

difficulties in the way of the eradication of an evil system strengthened by long habit, entangled with all the complex relations of society, and closely allied with the love of power, the pride of family, and the lust of gain."

By the same methods, and in harmony with our principles and testimonies, we should be able to extend a helping hand in the great work of freeing our fellowmen from the thralldom which this great evil enforces.

WHITTIER

(FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.)

Like melting snows; like rivulets, pure and melodious, purling through wooded vales, loitering in pastures and "tenanted fields," sweeping into rivers and on into the vast ocean; like a dove that soars through the heavens, and, steadying its wings, gradually and beautifully glides to its resting place; like a vessel with its sails carefully furled casting anchor in harbor; like the music of a grand orchestra which, at first gently heard, swells into the full liberty of its strength and gradually softens into beautiful symphonies, and, lingering, faintly dies away into eternity,—so sweetly lived and passed beyond, the gentle, pure, noble and sublime spirit of Whittier. How, in conformity with the fitness of things, his long life of 84 years, so closely in touch with nature, closed in the afternoon of day. It was not morning; it was not lonely night; autumn had not yet tinted its hills; it was in the close of harvest time that eternity gathered in its fully ripened sheaf. Sun and nature, towards the end of toil and day, witnessed the triumphal entry through the portals of the illimitable beyond. What rapture to that soul in the new day-dawn awaited him, we know not, but Thou! O Immortality! has already witnessed how far hath been realized the vision of him who sang,—

"So when Time's veil shall fall asunder
The soul may know

No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the
vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished past upon the
new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite;
The sunset hues of Time blend with the
soul's new morning."

W. G. B.

Toronto.

A WHITTIER MEMORIAL DAY.

The little gathering of Friends at Pickering held a memorial meeting on the 9th of 10 mo. in honor of our revered friend and poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. A number of Friends responded to the invitation to bring some tribute to his memory, and an interesting and profitable hour was enjoyed in listening to the selections chosen from the writings of the departed poet, and different articles read in eulogy of his life. A paper was compiled and read on the "Life of Whittier." The opening selection was the beautiful little poem, "Requirement," which many, or all, have undoubtedly read, yet the excellency and fulness of it, I think, merits a repetition here:

"We live by faith, but faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and
God's

Nature and Duty's never are at odds.
What asks our Father of his children save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to
see

The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ardent life,
Whose very breathing is our worded praise!
A life that stands as all true lives have
stood—

Firm-rooted in the faith that God is
good."

A FRIEND.