

But the dead still speak; and when, therefore, we estimate at full value all that is worth while, all that is of lasting value in human life, we are constrained to plead for the recovery of the quiet spirit, the cultivation of the penetrative vision, the care of soul. These are the qualities which appeal to us from out of the works of the New England poet.

Whittier has never yet been appraised at his full worth, but his message is still potent and exceedingly pertinent. High time, therefore, that the sons of New England sirens rescue their greatest seer and mystic from an unwarranted oblivion! The barrier must be raised high against a suicidal national drift towards a soulless secularism. Back to Whittier!

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## GRIEF

ANNE MARRIOTT

The last leaves drip from the walnut tree  
To a lawn made yellow and dank with rain;  
The sky is the roof of a granite tomb  
Where my weak prayers bruise themselves in vain.

“Never more spring!” sneers the wind, “Nor summer!  
Even autumn is dead!” Do I not know?  
Here by the bare tree I kneel to winter,  
Pleading the silence and peace of snow.