

In Old Kentucky, where the grass grows green,  
An old log cabin may yet be seen;  
It sheltered a Life that Fate had decreed  
Should come at the call of the Country's need.  
By the light of the fire, in the twilight hour,  
The lad wove his dreams, asking God for power,  
His soul longed for wisdom and drank in rich lore  
Til his mind was filled with a wondrous store.  
God called for a Man when the bravest might shrink;  
The Good Ship of State seemed ready to sink.  
God guided the Pilot, who stood at the Wheel  
With eyes on the Future, and heart true as steel.  
The Union we love is a monument grand  
To Abraham Lincoln—long, long may it stand!  
—*Mary Eyre Wintersmith Robertson*



W.R.Gyles

**"I'll study and be ready and maybe the chance will come."**

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# POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY



My dear Mr. Lakenbill: -

Knowing that you are interested in the Lincoln I thought I would remember you by mailing you a greeting from Lincoln's Birthplace. I am a student at Olkhurst High, affectionately,  
Harold Louis Bock

C. AMERICAN ART COLORED



Mr. E. H. Lakenbill

Court House

Lincoln

Illinois

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