while they live; and I feel sure you have not failed to use my name, if necessary, to procure a doctor or anything else for father in his present sickness. My business is such that I could hardly leave home now, if it were not, as it is, that my wife is sick a-bed. I sincerely hope father may yet recover his health; but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, Who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs on our heads; and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him. Say to him, that if we could meet now, it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that, if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them.

Write me again when you receive this.

Affectionately,

A. LINCOLN."

Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln, died on the 15th day of July, 1851. I am prone to believe that the statement

attributed to Lincoln by Herndon, concerning his maternal parentage, is true.

When Abraham Lincoln left Kentucky, he knew very little, if anything, of books. His mother had taught him to read and the Bible was her textbook. Its imprint was made on his life, for Abraham Lincoln used biblical language, expressing himself simply, very seldom using words of three syllables in order to give meaning to his utterances. After moving to Indiana in 1816, his mental vision enlarged; we find him yearning for education; he had an opportunity to read books and he devoured them from cover to cover and stored in his mind what he read, for he had a very retentive memory. His desire to be a lawyer, no doubt, was predicated upon information gained through reading the statutes of Indiana, from which he absorbed the legal phraseology and legal expressions that pleased him so much. From what we learn of his after life, his desire to be a lawmaker was kindled in his breast while reading these statutes.

Abraham Lincoln did not "hanker for hard labor" and the belief is prevalent among the recent biographers of Lincoln, that he did not split many rails and that the appellation of "rail-splitter" given to him during his first campaign was misleading.

The early biographers state as a boy, his father put an axe into his hands to help clear a field. We know that cannot be true, for in those days axes weighed seven pounds and it took more than a mere boy to handle an axe and about all that he could do would be to help pile brush and do such light jobs as that.

He intended, from an early age, to make his career a political one, for it bore fruit as soon as he became of age, by being a candidate for the legislature. He was defeated, but the second time he was a candidate he was elected. He was subsequently re-elected and served as a member of the legislature for four terms. He was a politician in every sense of the word; a log roller and kept his hand on the pulse of his constituents. He was a candidate for speaker, but was defeated. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, but was subsequently elected and served one term. He was again elected to the legislature of Illinois in 1852 but resigned to become a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Shields. He was defeated, Senator Trumbull, Democrat, being elected.

His first official position was that of Captain during the Black Hawk War, which honor, he stated, gave him more satisfaction than any other that he had had since; became postmaster at New Salem and deputy surveyor; was an unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate when Douglass was nominated. These successive defeats only spurred him on to greater activity.

He had no enemies as we term enemies; he had political opposition, but no political enemies.

While at New Salem, he had time to read law and he almost wore a beaten path between New Salem and Springfield bringing home and returning law books during the time he was reading law. He was an unsuccessful merchant as well as those for whom he clerked; he took part in the festivities of New Salem; he attended the cock fights. Only a short distance from the store in which he first clerked, the remains of the cock pit may be seen to this day. In after life, he applied his knowledge of the cock pit to McClellan, for at one time Abraham Lincoln was referee at a cock fight. He never took part in the sport in any other way, for he was not the owner of a fowl. A man by the name of McNab was very anxious to win the pot for everyone who entered a cock in the fight had to put in "two-bits," so he purchased a red rooster which was advertised as a sure winner. Much to the chagrin of Mr. McNab, the rooster would not fight and McNab jerked him and threw him out of the pit. The rooster strutted up near Lincoln's store, flew on a stump and crowed very lustily. Mr. Lincoln mentioned McNab's rooster in connection with McClellan, saying: "McClellan puts me in mind of McNab's rooster—he will not fight, but he is great on dress parade."

Most of you, no doubt, have seen the film, "Abraham Lincoln." Women in the audience shed many a tear over the affair of Ann Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln, thinking that Lincoln's heart was buried with Ann Rutledge when she was laid to her final rest.

Ann Rutledge was a bright girl in New Salem; her father kept the tavern and all knew Ann, for she, no doubt, was the belle of the village, a very pleasant girl. Whether she was beautiful or not, we do not know, for we have no picture of her. The film was supposed to depict one who looked like Ann Rutledge; but I am satisfied that Ann never wore the nice clothes that she was shown to be wearing in the picture. Her clothes were of the homespun variety; she was much like the average frontier girl with a linsey-woolsey dress and a sunbonnet.

Everyone in the village, including Abraham Lincoln, felt sad when Ann Rutledge died, but, so far as sweethearts were concerned, we know very little. It is true, as stated, that he was alone with her a short while before her death, but I believe that she told Abraham Lincoln at that time that she was going to die. She liked him and perhaps gave him an admonition concerning his life beyond the grave. I do not think that up to that time, Abraham Lincoln had given the subject any consideration, and her parting words, no doubt, made him feel very sad and weighed heavily on his mind. We have no authentic record that Abraham Lincoln ever mentioned the name of Ann Rutledge after her death; but he, like the rest of the village, mourned her departure.

Abraham Lincoln was not what is known as a "ladies' man"; yet he was not slow to make love; he did it in his own awkward

way that did not produce results, for we know that he had proposed marriage to two women prior to meeting Mary Todd. It seems to me that Abraham Lincoln was quite presumptuous in thinking that he would be able to win the hand of Mary Todd, a bright, vivacious girl of the blue grass variety; well educated; of good parentage, with a lineage that could be traced back to the days of the Revolution; her father and mother were first cousins. Mary Todd was educated in a ladies' seminary and was a splendid French scholar; so far as looks were concerned, she was a perfect opposite of Abraham Lincoln. I believe that it was Mary Todd who did the courting and when Abraham Lincoln was led to believe that he could be successful, he was very much pleased. He knew that it would enhance his political fortune if he could marry into a family with prestige and who would place him in touch with what we call in this day, "the upper ten," and it did. It was a red letter day in the life of Abraham Lincoln when he was admitted to the bar to practice law. When he could have a letter addressed to him as

"Abraham Lincoln, Esq.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-law,
Springfield, Illinois"

this was to him the height of fame. We find that the law was only a stepping stone to his political activities. He was an excellent advertiser; never hid his candle under a bushel, but wherever he went he visited newspaper offices and became acquainted with the editor and we find him writing all over the state in the interest of the Whig party and suggesting actions by different persons in coming political caucuses and conventions. Through his own activities, through his own resources, he became the leader of the Whig party in Illinois, which was finally merged into the newly formed Republican party, of which Abraham Lincoln became the leader.

He was known in '56 outside of his own state, for he received 110 votes for Vice-President in the convention at Philadelphia, when Fremont and Dayton were nominated.

In 1858, he became a candidate for United States Senator against Douglass and it was at the suggestion of a political friend that Lincoln finally challenged Douglass to meet him in joint debate throughout the state; this resulted in Lincoln's defeat so far as being elected was concerned, but he had the majority of the popular vote which afforded him a great deal of satisfaction. Abraham Lincoln had become a national character.

Much of Lincoln's popularity is due to the fact that Douglass, the idol of the Democratic party, was the leader on the side of the question which gave him a national reputation and which brought Lincoln to the fore. Abraham Lincoln had the opposite side, being the side upon which he had prepared himself from boyhood.

Abraham Lincoln never put his feed so high in the rack that the little lambs could not reach it nor that the illiterate could not understand, for he used plain every day language such as was used by the people whom he addressed.

Seward, the idol of the anti-slavery party in the East, spoke of the irrepressible conflict, but Lincoln said the same thing in simple words which the people understood: "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

He had spoken in Massachusetts and other states during the Taylor campaign, but it had only local significance. In the fall of 1859, he was invited by the young men of Beecher's Church of Brooklyn, to deliver a lecture; he gladly accepted the invitation and informed them that he would make a political address and set the time in the following February, on the 27th. When he came to New York, he found the plans had been changed; that instead of speaking at Beecher's Church, he was to speak at Cooper Institute before the big men of New York and vicinity. That speech, for which he was paid $200.00, paved the way for the defeat of Seward the following June.

After the speech, which occupied two hours and which was printed in full in the papers the next morning, Abraham Lincoln became known throughout the length and breadth of this land.

On the platform were Bryant, the poet (the presiding officer); Horace Greeley, David Dudley Field, James W. Nye, James S. Briggs, and others.

No one took him to the Astor House where he was staying, but let him saunter alone. This is the picture we get from the kaleidoscope—a turn and we find one year from that date, less six days, Abraham Lincoln riding up Broadway as the President elect of the United States; the sidewalks and the streets were lined with crowds of spectators, giving him a royal welcome, the very reverse of the year previous.

I shall now ask you to go with me to the Wabash depot in Springfield on the 11th day of February, 1861 (the next day he would have completed his fifty-second year); quite a large crowd of neighbors have gathered; it is a cold February morning; a slow drizzling rain is falling and most of us are there without umbrellas; but we remain, hoping for a glimpse of Lincoln before the train pulls out; he and his family, his secretaries and friends have boarded the train and are waiting for the conductor's signal: "All aboard," Abraham Lincoln will be on his journey, as we learn subsequently, to a task that had never before befallen a President of the United States. He had told the reporters that he did not expect to say anyhing, but when he saw the thousand or more neighbors gathered, he felt he wanted to come out on the rear platform to say "farewell." His heart was heavy, his voice choked with emotion as he looked over the crowd; he stood awhile

and, no doubt, his previous life and activities were displayed to him as in a panorama. He thought of his Kentucky home; his journey into the wilderness of Indiana; the death of his mother; the marriage of his sister and her death. His mother had gone; his father had gone; his sister and brother were dead and he was alone; he was leaving one child in the grave. He followed, in his mind's eye, the ox team that took all the worldly possessions of his father to Illinois from their Indiana home; he saw the Sangamon river winding in and out among the hills; the New Salem village and the people he had known there. With these thoughts he spoke a farewell word to his neighbors; said a farewell to the Springfield that should never see him again in life. He gave to the world his very saddest utterances in the following words:

> "My friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being Who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, Who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

That parting farewell contained the germs of the Gettysburg Address and the second inaugural, the most pathetic and eloquent utterance of all time; and we see the train disappearing in the distance. Yes, he went to take up a task such as has befallen no other man; yes, a task greater than Washington had to assume.

He called himself an "old" man; he was fifty-two; younger than our President when he took his oath of office upon the death of President Harding. Yet, Abraham Lincoln always referred to himself as an "old man." Even in Congress, when but thirty-seven years of age, he wrote to his partner, Herndon, after hearing a speech by Alexander H. Stephens (which he stated he would not soon forget because it was a wonderful speech): "And my old dried up withered eyes are yet full of tears."

You are all familiar with the task he assumed when he arrived at Washington; he not only had to fight the people of the states that had seceded, but people whose votes helped to elect him. If Trumbull, Browning, Greeley, Chandler, Henry Winter Davis, Wendell Philips, and a hundred others who could be mentioned, had stood by him the way the rank and file of the army stood by him, the war would have ended two years sooner than it did and thousands of lives would have been saved.

The opposition of the New York Tribune, Wendell Philips and others, percipitated an avalanche of fanatical opposition. It was such a man who was elected President—a man the people did not know; they did not know him when he died and they are just beginning to know him now. We could well say of him, as a recent novelist has said of Jesus: "The man nobody knows."

Whenever Lincoln made up his mind to say or do a thing, he was not swerved from his purpose. His task was great; he raised, within a few months, in a nation that had lost all its military habits from long uninterrupted peace, an army of seven hundred thousand men; increased a navy from forty to nearly a thousand vessels within three years; obtained from a people accustomed to economy and yearly expenses of forty millions of dollars, resources to meet an expenditure of two and a half million dollars daily. He was made to feel the previously smothered hate of despots now violently hissing in his face; to see contention and treason spring up in his land; where there had been only a submissive adoration of the people now to hear amidst the general tumult, the most discordant counsels. To face all these necessities, all these troubles, annoyances and dangers and to march on, like Atlas, with the world on his shoulders, firm and full of faith to the last, was the task entrusted to and heroically performed by Abraham Lincoln.

There were no generals. The penetrating sagacity of Mr. Lincoln drew from obscurity Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and many others.

"General Fremont, the idol of the northern masses, attempted to press the President forward on the road of emancipation, putting on the airs of a dictator, driving out in his magnificent carriage, drawn by four white horses, displaying the train of a prince in the heart of the republic. Mr. Lincoln plucked his plumes and stars and removed him from the command of the West.

"General Hunter, with extemporaneous zeal, declared the liberty of the slave early in 1862. Mr. Lincoln revoked his proclamation and took away his command."

Before the assassin of our beloved Lincoln had done his deadly work, the whip had dropped from the hands of the overseer; the bloodhound would no longer hunt the fugitive slave in the swamps of the South; the hammer of the auctioneer of negroes had struck for the last time and its hateful sound had died into eternal silence; the sacred ties of love, which united the hearts of slaves will not again be broken by the forced separation of husbands and wives, parents and children. The unnatural and infamous consort between the words Liberty and Slavery was dissolved for ever, and Liberty, yes, Liberty, will be the cry which will roll from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the

Gulf, until time shall be no more, and will at last die out on the shoreless seas of humanity.

Thousands of eulogies were offered, hundreds of editorials were written, on that sad 15th day of April; yet, one editorial above all others, stands out as the greatest eulogy offered in behalf of the martyr President. It was written by Daniel Willard Fiske, Editor of the Syracuse Journal:

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Slavery and Treason have demanded of the American Republic a great and final sacrifice. For four mournful years, on the battle-field and in the hospital, she has poured out the noble blood of her brave children and offered up the precious lives of her patriot citizens. But a sacrifice of blood still more noble, of a life still more precious, was needed to make the oblation complete. This last, this fearful offering has now been laid upon the Nation's reeking altar. Abraham Lincoln is dead.

The shaper of the Republic's destiny, he was murdered on the day when that destiny was finally moulded in the matrix of truth and justice. The savior of the Republic's life, he yielded up his own just as the Republic's existence was forever secured. The Commander-in-Chief of our long-battling armies, he sank in death at the very moment when those armies had achieved a lasting triumph.

In him was typified, more than ever before in any single individual, the cause of Human Liberty, and he perished in the hour which saw that cause victorious. He so guided the course of events that out of the bitterness of Slavery a whole race entered into the blessedness of Freedom, and he passed out of the world while the clanking echoes of the chains which he had broken had not yet died away. Through a night of storm and terror he steered the trembling ship of state, and when the morning dawned upon the vessel sailing, with its costly freight, through a placid sea, the hand that had saved it became powerless. Who shall say that, since that other Good Friday, eighteen hundred years ago, when murderous men struck at the existence of Divinity itself, a riper life has been ended by a fouler blow?

The universal signs of sorrow attest the depth and breadth of the People's grief. The saddened Nation clothes itself in black. The church bells toll a requiem which makes the sorrow-laden air still heavier. Sable festoons adorn, with gloomy decoration, our streets and squares. The minds of men are filled with a woe which the death of a father or brother could not have evoked. But there is a mourning still more appropriate to the occasion than these outer signs or inner feelings. Let us mourn the dead President by being worthy of his greatness. Let us resolve that the Liberty which he saved shall never again be lost, that the

fetters which he sundered shall never again be joined, that the Union which he restored shall never again be broken. Let us live for Human Rights as he lived; let us die for them, if need be, as he died.

The Great Republic's head is gone; the Great Republic's heart is broken. God help the Great Republic!

When the soul of Abraham Lincoln passed from earth to heaven, we can say in the words of the immortal Garfield:

> "Heaven was brought so close to earth, that the whisperings of the angels could be heard by the children of men."



PUBLICATIONS OF THE IOWA MASONIC LIBRARY

Books

History of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, 1844-1913—Morcombe & Cleveland—, 1910-1915, 3 volumes ---------- $4.50
Life and Labors of Theodore Sutton Parvin—Morcombe ------ 1.50
Memorial Volume C. T. Granger, P. G. M. ---------- .50
Diamond Jubilee Volume, 1919 ---------- .75
Masonic Code of Iowa, 1922, Cloth binding ---------- .75
(Imitation leather, $1.50; Morocco, $2.50)
Book of Ceremonials, Cloth binding ---------- .35
Iowa Monitor, Leather binding ---------- 1.00

Pamphlets (*Gratis*)

*1908 *Address St. John's Day,* by J. A. Arthur—12 pages.
*1909 *Albert Pike, The Master Genius of Masonry,* by Joseph F. Newton—8 pages.
*1912 *The Mission of Masonry,* by Joseph F. Newton—23 pages.
*1913 *The Ministry of Masonry,* by Joseph F. Newton—16 pages.
*1915 *Report on Library and Fraternal Dead*—17 pages.
*1915 *Report on Masonic Research and Advisory Committee*—13 pages.
*1915 *The Acacia Fraternity,* by W. F. Cleveland—16 pages.
*1918 *The Apron and Golden Bowl,* by H. L. Haywood—16 pages.
*1920 *The Science of Freemasonry, First Series,* by Robert D. Graham—18 pages.
1921 *The Science of Freemasonry, Second Series,* by Robert D. Graham—24 pages.
1921 *The Dream of the Ages,* by Thomas E. Green—24 pages.
1924 *The Holy Saints John,* by Wilbur D. Nesbitt and C. C. Hunt —32 pages.
1924 *The Roll Call and The Hour Glass and Scythe,* by E. G. Williams—12 pages.
1925 *Masonry and the Constitution,* by H. F. Atwood—24 pages.
1925 *Abraham Lincoln,* by J. B. Oakleaf—16 pages.

**Out of print.*

Periodicals

GRAND LODGE BULLETIN, a monthly 32 page bulletin distributed gratis to members of constituent Iowa lodges. Vol. 26 now in progress.

ANNALS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IOWA—1844 to 1925. (*Early years out of print.*)