

zeal for freedom, or maintain that there could be any other issue to the relations between the King and his Colonies than separation and independence. If we remember Bunker Hill it is not in humiliation nor in anger, but in reverence for heroic men and the "wounds which do not shame." We associate with Boston Common the imperishable traditions of human freedom, the steady devotion of martyrs and enthusiasts to austere creeds and sacred convictions, the stern patriotism of the founders of a Commonwealth, and the evangelical ardour of Garrison and Phillips who, through peril and persecution, proclaimed the faith which at length seized upon the soul and conscience of the North and West, and inspired the Union armies through years of desperate civil conflict. In the history of New England, as in the history of Old England, we read the common story of the glorious struggle of the English-speaking race for the enthronement of moral principles and the enlargement of civil and religious freedom, and we forget that some of its chapters were written in estrangement and in anger.

Your writers, too, are embraced in that common record and that common inheritance. To Motley and Prescott, to Parkman and Hawthorne, to Emerson, touched with the gentleness of divinity, you gave birth and habitation, but they sit at our hearthstones as closely and as familiarly as at any hearthstone in New England. So Longfellow and Lowell, and Bryant and Poe, and the good old saint, Whittier, are of our household as well as of yours, and in our regard and homage there is no reserve. One other, too, and he is of our very inner circle, smiling, serene,