

Earth shall be near to heaven when all
That servers man from man shall fall,
For, here and there, salvation's plan
Alone is love of God and man.

O dwellers by the Merrimac,
The heirs of centuries at your back,
Still reaping where you have not sown.
A broader field is now your own.

Hold fast your Puritan heritage,
But let the free thought of the age
Its flight and hope and sweetness add
To the stern faith the fathers had.

Adrift on Time's relentless tide,
As waves that follow waves, we glide;
God grant we leave upon the shore
Some needed good it lacked before.

Some seed or flower or plant of worth,
Some added beauty to the earth,
Some larger hope, some thought to make
The sad world happier for its sake.

As tenants of uncertain stay,
So may we live our little day
That only grateful hearts shall fill
The homes we leave in Haverhill.

The singer of a farewell rhyme,
Upon whose utmost verge of time
The shades of night are falling down,
I pray, God bless the good old town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

We cannot let the preceding poem pass by without making a short study of it. It is a wonderful production for a mind 82 years old. It presents not a single hint of declining abilities but has the freshness and sprightliness of youth and the vigor and power of his best years. Tennyson, two years younger has fallen dotard; Longfellow, but one year his elder, died several years ago of old age; the unfortunate Poe, born three years later, has been mouldering in the grave more than half the time since, while Whittier sings on, sings to a new generation. True, he does not enter, in behalf of the negro, the fight for freedom. All honor to his mighty pen, there is no need for that now. But he sings as charmingly the strains of peace and contentment and gratitude. There is in the preceding poem thoughts so charmingly clothed that they immediately fasten on our minds with such force as to predict an eternity in the English language. Where is

there of Saxon blood but will quicken when it reads?—

"Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill
The Saxon energy of will."

The figure of personification, and the compound adjective in the last line of the following couplet would stamp the poem as Whittier's without any name subjoined:—

"The cow-path which the founders knew
Is Traffic's brick-walled avenue."

What a charming picture rises to every child of America when he reads:—

"Wise was the choice which led our sires
To kindle here their household fires."

And how true it is, and will be while the world lasts that,—

"No dull, mechanic round of toil
Life's morning charm can quite despoil;
And youth and beauty, hand in hand,
Will always find enchanted land."

And how happily he has summed up the whole of religion, for does it not contain the essence of the law and the prophets as Jesus declared?

"Salvation's plan.
Alone is love of God and man."

Ed.

Blindness and selfishness are among the fruits of the natural will of man, when not brought under the control of the Father's love and restraining care. This submission or schooling is of our own freewill to enter, and true peace of mind to enjoy.

J. F.

The religion of the true Christian consists not in form but in substance; and arises not from the activity of human reason, imagination, or opinion. but from a heartfelt sensation of divine love in the light of life. Its foundation is no less than the immediate administration of God's Holy spirit of man. This shows unto man what his thoughts are; what himself and what the Lord is, so far as properly concerns him. It opens the understanding, and directs the duty of the obedient; "for the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."