WHITTIER.

IN a remarkably literal sense of the word, Whittier exemplified the "given name" of the religious sect to whose faith he was born. He was essentially, enthusiastically, and conscientiously a Friend. Friendship was his ideal, his comfort, and, in a measure, his occupation. Lifelong loneliness, always tending to that cultivation of varied comradeship which marriage usually renders impracticable, may have to some extent accounted for the peculiar warmth of feeling and fidelity of conduct with which he followed the delicate affections that serve as substitutes for the vital passions of life. But quite aside from that leisure of the soul necessary to pursue the dreams of the heart, he was born to the purple of friendship, and wore it easily.

He was not a man of one friend or of two, but of many. Who can claim to have come nearest him? In truth, I believe no one of us all. The final proof that one stood in the outer courts of any real knowledge of him, would consist in the belief that the especial allegiance of that deep and affectionate nature was offered to one's self. His reserve, after all, was something unapproachable. We were many. He was one. Faithful to the uttermost, he never fell short of the loyalty of friendship; but he did not go beyond that vague line where it is impossible to fulfil the just expectations of one whom we love. He kept his friendships where he could sustain them. That in itself is not so common a thing that we can pass it by without a thought. Indeed, I believe it to have been one of the most valuable factors in his personal influence, which was always profound.

The first time that I ever saw his handwriting was, I think, in 1864 or 1865, possibly later. Unhappily, out of scores of valuable letters, this first one, treasured above them all, is missing; but the young recipient knew it by heart soon enough. It seems impossible to avoid saying that the letter contained the first important literary recognition which came to a self-distrustful girl who expected nothing, and who climbed Andover Hill from the post-office, breathless and agitated, clinging to that envelop as if it were the scepter from the throne of a great and gorgeous realm.

The letter expressed an opinion of a little magazine story. What it meant to the timid young author one must have been in her place to understand. In similar positions many others do understand. In this case that unsought letter was the beginning of an inspiration covering a space of almost thirty years. The veriest tyro in literature — the ignorant or the obtuse or the designing — who thrust volumes of poems upon him for "opinions," and hopeless manuscripts for revision, I am sure had from him the kindest word that could be said under the circumstances. To genuine power, hard work, and personal modesty he was always ready to respond.

Our correspondence, always irregular, but deepening in value and intimacy as time passed, had covered some years before I saw him. He was always hoping to come to my father's house, but, as is well known, outside of his family and a group of old friends he did not visit easily, and shrank from a new interior as from a new planet. It was at the home of friends dear to us both, in Boston, that at last I met him.

During the latter part of his life there were two homes, in one of which he was quite sure to be found if by any Boston hearth, and both of which are so well known, each in its own way, for especial charm in hospitality, that one need ask no pardon of the distinguished hostesses for the mention of their names.

In the library of Mrs. James T. Fields, in Charles street, many of the choicest spirits of our day have met. In the drawing-room of Mrs. William Claflin, on Mount Vernon street, men and women eminent for something which made it a privilege to know them were sure to be found. In both of these homes, though differing in some other characteristics, life meant more than entertainment, which was of use only as it could nourish a high range of thought, or feeling, or usefulness; and the prophet of Amesbury felt at home in these rare circles. People of power and people in earnest met there, and the poet of freedom found his kin among them. Shy, evasive, never to be counted upon even if expected, liable at the last moment to be deviated by a headache or shrouded in a Danvers snow-storm, his presence was always one of the blessings more precious because uncertain; and he was welcomed as few men can be.

I think it was in Mount Vernon street that I first saw his face, hitherto familiar to me only by the photograph of his own choosing which he had sent me years before. He was called from up-stairs, where, I am sorry to think now, he was probably struggling for a moment of the precious sleep for which he had to fight so hard. He was always a poor sleeper, suffering many things because of the infirmity of sensitive organizations; and the excitement of visiting invariably increased the difficulty. Often he would fly home to his snow-banks and his solitude after three or four days' vision of "the world," driven away by the simple impossibility of getting sleep enough to live. Tenderly sheltered as he was by the friends under whose roof he had flitted, it was still impossible to protect him altogether from the clamorous calls upon his personality. The report that Mr. Whittier was in Boston was enough to start a pilgrimage to the shrine where his hostess shielded him. One day, presto! she looked, and he had fled. His rare appearances and sudden disappearances reminded one of the bird in the old Northumbrian banquet-hall, that flitted through, and out again into the night.

On this morning he came in across the thick carpet with that nervous but soft step which every one who ever saw him remembers. Straight as his own pine-tree, high of stature, and lofty of mien, he moved like a flash of light or thought. The first impression which one received was of such eagerness to see his friends that his heart outran his feet. He seemed to suppose that he was receiving, not extending the benediction; and he offered the delicate tribute to his friend of allowing him to perceive the sense of debt. It would have been the subtlest flattery, had he not been the most honest and straightforward of men. We talked — how can I say of what? Or of what not? We talked till our heads ached and our throats were sore; and when we had finished we began again. I remember being surprised at his quick, almost boyish, sense of fun, and at the ease with which he rose from it into the atmosphere of the gravest, even the most solemn, discussion. He was a delightful converser, amusing, restful, stimulating, and inspiring at once.

The deafness which afterward grew to be so severe a trial to him, and to some extent a real barrier to communication with him, was then but slight, and I had no trouble in making myself intelligible enough to sustain a conversation. That first morning was the forerunner of others like it. Sometimes at his own home, but more often in Boston, we continued the talks which were to me among the most helpful influences of the years whose flight they mark. It is impossible to say how often I saw him; in point of numbers the occasions were fewer than they appear to have been, for in depth and breadth of thought and feeling they seem to have covered spaces as large as those between the stars. Almost painful is the picture which my heart carries of his patient and cheerful but heavy loneliness. Friends never failed him, and it is well known that in the various homes which he chose to make his own by adoption, he received all that watchful affection could give him from those who felt it a privilege to minister to his daily comfort. But the real burden of a solitary life is not felt till age approaches. In youth we take it up lightly. Middle life presses it hard; and as the evening of our days comes on, the heart cries out for its defrauded rights. Little signs of that deep and guarded tenderness of his, which would have so bountifully enriched the nearest relations of life, pathetically crept to the surface sometimes. Some of them one cannot recall without tears; they are too sacred to submit themselves to description. He seemed to me, beloved, nay, adored as he was, and affectionately cared for, one of the loneliest men I ever knew.

"How do you spend the days?" I asked once in midwinter. He had then begun to grow quite deaf; he was somewhat lame; and a weakness of the eyes forbade his reading or writing except under the most limited conditions. He glanced over my head into the snow-storm — not drearily, but with one of his gravest looks.

"Oh," he said patiently, "I play with the dogs, or I go out and see the horses. And then I talk to Phœbe — and I go into my study and sit awhile."

"There is always some one to talk to," he said again, in his gentle, grateful way, as if he were privileged in this respect. To one who knows what the New England country winter is to an invalid, house-bound, burdened with nervous disorders, and denied the pursuance of his favorite occupations, the cheerful acquiescence of this gifted and really restless man in his deprivations was a lesson not to be forgotten.

Exquisitely sensitive to discouragement or to applause, he was, it is well known, as modest a genius as ever set a winged foot upon our planet. Once, when some moving tribute from the outside world had reached him, some "benediction of the air" that touched him more than usual, I ventured on one of those inanities into which we sometimes lapse, "under the impression," as Mr. Howells puts it, "that it would be uncivil not to go on saying something." The trite comment ran to the effect that he ought to get a good measure of actual happiness out of such relations as he held to his loving public.

"Oh, I 'm a fraud!" he answered quickly, rising and moving restlessly about. "I 'm a fraud! They have n't found me out — that 's all."

Wishing, years after, to attribute this reply to him, in some use which I was making of it, I wrote for his permission to do so, and received the following answer — plainly that of a man too modest even to be willing to claim the credit of his own modesty:

I have no recollection of the "saying" quoted in thy letter. Possibly I may have said something of the kind in regard to the *over-estimation* of my writings. I have always thought I passed for more than I was worth.

"Pardon," he writes at the end of a kind and patient letter, full of the most valuable literary assistance to his correspondent—"pardon these suggestions of slight defects in thy poem"!

Of a certain attempt to spur the consciences of frivolous women, he wrote:

It is the old Christian testimony which the Puritan and Quaker bore in their better days; and it never was more needed than now. The war has demoralized all — the contagion of its shoddy extravagance has reached everybody. The Church and the world are alike infected. It has entered cradle and nursery, and turned the sweet simplicity and grace of childhood into a fashionable scarecrow. Think of these grotesque caricatures of womanhood at the ballot-box! Of legislators in panniers and bustles, scant of clothing where it is most needed, and loaded down with it where it is not!

"I feel every change in temperature with a sensitiveness that I am ashamed of," he pleads as a reason for deferring a seaside visit which he desired to make. Then, with his swift cheerfulness:

The Lord in his loving-kindness has hung his wonderful pictures on all our hills and woods this autumn. I never saw such colors.

Again:

I thank thee for the offer of the Florida cottage, but I must live if I can, and die if I must, in Yankee-land.

Thus far the summer has not brought me the release from pain and weakness which I expected. I am only comfortable when body and mind are idle. Time passes so swiftly, there is so much I want to say and do, and this enforced leisure is so barren of results! . . . I have been reading Samuel Johnson's "Oriental Religions"— the last big volume upon Chinese ethics and faith, if faith it can be called. I am more and more astonished that such a man as Confucius could have made his appearance amidst the dull and heavy commonplaceness of his people. No wiser soul ever spoke of right and duty; but his maxims have no divine sanctions, and his pictures of a perfect society have no perspective opening to eternity. Our Dr. Franklin was quite of the Confucian order — though a much smaller man.

I have just been reading Canon Farrar's sermons on the "Eternal Hope." And I agree with him in the title of one of them, that "*Life is worth* living," even if one can't sleep the biggest part of it away. Thee and I get more out of it, after all, than these sleek-headed folk who sleep o'night. . . . I quite sympathize with thee in what thee say of the "causes." Against all my natural inclinations I have been fighting for them half my life. "Woe is me, my mother!" I can say with the old prophet, "who has borne me, a man of strife and contention." I have suffered dreadfully from coarseness, self-seeking, vanity, and stupidity among associates, as well as from the coldness, open hostility, and, worst, the ridicule of the outside world; but I now see that it was best, and that I needed it all.

What a pity it is that we cannot shut down the gate, and let the weary wheels rest awhile! For myself, I have to work hard to be idle; I have to make it a matter of duty to ignore duty, and amuse myself with simple stories, play with dogs and cattle, and talk nonsense as if I were not a Quaker. Dr. Bowditch says that a man of active brain ought to make a fool of himself occasionally and unbend at all hazards to his dignity. But to some of us life is too serious and its responsibilities too awful for such a remedy. The unsolved mystery presses hard upon us.

I have been ill ever since, but I went [to the Holmes breakfast] for the good Doctor's sake. He and I are very old friends, not merely literary friends. We *love* each other.

I miss Fields, it seems to me, more and more — a light too early quenched, a loss irreparable. . . . I cannot tell thee how his death shocked me. . . . Ah, me! if I had only known what was to be! He was my friend of nearly forty years; never a shadow rested for a moment on the sunshine of that friendship. It is a terrible loss. . . . With him it must be well. He loved much, pitied much, but never hated. He was Christ-like in kindness and sympathy, and in doing good. How strange that I outlive him! But my turn will soon come. God grant I may meet it with something of his simple trust and cheerfulness!

It was a disappointment not to be able to see Longfellow then, and much more after his death; but I am glad I went on that last Sabbath, and that thee was with me. . . . Ah, well! as Wordsworth asked, after commemorating the friends who had left him: "Who next shall fall and disappear?" I await the answer with awe and solemnity, and yet with unshaken trust in the mercy of the All Merciful. . . .

I have suffered much from this spring. Our lawn is now green, the magnolia buds are swelling, and the hepaticas and violets begin to appear, and when the golden dandelion comes it will be really spring. I would rather see these flowers in the world beyond than the golden streets we are told of.

Why should thee wish to step out of the line of march? Why envy those who fall by the way? So long as the east winds do not torment thee, and thee can go a-Maying in the coldest rain-storm that ever blows over Andover Hill, life must be worth living. And it would not be worth so much for some of us if thee deserted us. I wish thee would think of that, and hold on. . . . I think I have left a great many roses in my life for fear of the thorns. We all do. But my life has been, after all, a reasonably happy one. With all its drawbacks, I like this world of ours. I sit here in my room with the portraits of my mother and sister, Emerson and Longfellow, and Starr King and

Garrison. My old neighbors look in. When my eyes will let me, I read. A great pile of unanswered letters is in sight, and is not likely to grow smaller. Among them are many kind and loving messages from old friends. . . .

These November days of Indian summer make me happy that I have lived to see them.

I am glad to be permitted once more to see the miracle of spring.

I wish I could talk with thee instead of writing, for which I have just now neither time nor strength. The suffrage question, the temperance reform movement, the condition of the freedmen of the South, and especially the religious and scientific questions of the day. . . . The foundations seem breaking up. I only hope that if the planks and stagings of human device give way, we shall find the Eternal Rock beneath. We can do without Bible or Church. We cannot do without God; and of him we are sure. All that science and criticism can urge cannot shake the self-evident truth that he asks me to be true, just, merciful, and loving; and because he asks me to be so, I know that he is himself what he requires of me.

I gave —— a friendly caution. I think she has not gone out after mediums, but something seems to have come to her. I have never seen anything of this strange matter, and have no wish to. But there is something in it, I have no doubt; and I hope the scientific gentlemen of the Psychical Research will be able to explain it. I can wait, and, in the very nature of things, I shall not have to wait long, to learn the mystery beyond the veil. If I cannot know, I can believe and trust. I shall be glad if a fuller revelation can come for those who now can do neither.

I have read with lively interest the Psychic Reports. I am glad the subject is taken hold by such men in such a way. They are slowly unlocking some of the outer doors of the great mystery, and the sound of their opening reverberates infinitely beyond.

General Gordon — my hero — is dead; an unselfish enthusiast of humanity. No more wonderful figure has for centuries passed across the disk of our planet.

As to the "memorial," if one must be, I hope it will be brief and dry. There is little or nothing to say of my life, and my poor rhymes speak for themselves. . . . Still, I should be glad to think that one . . . closely in sympathy with me would feel like saying a kind and tender word for me when I can no longer speak for myself. I trust thee to do it, as thee did it for Fields. Perhaps I shall be permitted to know of it; at any rate, my friends will. And there let the great silence fall.

I have just been to see an old friend, a little in advance of me in age. We talked as men talk who listen the while for the inevitable summons, solemnly and yet not unhopeful. I am not sure I am any better for my long life — any nearer to God; but *he* seems nearer to me, and that comforts me.

There remain only a few more lines — weak, weary, uncertainly defined, bearing the stamp of farewell which is so apt to set itself upon the last words that the hand directs. So far as can be learned, the last letter which he wrote to any person came to Gloucester. One other at least went to one of his publishers in Boston upon the same day; but there is some reason to think that it was written before he penned the few final words that rest among my sacred treasures.

And here "the great silence falls."

It was at his own door in Amesbury that we saw him last — longer ago than I like to think of now. His manner was not without emotion, full and solemn, and his deep eyes had the look of those who think "it is the last time." With the courtliness not expected of the Quaker hermit, but which he knew so well how to carry when he would, "May I?" he asked my husband, gravely, awaiting his permission to salute the bride. With blinded eyes and bowed head I left him. A prophet of God had blessed us, and we departed from his pure presence silently.

So many times it has been said that it is too soon to fix the place of the dead poet in literature that one is already rather weary, not to say a little critical, of the iteration. What Whittier has been and is to the American people and to English poetry we know quite well; what he is to be a hundred years hence will take care of itself. A man who has done what he has for his contemporaries may be forgotten by the future, but is not likely to be; and is less likely to be precisely because of the peculiar nature of his service. We may call that service high, for this is a noble and affluent adjective, but I believe it to be, in certain important respects, unapproached and unapproachable.

It is not so long ago but that some of his old friends remember the laggardness with which his true position as a poet was recognized by critics to whose traditions a man of the people, without conventional education or social experience, and hampered by the confines of an evangelical faith,— to say nothing of the barriers of a limited sect,— was an alien and a puzzle.

Over twenty years ago, a loyal friend of the Quaker poet's was in the company of two of the most eminent men whom this nation has given to English literature, when the conversation turned upon Whittier.

"Whittier is coming up," observed one of the gentlemen, thoughtfully.

"Yes," replied the other; "ye-es."

"He has written some good things," returned the first.

"Yes," answered the second; "*some*."

To-day, were these men living, they would have been among the first to do him reverence; their ivy wreaths would have taken the places of honor upon the poet's grave; and they would have led critical opinion in their characterization of his unique position in the English-writing world. That it is a unique position, I believe we shall become more and more, rather than less and less, convinced as time turns the leaf that holds the record of his fame.

It is not a truth altogether honorable to human nature, or at least to literary nature, to admit, but it is a truth, that a profoundly religious man is for that reason at a disadvantage with the sponsors of critical opinion, when he enters the world of literature as a power too important to be ignored or patronized.

A keen old English essayist, not too much read in our light day, has written a series of papers upon the "Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." The old-fashioned title of John Foster's essay is an argument in itself. Such an aversion unquestionably exists, and the fact that it does exist must be taken into account in any estimate *of* the estimate by which the work of a deeply spiritual nature is adjudged.

To possess no particular belief, or next to none; to find one's self in those ecclesiastical connections to which one is born as one is born to family or fortune; to hold religious faith easily, as one holds the slender stem of a champagne-glass, lifting it or setting it down in the intervals of the after-dinner chat of life; even to cultivate sacred emotions as a poetic impulse, at twilight, on June Sundays, when listening to an oratorio, or when in the presence of Niagara or the Matterhorn — this can be understood.

The religious faith of a man thoroughly and terribly in earnest is another matter. By this, the temperament which is apt to go to the making of professional critics is perplexed; at it they look askance; to it they refer when they are forced to, not before.

To sum in a word a thought with which pages might be crowded:

To believe certain doctrines is, *per se*, to be a Philistine. To hold to certain religious limitations is essentially barbaric. Our reigning culture recognizes certain conditions as necessary to finished achievement. Failing of these, whether by accident or by determination, a great genius pushes his way at odds with the literary sympathies of his time. His brow knows sweat and thorns and blood before it knows the laurel. He carries his torch, as the old racer in the Greek game carried his, against the wind.

To Whittier in his earlier years this laggard recognition brought his full share of the discipline which is peculiar to genius, and which no lesser spirit can suppose itself to understand. But he conquered it — the world knows how thoroughly. He was never in the least unperceptive of the facts of his literary history. Once he was found in the library of one of his Boston friends, silent and sad, in a mood not usual to him. Seeking to cheer him, his hostess ventured some quiet words reminding him of the deep personal affection in which he was held the wide world over. His morning mail lay beside him. She pointed to the pile of grateful and adoring letters.

"Ah, yes," he said; "but they say Tennyson has written a perfect poem."

Whittier's simplicity of metrical form has received its full share of attention. Really, when one remembers what metrical whims and fads have won their way to high approval, one turns to his serene melody with a sense of repose. Grant that the peculiarities of his environment affected "the music in him" to a certain extent. We do not expect a waltz of a Quaker. Triolets and rondeaux, and experiments in rhyme and time, may occupy lesser pens than his. The simplicity of his form is so inwrought with the stern, strong purpose of his inspiration, that it would be hard for us to conceive of him as using any other; it is doubtful if any other would have achieved either his ethical or his poetic ends. He was no dilettante at life, and his art took on the strains of his unresting and unremitting earnestness.

> His rhyme
> Beat often labor's hurried time,
> Or duty's rugged march through storm and strife.

I think it will be the judgment of the future that his instinct and his taste were both unerring in this respect, and that, artistically considered, what he said was best said in the simple, natural way in which he chose to say it. His genius did not blunder because he lived in Amesbury and attended "silent meeting" under the Quaker dispensation.

It has been said till it says itself that Whittier was the people's poet. This is true; but he was more than that. He was the poet of a broad humanity, and he was the poet of a living faith. His songs of freedom, which, perhaps, in his heart's depths he cherished more than any other phase of his life's work, were superb outbursts. He sang them as the prophets of Israel spoke in their holy trances. The spirit of God constrained him. He was a literary Hebrew. Of course it scarcely need be said that he was no Hellene. The Hellene does not trouble himself about "causes." In Whittier the sense of moral responsibility awoke his genius. His "artless art," as it has been well called, was best developed in his later years, when the freed slave and the saved country gave an interval of rest to that uncompromising New England conscience which is vaguely labeled Puritan by the outside intelligence of London, Paris, or New York, and which is liable to make the greatest failures and the greatest successes in American literature.

The blazing heart and pen which put Whittier's antislavery usefulness in the selected list of service second only to that of "Uncle Tom," did not stop at the negroes. He sang the songs of labor, through their various key-notes, loyally. His hatred of oppression was vitriolic. His faith in democracy was something not to be called less than grand. He spent himself on the great needs of humanity, and the great heart of humanity answered him. He went to that as straight as a cry of nature; and he uplifted it as truly as the hand of Heaven. The common people heard him gladly. He stands apart in their choice and their affection, even from the dearest of the great pentarchy of American poets to which he belonged.

"I would crawl on my hands," said the author of a volume which critics and scholars had approved, but of which the people knew nothing—"I would crawl on my hands and knees till I sank, if I could write a book that the plain people would read and love!" Whittier's poetry stands by the simple old test that tries all the other relations of life, and from which the relation of genius to recognition is no exception.

The people loved him because he loved the people. It was his honor that he loved them nobly. He did not sink to their small or special phases. He sings to the strength, not to the weakness, of the soul; he does not conciliate passion and surrender; he suggests prayer and power; and as a substitute for temptation he enforces aspiration. I have sometimes thought that I would rather give a man on the verge of a great moral lapse a marked copy of Whittier than any other book in our language. In a word, he represents the broadest because he represents the purest elements of life.

It remains only to say the shortest, simplest, truest word of all that can be said for his dear and honored name. We shall remember him longest because of the largest thing which he did for us; and what that is, it is not possible to doubt.

He gave us the music of human freedom, of human brotherhood, of passionate human purity, of an intimacy with nature more widely comprehensible than that of Wordsworth, and scarcely surpassed by that inspired pantheist. But he gave us something beyond all this: he gave us faith in God.

In an age when doubt darkens the bravest heart; when science and art grope for their Author and find him not; when it is scholarly to disbelieve, and cultivated to scoff, and superior to outgrow the faith of our childhood, and a sign of intellectual caste to abandon the convictions of a sturdy religious character; and when genius (what we have left of it) deviates into little sketches of little subjects, and cuts cross-paths through mire, and walks blindfold under the stars — this poet, being dedicated, has done more to hold the faith of the American people to the God of their fathers than any other one man in our nation.

We do not say that he has held us to the dogmas of our fathers. A paper on the theology of Whittier has been one of the valuable tributes called out by his death; but in the popular sense of the word Whittier had no theology. It was one of the secrets of his great religious influence that he sang only of the simple essentials of faith — God, Christ, and immortality.

As he did not write of small subjects, so he never took the smaller view of a large subject. He was as free from the cage of sectarianism as a Danvers thrush rising from the tree-tops of Oak Knoll on a May morning. He soared when he sang. He poured out the truths that men must live by, and that they can afford to die by, or die for.

Whittier has been called the poet of consolation so often that we may need to remind ourselves that he is, first, the poet of belief. But when we observe the extent to which belief grows out of consolation, we understand the easy order of precedence. Unless we except that master who lies dead in state as these words are written,—the great author of "In Memoriam,"—above any poet of his age Whittier may be called the comforter.

What is it that gives "Snow-Bound" its eternal hold upon our admiration and affection? The exquisite sketches of nature and New England interiors? The snow on the wood-pile? The realism of the group beside the fire? The "Flemish pictures of old days"? Ah, no, no. Ask a million mourners who have scorched the pages of that poem with blessed tears. They know. It is the comfort offered to the broken heart:

> The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
> That Life is ever lord of Death,
> And Love can never lose its own.

Who else has gone down with us as he has gone into the Valley of the Shadow? Expression falters, even after the lapse of years, when we try to say what he has been to us in that den of death. In the silence that falls upon the soul's debt when it goes too deep for speech or language, he is most profoundly — as he will be oftenest and longest — honored. The best tribute to Whittier will never be written. The heart of the people holds it. He who consecrated everything else — genius, fame, love, and death — has taught us how to consecrate desolation and anguish — the last and hardest lesson of them all; to "rest the soul" on God's

> Immortal love and Fatherhood,
> And trust him as his children should.

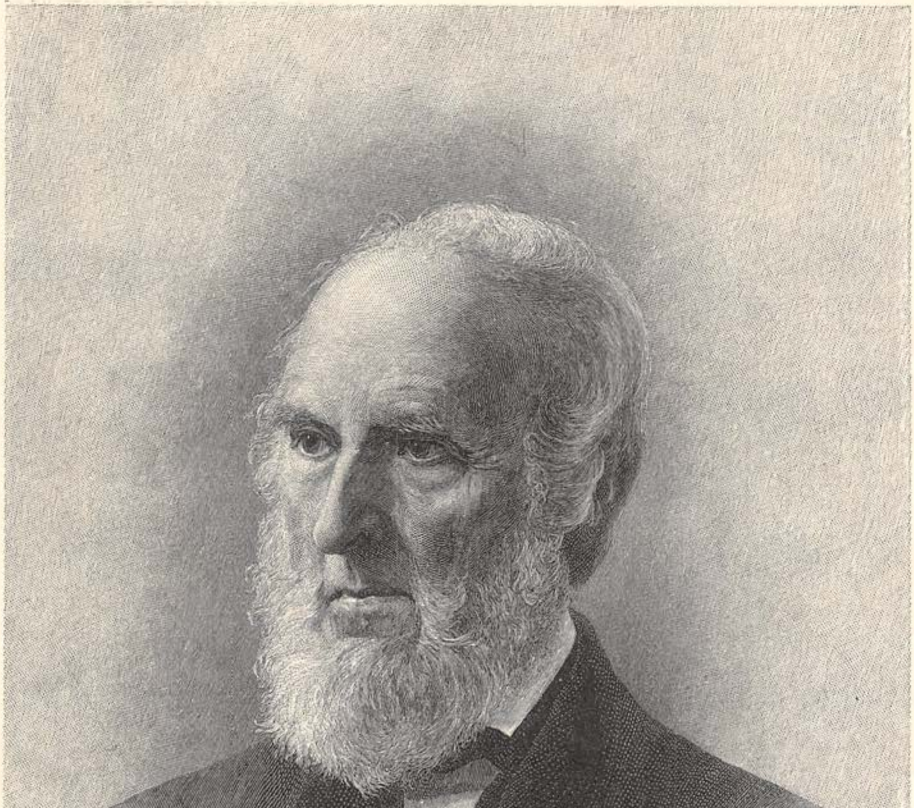
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted,
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue,
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

John G. Whittier

Sixth Mo. 11. 1879.



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