

be somewhat due to the righteous leaven set to work in the hearts and homes of the plain people, by the poems of John G. Whittier.

Buffalo Courier: In his private life Whittier was another of those who have shown the fallacy of the notion that a genius requires a moral code fitted to his individual desires. Like Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell and Holmes, he stands as an example of the pure gentleman and the revered poet.

Toledo Blade: He is never a metaphysician, not concerning himself with the recondite problems of existence; there breathes through his poetry a genial piety, the loving trust of a child in an all wise Father, in whose wisdom and beneficence all can safely confide, without troubling over questions which, from their very nature, can never be solved by a finite mind.

Philadelphia Inquirer: As a poet Whittier's place is secure. There is no Whittier cult as there is a Whitman cult and a Browning cult. Nobody has gone through the poems to pick out striking lines in order that the number of Whittier pages in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" may be swollen, as somebody has done for Browning. But the happy lines, the tersely expressed thought, the tender fancy and the pleasing pictures are there in profusion. In thousands of households where there are but half a dozen books one of them is the Bible and the other is Whittier's poems.

Springfield (Mass.) Union: The quibbles of the theologians were of no interest to him, but again and again he enforced in his sweet verse that faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen. Who can deny his inspiration in such words as these?—

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

New York Tribune: To how many, when the news of his death reaches them, will occur the exquisite expression of his faith which is to be found in "Snow Bound;"

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just).
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play.
Who had not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own!

He (Whittier) was thoughtful and affectionate in his conversation with younger men and women and gave up his time with reckless sacrifice if only he could inspire them. He showed himself thus to any young companion as one of the most unselfish and considerate of men, and all young aspirants in literature who were called into activity by the great struggle for national existence and the destruction of slavery, knew that they would find in him a sympathetic adviser.—*Edward Everett Hale*

Don't fail to treasure up your good thoughts for the benefit of others.

The *Kennet (Pa.) Advance* (ninth month 24) relates that our friend, Margaretta Walton, with her companion, Anna Mary Martin, recently called on Amelia E. Barr, the author of "Friend Olivia," at her home at Cornwall, on the Hudson, being on their way homeward from a visit to Lake George. They were most cordially received and hospitably entertained, and Mrs. Barr was so pleased with her visitors that she presented Margaretta with the first copy of "Friend Olivia," a volume which her daughter had carefully treasured.—*Intelligencer and Journal*.