

more conclude his notice and eulogium of Whittier by saying: "And all this without having the advantages of a course at Swarthmore." But I am better pleased to have it plainly from the poet himself. "The graduate only of a district school," the one perhaps

"Where still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running."

Yet his pieces are read as wide as the English language. "The graduate only of a district school," his influence was mighty in striking the shackles from a nation of slaves. Equipped with the simple armament of a David, he was ever the champion of right in the turbulent days of the Republic. Is there not a lesson in this history of the poet, interesting, encouraging and profitable to all the readers and writers of the REVIEW? Let none lament their disadvantages. Whoever does the best possible with the opportunities granted them, and has learned how to trust, will be equipped for their life's work, be that great or small. It may not be to write a nation's songs, or right a nation's wrongs. But it MAY be, in part, for those who READ these pages to WRITE for them also. May the apparent absence of high scholastic attainment keep none from communicating whatever they feel called to give. There is a better qualification than that within the reach of all. The single utterances of an inspired soul are more eloquent than the studied conceits of the profoundest intellect. An article springing from a sense of duty speaks with authority. The immediate revealing of God's will to the understanding is the rock whereon is built God's Church, is the only sufficient haven for the nations, the only lever that can move the world.

Robert Burns, the Scottish Whittier of ruder times, excuses his lack, or perhaps his neglect, of higher education thus:

"Gie me a spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
My muse, though humble in attire,
May touch the heart."

I am not here speaking in disfavor of a college course, or excusing any for the neglect, if obtainable, of such golden advantages. Whittier himself no doubt feels the want of such a training, but he did not spend his life in lamenting over the inexorable ways of fate. This is the lesson I wish to impress. Let us do with what we have. In lieu of more extensive equipments, let us take the sling that we are used to, and the pebbles from our native brook.

With this explanation of the standing of the REVIEW, we appeal to our subscribers and those interested for a more general supply of communications. We desire to make the paper exclusively original. We do not look for perfection, but we desire to have growth. E. M. Z.

"WORKERS TOGETHER."

Wide as the world are the fields of its workers. Some must till the broad acres, others the gardens; to some the digging of the ore from the mountains, or diving to the depth for pearls, the hewing of granite, the polishing of diamonds; to some the large duties that show to all the world the result, to others the minute things, unnoticed and yet important. In ceaseless round from year to year "the workers work together," and the world teems with industries, civilization, education and progress spread over all its fair domains like a richly-hued garment. The ships that sail over the sea are laden with fruits of labor—gold, silver and precious stones; books and papers (the work of the world's writers); fabrics of the loom and products of the soil; and better than all, in many a ship are those who carry the Gospel of Christ to heathen nations. The missionary in Brazil, in Japan, is kept at his post by the small contributions of the faithful ones at home. Penny by penny large sums are gathered by those who, working together for the Master's cause, shall share in the blessing, and humanity,