

envying any one, it is not the world-famous author, but some serene, devout soul who has made the life of Christ his own, and whose will is the divine will." What a beautiful revelation of *his* devout soul, found in the very person of a world-famous author!

Near the close of 1889 Mr. Whittier wrote: "I am still mostly confined to the house, and suffer much from pain and weakness. Whether I shall see another summer is, of course, very doubtful. All as God wills. His mercy and goodness have followed me through life, and I feel that I can trust Him in the future.

"I had a quiet birthday, so far as visitors are concerned; I had many kind messages and gifts, and some two or three hundred letters, which my poor sight makes it impossible to answer as I could wish."

This I find in a summer letter of 1890: "I scarcely know what is going on in the world. My eyes will not allow of much use. I can't look over the newspapers, and this planet of ours

must wag on as it pleases, for all I can do. I am only just waiting to hear the call to leave it." He was spared to bless it, thank God! more than two years thereafter.

The last letter received from Mr. Whittier was written in the April of 1892, and just after a three months' struggle with the *grippe*. In it is a touch of his old playfulness: "It has left me very weak, but I am thankful that I am gaining daily. The Irishman's description of the *grippe*, 'That he was deadly sick for three weeks after he was entirely well,' is confirmed by my own experience.

"My eyes fail me a good deal, and I can use them only for a brief letter, just to tell thee that I am glad to hear from thee, and that I am always affectionately thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

Yea! faith, life, song, most meetly named him

Friend:

All men's he was and is, till time shall end;
And, in the Christ-path he so closely trod
That all men saw, he was the friend of God!

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS, NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING." *

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

* By permission from "The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough," Macmillan & Co., New York and London.



THE GREAT WHITE CHIEF

BY GILBERT PARKER



THE old woodman shifted the knife with which he was mending his fishing-rod from one hand to the other, and looked at it musingly, before he replied to Medallion. "Yes, monsieur, I knew the White Chief, as they called him: this was his"—holding up the knife; "and this"—taking a watch from his pocket. "He gave them to me; I was with him in the Circle on the great journey."

"Tell us about him, then," Medallion urged; "for there are many tales, and who knows which is the right one?"