

"Sing him the mystical song of the Hern,
 And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;
 For only a sound of lament we discern,
 And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

"Sing of the air, and the wild delight
 Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
 The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
 Through the drift of the floating mists that enfold
 you;

"Of the landscape lying so far below,
 With its towns and rivers and desert places;
 And the splendor of light above, and the glow
 Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

"Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
 Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
 Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
 And if yours are not sweeter and milder and
 better.

"Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
 Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
 Some one hath lingered to meditate,
 And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

"That many another hath done the same,
 Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
 The surest pledge of a deathless name
 Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken."

Besides the pervading cheerfulness of the Longfellow house with its many windows, one is struck with the harmony that seems to breathe from it. Harmony of line, of proportion, of color; of atmosphere. The two rooms most interesting to the visitor are the upper