

zeal and energy akin to the early founders of Quakerism, putting to shame the lukewarmness and indifference of many of our older Meetings. A Monthly Meeting will no doubt be soon held there regularly.

A remarkable fact in connection with this Meeting is that they have had no use for a burying ground. Since the Meeting was first held, some twenty years ago, no death has ever occurred to a member amongst them.

Early evening found me home again with wife and little ones, and we talked over the events of the day with thankful hearts.

S. P. Z.

Coldstream, 9th mo., 26.

WHITTIER'S FIRST POETRY.

Whittier began to rhyme very early, and kept his gift a secret from all, except his oldest sister, fearing that his father, who was a prosaic man, would think that he was wasting time. He wrote under the fence, in the attic, in the barn—wherever he could escape observation; and as pen and ink were not always available, he sometimes used chalk, and even charcoal. Great was the surprise of the family when some of his verses were unearthed, literally unearthed, from under a heap of rubbish in a garret; but his father frowned upon these evidences of the bent of his mind, not out of unkindness, but because he doubted the sufficiency of the boy's education for a literary life, and did not wish to inspire him with hopes which might never be fulfilled.

His sister had faith in him, nevertheless, and, without his knowledge, she sent one of his poems to the editor of the *Free Press*, a newspaper published in Newburyport. Whittier was helping his father to repair a stone wall by the roadside when the carrier flung a copy of the paper to him, and, unconscious that anything of his was in it, he opened it and glanced up and down the columns. His eyes fell on some verses called "The Exile's Departure."

"Fond scenes, which delighted my youthful existence,

With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—
A lasting adieu; for now, dim in the distance,
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.

Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,
Which guard the loved shores of my own
native land;

Farewell to the village and sail-shadowed bay,
The forest-crowned hill and the water-
washed strand."

His eyes swam; it was his own poem, the first he ever had in print.

"What is the matter with thee?" his father demanded, seeing how dazed he was; but, though he resumed his work on the wall, he could not speak, and he had to steal a glance at the paper again and again before he could convince himself that he was not dreaming. Sure enough, the poem was there with his initial at the foot of it—"W., Haverhill, June 1st, 1826," and, better still, this editorial notice: "If 'W.' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of today, we shall esteem it a favor."

The editor thought so much of "The Exile's Departure," and some other verses which followed it from the same hand, that he resolved to make the acquaintance of his new contributor, and he drove over to see him. Whittier, then a boy of eighteen, was summoned from the fields where he was working, clad only in shirt, trousers and straw hat, and having slipped in at the back door, so that he might put his shoes and coat on, came into the room with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The editor was a young man himself, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, and the friendship that began with this visit lasted until death ended it. How strong and how close it was, and how it was made to serve the cause of freedom may be learned in the life of the great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, which was the editor's name.—[*William H. Rideing in St. Nicholas.*