

widen on the morning horizon of the 20th century? That they will not completely cover its high noon? That they will not deepen, *blacken*, THUNDER, and BREAK in awful tempest at the close of that momentous day?

We kneel and lift our voices from the altars of home, that such may never be. At last our safety lies in the integrity and intelligence, the purity and refinement of home, in which is the fountain head of love, the source of private virtues and of public morals.

When we look down the pathway of time and see surrounding the people's homes the sacred statues of personal, political, and religious liberty, and know that the child at the mother's knee is taught to hush the virtues of home and duty to God, parent, and nation, we shall dispel all fears.

Thus recognizing home as the keystone to our prosperity, and perpetuity let us cherish the poet's sentiments and spirit:

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
A spot where woman reigns: mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life,
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot?—look around!
O thou shall find howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!"
(Junior Contest.) R. B. MATTERN.

MY FISHING-ROD.

My fishing-rod? Yes there it hangs above my library door,
Along with hunting-belt, and creel, and trappings half a score;

I have not used it much of late,—at least not every day,—
For something seems to tell me now this fishing's not all play.

Yet I can swish, swish, swish,
All the day by lake or stream;
And while I fish, fish, fish,
I can lose myself,—and dream.

I wonder 'f Moses' rod was half so dear to him as mine
Has been to me? I've often thought that this was half divine!

Obedient to its bonding tip have salmon weighing nine
To nineteen pounds left finny friends to come with me and dine.

Oh! I have fished, fished, fished!

For salmon, trout and whale;
And I have wished, wished, wished
That my rod could tell its tale.

We've tramped through forest, swamp, and brush my rod
and I together;

We've crossed the currents, whipped their waves in every
kind of weather;

I've laid me down beneath the stars and slumbered all the
night,

My rod my only company—my comfort my delight.

So I often, often, often

Take and hold in it my hands,

While my feelings soften, soften,—

Seems as if it understands!

M. F. D.

WHITTIER.

Few men have left a more gracious record, than the Poet Laureate, who died September 7th, 1892 at eight-five years of age. Although a victim of ill health during a great part of his life, his habits were so abstemious and so regular, that as his age increased his health and power to labor increased also.

He began writing poetry at fourteen. Indian legends of New England were among his first subjects, such as "Mogg Megone" and the "Bridal of Pennacook." These poems are not now regarded with much interest, and the poet himself says of them: I would "willingly let them die," the subjects are not such as he would have chosen at any subsequent period."

His quaker education and his early acquaintance with William Lloyd Garrison, led him to espouse the Anti-Slavery cause, and for a quarter of a century, he devoted himself to the abolition of American Slavery. It was during this period that he wrote the group of poems entitled in his collected works: "The Voices of Freedom" and other poems. Many of these were rude in form, and not of the highest order, judged by the canons of literary criticism. But they came from the heart, seething with a white heat of indignation against the crimes of human slavery, its iniquities, its usurpations, its demoralizing influences upon the nation, upon the church, upon institutions of learning, and upon the political leaders of the