AFTER ELECTION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The day's sharp strife is ended now.
Our work is done, God knoweth how!
As on the battlefield, wearisful town
The patience of the moon looks down,
I wait to hear, beside the wire,
The voices of its tongues of fire.

Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at first;
So strong, my heart, to know the worst!
Hark!—there the Alleghanies spoke;
That sound from lake and prairie broke!
That answer, gun of triumph rent
The silence of a continent!

That signal from Nebraska sprung,
This, from Nevada's mountain tongue!
Is that thy answer, strong and free,
O loyal heart of Tennessee?
What strange, wild voice is that which calls
From Wagner's grave and Sumter's walls?

From Mississippi's fountain-head
A sound as of the Nion's tread!
There rustled Freedom's Charter Oak!
In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke!
Clear answers clear from lake and pine
Of sun. We have a country yet!

The praise, O God, be thine alone!
The gloom of treason is over thrown!
Thou hast not led us through the night
To blind us with returning light!
Not through the furnace have we passed,
To perish at the end at last!

O night of peace, thy flight restrain!
November's moon, do slow to wane!
Shine on the freedman's cabin door,
On brows of prayer a benison pour!
And give, with full assurance blest,
The weary home of freedom rest!
—*Atlantic, for January.*

A Visit to Burns's Home.

It was a lovely morning as we sailed into the harbor of Ayr. In the distance westward could be seen green islands and the highland cliffs of Arran, and the sail of Cumbrae. To the north was the barren Troon, spotted with its clean-looking houses, as though they had sprung fresh from the ground. Southward, Alisa-craig rises out of the blue sea, and the tower of Dunure stands upon its high knoll as a sentinel to guard land and sea.

As we stepped upon the solid earth of Ayr, we must confess we had peculiar sensations. Not that the place presented an imposing appearance; for it was quite otherwise. Ayr stands on a flat, sandy coast, having a population of only seven thousand. Still we could but instinctively feel the force of the bard's eulogy:

"Ae day, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.

At once we came upon the river whence the town takes its name. Following the River Burns knew this was false; he felt it was a mere fabrication. The fight against that sellish idea and struck fatal blows to crush it out. At the same time he failed not to speak a God-speed to the noble poor of every class. He would assert in poetry what they could not be known with honors of the schools, they could nevertheless be blest with earnest thought and self-culture.

In this way they could become men; they would become conscious of their own worth and human destiny, and make themselves benefactors to their race.

We can readily understand why he ridiculed boasted titles, splendid equipages and extravagant homes. What are these to mind that *man* accompanies them? In the *man*, in the soul, in the heart, and in the mind, is *that which is worth* to man the most attention. The soul, that something which can dwell in joy on earth, and can soar to the skies, that something which can look back on the past, and look forward to the future