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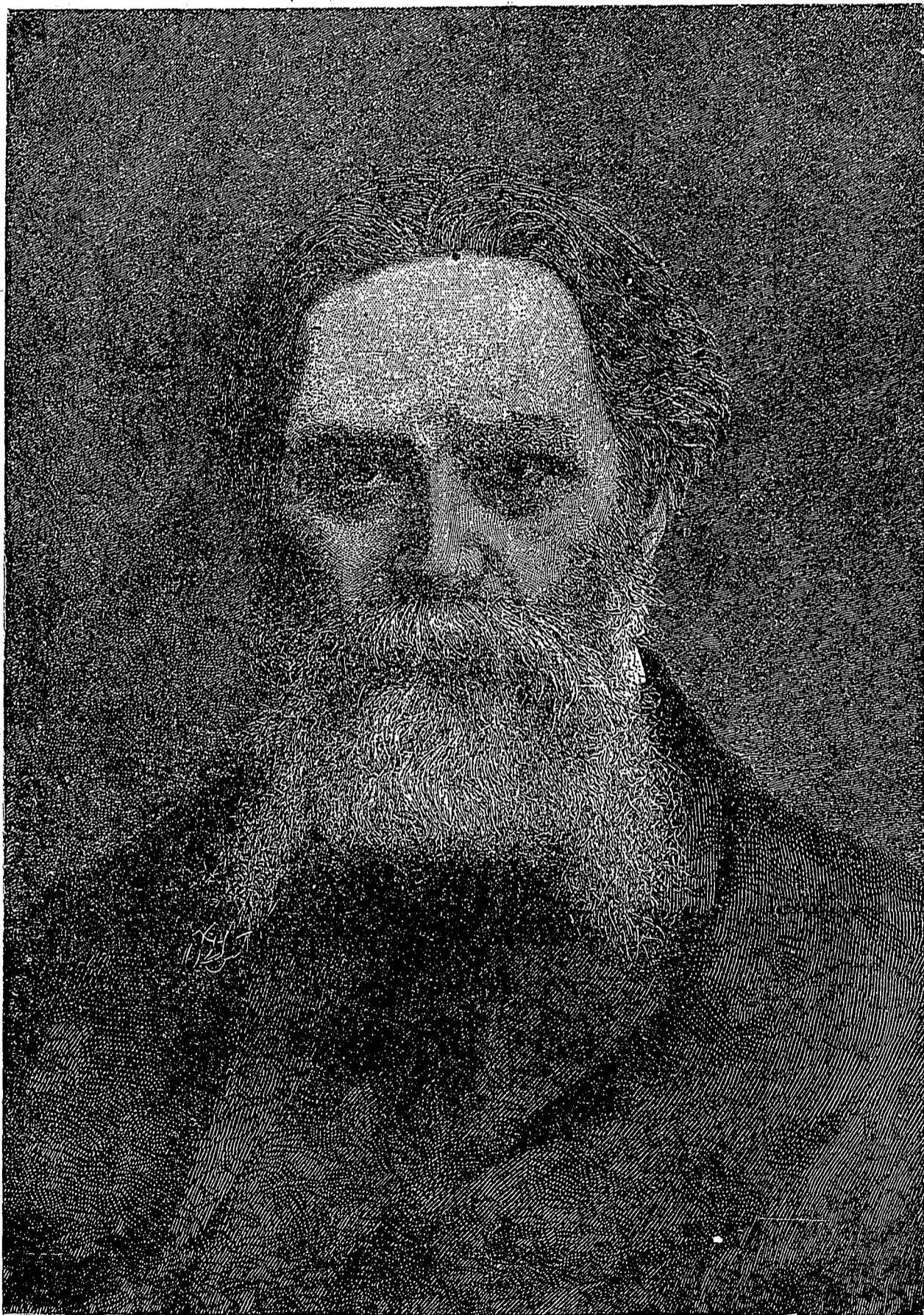
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**JAMES RUSSEL  
LOWELL.**

Of all the tributes that can be paid to a poet the highest, someone has said, is that he has revealed truth, and stirred many to noble action. Of all the poets of our time, none can be said to more truly deserve this tribute than James Russell Lowell. Mr. W. T. Stead, late of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and now of the *Review of Reviews*, tells how he was first roused from his dreams and inspired to begin practical work for his fellows by reading "The Parable" and "Extreme Unction." The words "What bonds of love and service bind this being to the world's sad heart?" he says, stung him like a spur. It has been stated on good authority that Mr. Gladstone's change of attitude on the question of Irish home rule, was in no small measure due to personal talks with Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Edmund Clarence Steadman is only one of scores of writers who speak with reverence of the kindly critic who was so ready with deserved praise, and so warm in his welcome to every young author with whom he came in contact. In giving a sketch of this beautiful life to our readers, we cannot do better than copy the tribute of George William Curtis, in *Harper's Weekly*.

"The death of Mr. Lowell," he says, "is a grievous loss alike to his country and



JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

his friends. Poet, scholar, critic, and statesman, he leaves behind him no more admirable master in each department nor any more truly representative American citizen. His career was one of constant and well balanced progress, and his influence upon the literary taste and moral earnestness of the younger men of his time was most stimulating and beneficent. With Holmes and Whittier, he was the only survivor of the great morning of our literature. Irving was thirty-six years his senior; Bryant, twenty-five; Emerson, sixteen; Hawthorne, fifteen; and his friend and neighbor, Longfellow, twelve. Upon reaching his seventieth birthday, two years ago, Lowell was singularly vigorous, with the elasticity and spirit of fifty unabused years. But from the illness of a year later he never recovered. After a long absence in Europe as minister in Spain and England, and a subsequent residence in this country with his only child, a married daughter, he returned to his own house in Cambridge, only to die; and with him go a charming genius, a noble character, extraordinary literary acquirements, and a picturesque, brilliant, and delightful personality.

"Intellectually, Lowell was very remarkable. The quickness, grasp, and originality of his mind, his keen wit, his ex-

