the aged whom death must take away, he says of Death that

> "He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
> He kissed their drooping leaves;
> It was for the Lord of Paradise,
> He bound them in his sheaves."

What could be more loving and more delicate! What sympathy with the wounded human heart! No wonder his poems were read with delight by all classes and especially by the lower. When Longfellow was in England he visited the Queen, and on taking his leave she said, "We shall not forget you. Why, all my servants read your poetry." And why? Because his poems reached their hearts, smoothed away their cares, and poured ointment on their wounded spirits.

When we compare Longfellow's poetry with that of other poets, we find that he stands somewhat by himself. He does not breathe the philosophic spirit of a Wordsworth or a Tennyson; he does not rise to the grandeur of Milton; he does not feel the passion of Byron; he has none of the creative genius of Shakespeare; but he has, what these have not in the same degree, a sympathy with humanity that amounts almost to an inspiration. He loves the aged, he loves the youth, he loves the little child. What could be more beautiful than the representation of his capture by the children in the library!—

> "A sudden rush from the stairway,
> A sudden raid from the hall!
> By three doors left unguarded,
> They enter my castle wall!
>
> "They climb up into my turret
> O'er the arms and back of my chair;
> If I try to escape they surround me;
> They seem to be everywhere.
>
> "They almost devour me with kisses,
> Their arms about me entwine,
> Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
> In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

* * * *

> "I have you fast in my fortress,
> And will not let you depart,
> But put you down into the dungeon
> In the round tower of my heart."

Such a description of love, with the absence of all jarring elements which are so common in this world, warms many a cold heart, brings tears of joy to many eyes. Longfellow loved children and we love him for it. You see the same love in his description of the little curly-headed playful idol that is always into mischief:

> "A little angel unaware,
> With face as round as is the moon;
> A royal guest with flaxen hair,
> Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
> Drums on the table with his spoon,
> Then drops it careless on the floor,
> To grasp at things unseen before."

It is this matchless sympathy of Longfellow which finds its way to the hearts of the people and makes him loved of all.

But when we pass to the characteristics which mark high-class poetry—spontaneity, intellect and imagination—we find he comes far short, and we are compelled to assign him a lower level than we accord to Byron or Wordsworth.

As to spontaneity he does not convey the idea in his writings that he had some great theme on which he must write, but rather the idea that he wished to write on something, and the themes were selected for that purpose. Longfellow searched literature and searched America for subjects on which to write. His friends suggested subjects to him, and ever ready to oblige them, he would write whether the theme were important or not. The story of Evangeline he got from Hawthorne, who received it indirectly from a French Canadian. He never was in Acadia, never knew the afflicted Acadians, but with the eye of an artist recognized the theme to be a fit one for his purpose. "Evangeline," we think, is Longfellow's best poem. Yet it is without strength of plot; but