

Came full and deep from the other side,
Calm on the surface the billows side.

Back with the swell of resistless love
Silent, yet swiftly, the waters move
As angels are watching thy course above.

A light on the billows we might trace
As broke o'er thy soul the perfect grace
And skill of thy pilot when face to face.

No moaning bar, no fragile foam,
But thy quick response to the order "Come!"
Then the Father's smile and the "Welcome
Home!" —M. F.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE MEMORY OF THE POET HONORED
AT AMESBURY, MASS.

Amesbury, Mass., Dec. 17.—The memory of the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier was honored here to day. This is the anniversary of his birth, and according to a custom of many years' standing the day was observed with appropriate exercises. Many people from out of town attended, and among them were writers of national reputation, all admirers of the great patriot and poet. The exercises were conducted in the opera house, which was crowded to the doors. Orations were delivered, sketches of the poet's life and selections from his writings were read. The leading feature of the event was the reading by Prof. J. W. Churchill, of Andover, of the following original poems, written in honor of the great poet for the occasion:

On heavenly ramparts loud and clear,
Shrill, shrill and sweet, and earthward bounding,
Glad salutations to their peer

To-day the trumpets should be sounding.

In many a wide and winding chord
Such music once before they blew him,
When he, the trumpet of the Lord,
Answered the Lord's breath blowing
through him.

To-day, through interspace of night,
Undying dawn and vernal forces,
Mailed in a whiteness more than light,
He sings, he springs to song's far sources.

Oh, mighty as the battle blast,
And soft as wings in summer stealing,
A great song on the outer vast
What wordrous strains he now is pealing.
—Henry Prescott Spofford.

"John Greenleaf Whittier, a citizen of
Amesbury,"

A single, noble, unpretending man,
Who built his life upon his Maker's plan;
That man that God intended he should be
He was, and is, O, men of Amesbury.
With him you shared the sunshine and free air,
His townsmen—honorable name to bear,
His memory with you best of life must blend;
To every one of you he was a friend;
The heart that throbbed to his, more nobly
beats;
Grand should the manhood be that walks your
streets.

—Lucy Larcom.

Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest,
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing
And on thy ears the murmurs blest
Of Siloam's waters softly flowing;
Beneath that tree of life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves.
In the white robe of angels clad
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad,
The city of our God forever.

—Robert Purvis.

For the heavenly birthday of John Greenleaf
Whittier,
Thou gracious dead, that last year wast so
alive,

How shall I sing thy worth to written line,
Higher than most men's highest, and divine
With heaven's own blessed wisdom, thou
didst strive

To make men happy, equal, good and free;
To aid the toiling, comfort and distress;
And we, thy friends, were we not doubly
blest,

Instructed of God's love, through knowing
thee?

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

There were present ex-Senator J. W. Paterson, New Hampshire; Rev. W. J. Tucker, Andover; Rev. Geo. L. Richmond, Geo. F. Babbitt, C. C. Cooper, James Cairns, J. H. Little, G. W. Christie and W. B. Flanders, of Haverhill; J. F. Spaulding, of Salisbury; the selectmen of Merrimac, the selectmen of Amesbury; Mayor Burham, of Haverhill; Mayor Gurney, of Newburyport, and the selectmen of Salisbury. —Exchange.

We ask our club raisers especially, and our individual readers everywhere, to assist us in increasing our number of subscribers to the Young Friends' Review for 1893. Now is the time to begin.