

he saw in the heavens, the following lines are so simple, yet so beautiful that they deserve special mention.

'Tis the heaven of the flowers you see there
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.

Longfellow in *Hiawatha* displays great powers of description and word painting, and pictures the scenes where the incidents related are supposed to have taken place, with such true color and vividness, that through the maze of our reflections we can see the woodland with its trees adorned with the golden hued leaves in Autumn, the green fields decorated with the gay flowers of Summer and Spring, and the bleak, desolate forest and the barren mountains, where "Mudjekeewis the west wind, reigns supreme, as though we were there. Steadman, our ablest American critic, says on this particular point: "Hiawatha is the one poem that beguiles the reader to see the birch and the oak, the heron and eagle, and deer as they seem to the red man himself, and join for a moment in his simple creed and wonderment." Although not familiar with the wild wood life, Longfellow nevertheless describes the places and objects with such minuteness of detail that we are translated to the very spot.

To prove that Longfellow is no mean rival of Cowper in descriptive poetry I have chosen a passage which has never a "touch of grandiosity," but is so simple that were we not attracted by the musical names and words, we should pass it over with a mere glance.

The lines relate to Minnehaha who was to become Hiawatha's wife.

Was it not to see the maiden
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?

Longfellow is very versatile in his descriptions, and he pictures the wild, rugged rocks, and the silvery falls and babbling brook of Minnehaha, the sombre forest, and gay fields with an equal degree of facility and beauty.

We shall take another instance of his scenic pictures in the verses in which he describes the origin of the maize. It was during Hiawatha's fasting that a beautiful young man appeared and challenged him to wrestle. Hiawatha accepted and they combated for three days and on the third Hiawatha vanquished the young man, who before wrestling had requested that when he should fall his grave should be guarded and watered for seven days. Hiawatha concedes the request and guards the grave

"Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward
Then another and another
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty
With its long soft yellow tresses."

Longfellow thus beautifully relates the tradition which is generally accepted as the origin of the maize.

We shall now consider some of his pictures in his descriptions of woodland or mountain scenery. First, that of the building of his canoe is too well known and too long to quote in full, so I shall content myself with a few lines chosen for their particular force and beauty.

Hiawatha says to the birch tree

"Give me of your bark O Birch Tree
Of your yellow bark O Birch Tree
I, a light canoe will build me
Build a swift Cheewan for sailing
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn
Like a yellow water lily.
Lay aside your cloak O Birch Tree
Lay aside your white skin wrapper
For the summer time is coming
And the sun is warm in heaven
And you need no white skin wrapper.

In the struggle between Mudjekeewis and Hiawatha, Longfellow is seen at his best. Hiawatha became acquainted with the espousal and desertion of his mother by Mudjekeewis, and inflamed with anger, he sets out to punish him, and meets him

"At the doorways of the West Wind
At the portals of the Sunset."

They exchange greetings, and then Mudjekeewis vexes Hiawatha by his continual boasting, and is accused of the murder of Wenonah. He acknowledges the crime, and now ensues the dread fray.