

**PERSONAL  
RECOLLECTIONS OF  
JOHN G. WHITTIER**

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Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier by Mary B. Claflin

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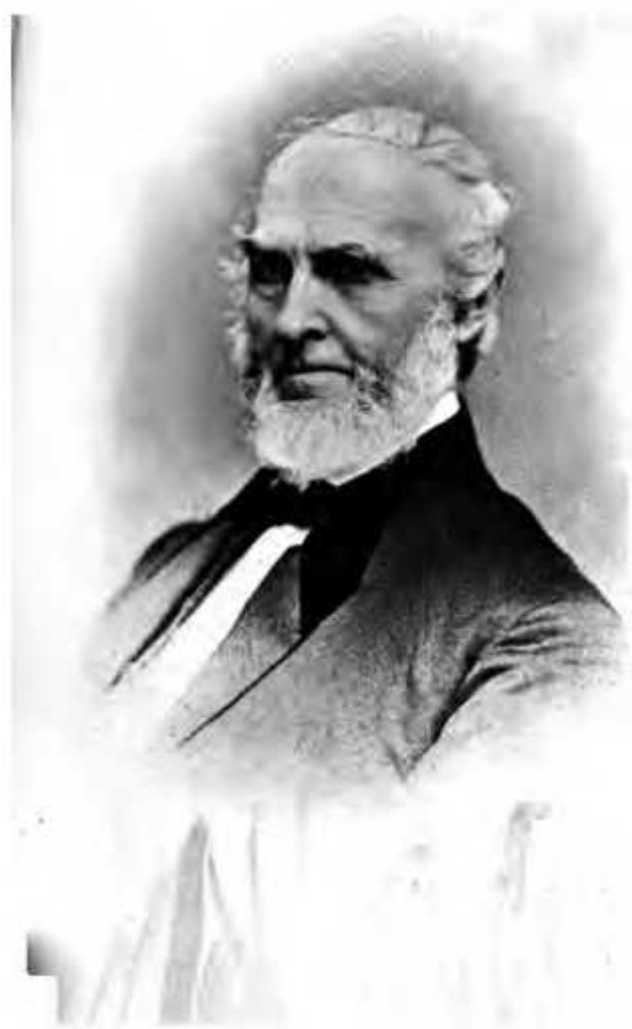
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**MARY B. CLAFLIN**

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BY

MARY B. CLAFLIN


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## PREFACE.

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My reverent sense of the power and purity and beauty of Mr. Whittier's life, and of his wide and salutary influence, has led me to a diffident attempt to give to those who have not had the privilege of his intimate acquaintance, a glimpse of him as I knew him.

In the poem, "The Morning Star," published here for the first time, Miss Edna Dean Proctor has embodied his almost life-long plaint of sleepless nights, and the gladness with which he hailed the dawn.

M. B. C.

MAY, 1893.



## THE MORNING STAR.

(JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, died at dawn, Sept. 7, 1892.)

“How long and weary are the nights,” he  
said,  
“When thought and memory wake, and  
sleep has fled ;  
When phantoms from the past the chamber  
fill,  
And tones, long silent, all my pulses thrill ;  
While, sharp as doom, or faint in distant  
towers,  
Knell answering knell, the chimes repeat the  
hours,  
And wandering wind and waning moon have  
lent  
Their sighs and shadows to the heart’s  
lament.  
Then, from my pillow looking east, I wait

The dawn ; and life and joy come back,  
elate,  
When, fair above the seaward hill afar,  
Flames the lone splendor of the morning  
star."

O Vanished One ! O loving, glowing heart !  
When the last evening darkened round thy  
room,  
Thou didst not with the setting moon de-  
part ;  
Nor take thy way in midnight's hush and  
gloom ;  
Nor let the wandering wind thy comrade be,  
Outsailing on the dim, unsounded sea —  
The silent sea where falls the muffled oar,  
And they who cross the strand return no  
more ;  
But thou didst wait, celestial deeps to try,  
Till dawn's first rose had flushed the paling  
sky,  
And pass, serene, to life and joy afar,  
Companioned by the bright and morning  
star !

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

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