

Ere the doom from its warm sandals shakes  
the dust against our land?  
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth  
alone is strong,  
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see  
around her throng  
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her  
from all wrong."

His essay on Abraham Lincoln is a master production and accords to our martyr-chief a due recognition of his superior qualities. Both these productions are literary gems; each is filled with the patriotic sentiments of the writer. But while in one we cannot but admire the steadfast purpose, the firm nobility of character, that saved our country in the crisis of 1861; in the other patriotism overflows the heart and floods the soul with its radiance. Each man's own interests are cast in the background, and love of country and right come boldly forward.

This poem, "The Present Crisis," is ennobling and elevating, and shows us the high level of his works, but it represents only one phase of his genius. He has written ballads of war, sonnets of love, odes, legends, and in each his tender, earnest, pathetic words find an echo in the heart. Whether he sings of love or war, sentiment or patriotism, he is perfectly at home and does it equally well.

Nature had no greater charm for any of her poets than she had for him. He loved her with a child-like joy and made her a boon companion, and like his "Shepherd of King Admetus,"

"It seemed the loveliness of things  
Did teach him all their use,  
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,  
He found a healing power profuse."

He enters into the thoughts and feelings of the people, and paints home scenes with an artistic touch. "The Courtin'" is a picture of rustic happiness true to life. This rural idyll is without a parallel; "no richer juice can be pressed from the wild grape of the Yankee soil."

Himself a man of the highest culture and a great scholar, he yet found a subject for his theme in the simple actions of the poor.

"And thus among the untought poor,  
Great deeds of feeling find a home,  
That cast in shadow all the golden lore  
Of classic Greece and Rome."

Love of humanity was too much a part of himself to admit of his being a sectarian. His love took in all, and he saw true religion in all right action.

"The saints of many a warring creed  
Who now in heaven have learned  
That all paths to the Father lead  
Where self the feet have spurned."

In July, 1865, Harvard University welcomed back those of its students and graduates who had fought and bled in the Civil War. On this occasion Lowell recited "The Commemoration Ode." The subject, the occasion, arousing such mixed feelings; both tended to call forth his greatest talent and "lift him to the highest heights of a nation's song."

This ode is his loftiest work. He has nothing in prose to compare with it. It will ever hold a high place in literature and give to its author lasting fame. In it he shows his great nobility of soul and his prophetic instinct, and expresses his grand thoughts in such fitting language, that we are forced to bow down and pay him reverence.

If what an Englishman has said be true, "That the highest office of a poet

is to be a revealer of truth, or an un-veiler of truths forgotten or hidden from common minds," Lowell's fame rests on a sure foundation. For who can doubt that he held this office? He brought clearly before the minds of the nation that our boasted freedom was a mockery while we held in bondage four million human lives. The strong, courageous, earnest temperament of the man shows itself in all he has written. His words have a fire and force and sturdy ardor that carry conviction with them; and his great talents are always used in the cause of truth and humanity.

He has earned the lasting gratitude of all true Americans, who cannot withhold from him their love and admiration for the part he played in removing from our fair land the dark curse of slavery.

The tribute paid to Whittier may well be extended to Lowell: "The Prophet Bard of America, poet of freedom, humanity and religion; whose words of holy fire aroused the conscience of a guilty nation, and melted the fetters of the slaves."

A close analogy exists between Lowell's prose and his poetry. The beauties of the one are those of the other; his genius gives new life and freshness to whatever he touches. The persistence of the poetic instinct gives freedom and variety to his prose, and adorns it with figures of the imagination that give beauty and power to his expression. His prose is not a massive unadorned wall, but one beautified with pilasters, columns, architraves, cornices.

A quotation taken from "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," illustrates this phase of his prose: "And as I felt more and more the soothing magic of evening's cool palm upon my temple, as my fancy came home from its reverie, and my sense, with re-awakened curiosity, ran to the iron windows again from the viewless closet of abstraction and felt a strange charm in flooding the old tree and shabby fence still there under the travesty of falling night, nay, were conscious of an unsuspected newness in familiar star and the fading outline of hills, my earliest horizon, I was conscious of an immortal soul, and could not but rejoice in the unwaning goodliness of the world into which I had been born without any merit of my own."

What he has written is true and lasting and cannot be buried in oblivion, but will live and continue to strengthen men for their daily trials, and lead their minds to a higher level. In him we see the harmonious blending of the real and the ideal sides of life that produce the noblest and most elevating character. Lowell shows us that it is only as we cultivate the æsthetic—a love of the beautiful in life—that we attain the degree of usefulness and happiness in store for each one of us.

He is a star in the literary firmament that will grow brighter as the years roll by, and continue to shed its radiance on each succeeding generation.

"His work is accomplished, and what he has done  
Will stand as a monument under the sun;  
And his name reaching down through the ages  
Of time  
Will still through the years of eternity shine,  
Like a star sailing on through the depths of the blue,  
On whose brightness we gaze every evening  
anew."

## TERRITORIAL FAIR MATTERS.

The following circular letter is being mailed to citizens interested in home manufactures, by the Territorial Fair officials:

Dear Sir:—Our Territorial Fair will be held October 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1894. It is an institution which every citizen should encourage and support, and in which all should have an interest. Its object is the promotion of the industrial arts and the development of the resources of the Territory of Utah.

Our past successes have been to a great extent due to the liberality of our citizens in offering special premiums for articles of home manufacture. The present agitation makes the time propitious for such offers, and we feel a great need for the assistance the people can give us. Besides, liberal encouragement may fan into life enterprises that will be of everlasting benefit to the Territory.

The directors are grateful for the help given, and they again solicit from you a special premium for any home production you may wish to encourage, to be competed for at the Fair of 1894.

Very respectfully,

JOHN R. WINDER,  
President.  
GEORGE D. PYPER,  
Secretary.

In response to this letter many offers of special premiums have been made, some of them being as follows:

June 12, 1894.

George D. Pyper, Secretary D. A. and M. Society, city:

Dear sir:—We are pleased to offer the following special premiums to be competed for at the Territorial Fair of 1894:

Twenty dollars for the best Christmas story, founded on facts connected with the history of Utah, to contain not less than four thousand words and as many more as may be desired. If only one story is offered in competition it must be worthy of publication in our magazine, or no premium will be given. All stories which are offered in competition to become the property of this company.

Fifteen dollars for the best original music and words of a male quartette of any length. All competitive pieces to become the property of this company. The judges of the above contributions to be selected by the officers of the D. A. and M. Society.

If the above propositions are worthy of consideration by the honorable body whose secretary you are, we will be pleased to have the same receive attention, otherwise kindly throw this proposition into your waste basket.

Truly yours,

THE CONTRIBUTOR CO.

A. H. CANNON, Manager.

It is probably needless to say that the offer of Mr. Cannon was not basketed:

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, June 12, 1894.

George D. Pyper, Secretary Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society:

Dear Sir—The undersigned will give a special premium of one dozen best S. & J. cabinet photographs for the best twelve photographic views made and finished by a girl under sixteen years of age, to be competed for at the Territorial Fair of 1894. Respectfully,

SAINSBURY & JOHNSON.

SALT LAKE CITY, June 13.

To George D. Pyper:

Dear Sir—The undersigned will give a special premium of \$25 for the best display of home made clothes suitable for uniforms, to be competed for at the Territorial Fair of 1894. Respectfully,

SALT LAKE CITY R. R. Co.

By JOSEPH S. WELLS, Secretary.

W. S. Simpkins, of the Salt Lake Brick