

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,  
 "And I try to love Him, 'oo;  
 But I wish He were kind and gentle,  
 Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,  
 As the tremulous lips of pain,  
 And wide, wet eyes uplifted,  
 Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered  
 The words of his little one.  
 Had he erred in his life-long teachings,  
 Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol  
 Had he lent the holiest name?  
 Did his own heart, loving and human,  
 The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,  
 From the tender skies above,  
 And the face of his little daughter,  
 Had he read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror,  
 Of Sinai's mount of law,  
 But as Christ in the Syrian lilies  
 The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb  
 Of old, was His presence known,  
 The dread, ineffable glory  
 Was infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted  
 In his prayers a tenderer strain,  
 And never the message of hatred;  
 Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,  
 And the blinded eyes found sight,  
 And hearts, as flint aforetime,  
 Grew soft in his warmth and light.

## WHITTIER'S PLACE AS POET.

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ENGLAND  
 MAGAZINE GIVES HIS ESTIMATE  
 OF THE QUAKER POET.

Humility, said Edwin D. Mead in a lecture delivered recently, is the very substance of Whittier's mind. It was upon the common forms of nature that the poet looked, as did Wordsworth and Emerson. There was a difference between Whittier's poems of nature and Emerson's. The latter loved nature for its own sake, while with Whittier the human interest was always infused. One could not disassociate the birds and bees and squirrel, the flowers and

trees and the laughing brook from the barefoot boy himself, and one entered more into his fresh, irresponsible joy in them than into their own beauty. This absorption of nature in the human, this subjection of nature to the human, was very constant with Whittier. The little poem of "The Hill Top" and "Snow Bound" almost throughout illustrated this idea. Whittier could not be called an artist in that full sense in which Longfellow was an artist. There were few works of his in which the artist's motive, the love of beauty and structure for their own sake was the primary motive. It was quite true that most of Whittier's poems had been written for distinct moral ends and that the moral motive quite outranked the poetic motive as one read. Such poetry was mostly by its very nature stimulative, but of subordinate worth in the world of art, whatever was its virtue in the world of acting men, and whatever nobility of thought and character it voiced. Yet were old Tyrtaeus and the corn-law rhymers true poets, and Whittier would be a true poet if "Snow Bound" and the "Tent on the Beach" had never been written, but only the "Songs of Labor" and the "Voices of Freedom." In point of art the greatest of Whittier's poems were the first two mentioned. There was the "rounded art" in Whittier and there was also the seer like power. Most readers of this poet would say that they valued him, next after his service for freedom and a truer patriotism and citizenship, for the more inspiring religious insight he has helped them to and to a broader and nobler view of the divine government and nature. Whittier was born into a time and place in which the merciless old theology was supreme, and the more he came to know it the more his Quaker soul recoiled and fought it. It was the Quaker in Whittier which formed the point of contact between him and Emerson and the Transcendentalists and which made him a regular, direct and efficient factor in the reform of religion in New England, of which Emer-