

Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
 Now point the rifle's barrel,
 And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
 Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
 And rivers still keep flowing,—
 The dear God still his rain and sun
 On good and ill bestowing.
 His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait,"
 His flowers are prophesying
 That all we dread of change or fall
 His love is underlying.

And thou, O mountain-born I no more
 We ask the wise Allotter
 Than for the firmness of thy shore,
 The calmness of thy water,
 The cheerful lights that overlay
 Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
 To match our spirits to our day
 And make a joy of duty.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Buffalo News: His life ended like
 a calm sunset.

Sioux City Journal: He was al-
 ways more the teacher than the pure
 poet.

New York Press: First and last and
 all the time, the Quaker poet was a
 good man.

Philadelphia Record: He sang of
 common things, and of the simple
 joys of home.

Boston Advertiser: Mr. Whittier,
 was almost, if not altogether, the great-
 est of American poets.

St. Paul Globe: His trespasses
 were as few as it is given erring human
 nature to ask forgiveness for.

New York Herald: Whittier by his
 songs has made it easier for men to
 live and easier for them to die.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: He was
 one of the choicest products of Ameri-
 can life in the Nation's heroic age.

Boston Traveller: He was indeed
 The hope of all who suffer,
 The dread of all who wrong.

Milwaukee Sentinel: Perhaps the
 most thoroughly American in spirit of
 the poets this country has produced.

New York World: Other Ameri-
 can poets may be more highly regarded
 than Whittier; none has been better
 loved.

Toronto Mail: He has never been
 one of the versifiers whose poetry has
 been simply the amusement of elegant
 idleness.

New York Recorder: Less than
 any of his chief contemporaries was he
 indebted to classical learning for his
 poetic triumphs.

Brooklyn Standard Union: In his
 death America and the world loses one
 of the purest, sweetest, and most sym-
 pathetic bards this earth ever knew.

Toronto Globe: There are steps to
 Parnassus, although some critics
 write as if none were legitimate dwellers
 there save those who stand on its
 peaks.

Boston Herald: No man has lived
 whose latter years have witnessed more
 universal respect than has been accord-
 ed to the aged poet and philanthropist.

Des Moines Register: Great poet
 or not Whittier was dear to the Ameri-
 can people. He lived close to the
 best heart of the people. He was the
 poet of their National and humanitarian
 aspirations.

Pittsburg Dispatch: The termin-
 ation of such a life so ended is not an
 occasion for mourning, but for plaudits
 and emulation. Such an ending of
 such a life is what all men might well
 wish for, but what few can hope to at-
 tain.

Pittsburg Commercial: Much of
 the credit for the repeal of slavery
 laws in the North belongs to John G.
 Whittier, and to him belongs much of
 the credit for creating the sentiment
 that finally swept slavery out of this
 country.

Rochester Democrat: When the
 great Western Republic becomes at
 last the realization of an idol, almost
 forgotten by some of us, the result will