

the public calls for censure from the most censorious ; not a sentence of the latter would be objected to by the most puritanical critic. He has written much that helps to supply a felt want amongst his fellow-men, and even those struggling mortals whose struggles he hardly seemed to notice are soothed and encouraged by the burden of his placid song and the lofty ideals it embodies. In this connection every one will at once recall his "Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," "Resignation," "The Builders," "The Village Blacksmith," and others too numerous to mention. The effect of his musical verse upon others can best be described by citing his own beautiful description of the effect of such poetry upon himself. —

The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bard's sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavour
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Such read from the treasured volume,
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice,

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Longfellow, like Wordsworth, was almost devoid of humour, but, unlike Wordsworth, this defect never causes him to make himself ridiculous when he is aiming at being pathetic. He was one of the most conscientious of artists, putting everything he produced into the best form possible before giving it to the world. For this amongst other reasons already referred to he has written much that posterity will not willingly let die and he has had the good fortune — rare amongst poets — of finding himself fully appreciated in his lifetime as he went along. His path was indeed flowery and his lot one of the most fortunate that could happen to a son of toil. His highest praise is that he was generous in sharing with others the flowers that grew by his roadside and that he always deserved his good fortune.

By occupation Longfellow was one of the great fraternity of teachers, but in this line he had not the qualifications necessary to attain to distinction. He was a conscientious and intelligent worker, respected rather than adored by his students owing to his want of enthusiasm, and exercising far more influence over them by his poems than by his prelections. He filled for many years the chair of "Belle Lettres" in Harvard University near which he continued to reside from his retirement from academical work in 1854 to the day of his death. To his life-work may be fitly applied his own beautiful and suggestive words :

Let us do our work as well
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

This great but simple minded philosopher and prince of observers of natural phenomena has after a long and honourable career gone to his rest. Born in 1809 he was fortunate in obtaining a good

education, and graduated in Cambridge in 1832. A long voyage as naturalist to a surveying expedition sent out under the command of Capt. Fitzroy of the Royal Navy turned his attention permanently to natural science and afforded him an opportunity of collecting a large fund of valuable knowledge which he gave to the world in several works. Gradually the facts which came under his keen observation inclined him in the direction which marks his first great work "The Origin of Species," published in 1859, and the development theory which underlies his system was in 1871 still more fully elaborated in his "Descent of Man." Later works from his pen have appeared, but they are rather collections of facts than attempts to explain phenomena by the theory of "Natural Selection" which he has made so familiar to all modern students of natural history. It would be unfair to hold Mr. Darwin responsible for all the lengths to which those who call themselves his disciples have gone even in his life-time. As the result of his writings the development theory of creation has obtained a strong, if not an enduring, hold on the scientific thought of the age, but with this he concerned himself little. While the battle which he raised by his books was being waged furiously between the Spencers, Huxleys, and Haeckels on the one hand and the whole host of the orthodox thinkers, including many scientists, on the other, the venerable philosopher was spending his time in quietly watching plants devouring insects and in studying the various modes in which man and other animals express their feelings and emotions. Mr. Darwin was the recipient of many honours from Universities and other learned bodies, and his place is already assured to him alongside of such men as Lyell and Faraday in the great temple of science.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Few names of literary men are more familiar than that of the poet essayist, and philosopher whose name heads this obituary notice. His death occurred the other day at the advanced age of seventy-nine the greater part of his life having been spent in complete literary retirement at Concord. He graduated at Harvard at the age of eighteen, and then studied for the ministry of the Unitarian Church. He took charge of a congregation in Boston but by that mental restlessness which never left him through life he was constrained to abandon the pulpit and devote himself to his favourite pursuit, the investigation of man's place in the universe and of the relation he sustains to it. The term "philosopher," in its ordinary sense, is hardly applicable to Emerson, for he never elaborated any system, but many of his utterances are quite philosophical in tone however unsatisfactory his theory of human existence and destiny. He may fairly be regarded as a disciple of Carlyle, but while on the one hand he is no slavish follower of his acknowledged master, on the other he falls far short of him in that peculiar power which gave the latter such an influence on the present generation. The most characteristic work of Emerson is his "Representative Men," in the course of which he portrays his conception of the characters of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, and Goethe, whom he regarded as types of their respective classes. No doubt they were, and yet for anything the reader can see he might as well have chosen other six historical names with almost equal propriety. In nothing does he more closely resemble Carlyle than in this species of literary caprice. Whatever fault may be found with Emerson's opinions his life was admittedly stainless. He hardly merits the title of a great thinker, but he has long exercised and will still continue to exercise a considerable influence, rather however by stray thoughts strikingly expressed than by the promulgation of what may be called his philosophy of life.