

tations. The beauty of little children was a joy to him. The barefooted boy, the maiden making hay in the meadow, the woodman with his axe, all had aspirations for him. He felt their joys and sorrows. He possessed a simple, childlike, unswerving faith in God. He was a poet and prophet, and an ambassador of love. During his remarks, of which only a summary is given, Rev. Mr. Treleven quoted extensively from the works of the dead author.—*In Southern Counties Journal.*

Lilian Whiting in *Inter-Ocean* (Chicago) writes :

"I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies."

"O sweet, calm face, that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven !
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven !

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives ;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He :
And love has still its Olivet
And faith its Galilee."

In the dawning flush of rose and pearl and gold that ushered in this resplendent September morning the soul of our saintliest poet was set free from its earthly tabernacle to live wholly in that spiritual world which his eye hath seen, and his heart conceived, and his pen portrayed during his long and beautiful life. There is something significant—something one loves to dwell upon—in Mr. Whittier's going forth from the earthly to heavenly at 4.30 this morning. It has seldom in my life chanced to me to see the outer world—to be awake—at this hour, and I am grateful and glad, as well as wondering, that something this morning wakened me about this time, and I arose and opened my shutters and looked out.

It was not yet sunrise, but the world was flooded with light—so pure, so beautiful, so quivering with faint, opal-

escent gleams of the dawn-sun, that it was a wonder-world—a miracle world. I looked out upon it and thought of Paradise gloria for a few minutes and after that had again some few hours of sleep. But it will always be a picture enshrined in memory ; this morning when with the earliest dawn, the poet Whittier put off the mortal and put on immortality. When later in the day I heard of his death, I could but think of the expression of being "covered with light as with a garment ;" of being "clothed with glory," so fair in its hush of dawning splendor were the early hours of this day ; so beautiful was the scene, in the glory of sea and of sky, on which his soul went forth. Who may tell us what dawned upon his spiritual vision ? "It is beautiful," Mrs. Browning said in her last moment as she went. If ever the heavenly vision shone around a life it attended that of John Greenleaf Whittier.

The world in which Mr. Whittier lived transcended even the best that this world can offer, and still those who think of him as in any sense dreamy, unpractical and impracticable, would fail to grasp his character. He was intensely practical, but he was not material. There is a difference. His life dealt with actualities. He had the manly, vigorous fiber of New England and the prominent and active part he took in all the abolition movements and anti-slavery work proved him no formless dreamer. It is the idealist who is most truly practical, or, at least practicable : it is he who lives in spiritual realities who most truly and deeply lives. He was no stranger to manly indignation at corruption and wrong, though he was meek and lowly of heart.

Of all the American poets, Mr. Whittier is, perhaps, best known, the choice lying certainly between him and Mr. Longfellow, in virtue of that popularity which made each name one of every household.

ALICE AND PHEBE CARY.

I was much interested in his account