

read, at the family fireside, some of the poems of Burns, it was a revelation to the ardent boy, not yet understanding himself. He begged the book from the schoolmaster, and has told us in the charming poem on "Burns" of that never to be forgotten day in the "early harvest mowing," when the sun and clouds were at play, and the fragrant breezes blowing about them in his retreat:

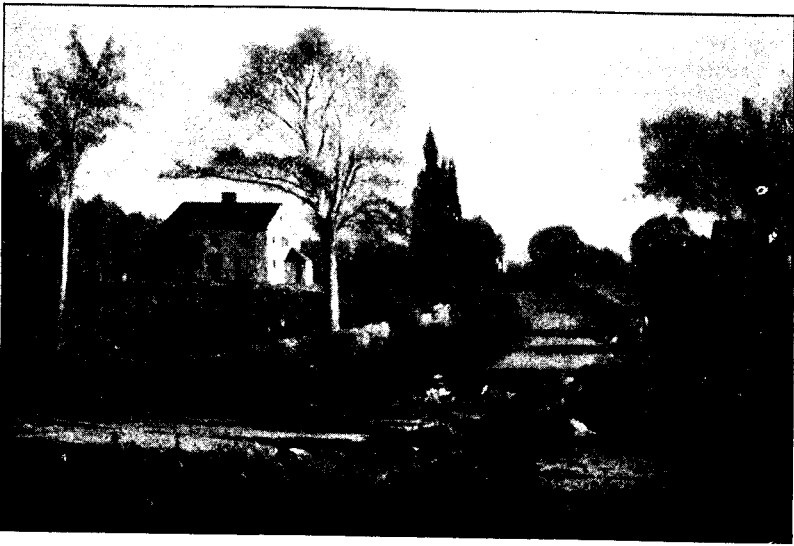
" Full oft that day, with fond delay
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang, with Burns, the hours away.
Forgetful of the meadow.

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrel leaping,
The good dog listened, as I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping."

tional judgments, as well as to emphasize that thought of human brotherhood which our age so urgently needs to settle its most perplexing problems. And Whittier, though one of the purest of poets,—*sans reproche* as well as *sans peur*, felt so strongly his obligations to Burns in this and other respects that, unlike some who visit with disproportionate severity certain classes of sins, while condoning others at least as dangerous, he can "gently scan his brother man" and declare sincerely and fearlessly:

" Sweet soul of song, I own my debt,
Uncancelled by thy failings!"

To some we know this will seem flat heresy, but "*Non ragioniam di lor!*"



Whittier's birthplace, Haverhill, Mass.

Like Burns too, is Whittier's loving sympathy with the dumb creation, which indeed ought to be characteristic of every true poet and lover of nature; for are not our humble fellow creatures the most interesting portion of the multifiform environment we call "Nature?" This was one of their points of union; and another, still stronger, was the inborn hatred of oppression, hypocrisy, and sham of all kinds which rings so clearly through the lyrics of both. Some of Whittier's political poems, such as, "The Poor Voter on Election Day," the "The Old South," are inspired by the same "hate of hate" and "scorn of scorn," which gave us "A Man's a Man for a' That," and others of Burns' finest verses. Both have helped to clear the world of shams and conven-

Whittier was far too much of a poet to be a dogmatist. As he said himself:—

" My human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds."

The straitness of the severe old New England theology repelled every instinct of his loving heart, and he aspired to be Christian in *essence* rather than "orthodox" in *form*. John Woolman was his own "embodiment of ideal Quakerism," as he expressed it to the writer to whom he gave his own edition of "John Woolman's Diary," with an introduction by himself, a volume which, in every line, might well put to shame a large proportion of the easy-going self-seeking "Christians" of our mammon-worshipping age. Its spirit may be divined from