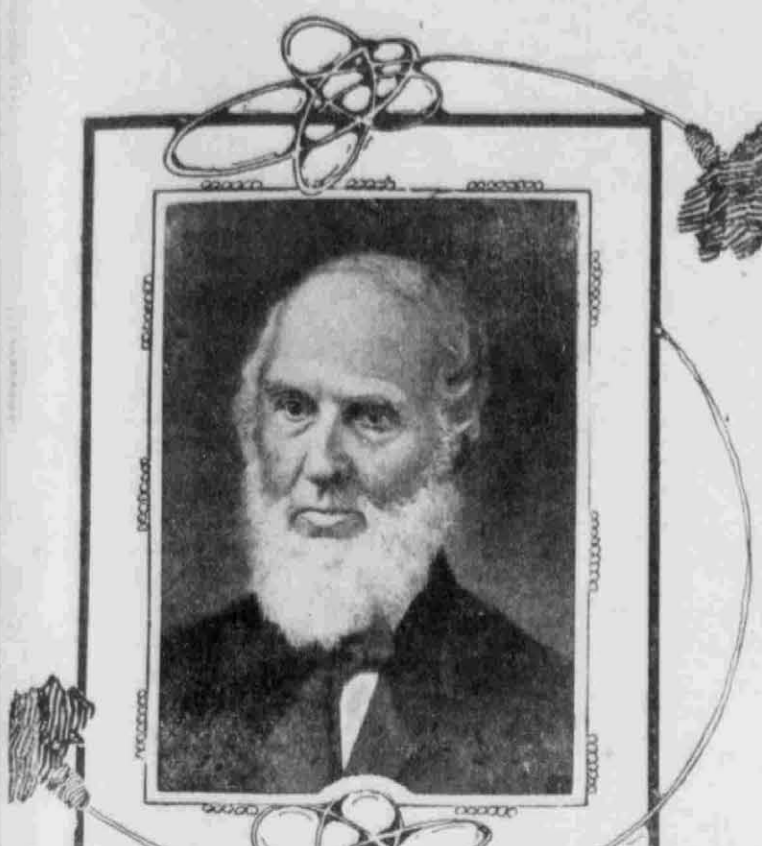


LITERATURE



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

MY FAITH.

By J. G. Whittier.

Let the tide & current fall;
I know not what I have gained,
But I have gained the unfading.

No fit the worst-united
Let life be honest or soft;
Better than written scroll
The words of the soul.

Sadder than any song
The eyes that found no tongue;
Sadder than any fact
My faith that called for aid.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong—
But what I begin,
And all I fall or win.

What matter, I or they?
Time or another day,
So the right word be said
The sweeter made?

And to the coming singers
Hail to the brave fight-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The gods of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Dinner but still human,
Selling the child old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor:
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, whose beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells, in morning's sleep;
The joy of untried sleep;
Sound, trumpet, far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Farred and vast of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move onward;
I join the great march onward
And take, by faith, while living,
My freedom of thanksgiving.

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NOTES.

The centenary of Whittier's birth, Dec. 17, will no doubt be observed by the literary and literary societies throughout the country. Special celebrations will be held at Haverhill and Amesbury, Mass., the birthplace and home of the poet. A meeting is being arranged by the citizens of Haverhill for the afternoon of Dec. 17th at the Universalist church, and it is expected that Mr. Frank B. Sanborn and Prof. Miles Perry, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, will make addresses. There will also be a noon, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Whittier's birthplace at East Haverhill and "The Cottonwoods," the home of the poet's mother, will be open to the public during the day and there will be an exhibit of Whittier manuscripts and first editions at the Haverhill Public Library.

The commemorative exercises at Amesbury will be opened with music by the school children. Hon. A. P. White of Salem will read a letter which President Roosevelt has written for the occasion. Addresses are expected by Gov. Curtis Guild of Massachusetts, Booker T. Washington, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and John D. Bates. There will be reading by Mrs. Annie Fields, and incidental music. The invited guests will lunch at the Whittier Home association here during the meeting.

John Greenleaf Whittier, of Quaker birth in Puritan surroundings, was born at the homestead near Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. He has described his home and his boyish life in "Snow-Bound," and the home visited thus by the storm is still standing. It is open to visitors, and may be seen the kitchen just as it was when his mother's heart "seemed blazoned free." At the secluded farm he lived, knowing the delights of the barfoot boy, and knowing the bitter winds and frosty days which he drew a store of fine ground of a New England winter. He worked upon the farm and went to the district school. His father had a few religious books, and above all the Bible, and the schoolmaster once offered to give him a home while he studied there. He had no money with which to pay for his schooling, but he learned to write by making a cheap kind of slipper, and was so industrious that in a few months he had earned enough to pay his expenses at the academy.

for six months. So closely did he calculate that at the beginning of the term he reckoned that he should have 25 cents left over at the end of the term, and so it proved. He paid his way and had just a quarter of a dollar left over. It was the rest of his life never to buy anything till he had the money in hand to pay for it, and though he was winched for means and had a hard struggle up to middle life, he never was in debt.

After a year or so at the academy he had the opportunity to be editor of a Boston weekly paper, and afterward edited for a while a paper at Hartford. He was much interested in politics and when a young man was talked of for Congress. But at this time, when he was apparently at the beginning of his career as a public man, he threw away his chance by allying himself with the anti-slavery agitators, who for many years were denounced by both the great political parties and used their influence chiefly outside of the parties. When Whittier threw himself into this cause, however, he found his voice. Before he had been writing smooth, accessible poetry which was much like other poetry of the day and had no great distinction, but now he was set on fire by his indignation at the great wrong done by slavery, and he began to pour out verses which were like a trumpet blast. Not only so, but singing these real war songs he learned the very art of poetry, and then all his love for nature and man and God found expression in beautiful poems which had nothing to do with slavery. No American writer, unless Irving be excepted, has done so much to throw a graceful veil of poetry and legend over the country of his daily life. Essex county in Massachusetts and the beaches lying between Newburyport and Portsmouth blossom with flowers of Whittier's planting, the region approaching the White Mountains is warm with the color he has thrown on hill and lake and forest. He has made rare use of the homely stories he heard in his childhood or learned afterward from familiar intercourse with country people, and he has himself used invention delicately and in harmony with the spirit of the New England coast. Although of a body of men who in earlier days had been persecuted by the Puritans of New England, his generous mind did not fail to detect all the good that was in the stern creed and life of the persecutors, and to bring it forward into the light of his poetry.

In a number of his poems he drew his material from the relation held between the Indians and the settlers. His sympathy was always with the persecuted and oppressed, and so while historically he found an object of pity and a subject for national self-reproach in the Indian, his profoundest compassion and most stirring indignation were called out by African slavery. It is not too much to say that in the slow development of public sentiment Whittier's steady song was one of the most powerful advocates that the slave had, all the more powerful that it was free from malignity or unjust accusation.

His fondness for a story has led him to use the ballad form in many cases, such as "Mabel Martin," "Skipper Trevelyan," and "Mary Davin." The catholic mind of this writer and his instinct for discovering the pure moral in human action are disclosed by a number of poems drawn from a wide range of historical fact, dealing with a great variety of religious faiths and circumstances of life, but always point-

ing to some sweet and strong truth of the divine life. Of such are "The Brother of Mercy," "The Gift of Trinitas," "The Two Rabbits," and others. Whittier's "Poetical Works" are contained in four volumes, but have also been brought together into several different one-volume editions. His "Poetical Works" are comprised in three volumes; they consist mainly of his contributions to journals and of "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," a delightful diary of a visitor to New England in 1875.

He died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, Sept. 18, 1893, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

BOOKS.

A most fitting and desirable little volume for the commemoration of the centenary of Whittier's birth, on Dec. 17, has been written and compiled by Prof. Miles Perry of Harvard University, editor of the Atlantic Monthly. His introductory sketch gives a fresh and informing portrayal of Whittier's life and points out the significance of his poetry for American readers. The selection contains such poems as are most essential to an understanding of Whittier's personality and surroundings, and they represent also the characteristic themes which occupied his mind during his stormy manhood and serene old age. The volume has two characteristic portraits, and is issued in a large-paper edition of 400 copies and in school editions bound in cloth and paper, besides the regular edition.

The authorized and definitive Life of Whittier, by Samuel T. Pickard, formerly published in two volumes, is now to be had in a new one-volume revised edition, with photographic illustrations. Whittier's authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., issue the work of the Quaker poet in various forms to suit all tastes and pocket-books. They have four different one-volume editions of his poetical works and illustrated biographies of "Snow-Bound," "The Frost on the Beach," "At Sunset," etc. "Whittier Land," by Samuel T. Pickard, deserves mention as a valuable little handbook containing interesting anecdotes of the poet, descriptions of the historical aspect of the regions associated with his life, and numerous illustrations from photographs.

Mark Twain contributes a characteristic account of an early visit to the Quaker club, the history of which has just been published by the A. Wenzel company. The history of the Quaker club, which has never before been written in full, is within a flow of 30 years, almost that of the artist, and literary life of England. Mr. Watson's book tells of the many men distinguished in literature, art, music and the drama, who have been or still are members, and is full of good stories. It contains a large number of illustrations by well known artist members.

"The Quaker Club," a medley of history, anecdotes and reminiscences, by Aaron Watson. With a chapter by Mark Twain, and a photographic frontispiece.

"Johnston & Barnum's Book of Plays

for Little Actors," by Emma L. Johnston, principal, and Madeline D. Barnum, teacher, of English, Brooklyn Training School for Teachers, American Book company, New York.—This little book will give school children a great deal of pleasure, and will train them both in expressive oral reading, and in intelligent silent reading. The volume has been prepared to assist the expressed wants of many teachers who recognize the value of dramatic representations at school. It comprises a series of little plays based upon familiar nursery rhymes and stories, such as "Mary and Her Lamb," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Spider and the Fly," "Old Mother Hubbard," and many others. These plays are adapted to the use of the youngest children at school, and are equally suitable for reading or for acting in the first or second years. The numerous illustrations are most attractive.

"Baldwin's Second Fairy Reader," by James Baldwin, author of "The Fairy Reader," "The Golden Fleece," etc. Cloth, 12mo.—Issued in the series of Eclectic Readings, this book is especially adapted for supplementary reading in the second or third grades. It is, therefore, designed for children who are able to read easy narratives with some degree of facility. The stories are derived from a variety of sources, each representing the folklore of a different country. Some of them are already recognized favorites, but many are new to schoolbook literature. All are retold by the author in a style which lends them new interest and value. The illustrations are numerous and unusually attractive.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MRS. LE GRAND YOUNG IN THE SIXTIES.

This picture of Mrs. Young (nee Grace Hardy) hardly does justice to the charming lady it portrays, though it gives a good idea of the reigning costume of the day, forty years ago.

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"LE PENSEUR."

By a Utah Student Abroad.

Did you ever feel anything called at your heart? Have there not been times when the world seemed all wrong and you have tried to right it in your mind? When right light came and the day's work is done, do you never peer into yourself and a moment think? If you do—do you find it simple? The complications of your conscience, the many-sided elements of your temperament, the dual flow of ideas—do they resolve easily or develop paradoxes?

Are you like Dante? Dante lost himself on a high mountain, and thought, Dante resolved hell into a category and immortalized heaven. Surely such a Herculean task was not easy. No, it was hard. It took the life of Dante to accomplish it. He stayed on the high mountain. Below, the earth and rivers and men, took natural shapes. He painted them thus; he analyzed them; he revolved them, he pierced them through and through with the search light of his vision. He saw past them and discovered hell. Above him the blue sky. The fresh air filled him with delight and through its haze he found heaven. Dante became an indissoluble part of his universe.

Have you examined his portrait? Those lines around the mouth and eyes are the reflections of his spirit. It was drawn in a tension—it was abused. However, the core of it was immortal and so still lives.

When Rodin was a little boy he learned to love Dante. Dante's vision pleased him. Rodin began to model. He remembered the "Divine Comedy." He modeled figures of the Inferno. He arrayed them in order as

Dante had done. He made a category of hell around the floor of his studio. Over the sill he placed the image of a man thinking. It was a rough little figure in clay. It looked down on the rest of the figures as Dante had done, and for years it sat there thinking while Rodin grew.

One day Rodin took it down and brushed the dust away. He was tremendously sincere. He twisted himself on his chair—and thought. Every muscle was strained to perfection. Gradually a great image fixed itself in his mind. It was the image of Dante, reborn. It was Rodin's soul taking material form. It was a naked, crude truth—a truth beautiful of its own sake, unadorned and final.

At the world's fair at St. Louis in 1904 the French exhibit at the art pavilion included a plaster cast of a man thinking—signed by Auguste Rodin. It was called "Le Penseur." At this particular time popular clamor ran in another direction. "Le Penseur" was nailed in a box and sent back to France. Rodin squinted his eyes and smiled. Rodin knew. The statue could have fallen in and the sun blackened. Rodin should still have smiled.

In the meantime the plaster cast was muddled into bronze. Such men as Gabriel Mourey and Gustave Guffrey came to see it. Then others came. Rieppel? The whole world became interested. Popular clamor rose through the streets of Paris. Some gave pennies; others gave dollars. A debate arose as to where the statue was to be placed. Champs-Élysées the statue finally succeeded in the Pantheon. What a glorious suggestion!

The Pantheon stands on the highest point of the left bank of the Seine. Its glorious dome reaches high into the heavens. When a man stands in front of it he is tremendously awed. But "Le Penseur" is much larger than life size and is placed on a high pedestal. When evening comes and it is illuminated against the sky the effect is gigantic. That was in 1906. Storms have come

since then, and colored the bronze green and blue and white. But "Le Penseur" doesn't care for that. He continues to bite the knuckles of his right hand. His toes dig into the hard earth beneath. The tendons along the back are stretched hard, and the muscles come out in lumps. He is thinking—"Le Penseur."

Did you never twist nor strain when some serious problem has stared you in the face? When you think hard does your body remain limp? No, body and mind are too closely connected for that. Rodin knew this well when he modeled "Le Penseur." He had thought before—he had scrutinized closely the portrait of Dante.

However, many serious critics, like the friends of Socrates, professing to be wise but really not, burned Rodin in scorn. It was scarcely to be wondered at. Rodin had shattered the long loved principles of the Academies—the foundation on which they stood—leaving a blank.

As a recompense, he starved; he was abused. Many called him fool. And the world applauded. Rodin showed the genius in him by not caring what the world thought. There was a sincerity, a nobility in him as intense as the wrath of a thousand worlds would only have served to make him more sincere. Rodin knew what he knew! He learned his truths from a long line of great souls before him. Dante, Plato, Philo—these were his masters.

Out at Meudon, close to Paris, where he lives now, things are quite changed. Hunger has gone. He works in a well lighted studio. Around the walls are hung lines of Greek sculpture. In the corners are other creations like "Le Penseur." But if you would know Rodin don't go to his studio—he is too busy. Go rather to the Pantheon. Rodin's soul is there living in "Le Penseur." A life, naked, honestly and it is touched with mediocrity, rough even, stringent, as close as the soul of Rodin, and profound like that of Dante's.

DONALD BEAUGARD, Paris, France.

WID LO, THE POOR INDIAN.

MANY of the Indians who still keep up their tribal existence are Christians. To them as to the white people Christmas is an important anniversary, but they celebrate it in their own way. This was not to be approved by certain Christian denominations of white people because it includes as the chief feature a dance.

The southwestern Indian tribes have a special fondness for all sorts of ceremonial dances. When white people dance they do it for the aesthetic pleasure of the performance, the poetry of motion, so to speak. Not so with the Indians. Every dance has a deep significance to them. When they assemble for their Christmas observance they begin by praying for rain and bountiful crops.

Then follows the dance. This is the only dance in which the women are permitted to take part. The men and women form in opposite lines and start up a song, their bodies swaying in rhythm. Then they break up into groups and dance toward each other with a hip-hop step, holding their bodies rigid.

The next movement is to form a circle and dance around a Christmas tree hung with articles which, according to the missionaries, are the gifts of Santa Claus to good Indians. The Indians kneel and pray in front of an altar during the performance. When Santa Claus visits the Indian people on the plains he does not find as things in which to deposit his presents. As a rule, the little Indian in the tunic does not wear stockings, for the first year or two at any rate. The baby is strapped to a board, its body wrapped in warm skins and only its

head sticking out, so that it can cry without being changed for shame. Frequently the papoose takes its nap in an upright position, its mother holding the baby toward against the tree pole.

On Christmas eve Santa Claus steals into the tepalc and lays beside the sleeping papoose his Christmas presents. These are not so numerous or as easily as the white baby's presents, but in the little brown baby they are just as good. Nearly always the Indian baby gets the bright colored Indians, blue and little, are particularly fond of garish hues. A red necktie, a blue ribbon, a yellow scarf or a stick of striped candy may be the selection of Santa Claus, but a string of shells or beads, the tooth of an elk or the claw of a bear is more likely to be the papoose's present.

When papoose wakes up and finds its gifts it is just as happy as the richest white child in the land.