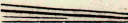



- In Memoriam -



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,

BORN, DEC. 17, 1807. 

 DIED, SEPT. 7, 1892.

* * SEMINARY HALL, * *

SEPT. 9, 1892.



~ ORDER OF EXERCISES ~

1. HYMN, - - - - John G. Whittier.

Read by Prof. Albert R. Sweetser.

(Tune, Manoah.)

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;

We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
What e'er our name or sign
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

2. SCRIPTURE, - - - - Rev. J. D. Gilliland.

3. PRAYER, - - - - Rev. W. H. Hutchin.

4. HYMN, - - - - John G. Whittier.

Read by Prof. William F. Gibson.

(Tune, Missionary Chant.)

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reapers' song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed, is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompence;

The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day!

5. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER, (written by himself).

Read by Miss Hattie Louise Chase.

6. ADDRESS—Whittier as a Reformer,

Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D.

7. HYMN, - - - - John G. Whittier.

Read by Prof. George L. Plimpton.

(Tune, Coronation.)

(Sung at Christmas by the scholars of
St. Helena's Island, S. C.)

O none in all the world before
Were ever glad as we!
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free

Thou Friend and helper of the poor,
Who suffered for our sake
To open every prison door
And every yoke to break!

Bend low thy pitying face and mild,
And help us sing and pray;
The hand that blessed the little child,
Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn.

No more the whip we fear,
This holy day that saw thee born
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile;
O never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helena's Isle.

We praise thee in our songs today,
To thee in prayer we call,
Make swift the feet and straight the way
Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord!
Come walking on the sea!
And let the mainlands hear the word
That sets the islands free!

8. ADDRESS—Whittier as a Poet, Mr. Fred L. Knowles.

9. ADDRESS—Whittier as a Christian, President J. M. Durrell.

10. HYMN, - - - - John G. Whittier.

Read by Rev. O. H. Jasper, D. D.

(Tune, Louvin.)

(For the celebration of Emancipation at
Newburyport.)

Not unto us who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak,
Not unto us this day belong
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us, weak and frail and few

The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,
The air we breathed was hot with blame;
For not with gauged and softened tone
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore as Freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate the public scorn;
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our faith in man and trust in God.

11. BENEDICTION, - - - - Rev. C. C. Sampson.



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