

home was not a poor one for the wants of its inmates were few their food was the production of the farm, the dress was home spun and home-made, from the fleeces of their flocks and flax from their fields. As for society, the family was not a small one, and visitors occasionally came with news from afar. The poet has given a very graphic and beautiful description of his home and family in his poem—"Snow Bound," the family portraits are as lifelike as if they were painted. Whittier's school training was second in importance to that which he received at home—especially on First-day afternoons, when his mother read the Scriptures with the children, and sought to impart within them high principles of religion and morality. Whittier was indebted to the songs of Burns for some of his early inspirations, as he heard them sung by a wandering Scotchman—"Bonnie Doon" "Highland Mary" and "Auld Lang Syne." When he began to rhyme for himself he was encouraged by his eldest sister, and after a time ventured to send one of his pieces to the *Newbury Post Free Press*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison. He was in the field one day when the news carrier threw a paper to him, he eagerly opened it and saw to his delight his own production in print in the Poet's Corner. After this the editor urged him to continue his studies, but to attend the academy would cost money, which was scarce. After a time an opportunity offered to learn shoemaking, and the following season he earned enough money to pay for a suit of clothes and his board and tuition for six months, at the close of that term he taught the district school and the following spring spent another six months at the academy, which seems to have completed his schooling. His best efforts were put forth to assist in the abolition of slavery, writing a great deal of both prose and poetry in that cause.

Whittier was never married, but those who assert that he was never in love, and that his poems suffer in consequence, surely say more than they know. There is a strength of tenderness in his poems that is unsurpassed by any other writer. In some of them, notably in "My First Playmate," it is evident that the writer was no stranger to love. He spent most of life in his quiet home in Amesbury from which his thoughts went far and wide. At one time he said: "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book." Some of his leading poems are, "Snow Bound," "Tent on the Beach," "The Drovers," "The Huskers," "The Yankee Girl," "Maud Muller," and many others under the title of "Songs of Freedom," besides many hymns and sacred writings.

Arkona, 4 mo. 12th.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

Read by Nera Wells, at the Y. F. C. A., Arkona First-day afternoon, 3th mo. 10th, 1898.

We doubt not that God is a lover of beauty. For did he not fashion the worlds in beauty, when there was no eye to behold them but his own? All along the wild old forest, he has carved the forms of beauty. Every cliff, and mountain and tree is a statue of beauty. Every leaf and stem and vine and flower is a form of beauty. Every hill and dale and landscape is a picture of beauty. Every cloud and mist wreath and vapour veil is a shadowy reflection of beauty. Every diamond and rock and pebbly beach is a mine of beauty. Every sun and planet and star is a blazing face of beauty. All along the aisles of earth, all over the arches of heaven, all through the expanses of the universe, are scattered in rich and infinite profusion, the life gems of beauty. All this great realm of dazzling and bewildering beauty was made by God.

There is a beauty in the songsters of