

son was the leader. In disclaiming the high titles to the seer-like power as he did, Whittier's work showed at least an earnest sense of human right, a hate of tyranny, a hearty sympathy with all men's pains and sorrow, and a love of freedom as deep and strong as that of Marvel or of Milton. In putting these in the foreground Whittier put that which alone, perhaps, would give him any lasting or long remembrance in America. It was peculiarly fitting that the pre-eminent poet of the anti-slavery struggle should have been one who rose up directly from the ranks of the common people and spoke with no prestige of wealth, high pedigree or university, but with the simple power of a universal truth of humanity. He had not filled his mind with the images of foreign lands nor stimulated his imagination by association with them. To him a consolation for his lack of opportunity, especially in never having trod the Holy Land, was that the spirit which transfigured them could transfer what was most precious in their transfiguration to our own hills and dales and hearths and homes, making—

"Our common daily life divine
And every land a Palestine."
—*Chicago Journal*.

AT YONGE STREET.

During my recent visit at Yonge St. and vicinity, in attendance at Canada Half-yearly Meeting, I was somewhat encouraged at certain signs of growth and newness of life which I saw amongst them. I think it was here at Yonge St., in the year 1870, the first First day school within the limits of Genesee Yearly Meeting was established. But it had been discontinued before the more recent wave of interest began to rise, which was about one decade later, say 1880. Since our late yearly meeting they have again organized a school which is likely to be successful. Yonge St. meeting house is very pleasantly situated on a rise of land which overlooks a beautiful and fruitful country,

and is about thirty miles north of the city of Toronto. This neighborhood has been settled about 90 years, and on either hand, from the meeting-house, two or three miles distant, are the thriving towns of Newmarket and Aurora, with a population of about 2,000 each, having electric lights and most excellent water-works. In the former place I had pointed out to me the house in which Sir John Franklin stopped over night, on one of his expeditions to the frozen north.

Five miles east of Yonge St. is situated Whitchurch Meeting, and 12 miles west is King; both small meetings. But at King, a few years ago, some 18 or 20 members were added to their meeting by conviction, and at Whitchurch, they now have one of the largest, if not the largest, First-day school in our Yearly Meeting, having an average this summer of 65 or 70. The school was established two or three years ago. As an outcome of it, the old meeting-house has had an overhauling. New windows have been put in, the outside of the house has been thoroughly painted, also one part of the inside. New seats with reversible backs, adapted for a school, have been got, and they, the few Friends there, have a just right to feel a certain amount of pride for the structure which is being builded upon the ruins of the Meeting at Whitchurch. This was Isaac Wilson's native place. His brother Charles still lives upon the old homestead, and is deeply interested in the work of building up here, which we hope may be permanent. Isaac, Charles and myself, went from the home made lonely by the death, but a few months before, of their sister, Abigail Mowder, and with a lighted lamp (it was after dark and our only opportunity) we strolled over the grounds and in and around their now pleasant meeting-house.

S. P. Z.

The person, man or dog, who has a conscience, is eternally condemned to some degree of humbug.—[Stevenson.]