

in his happy home at Keswick, the tidings of Mr. Hoar's death. I remember that the Senator when he introduced me to Dr. Rawnsley called him the first living poet in England.

At this October meeting of ours in Worcester, for a generation at least, the members of the society will remember the cordial welcome which the Council and every member always received at his happy home. One recalls with gratitude that great principle of history which in early life he announced so well himself. "At bottom the reason men form governments, and the object for which government is to be sustained is that men may live in happy homes." Whoever speaks or writes of the charm, itself indescribable, in this well-balanced life, remembers the cordial and complete sympathy of his wife, and that affectionate, and even ingenious coöperation of her life with his which showed itself whether in the detail of daily ministry or in constant inspiration;—sympathy and coöperation such as women only are able to conceive.

SENATOR HOAR

IN MEMORIAM

You of the spirit fresh with May-flower dew,
 A Pilgrim Father faithful to the end,
 Stout-hearted foe and truest-hearted friend,
 Who never trimmed your sail to winds that blew
 With breath of popular favour, but foreknew
 Storm followed sun, and knowing, did depend
 On One behind all storm high aid to lend,
 And from Heaven's fount alone your wisdom drew:
 Farewell! in these illiterate later days
 We ill can spare the good gray head that wore
 The honour of a nation, Fare thee well.
 When Justice weary of men's warlike ways
 And Freedom gains Love's height, they there shall spell
 Your name in golden letters, Senator Hoar.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

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