

in the sun where doubt and mystery hath cleared away by receiving and entertaining Him, positively knowing the true Christmas, which may happen on any day or night or season. In this condition we are able to declare, by and through the presence of the Divine, we know Him and are saved. The way of life by the Light is so plain to the writer that he is at a loss to know why it is that those who claim to know (leaders in the churches) saying salvation is through Jesus of Nazareth, for our pattern brother said he obtained through or of the Father, and we must in the same way, to know the truth of his teaching; for he taught there was no other saviour than he who knows our every wants—putting his entire trust in God and his lineal relation worship after this manner, learning salvation by and through the Eternal Head.

H. G. M.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

A PRAYER.

Jesus, Lord, thy love and spirit
Evermore I crave,
God's blest realms with Thee inherit,
Far above the grave.

And on earth, as e'er in heaven,
Still Thy will to do,
For thus only here or yonder
Will my prayer come true.

I am weak and heavy laden,
Burdened with my dross;
Thou, the one and only Helper,
Bid'st me bear the cross.

And I take it, take it gladly,
As my only rest;
Thou, O Lord of earth and heaven,
Knoweth what is best.

EUNICE COLEMAN.

Religion is not a pot of hyacinth, to be set in a parlor bay-window for passers-by to look at, and to be examined only by ourselves when we have company, but it is to be a perfume filling all the room of the heart. —[Talmage.

WHITTIER THE POET.

[The following essays were read at a meeting of the Olio in the spring of 1887 in connection with an evening devoted to the poet Whittier, and may be accepted at this time in consideration of the 80th birthday of the poet, which occurred on the 17th of last month.]

I will endeavor this evening to give you a brief sketch of the poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier. I presume that most of you present are in a measure acquainted with his writings, and find that one cannot read many pages without detecting the presence of his simple and earnest soul. One writer says: "He has been before his countrymen for upwards of forty years as a writer of verse, during which time many names which in the beginning outshone his own have vanished like summer meteors."

Notwithstanding his parents regarded his early attempts at poetry with suspicion he still persisted in rhyming. It seems that the earliest traces of the writings of Whittier are to be found in the Newburyport *Free Press*, and were published when he was but 19 years of age. I know not whether the contributions were in poetry or prose, as many of his earlier legersds were at first written in prose and afterwards transposed into verse, such as Mogg Megone, Bridal of Pennacook, Cassandra Southwick and Mary Garvin. At the age of 23 he produced his first volume, consisting of both prose and verse which was entitled the "Legend of New England," and soon afterwards another volume named "Moll Pitcher" a poem founded on a once famous witch of Nahant. Although these works displayed much talent in one yet young, they are not considered to be of much importance when compared with his later productions.

About the time of his first election to the State Legislature he produced his first volume of poems considered to be of importance, he was then about 28 years of age. We find that he now became a prolific author and that his writings from this time have been