

its closing sentence, as true, to-day, as when John Woolman wrote it, generations ago, in the first dawn of the abolition sentiment:—"To labour for a perfect redemption from the spirit of oppression is the main business of the whole family of Christ Jesus"—a self-evident corollary from the New Testament description of the mission of the Great Deliverer, yet absolutely ignored by a large portion of the Church in all ages, and too much ignored still.

But the death of Whittier recalls the man of action as well as the poet, though this generation knows him mainly in the latter aspect. But, though Love, human and divine, was the chord which he never tired of striking, he was no soft-hearted dreamer, but could be fused to a white heat by love's shadow,—“the hate of hate.” Even in the last mellowed years, and under the gentle and genial courtesy of his demeanour and speech, an attentive observer could easily trace in the keen dark deep-set eye, the latent fire of honest pure-hearted indignation which nerved the ardent young abolitionist, with his chivalrous friends, Garrison and Phillips, to their hand to hand conflict with the deadly sin which so long overshadowed the fair fame and fair future of his country. To this struggle he devoted some of the best years of his life, and to this absorbing preoccupation is doubtless partly due his arrested artistic development. His flowing verse was one of his weapons used with good effect in the struggle with this modern dragon; and the fervid expression of the “thought that burned” was more urgent than the cultivation of literary art. Of this he became sensible, when maturity and leisure had arrived with their modifying influences; and in conversation with the writer he expressed his sincere regret that he had allowed his collection of poems to be too comprehensive, and had admitted many verses unsatisfactory to his more educated taste and higher literary standard. Yet the lovers of the Quaker poet—and they are many—would scarcely care to part with a single line which is part of the revelation of his personality.

In this age of travel, it seems somewhat singular that Mr. Whittier had never been abroad. This is to be accounted for, partly by the fact that, at the period of life when travel is most enjoyed, he had other and more serious work to do, and partly by the power of his imagination, which enabled him almost to see any place of

which he read a description. He had not only never visited Europe. He had, indeed never been even in Canada, although, at one time, in company with other young men, his father had determined to try his fortune in the Canadian wilderness, but was deterred by reports of the wild beasts and privations to be encountered there. It is interesting to think how the fulfilment of this intention would have altered the whole complexion of the poet's life, and also what a loss it would have been to the cause of abolition in America which would have been deprived of its Tyrtæus, as Whittier has been so aptly styled.

The home of his early boyhood at Haverhill was always dear to him. In his study at Amesbury hung an oil-painting of it—evidently done to order—representing the old homestead just as it is given in the accompanying illustration, which it gave him pleasure to point out to his visitors. This study was a plain, unpretending apartment, simply though comfortably furnished, with the portraits of Emerson and General Gordon on its walls, and, though exquisitely neat, devoid of any attempt at luxury,—Quaker-like in the quiet tones of its colouring as well as in its perfect neatness. His collection of books there was by no means large, though choice, but Oak Knoll, another residence of later years, contained another portion of his library. The Amesbury homestead had been his abode for many years, and was a plain New England village house, painted a light drab or cream-colour, with white “trimmings” and embowered in over-arching elms and maples, as seen in the illustration. It seems to have had a wing added, in which is his study, which in front opens by a glass door on the piazza, and behind looks out on an old-fashioned garden, shaded with pear and apple trees, and containing a vine-trellised arbour. The rest of the house, as was to be expected in the home of a bachelor, had a somewhat prim and unused aspect, everything being characterized by Quaker-like neatness and simplicity. On the walls of the various apartments hung pictures associated with his early life. In a corridor he pointed out a small oil-painting representing the family hearth, so tenderly portrayed in “Snow-bound,”—an old-fashioned fireplace, of generous dimensions, with a baking-oven built into the wall beside it. In the parlour were portraits of his mother, whose large dark eyes he seemed to have inherited, and of the beloved