

I will ask you this evening to look upon an ideal canvas which contains the portraits of a few modern literary worthies who have cast a lustre upon these times, and whose labours have enriched the age in which we live. I will ask you to imagine, if you can, another group. Some of the faces you see, you will recognize, for you have looked upon them in the Irving engraving. Others will be new to you for they have grown great, since Mr. Bryant spoke his eloquent tribute to the memory of the author of "The Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall." Look! upon the starting, breathing canvas. Look! upon the figures which burst into form and grow into life!

This is Longfellow, the gentle poet who has sung for us the ever graceful, ever tuneful *Evangeline*, that story which winds itself around every heart, and which is so dear to every Acadian youth and maiden, that tearful story of the expulsion of the French, which, you remember, a Canadian told to Hawthorne, in the hope that a romance might be made out of it. You know the history of the poem; how Hawthorne gave the idea to Longfellow as he was sitting one day in his study in old Cambridge; how the poet took it up, and in a few days finished the poem in that curious hexameter measure, which Longfellow feared would destroy its popularity. You remember his letter to Procter whom he asked not to reject the poem on account of its metre, which he said could be written in no other way without changing its character completely. You have heard how delighted Hawthorne was when the poem was read to him, and you know, of course, that the poet himself has never beheld the quiet Village of Grand Pré, which his pen has so skillfully described. This is Longfellow in his 72nd year, with white hair and beard, but with eye bright and full of lustre.

This other form, on the poet's right, is the Quaker bard of New England, who has nearly turned his 71st year.