(Continued from Page 5.)

WHITTIER DAY.

From then until the close of the terrible struggle between the Blue and the Gray, he spent his time in sitting forth in the stronger and more beautiful language the relative time to the American states in trying to tell the people south of Mason and Dixon's line the truth of the things had foreseen, heard and felt as other men, and also in trying to convince the outcomplexion of his error in holding the colored man in bondage.

When the memorable night of civil strife hung over the fair land, he was one of the perennial torch-bearers to the long column of heroes, and amongst those who entered the fray as Phil Sheridan, Sherman or Grant, he held a position as a sentinel of virtue.

It is true that a copy of Burns's poems, which fell into his possession while he was quite young, seemed to reveal to him his own latent talent, but if these had never reached him he would have made the same wonderful name for himself. Some people have said that it would be an easy matter to be a poet if one had had the education of Longfellow. A man cannot be a poet unless that gift is born in him, and it makes no difference whether a man is born and raised on a simple Quaker farm or is raised in a palace, that gift, that precious jewel will, at some period in his life, throw forth its brilliant rays and dazzle the eyes of millions.

Speaking of his poems, they are comparatively few, but so pure, so new, original, charming and beautiful that they should be read by every man, woman and child who speaks the English tongue. Some of his most noted works are: Snow Bound, Among the Hills, The Tent On the Beach, Maud Muller, Mabel Martin, and The Angels of Buena Vista.

As to Whittier and other poets, he had not the grand style of Scott and the wonderful way of the old English writers, but the best comparison can be made between him and Longfellow. Longfellow, no doubt, was the better poet in a great many ways, but at the same time he could not compete with Whittier in so many others. Longfellow gives some wonderful descriptions of foreign scenes, on the other hand Whittier gives pictures of far off lands, in which he has never been, that would make one think he had passed a score of seasons in that land. In picturing a peaceful country place or a patriotic scene, Whittier far excels the Maine man, and the comparison is like holding a candle near an incandescent light. He falls behind Longfellow when he attempts to describe Indian life and customs, and he has not the ability of the Harvard professor in being able to write upon any subject. He, however, on the whole, was simply great. He had always a kind word for the oppressed or discouraged; was always laboring to make the world better. All men love him, and he was as tender as the best of women.

A peculiarly noticable thing that goes through all his work is the total absence of any wit. His sober, long-drawn, sorrowful countenance would tell this if one had never read his verses, and it was once said by a prominent man who knew Whittier well, that during the course of his long career he was never known to heartily laugh. All in all he was one of the most glorious of writers, and to read his poems is like watching the flow of some placid stream, broken by an falls or ripples, as they are so sweet, pure and beautiful. He was a few short years from the head of his grand class. The death of John Greenleaf Whittier was the cause of sorrow, and he will be remembered as one of the purest, noblest and greatest of men and poets.

GENERAL NOTES.

By Eben Birmingham, of the Third grade class, ward high school.

A CHRISTMAS WISHING.

A year ago I heard a wishing
Some one wished the clock could stop,
Not for time gone along the dial
Could
Not
Not
Not