

of that past, making things bright to our eyes which, from a purely American point of view, would have worn a different aspect. From then till now the spell of those days has been upon us.

"One day — I shall never forget it — we returned at sunset from a long afternoon amid the statues and relics of the Museo Borbonico. Evening was coming on, with a sweet promise of the stars; and our minds and hearts were so full that we could not think of shutting ourselves up in our rooms, or of mingling with the crowd on the Toledo. We wanted to be alone, and yet to feel that there was life all around us. We went up to the flat roof of the house, where, as we walked, we could look down into the crowded street, and out upon the wonderful bay, and across the bay to Ischia and Capri and Sorrento, and over the house-tops and villas and vineyards to Vesuvius. . . . And over all, with a thrill like that of solemn music, fell the splendor of the Italian sunset.

"We talked and mused by turns, till the twilight deepened and the stars came forth to mingle their mysterious influences with the overmastering magic of the scene. It was then that you unfolded to me your plans of life, and showed me from what 'deep cisterns' you had already learned to draw. From that day the office of literature took a new place in my thoughts. I felt its forming power as I had never felt it before, and began to look with a calm resignation upon its trials, and with true appreciation upon its rewards."

It is interesting, as one thinks of Longfellow in his youth, and again in the splendor of his age, to turn to the words with which he closes the record of his first journey: —

"My pilgrimage is ended. I have come home to rest; and recording the time past, I have fulfilled these things, and written them in this book, as it would come into my mind, — for the most part, when the duties of the day were over, and the world around me was hushed in sleep. . . .