

TO A PESSIMIST FRIEND

Thou seest but the lowering cloud,
 I mark the silver lining;
 I hear the happy voices loud,
 Thou but the sad repining.

Thou seest vice and crime and sin,
 The beast still rule the human;
 I see each century usher in
 The nobler man and woman.

Thou hear'st the anguished martyr's cries
 The brutal mob's glad shouting;
 I see the godlike human rise
 Above all self and doubting.

Thou seest the weak consumed with pain,
 The present woe and sorrow;
 I see the strong that make the gain,
 The happier race to-morrow.

Thou crownest chance 'mid death and strife,
 No higher law beholding;
 I see the varied round of life,
 To one great end unfolding.

Thou seest the close of all things here,
 Of striving and of sinning;
 I see beyond another sphere,
 And death a new beginning.

Cease, friend, to fit thy thoughts to night,
 And gloomy humors scorning,
 Come, watch with me the world grow bright,
 The night break into morning!

What he was in his own special lines of research is attested by the high regard of his fellow workers, and by the ardent tribute of one of his former students, whose intimacy and understanding lend weight to her words. This spontaneous tribute came to him in his sickness, and was literally the comfort of his weary pillow.¹

A glimpse into the depths of his religious feeling is afforded by the hymns he loved. Of these none had so profound an appeal as those of Whittier. He would

¹ See the poem by Dr. Miriam Van Waters on page 45.