

never enter, and where the harmonious activity of those who inhabit it acknowledges no impulse less noble or less holy than that of love."

JANE C. WASHBURN.

Chappaqua.

## TWO POETS ON EACH OTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave more dear  
 Than when life's roseate summer on thy cheek  
 Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest year,  
 Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak  
 Thy feet have reached and mine have climbed  
 so near!  
 Close on thy footsteps 'mid the landscape drear  
 I stretched mine hand thine answering grasp  
 to seek,  
 Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can speak.  
 Look backward! From thy lofty heights survey  
 Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,  
 Of dreams made real and largest hopes out-run.  
 Look forward! Brighter than earth's morning ray  
 Streams the pure light of heaven's unsetting sun,  
 The all unclouded dawn of light's immortal day.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,  
 We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;  
 Now face to face, we greet him, standing here  
 Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore  
 Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day  
 Is closing and the shadows deeper grow,  
 His genial presence like an afterglow  
 Following the one just vanishing away.  
 Long be it ere the table shall be set  
 For the long breakfast of the Autocra',  
 And love repeat, with smiles and tears,  
 thereat  
 His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget.  
 Waiting with him the call to come up higher.  
 Life is not less. the heavens are only higher.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Eighth mo., 26, '89.

## WHITTIER'S HOME.

THE LADIES OF HIS HOUSEHOLD—THE POET'S PETS.

A young woman who mayhap will one day have poems written in her honor is Phœbe Woodman, the tall, dark-eyed 19-year old great niece of Whittier, a girl with a pleasant smile and the quietest of housewifely ways. Oak Knoll the retreat of the Quaker poet's beautiful old age, the narrow, winding road rising from Danvers village, with stone walls running close on either hand, the gnarled old apple trees, the sultry haze of the August sky, the dull ochre stubble of the mid-summer fields, the brownish arabasques of the wayside raspberry bushes; even the big elm with the rustic summer-house underneath it and the Doric columns of the classic little mansion, up-proping a porch on either side of the pale yellow gable peeping out from behind a mass of shrubbery; all these have been pictured by photographers, amateur and professional, poet worshippers, and newspaper writers ever since Whittier's mocking bird began to haunt the premises, his yellow cat, Rip Van Winkle, to promenade drowsily up and down the carriage drive, and his brown and white collie, Robin, to constitute himself a faithful doorbell, barking at the approach of every visitor. But many as are the pilgrims whose eyes have turned toward the elderly man with long grizzled eyebrows and dark tinted skin, still holding some little color, reading a newspaper in broad hat and spotless black clothes, in a creaking rocking chair under the evergreens, few have acquaintance with the strong-faced women with strong natures and wills, who dress plainly in black gowns, and crimp their grey sprinkled brown hair and part it in the middle, the Misses Johnson and Mrs. Woodman who divide among themselves the honor of caring for the venerable songster of freedom. Fewer still are they who know Phœbe, Mrs.