

Compare the above with the following extract also taken from *Hyperion*. 'Tis true it is one of the characters who uses these words but since the work is a romance and the characters never really existed they may be taken for the authors real sentiments. 'This man is a priest and a Franciscan friar by the name of Brother Bernardus. He is a professor in Klagenfurt in Germany. "One day" he says "I heard that Maurus Cappelari; a monk of Camaldoli had been elected Pope under the name of Gregory Sixteenth. At this time I was a firm believer in the Pope's infallibility; and when I heard of the books he had written, there arose in me an irresistible longing to read them. I inquired for them but they were nowhere to be found. At length I heard that this most important work, 'The Triumph of the Holy Sec and of the Church' had been translated into German and published in Augsburg." He procures a copy of this book and reads it. Then he continues, "now at length my eyes were opened. I saw before me a monk who had been educated in an Italian cloister; who indeed had read much, and yet only was calculated to strengthen him in the prejudices of his childhood, and who had entirely neglected those studies upon which a bishop should most rely in order to work out the salvation of man."

"I knew not whether to be most astonished at my own blindness, that, in all my previous studies I had not perceived what the reading of this single book had made manifest to me; or at the blindness of the Pope, who had undertaken to justify such follies, without perceiving that at the same time he was himself lying in fatal error." He now leaves the Church and prepares to set out for America. "The chamber I had occupied had once been the library of a Franciscan convent. Only a thick wall separated it from the church. In this wall was a niche, with heavy folding doors which had served the Franciscans as a repository for prohibited books. The inside of the door was covered with horrible caricatures of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin and other great men. I used often to look at them with the deepest melancholy when I thought that these great

men likewise had labored upon earth, and fought with Satan in the church. But they were persecuted, denounced, condemned to die." The author of the foregoing extracts is the same man yet they show a wide difference in tone and sentiment. In his poetry Longfellow holds prominently up to the view of his readers the beauties of the Catholic Church. In his prose he attempts to throw ridicule on that same Church whose noble qualities and heroic acts he was too narrow-minded to fully appreciate. Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Song of Hiawatha" will live and be read, and admired when his prose works shall have long since passed into oblivion.

John Greenleaf Whittier claims our attention as being not the least of that quartette of modern poets who by their genius have shed a lustre on the closing days of our century. In 1839 the Quaker poet of New England became an active abolitionist, and suffered much because of his exertions in behalf of the anti-slavery crusade. Yet Whittier himself was the slave of bigotry and prejudice. His own mind was bound by the bonds of religious intolerance. In "Mogg Megone" he deliberately disfigures the saintly Father Ralle, Jesuit and martyr, and attributes to him motives which the life and character of that missionary prove to be entirely false. Ruth the daughter of John Bonythou has killed through revenge the Indian Chief Mogg Megone while in a drunken sleep at her father's house. She is tortured with remorse and goes to Father Ralle and confesses her crime. The priest asks her who was the victim when she replies that he was Mogg Megone; Whittier says:

"Three backward steps the Jesuit takes,—
His long, thin frame as ague shakes;
And loathing hate is in his eye,
As from his lips these words of fear
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear,—
The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"

"Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,
And her eye looks fiercely into his own —
Oft, woman of sin! — nay touch not me
With those fingers of blood; — begone!
With a gesture of horror, he spurns the form
That writhes at his' 'till like a trodden worm."

The Poet begins Part III of the poem by the following address to the priest, who he