

And with threatening look and gesture
Laid his hand upon the black rock
On the fatal Wambeck laid it
With his mittens Mirye Kahwun
Smote and crushed it into fragments
Hurled them madly at his father
For his heart was mad within him
Like a living coal his heart was.

Hiawatha at last gains an advantage and pursues his father

To the doorways of the West Wind
To the portals of the Sunset
To the earths remotest border,
Where sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall
In the melancholy marshes.

There is a beautiful simile contained in the last lines of the above quotations, and is but one of the many instances of the forceful but still beautiful style of Longfellow.

The beauty of the above selections is greatly tarnished by the separation from the no less beautiful context. The last point which shall be discussed in this paper is one of absorbing interest. "The Catholicity of Hiawatha."

Longfellow expounds and glorifies in a very touching manner one of the most beautiful doctrines of the Catholic Church. Death is regarded by the doctors of the Church, not as thing to be feared, but as a blessing, because by it we are relieved from the cares, afflictions, and temptations of this life. If we have battled bravely as true henchmen of Christ are we not taken to our true "patria" where we enjoy all the inconceivable happiness of Heaven?

In God we shall find the highest perfection of the art, science or occupation in which we are engaged, be what it may, and we shall only go nearer to the Master of Life and Death who shall reward or punish us according to our deserts.

Longfellow's conception of this doctrine is remarkably clear and correct for a lay-

man and one outside the fold of the Church, and the praise of his readers is unstinted in regard to this point. I cannot praise it well enough, so I shall not cloud its bright and chaste passages by any criticism, but shall merely quote it, and let the readers judge for themselves.

The words are taken from the verse in connection with the death of Chibiabos.

He is dead, the sweet musician
He the sweetest of all singers
He has gone from us forever.
He has only moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music
To the Master of all singing
"O my brother Chibiabos."

There are very many other doctrines which are expounded but which are too lengthy to quote. Notably among them are the commands of God to be charitable and unselfish, and never to despair of his mercy, and to live always in His Holy Grace and never fall into sin.

In conclusion, to avoid disappointment, the persons about to read this poem should not expect an exciting work, because Hiawatha is not a stimulating poem, nor is it a poem with which to while away an idle hour. It is a poem which demands an intelligent reading, nay more, a careful study in order to derive all the benefits from it. Few persons read it completely; to read here and there at odd times is indeed a pleasure, but as has been said before it should and must be read completely, intelligently and carefully.

And now mysterious Hiawatha withdraws, departing

"In the glory of the sunset
In the purple mist of evening
To the regions of the home wind
Of the north west wind Keeway din
To the Islands of the Blessed
To the Kingdom of Ponemah—"
To the land of the Hereafter."

M. A. FOLEY, 3rd Form.