

botanist, and Olibert Street, the sculptor, and artist, Robert Lee, the famous general, and leader of the confederate armies during the civil war was magnanimously chosen. Some criticism was made in this instance. General Lee was a graduate of West Point, the American war college. He had taken the oath to uphold the union. But nevertheless became a rebel. Yet he was a great and noble hero. It was wise to give him a place in the Temple of Fame.

I intended to write brief sketches of these illustrious dead. Some of which may appear from time to time in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

It may be well to state, no deceased American physician, or surgeon, was considered worthy of a place in the Temple, and no president of any of the great American colleges, or universities. No Catholic ecclesiastic was chosen. Great wealth was not considered a prerequisite to selection.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 1807-1882, was born at Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807. He was the son of an eminent lawyer. When 14 years old, he entered Bowdoin College, and graduated after the four year's course, with the highest honors, in the same class, and the same year with that celebrated writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Franklin Pierce who afterwards became president of the United States. Longfellow wrote poems of great merit while a boy student at College. After his graduation he studied law for a short time in his father's office. But a professorship of modern languages having been founded in Bowdoin College, was offered to him, which he accepted.

From early youth he was trustworthy, refined, had good judgment and exhibited great love for nature and the beautiful in literature. These characteristics followed him all through his 75 years of life.

At the age of 19 years, young Longfellow started for a three years' stay in Europe, to acquire a knowledge of the French, German, Italian and Spanish languages and a general acquaintance of the best literature in those languages, in order that he might fit himself as professor in Bowdoin College.

When 22 years old he returned and entered upon his professorship. At the age of 24 he married Mary Potter. At 28 he published *Outre Mer*, a sketchy account of the three years spent abroad.

His reputation becoming well known as a writer and an instructor, he was invited to become professor of modern languages at Harvard. Before beginning his new duties at Harvard he went abroad again, to perfect his knowledge of the European languages. He took with him his young wife, who died at Rotterdam, after being married only four years. He remained abroad this time only one year, when he returned and began his professorship at Harvard.

He was now 29 years old. He settled at Cambridge in the Craigie House, which was once occupied by Washington, as the headquarters of the revolutionary army. When 36 years old, he married the second time, Frances Appleton.

Notwithstanding the arduous duties of his professorship, his reputation as a literary man and poet yearly increased. He published every year many ballads and other poems.

When 40 years old he had ready for publication, his *Evangeline*, which at once took high rank at home and abroad for its beauty and pathos.

When he was 48 years of age, he published the song of *Hiawatha*, and three years later, the *Courtship of Miles Standish*.

His *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* establish and vindicate his claim to originality and place him in the first rank of American poets. Both of these poems have American themes.

The story of *Evangeline*, the Acadian girl, separated from her youthful lover, during the shipping away of her people from the Province of Nova Scotia. She spent her life, searching for her former lover, whom at last she found, after long years of wandering and search, an old man dying in a hospital in Philadelphia. The story is beautifully pathetic. Its simplicity, so true to nature, appeals at once to the sympathy of every reader. Longfellow wove the incidents into poetry with great skill. It is said to be in artistic finish, superior to Tennyson's, *Enoch Arden* or Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*.

The poem *Evangeline* exhibits the simple, peaceful home life of the young lovers down in Nova Scotia. The cruel severity of parting, the rigor and confusion of the embarkation. The contrast of their quiet provincial lives and the hardships of their wanderings in the States. How finally they met when old, at the deathbed of the man. The poem lives on account of its accuracy to human nature. It describes the girl, the man, the priest, the mocking bird's song and at last, the rapturous meeting of the former lovers.

In *Hiawatha*, Longfellow undertook a difficult task. He created a style entirely new, adapted to the lives of a savage people, as embodied in their myths, and legends. Longfellow went back into the primitive nature worship of the North American Indians. The poem is not a dream or mere imagination. It is a poetic unity of the Indian as we know him.

Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," is probably committed to memory, by more persons than any other poem in the English language. His poem on Slavery, The Spanish

Student, Seaside and Fireside, The Golden Legend, Resignation, The Skeleton in Armor, Excelsior, and many others, have secured a place in the homes, and among the people, and are better known, and more familiar to the masses than those of any other American poet. He ranks with Burns, and Byron, and in some respects with Shakespeare.

His poem, *The Building of the Ship*, has been recited so often, that it has become a national document. His beautiful, sweet, and phrase-music is woven in many combinations. He laid the foundation of American poetry, by developing an original, distinct, and artistic individuality.

His was a temperament removed from the disordered pessimism, and optimism, of the times in which he lived. He was influenced but little by dogma. He was kind, earnest, sympathetic and always felt a deep interest in whatever would benefit his fellow-men. He did much towards laying the foundation of American literature.

Daring his life at home and abroad, men of the highest literary, and social distinction sought his acquaintance, and were charmed by his scholarly, dignified, kindly, and unassuming demeanor.

The general verdict placed on all his writings is, that they kindle, and awaken the broadest sympathies, vivify all that is beautiful in nature, and most noble in humanity. He was always gentle, and persuasive, never censorious. He endeavored to extract from every people, race, country and clime the best. His whole life exhibits culture, wonderful simplicity, and good sense. He was an interpreter of the noblest thoughts, of the best men and women of every age, and country.

He was professor of modern languages at Bowdoin College, for six years, and at Harvard for nineteen years. He resigned his professorship when he was 47 years old, but continued to live at Cambridge where he devoted all his time to literary pursuits. When he was 61 years old he revisited Europe. He was everywhere received with the highest honor, especially in England where his writings were very popular. At the age of 52, Harvard College conferred on him the degree LL. D. When he was 61 years old, Cambridge, England, gave him the degree of LL. D. and Oxford D. C. L. the same year.

Longfellow was twice married. His first wife died four years after their marriage. His second wife died after a married life of seventeen years, a terrible death, by the accidental burning of her dress. The second time he was left alone in the world without a wife, at the age of 53. From which time until the end of life, he remained a widower.

The best biography of the poet was written by his distinguished brother, Samuel Longfellow, a Unitarian clergyman.

It is difficult to form an adequate conception of the far-reaching influence of the poet, Longfellow. He was a representative American. He lived a pure, noble and tranquil life. He was removed from the noise, rivalry and commotion of trade, commerce, war and business pursuits. His associates were those of the scholarly and literary class, yet he was in closest touch and sympathy with the lowly and poor. His literary labors were all intended to benefit the masses. He made no attempt to display learning or literary abilities. His tranquil, peaceful surroundings and environments, his regular habits and proper attention to bodily health, extended his useful life to the ripe old age of 75 years, when he quietly passed away, loved, honored and lamented by all.

The Church and the World.

BY FRANCIS E. FITCH.

The Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shore of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.

"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry World,
"And walk with me this way."
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of eternal death,
And your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World with a kindly air;
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your way is narrow thorny and rough
While mine is flowery and smooth;
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,
But in circles of joy I move."

"My way, you can see, is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There is room enough for you and me,
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approaches the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
And the false World grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low:

"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,
I have gold and pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church look down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip,
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place
Satins and silks and seal skins rare
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead fell her bright hair,
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your House is too plain," said the proud old World,
"I'll build you one like mine.
With kitchen for feasting and Parlor for play,
And furniture never so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold;

Her sons and her daughters met frequently there,
Shining in purple and gold.

And Fair and Festival—frolics untold,
Were held in the place of prayer.
And maidens bewitching as sirens of old,
With worldly graces rare,

Invented the very cunningest tricks,
Untrammelled by Gospel or Laws,
To beguile and amuse and win from the World,
Some help for the righteous cause.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"
Then the Church looked sad and anxiously longed
To gather the children in;
But some were off at the midnight Ball,
And some at the Rucher or Play;
And some were drinking in gay sioux,
As she quietly went her way.

Then the sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm,
Merely indulging in innocent sports;"
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the World;
While millions and millions of precious souls
To the horrible pit were hurled!

"Your Preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I do not like them to hear."

"They talk of Judgment, a Coming Lord,
And the horrors of endless night;
They warn of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite!
I will send you some of a better stamp,
Modern and brilliant and fast;
Who will show how men may live as they list,
And go to Heaven at last."

"The Father is merciful, great and good,
Loving and tender and kind;
Do you think he would take one child to Heaven
And leave another behind?"

"Go train your teachers up to the times,
Adopt the stylish way;
We all want entertainment fine,
And only that will pay."

So she called for pleasing and gay divines,
Gifted, and great and learned,
And the plain old men that preached the Cross
Were out of her pulpits turned.

Then Mammon came and supported the Church
Renting a prominent pew;
And preaching and singing and floral display,
Proclaimed a period new.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do.
Though the poor need shelter, food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?"

"And afar to the heathen in foreign lands,
Your thoughts need never roam;
The Father of Mercies will care for them,
Let Charity begin at home."

"Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine;
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine."

"My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."

Then the Church her purse-strings tightly held,
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away,
I will do so, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by;

Her mission treasures beggarly piled,
And Jesus' commands were in vain;
While half of the millions for whom he died
Had never heard his name.

And they of the Church and of the World,
Walked closely hand and hand,
And none but the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I am rich and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing and nought to do,
But to laugh and dance and feast."

And the sly World heard her and laughed within,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church has fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

Thus her witnessing power, alas! was lost,
And the perilous times came in;
The times of the end, so often foretold,
Of form and pleasure and sin.

Then the Angel drew near the mercyeat,
And whispered in sighs her name;
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed
And covered their heads with shame.

And a voice came down from the hush of heaven,
From Him that sat on the throne;
"I know thy works and what thou hast said,
And how thou hast not known,
That thou art poor, and naked, and blind,
With pride and ruin enthralled,
The expectant Bride of a Heavenly Groom,
Now the harlot of the world!"

"Thou hast ceased to watch for that Blessed Hope,
And hast fallen from zeal and grace;
So now, alas! I must cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."

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