

**"Chicago," by John Greenleaf Whittier**

Whittier's career spanned much of the nineteenth century, and he was among the best-known and most respected American poets of his time.

<p>Men said at vespers: "All is well!" In one wild night the city fell; Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain Before the fiery hurricane.</p> <p>On threescore spires had sunset shone, Where ghastly sunrise looked on none. Men clasped each other's hands, and said: "The City of the West is dead!"</p> <p>Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat, The fiends of fire from street to street, Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare, The dumb defiance of despair.</p> <p>A sudden impulse thrilled each wire That signalled round that sea of fire; Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came; In tears of pity died the flame!</p> <p>From East, from West, from South and North, The messages of hope shot forth, And, underneath the severing wave, The world, full-handed, reached to save.</p> <p>Fair seemed the old; but fairer still The new, the dreary void shall fill With dearer homes that those o'erthrown, For love shall lay each corner-stone.</p> <p>Rise, stricken city! from thee throw The ashen sackcloth of thy woe; And build, as to Amphion's strain, To songs of cheer thy walls again!</p> <p>How shrivelled in thy hot distress The primal sin of selfishness! How instant rose, to take thy part, The angel in the human heart!</p>	
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<p>Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed Above thy dreadful holocaust; The Christ again has preached through thee The Gospel of Humanity!</p> <p>The lift once more thy towers on high, And fret with spires the western sky, To tell that God is yet with us, And love is still miraculous!</p>	
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