

to the lamented Dr. J. G. Holland. He was a sculptor who wrought in human destinies,—hewing away the evil,—rounding out and embellishing the good—an artist whose canvas was the broad background of human life on which he brought out in purest harmony, the lights and shadows of truth, purity and integrity.

His large and varied experience, together with his susceptible nature, gave him a knowledge of humanity rarely paralleled, and eminently fitted him for the part he was to play in the world's drama. He saw in his fellow-man nobler possibilities than he attained, and taught him how to conquer his faults and make them stepping-stones to higher things. He saw, in the popular vices of the day, blighted hopes and crushed ambition; and no hero on the field of battle ever displayed greater bravery than Holland in sustaining honor against the poisoned darts of her foes. To face the bayonet requires a less exalted degree of courage than to face a popular sin. From a teacher in the public schools, he became the school-master of America in the department of moral integrity; and no educator ever had a more consummate knowledge of the defects and capabilities of his pupils.

As journalist, Holland was poet, novelist, essayist and historian in one. In the style and character of his essays, he bears a marked resemblance to Matthews. Both are bold, earnest and concise; both guide the foot-steps of aspiring youth in the road to success; both are pre-eminently educators. In the works of Matthews, while we may be more deeply impressed with the profound scholarship of the author, we miss the winning grace, and the gentle reverence which pervade the works of Holland. In this quality of his writings he is not unlike Longfellow. Although his fame has been won chiefly as an essayist and novelist, few poems have acquired a wider popularity than some of his. In the realm of American poetry, *Kathrina* is second, only, in the extent of its circulation to the *Hiawatha* of Longfellow. This work, the story of two beautiful lives, is the gem of his poetic writings. Replete with pleasing figures, it lures the reader on with a fascination peculiarly its own. One becomes interested at once in the child-life of little Paul, who, on his fourteenth birthday, is led by his mother for a ramble into the country. While she is chatting with a friend, the child-heart is touched by the piteous cries of a tethered lambkin. He loosens it for a little while, when the lamb slips his grasp, leaps the garden fence and flees away. The child frightened at what he has done hastily pursues. On and on the playful lamb gambols among the bushes, wending its way up the mountain side, Paul following the tinkle of its silver bell,—till out of breath, the child pauses, and with a thrill of surprise finds himself at the summit. Gazing over the magnificent expanse of country, the town and valley beneath new and strange impulses thrill him. He feels his childhood vanish, and in its place the budding aspirations of manhood. Relating his novel adventure the quick mother-heart detects the fire of aroused ambition, and gently seeks to give it wise direction,—

"My Paul has climbed the noblest mountain height  
In all his little world, and gazed on scenes  
As beautiful as rest beneath the sun.  
I trust he will remember all his life  
That, to his best achievement, and the spot  
Closest to heaven his youthful feet have trod,  
He has been guided by a guileless lamb.  
It is an omen which his mother's heart  
Will treasure with her jewels."

words which in after life resounded in his ears with

prophetic meaning, when his dying wife, his "guileless lamb," *Kathrina* was about to slip the mortal leash and flee away to the mountain heights of heaven, and in pleading tones,—the tinkle of the silver bell,—besought her sorrowing Paul to follow her thither.

In the early history of Arthur Bonycastle, one of his finest characters, are graphically portrayed his own early struggles with poverty. The tender love of the devoted father is but the repetition of his own gentle father's tender love for him. It was ever the greatest grief of this indulgent parent's life that he was unable to give his aspiring son the liberal education he so much craved. But talent, fired by ambition, struggles to the surface, despite all obstacles, and Holland was no exception to the rule.

The advent of this gifted man into the ranks of the editorial profession, marks the beginning of a new era in the history of secular journalism. He was one of the first to introduce into this department of literature, the discussion of social, moral, philanthropic and religious topics.

Holland never bowed at the shrine of art; but art, moved by his noble mission, lent her wings to bear his wholesome lessons to the heart of humanity; and much of the secret of his popularity may be found in that he gives definite utterance to our purest instincts, and finds an echo in our hearts. He has thus definitely expressed his own lofty purpose in life,—“I account the honor of occupying a pure place in the popular heart,—of being welcomed, in God's name, into the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings, and high issues,—of being recognized as among the beneficent forces of society, the highest honor to be worked for and won beneath the stars.”

Of puritan lineage, he was the living verification of his own words that “Manliness's godliness expressed in human character.” The author's own pure character is breathed again in his creations.

America may have produced men of greater genius,—men who have dazzled their time more brilliantly, but who shall say they have rendered their age more effective service? An upright character, a noble ambition is the corner-stone of all true progress; and the highest tribute we can pay to the worth of this most eminent moralist and philanthropist, and that which would find the warmest echo in his heart, may be expressed in these simple words, He has given me broader views of life,—he has made me better.

G. E. N.

#### A NATION WITHOUT A PATRIOT.

Professor Swing says that if there were a sufficient demand for honest men he thinks they could be had even in Chicago. We have come to believe that a demand will always find a supply. We are accustomed to say that our Revolutionary struggle produced a Washington, the debate on the Constitution a Webster, the needs of the slave a Garrison and a Mrs. Stowe and the struggle with the South a leader like Lincoln and generals who were at least great enough to do what it was needful should be done. Speaking more reverently we would say with Whittier that,