

There are such queer arrangements here anyway,
I really don't like them at all.

There's a flag on the steeple
To announce to the people
When the First Prep. lessons are bad.
I'm much grieved to say
It's been there every day,
It makes all us GOOD students mad.
And though I've had every lesson just right,
Not a single blue mark have I had.

There's a classical specimen in the front yard,
From the botanical gardens, I think,
It's the old Plymouth rock,—
Though I don't take much stock
In the stories that five seniors told,—
Pocahontas's foot
Right in it is put.
It cost two million dollars in gold.
Miles Standish's writing I read there quite plain,
Though it's a hundred and fifty years old.

I haven't joined any society yet,
Though the girls are all crazy for me.
All three clubs are good,
Though it's well understood,
That the Palladian is always the best.
Their hall is immense,
They have spared no expense,
They are miles ahead of the rest.
Indeed it's the finest society I've seen;
It's glories can't be expressed.

Th Palls have the jolliest times, 'tis said,
The gayest old larks in the Uni.
There picnic this summer
I'm sure was a hummer,
'T was arranged by Lewis et al.
Of couples were eight,
The girls paid the — freight,
The ice cream consumed was five gal.
So, considering all these advantages,
I've decided to join the Pall.

Oh! I've met the prettiest girl to-day,
As sweet as rosy peaches;
With teeth like pearl!
Oh! my head's in a whirl;
The boys vulgarly call it a "mash."
I really adore her,
The other boys bore her;
Still I shall do nothing rash.
But I really must treat her to ice cream real soon.
By the way, can't you send me some cash?

Whittier.

On September 7, 1892, this nation was turned from joy and peace to sorrow and mourning. It was not the scholar nor the philosopher, not the statesman nor the philanthropist, that came nearest to the hearts of the American people. It was to a plain, sweet, simple, but strong man that was paid this last tribute of respect. The sweet singer who had given to common life its ennobling touch and interpretation, was no more. The man whose soul rang out in the pure music of his verse had yielded to the inevitable. A poet, a thinker, yea, more than that, a reformer, had passed away. John Greenleaf Whittier was dead.

His memory will long be cherished in the valley of the Merrimack, but his influence extended beyond his birthplace. To the West, his songs were an inspiration to duty. To the South, that once knew his voice only as the trumpet tone of a hostile force, he was as dear as to those who sat at his feet as he sung. He was an old and welcomed friend, not only to the student in his study, to the workers in the shop and factory, but to the whole people. He was loved and cherished as prophet, apostle and pastor.

His songs have brought joy and peace to the searching, the suffering and the sorrowing. The simplicity of faith, the calm spirit of trustfulness, the peaceful willingness to wait for

til mysteries should be made clear and hidden things brought to light—all these have been a support to the weak, a blessed companionship to the strong. Exerting such an influence, the multitudes were comforted by his confidence. They believed in that which he believed and loved that which he loved.

Whittier's life was free from personal adventure. The youth did not indicate the future poet, for the poet, beyond all other men, thrives best when he is least called upon to struggle, and puts forth his choicest gems while living at ease and in meditation. With the exception of one year, his education was obtained in the common schools. Limited, also, was his opportunity for self improvement. Too poor to buy books, he borrowed them from the few libraries the neighborhood afforded. He was all his life a stranger to the influences of college culture and of foreign travel. While at the academy, he borrowed a volume of Burn's poems. These were a revelation to him—a heaven upon earth. His life as a poet dates from this time. The valley around him was now peopled with life. The woods made him a partaker in their mysteries. The stars looked down upon him kindly. He continued to labor for others, but his thoughts were his own.

When twenty-two years of age, he entered upon his life-work as editor. Political and moral questions first occupied his attention, but these broadened in the direction of literature. In all his work, he was ever ready to help the needy, to sooth the sorrowing, and to aid the oppressed. The voice of duty was to him the voice of God.

He became deeply interested in the slavery question, and in him the slave found a ready advocate. It needed a man of unlimited versatility and of strong human sympathy to face public sentiment on this question. It needed a man who could not only be a Jew to the Jews, a Greek to the Greeks, but a Roman to the Romans; a man who could encounter not only rabbis in their synagogues, but proud magistrates in their courts of justice and philosophers in their haunts of learning. Such a man was found in John Greenleaf Whittier. He had the conviction to do right and the courage to be true. His office was sacked and burned and his personal property destroyed. It was a heavy penalty to pay for the expression of free speech in a free country. But he paid it without a murmur, comforted by the consciousness of duty performed and sustained by the certainty of the ultimate triumph of principles for which he contended. His paper might be destroyed, but while he lived the voice of freedom should be heard. He had the faith that right makes might, and in that faith he dared to do his duty.

Whittier, the poet, did not differ from Whittier, the man. There has been no contradiction between the two. The man was loved through the poet. For the general appreciation of his artistic merits, the poet had to wait for the success of his co-laborer. It was not until after the war, that he was everywhere acclaimed as one of the chief lyrical representatives of his country. He was not, however, a conscious advocate of art—for art's sake. His whole nature was steeped in a sense of duty and responsibility. It is doubtful if he could comprehend beauty divorced from goodness. His conception of the poet was rather that of the bard, who elevates, than that of the maker, whose only purpose is to please. With him the possession of artistic powers implied a divine commission to lift, to invigorate and to purify mankind.

He loved nature as much as he loved man. It was a pleasure to paint the scenes of his childhood; the fields in which he had played, the hills which he had climbed, and the woods through which he had roamed in search of wild flowers. With such high ideals, and such noble simplicity, what wonder that his songs have given strength and courage, that his poetry unites earth with heaven?