

divine illumination which makes him the appreciative reader of God's great poems.

Whether, therefore, we look within or without for the existence of God, or take the broader view of His universal presence; and whether we search for Him in the moral laws within us, or in the physical laws without us, we must perceive that the source or medium of our knowledge of Him is that portion or counterpart of Himself which He has placed within us, and through the possession of which we are made only "a little lower than the angels."

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WHITTIER'S LATEST POEM.

The following poem by John Greenleaf Whittier was read at the Haverhill quarter-millennial celebration:

HAVERHILL, 1640-1890.

O river winding to the sea!
We call the old time back to thee;
From forest paths and water-ways
The century-woven veil we raise.

Gone steeped town and cultured plain,
The wilderness returns again;
The drear, untrodden solitude,
The gloom and mystery of the wood.

Once more the bear and panther prowl,
The wolf repeats his hungry howl,
And, peering through his leafy screen,
The Indian's copper face is seen.

We see, their rude-built huts beside,
Grave men and women anxious eyed,
And wistful youth remembering still
Dear homes in England's Haverhill.

We summon forth to mortal view
Dark Passaquo and Saggahew—
Wild chiefs, who owned the mighty sway
Of Wizard Passaconaway.

Weird memories of the border town,
By old tradition handed down,
In chance and change before us pass,
Like pictures in a magic glass—

The terrors of the midnight raid,
The death-concealing ambuscade,
The winter march through deserts wild
Of captive mother, wife and child.

Oh! bleeding hands alone subdued
The stern and savage solitude,
And every step the settlers trod
With crimson stained the virgin sod.

Slow from the plow the woods withdrew,
Slowly each year the corn lands grew;
Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill
The Saxon energy of will.

And never in the hamlet's bound
Was lack of sturdy manhood found,
And never failed the kindred good
Of brave and helpful womanhood.

That hamlet now a city 'is.
Its log-built huts are palaces,
The cow-path which the founders knew
Is Traffic's brick-walled avenue.

And far and wide it stretches still,
Along its southward sloping hill,
And overlooks on either hand,
A rich and many-watered land.

And gladdening all the landscape, fair
As Pison was to Eden's pair,
Our river to its valley brings
The blessings of its mountain spring.

And nature holds, with narrowing space,
From mart and crowd, her old-time grace,
And guards with fondly jealous arms
The wild growths of outlying farms.

Her son sets on Kenoza fall,
Her Autumn leaves by Saltonstall,
No lavish gold can richer make
Her eloquence of hill and lake.

Wise was the choice which led our sires
To kindle here their thousand fires,
And share the large content of all
Whose lines in pleasant places fall.

More dear, as years on years advance,
We prize the old inheritance,
And feel, as far and wide we roam,
That all we seek we leave at home.

Our palms are pines, our oranges
Are apples on our orchard trees;
Our thrushes are our nightingales,
Our larks the blackbirds of our vales.

No incense which the Orient burns
Is sweeter than our hillside ferns;
What tropic splendor can outvie
Our autumn woods, our sunset sky?

What if the old idyllic ease
Seems lost in keen activities,
And crowded workshops ill replace
The hearth's and farm field's rustic grace?

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.

No task is ill where hand and brain
And skill and strength have equal gain,
And each shall each in honor hold,
And simple manhood outweigh gold.