

"It Is Finished."

BY THE REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

"It is finished!"—watchings weary
On the lonely mountain's crest,
Grief-filled wand'rings sad and dreary;
Evermore the conqueror's rest!

"It is finished!"—Deep-scarred sadness
Swept forever from thy brow;
Glory gates roll back with gladness,
Christ, the Lord of Heaven, thou!

"It is finished!"—scourge and nailing,
Spear and crown of piercing thorn;
Son of God, o'er all prevailing,
Rise, on star-gemmed chariot borne!

"It is finished!"—Grave bars broken,
Sin and Death lie overthrown;
Earthquake voices and wondrous tokens
Loud proclaim all power thine own!

"It is finished!"—King triumphant,
Mighty victor o'er thy foes;
Hosts of Heaven, glad, exultant,
Crown the Saviour through thy woes!

John Greenleaf Whittier, His life and his work.

The story of the homely life, and stern environment of the fledgling poet is one of pathetic interest. From the rugged New England hills, for well nigh two centuries, the Whittier family wrung a frugal living. The first of the name to come to America was Thomas Whittier.

Whittier thus describes his circumscribed early life:

"Our home was somewhat lonely," e says, "with no house in sight, with few companions and few recreations. Our school was only for twelve weeks in a year, in the depth of winter, and half a mile distant. On First days father and mother, and sometimes one of us three children, rode down to the Friends' meeting-house, in Amesbury, eight miles distant. We had only about twenty volumes of books, most of them Journals of pioneer ministers in our Society. Our only annual was an almanac. Now and then I heard of a book of biography and travel, and walked miles to borrow it."

One day a travelling preacher lent the lad a copy of Burns' poems. It was a revelation of his soul. It kindled the fire of genius in his own heart. He began to write verses with charcoal for lack of a pencil. Eager for schooling he picked berries and learned how to make sheepskin shoes. "To earn one dollar," writes Mrs. Bingham, "he must make and sell twelve pairs of these 'run arounds.' He literally 'pegged away' until he had earned thirty dollars, and this gave him a year at Haverhill Academy. He next taught school at Amesbury, being so little in advance of his scholars that he had to study every available minute." He slept in the cold, north room of a New England frame house and studied, shivering in bed till the dim light of his candle went out.

Whittier came of heroic stock. His soul had been fed with accounts of the oppression endured by his fellow-Quakers, and he inherited from persecuted ancestors instincts of freedom. It was but natural that he should espouse the cause of the persecuted slave. He sent by stealth one day a piece of verse to Garrison's abolition paper, the *Free Press*. Recognizing the touch of genius, Garrison rode over to Haverhill and found the young poet at work at the shoemaker's bench. "Poetry will never give him bread," said his practical father, and he discouraged his writing. But his stirring thoughts were as a fire in his bones, and restrain the gift that was in him he could not. He cast in his lot with the despised and persecuted Abolitionists and "gave to freedom's great endeavour" all he had and all he was.

Small wonder that Whittier's stirring lyrics of freedom, struck out like sparks from an anvil by these blows of fate, flashed with a sacred fire. Not the soft pleasantries of a lute were his Songs of Freedom, but a trumpet-blast rallying brave men to the succor of the slave. For seven years at least Whittier and Garrison toiled shoulder to shoulder in the anti-slavery harness.

Garrison was often at Whittier's home, and Whittier more than once shared the bowl of bread-and-milk of Garrison's house in the dingy little printing-room in Boston. To this period belong that splendid series of poems, "Ichabod," "The Branded Hand," "The Burial of Barbour," "Hunters of Men," the stern sarcasm of "Clerical Oppressions," "Our Countrymen in Chains," the Virginia Slave Mother's Lament, and other sword-strokes for freedom.

"The Slave Mother's Lament," wrote John Bright, "has often brought tears to my eyes. These few lines were enough to arouse the whole nation to expel the odious crime of slavery." The refrain is repeated with each verse:

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noxious insect stings,
Where the fever demon strows
Poison with the falling dews,

The worst disease—Dyspepsia
The Best Cure—K.D.C.

Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air—
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Oh, when the weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again—
There no brother's voice shall greet them—
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey,
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love he beareth—
By the bruised reed he spareth—
Oh, may he, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.

"These poems," says Whittier, "were written with no expectation that they would survive the occasions which called them forth; they were protests, alarm signals, trumpet-calls to action, words wrung from the writer's heart, forged at white heat, and of course, lacking the finish and careful word-selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might have given."

They became the marching songs and psalms of victory of the New England free soilers who held Kansas for freedom.

"We cross the prairies, as of old, the pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free,
Up-bearing, like the ark of old, the Bible in our hand,
We go to test the Truth of God, against the fraud of man."

Captain Jonathan Walker, of Harwick, Mass., was solicited by several fugitive slaves at Pensacola, Florida, to convey them in his vessel to the British West Indies. For this crime he was sentenced to be branded on the right hand with the letter "S. S." ("Slave Stealer") and mulcted in a heavy fine. The branding was done by binding the hand to a post and applying a red hot iron to the palm which left letters a half an inch deep. Captain Walker was kept for eleven months chained to the floor of a bare cell and was only released on the payment of a fine of \$150.

Welcome home again, brave seamen!
With thy thoughtful brow and gray
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier,
better day,
With that front of calm endurance, on
whose steady nerve, in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote
the fiery shafts of pain!

Why, that brand is highest honour!
—than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a
prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they
tread our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their
father's branded hand!

In thy lone and long night watches, aye
above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than
the babbling school-men know;
God's stars and silence taught thee, as
his angels only can,
That the one, sole sacred thing beneath
the cope of heaven is man!

That he who treads profanely on the
scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness
may find mercy in his need;
But woe to him who crushes the soul
with chain and rod,
And herds with lower natures the
awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold
ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophecy,
"salvation to the slave!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language,
that whose reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his
sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up
against our Northern air—
Hol men of Massachusetts, for the
love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for our standard—
like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye,
let that hand be seen before!

Strange that an non-resistant
Quaker, a man who would take joyfully
the spoiling of his goods rather than
defend them with his arm, should be
a herald of battle against the ram-
parts of wrong. But his verse was a
bugle call, not to the clash of arms,
but to the contest of truth and love
with error and oppression. "Hate
hath no harm for love," he sings,
"and peace unweaponed conquers
every wrong."

It is moral heroism, however, that
stirs the soul of this tribute of the
K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT
DYSPEPSIA.

people. Read his tribute to the non-resistant Quaker, "Barclay of Ury," and "Andrew Ryckman's prayer," and his touching ballad of "Cassandra Southwick," the hunted and persecuted Quaker maiden. When the dread ordeal of battle was over, when Lincoln's proclamation made eight millions "slaves," "thenceforward and forever free," then while sitting in silence in the Friends' meeting-house in Amesbury, he heard the clang of the bells ringing the jubilee of freedom throughout the land, and his soul burst forth in that Miriam song of triumph, "Laus Deo," which while men love liberty and hate oppression, shall continue to thrill successive generations of men.

It is done!
Clang of bells and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the bellies rock and reel!
How the great guns peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of eternity and time!

Let us kneel.
God's own voice is in the peal,
And this spot is holy ground,
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He hath triumphed gloriously!

Whittier's later years were like the calm sunset of a stormy day. There were still the flashes of genius, but they were like the lambent play of lightning on a summer eve, not the lurid bolts of the thunderstorm. Surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, kinsfolk, and nieces, he lived an ideal old age. "This delightful family," says a visitor, "is based upon the religion of Jesus Christ. Its members believe in the influence of the Holy Spirit."

Strange that so loving a soul as Whittier should never have married. From glimpses in his poems, "Benedicite," "My Playmate," "Memories," and "The School-house," it would seem as if he were faithful to some lost and early love.

His love of children was very marked. He has written many children's poems and stories in prose, and published two books of selections for children. He has been known to lose a train that he might give a ride to a group of village children who besieged his carriage. His purse was ever open to the poor and distressed, although he was much imposed upon by frauds, bores, and tramps. His letters used to average twenty-five or thirty a day. "When I am sick they accumulate," he says, "and when I am well, I make myself sick again with trying to catch up with my answers." A pretty vogue came into vogue of a general observance of Whittier's birthday on the 17th of December, in the public schools of the country. His poet-friend Holmes and he used to exchange birthday verses, and the very last lines he wrote were the following prophetic words on Holmes' eighty-third birthday on the 29th of last August:

The hour draws near, how'er delayed
and late,
When at the eternal gate
We leave the words and works we call
our own,
And lift void hands alone.

For love to fill, our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to him who all things
gives,
And live because he lives.

The story of a slave-sale where an auctioneer specially commends a woman on the stand as "a good Christian," wrings from the soul of Whittier the following indignant outburst:

A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image?—for
his grace
Which that poor victim of the market-
place
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such thing be?
Hast thou not said that whatsoever is
done
Unto thy weakest and thy humblest
one,
Is even done to thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of thy pitying love, I see thee
stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking
band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips—
O'ertake her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your
wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach
To Healthy Action.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar
stand,
Lifting in prayer to thee, the bloody
hand

And haughty brow of wrong?
We give the following stirring lines
in Whittier's appeal to Englishmen to
join in the effort to release the slave:
O Englishmen! in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We too are heirs of Runnymede:
And Shakespeare's fame and Crom-
well's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill
Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint-heirs and kinfold, leagues of
wave
Nor length of years can part us:
Your right is ours to shrine and
grave,
The common freedom of the brave,
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred frail and human;
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while for one unshared by each,
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
To England's Queen, God bless her!
We praised you when your slaves were
free:
We seek to unchain ours. Will ye
Join hands with the oppressor?

How to Dispose of Care.

It was Philip Melancthon who said: "Trouble and perplexity drive us to prayer, and prayer driveth away trouble and perplexity." Robert Leighton, that devout saint, expanded this thought at greater length as follows: "Whatsoever it is that presses thee, go tell thy Father: put over the matter into His hand, and so thou shalt be freed from that dividing, perplexing care that the world is full of. When thou art either to do or suffer anything, when thou art about any purpose or business, go tell God of it, and acquaint Him with it; yea, burden him with it, and thou hast done for matter of caring; no more care, but quiet, sweet diligence in thy duty, and dependence on Him for the carriage of thy matters. Roll thy cares, and thyself with them, as one burden, all on God." Or in the words of a spiritually minded writer:

"Whatever the care which breaks thy rest;
Whatever the wish that swells thy breast;
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer."

There is no truth that has been more thoroughly tested than this: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee." The Scriptures are very plain upon this point; so plain that there has been but little theorizing about it in the numerous creeds that have been constructed in reference to other matters. All who believe in the existence of God, and call Him Father in sincerity, readily accept the revealed way of removing earthly anxieties.

But God's way is not always our way in these experiences. We sometimes think that prayer ought to remove the occasion of our trouble, when, in reality, God is not always pleased to do this. He has promised "to sustain" us, to give wisdom and inward comfort; but He has never said that the trial of our faith must always cease to be a trial when we tell our heavenly Father about it.

If the trial be from evil-minded persons, it may continue to be a testing; if from the subtle assaults of our adversary, or from the peculiar responsibilities of our providential station, it may not cease to be "the trial of our faith," however earnest our prayers. The promises relate absolutely to our being sustained, not to the removing of the trial.

In all this, whether delivered from the cause of our own trouble or not, it is blessed to know that our heavenly Father understands it all. We are taught that he is in no sense ignorant of our exact position. He does not require us to ask for relief that He may become better informed of matters that concern us, and that He may regulate His course of action toward us after a more perfect knowledge. "All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." We are thankful that this is so.

Spiritual Nature of Christ's Kingdom revealed in His Birth.

The advantage on which men rely in worldly enterprises were despised. Jesus was not born in a palace, but in a manger; not wrapped in elegant and costly clothing, as of silks or laces; his mother not a queen, his reputed father a mechanic; his birthplace not Jerusalem the city of Mount Zion, but an unimportant town. There, born in a rude manger, the companion of beasts, gazed upon by guests rudely coming and going, is the Being for whom all

things were made, and by whom all things consist.

While He lay there the shepherds heard the angels. But who were the shepherds? Obscure and unknown. This heavenly vision would have impressed kings, learned men, nobles, philosophers; but they did not hear the angels. Why did not an angel visit the high-priest, or Pilate, or the royal palace of the Cæsars? The answer is, Christ's kingdom is not of the outward world, therefore the means which men employ to accomplish their purposes are rejected. This agrees with all that Christ said subsequently of Himself: "My kingdom is not of this world," "it cometh not with observation," the pomp and glory of the world are not of the Father, but of the world. "I receive not honor from men."

A "Merry Christmas," the familiar greeting does not express all. Let Christmas be merry, bright, cheerful, in the home, radiant with generosity and social cheer; but let it also express the deeper sentiments of affection and religion. Let the gifts which we make each other remind us of the gift which we all enjoy from the bounty of God, and let the thought of childhood and the birth of the Christ-child remind us of the perpetual incarnation of God in the life of man.

It is written on the faces of Christian men, where all the world may read it, that intelligent, manly, earnest piety makes any man unsexably more happy than he could be without it.

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A COMPLICATED CASE.

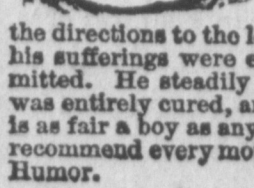
DEAR SIRS—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children.

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7.10 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Yancoboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.
10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, McAdam Junction.
4.30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

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From St. John 6.25, 7.30, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.25, a.m., 11.45, 5.55 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 7.00 10.00, a.m., 2 00 p.m.; Yancoboro, 9.40 a.m.; St. Stephen, 5.35, 4.45, a.m.; St. Andrews, 6.10, 4.20.

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