



Whittier's home at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.

last day of July,—"I am at this quiet place, to which I have come for *the rest which I so greatly needed.*" It was even so, but it was a rest which "*remaineth.*" The reports of his death say that his bed was surrounded by his nearest relatives. Readers of "Snow Bound" will remember one of its finest passages, in which he speaks of a lovely and beloved young sister, whose pictured face to the last was one of the adornments of his Amesbury home :—

"I cannot feel that thou art far,
For near at hand the angels are,
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star
The waving of thy beckoning hand."

Was *she*, indeed—"perchance, perchance among the rest," with other household faces and vanished smiles, lighting up the last hour when the light of earth was fading from his sight? We cannot tell—we can only surmise. But, if ever it was true of mortal man, it was true of John Greenleaf Whittier—that "*the pure in heart shall see God.*"

His countrymen may well mourn the

withdrawal of one of God's best gifts to a country, especially in its more plastic years. He has been a great purifying influence,—and not in his own country alone; for all such belong, not to any one land, but to *humanity*. This is doubly true of a grandly catholic spirit like his, which set at naught the petty dividing lines of race and creed. But though he has left many followers—many strong and noble souls animated by the same impulse, he has not left his like behind. His countrymen might well apply to himself, in the first days of mourning, the words he wrote of one far less distinguished :

"Oh, who thy mantle,—backward cast,
Is worthy now to wear?"

Methinks the mound that marks thy bed,
Might bless our land and save,
As rose of old to life the dead,
Who touched the prophet's grave!"

If any human memory could help a nation of rapidly growing wealth to escape a rapidly growing corruption, it *should* be that of John Greenleaf Whittier.

FIDELIS.