

## A VISIT TO THE HOME AND GRAVE OF LONGFELLOW.

BY REV. G. W. KERBY, D.D.

**D**URING a short stay in Boston, in order to prepare myself for my visit to "The Land of Evangeline," I went over to Mount Auburn Cemetery, kolas in hand, determined to see the grave of Longfellow. When I reached the main entrance to the cemetery I was informed by the gatekeeper that I could not enter there with a camera without a written permit. I went to the head office for the required permission, and when I told the manager my desire he very kindly informed me that I would need to get permission from Miss Longfellow, as the family objected to pictures of the grave being taken. Nothing daunted, I armed myself with a calling card and started for the home of the distinguished poet, resolved to see Miss Longfellow and lay my case before her. On my way I crossed "The Bridge" where the poet "stood at midnight, when the clocks were striking the hour." I cannot describe to you the feelings that possessed me as I approached the home and house where Longfellow lived and gave his way to the hearts of the common people. I tried the front door but there was no response. Then I walked around the house and grounds, and tried the side door, but no one came to let me in. In the meantime I had taken a couple of snap-shots of the place. Then I spied an old lady coming into the grounds and going in at the side door. I tried the front door again. The old lady popped her head out of an upstairs window, and looking down upon me, said: "Oh, you're a minister; I will let you in." My clergyman's collar stood me in good stead for once. By this time four or five other visitors had gathered on the front steps, and my collar admitted them all. They could not thank me enough. It was not I, however; it was the collar that did it. We went into Longfellow's study, the room once occupied by Washington. Everything in the study is as it was when the poet was alive. I sat in the poet's study chair and held in my hand the quill pen with which he wrote many a line. I also sat in the chair presented to him by the children of Cambridge on his seventy-second birthday, and made out of the wood from the "Spreading Chestnut Tree." Then there was the chair he sat in when he wrote "The Children's Hour," and penned the words concerning his children:

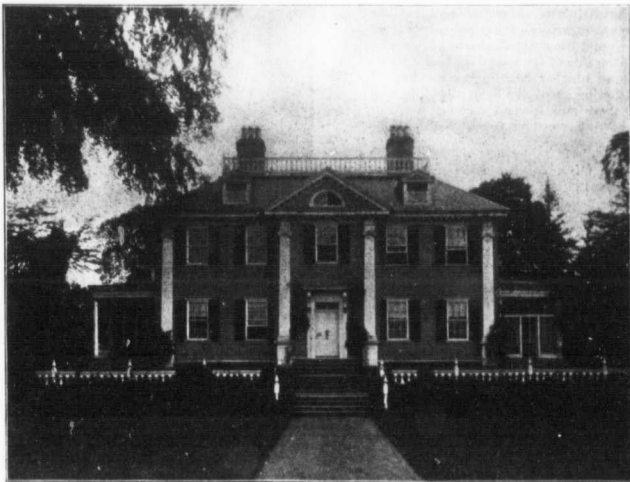
From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

They climb up into my turret,  
Over the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere."

The poet loved the children; he was their friend. He was never too busy or tired to receive a little child.

There were many other things of historic interest which space forbids me to do more than mention, such as "The Ink Well" of Samuel Coleridge; "The Waste Basket," of Tom Moore; "The Iron Pen" afterwards celebrated in his verse; paintings of Hawthorne, Emerson, Chas. Sumner, and President Felton; busts of George Green and William Shakespeare; statuette of Goethe, and fragments from Dante's coffin. I forgot to say that Miss Longfellow was away from home, so I did not have the pleasure of meeting her. I went to the cemetery, however, and took a snap-shot of the grave. One solid stone, oblong, bearing the inscription, "Longfellow," marks the spot. His monument is reared in the hearts of the people. He belongs to us all. His body is buried, but his spirit is alive and with us yet. As I sat on the stone steps of his sarcophagus, instinctively the words came to my mind from his "Psalm of Life":

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
Was not spoken of the soul."



LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

And again the well known words in the same poem:

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Foot-prints on the sands of Time."

Brantford, Ont.

Let your light so shine. You have concerned yourself about your neighbor's lamp, when your own wick was clogged and your oil getting low. Take a day off and look after it.

## LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

**I** SUPPOSE if the great multitude of readers were to render a decision as to which of Longfellow's poems they most valued, the "Psalm of Life," would command the largest number. This is a brief homily enforcing the great truths of duty and of our relation to the unseen world. Next in order would very probably come "Excelsior,"—a poem that springs upward like a flame and carries the soul up with it in its aspiration for the unattainable ideal. If this sounds like a trumpet call to the fiery energies of youth, not less does the still, small voice of that sweet and tender poem, "Resignation," appeal to the sensibilities of those who have lived long enough to know the bitterness of such a bereavement as that out of which grew the poem. Or take "The Old Clock on the Stair," and in it we find the history of innumerable households told in relating the history of one, and the solemn burden of the song repeats itself to thousands of listening readers, as if the beat of the pendulum were throbbing at the head of every staircase. Such poems as these—and there are many more of not unlike character—are the foundation of

that universal acceptance his writings obtain among all classes. But for these appeals to universal sentiment his readers would have been confined to a comparatively small circle of the educated and refined. There are thousands, and tens of thousands, who are familiar with what we might call his household poems, who have never read the "Spanish Student," "The Golden Legend," "Hiawatha," or even "Evangeline." Again, ask the first school boy you meet which of Longfellow's poems he likes best, and