

## THE QUAKER POET.

SERVICES IN MEMORY OF JOHN GREEN-  
LEAF WHITTIER, AT THE FIRST  
METHODIST CHURCH, ST.  
THOMAS, ONT., CAN.

His to work as well as pray,  
Clearing thorny wrongs away,  
Plucking up the weeds of sin,  
Letting heaven's warm sun-hine in.

"Great because he was good" is in brief the summing up of the character of the editor and poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, by Rev. R. J. Treleaven in his eulogy in the First Methodist church yesterday morning. The services, which were exceedingly interesting and impressive, were in memory of the Quaker poet. The hymns sung were from the dead author's poems. They were "The Mission of the church," "Our Maker" and "The Eternal Goodness." The sermon was a fitting and eloquent tribute to Whittier's memory. Mr. Treleaven took for his text, John, i, 6: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." In the morning of the nineteenth century, said the speaker, another man was sent from God whose name was John—John Greenleaf Whittier. He was born in the State of Massachusetts, a State honored not only by the birth of Whittier, but by also being the birth place of four other contemporary American poets - Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell. Born December 17, 1807, died Sept. 7, 1892, nearly four score years and five. What a lease of life was his. His was a noble life, an exemplification of the words of Tennyson:

How'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
True hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood,

If simplicity of faith, kindness of heart, goodness, if these constitute nobility, then we see our poet's name standing high on the scroll of God's true noble-men. His life was one of encouragement to the young. A farmer's son, with few opportunities to rise, he still

rose step by step to the very highest pinnacle of fame. His poem "Homeward," said the speaker, more than any other verse, excepting, perhaps, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," gives a beautiful description of home life and of his life on the farm. He had the sturdy manliness of the Quaker, and his career as editor and poet gave proof that the morning hours or his life had not been misspent. He was diligent, determined, but a man true to conscience. The part he took in advocacy of the freedom of the slave was eloquently commented upon. While monuments of marble commemorate the valor of those who fought and fell in the field of battle, some of Whittier's poems stand to-day, and will abide forever, as literary monuments to the great part he took in the slave's emancipation at a time in America's history when

Her brutes were happier than her men;  
Her brutes at least were free.

The dauntless heroism of the man was shown by his poem "The Clerical Oppressors," John Greenleaf Whittier was not only the poet of freedom, but the poet of humanity. He was great because he was good. No man since the time of Christ himself more fully merited the description—"He went about doing good." He was a friend of the friendless, the helper of the needy, and the champion of the down-trodden. His reward is on high. His work is with God. A week ago last Saturday, when his remains were lying in state, a wreath of eighty-five white roses and carnations, the tribute of his oldest friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, decorated his bier. A white flower for every year of his pure, white, untarnished life. If all the hearts made better by his presence, to whom he has been a joy, an inspiration and a comfort; if all these could have been to the expense of a plant as an offering of gratitude to the great and the good,—what a perfect paradise of flowers it would have been, a scene to vie with Eden itself. He was the poet of the home and home