

Temptation; The Miracle at Cana; In the Cornfields; The Demoniac of Gadera; The Death of John the Baptist; Scenes at Bethany; The Legend of Helen of Tyre; and The Tragic Story of the Crucifixion; and this poem is enriched, like the Golden Legend, by much curious lore from the Talmud and Rabbinical books, and from the Apocryphal Gospels.

Another characteristic of Longfellow is the infinite variety, and exquisite appropriateness of his figures, though some at first sight seem far-fetched, and by the surprise they create have all the effect of art. Take a few at random. See for instance his "foot-prints on the sands of time," the description of the dew of flowers which,

"Their blue eyes with tears overflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

In the wreck of the *Hesperus*—

"The cruel rocks that gored her sides,
Like the horns of an angry bull."

In the "Slavo's Dream"—

"His lifeless body lay,
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away."

In "The Arsenal at Springfield"—

"Like a huge organ rise the burnished
pipes."

In the "Midnight Mass for the Dying
Year"—

"The hooded clouds like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain."

In "Evangeline" the sweetest of all his poems, the church bell "sprinkles with holy sounds the air;" and the setting sun, like the Hebrew, smites with his rod the streams and turn them into blood. At the burning of Grand Pre, the flames were thrust through the folds of smoke and withdrawn "like the quivering hands of a martyr." The face of Evangelino's father was "without either thought or motion, as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken." In "The Building of the Ship," the rudder, "like a thought," controls the whole; and the anchor's great hand reaches down and grapples with the land. The wild winds seize the sea in their strong grasp and "lift it up and shake it like a fleece." In Miles Standish's *Cassar*, "the thumb-marks thick on the margin," "tell like the trampling of feet where the battle was hottest." The white sails of the departing ships gleamed—

"Like a marble slab in a church-yard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of
escaping."

Not merely the literary grace of Longfellow's poems is their claim upon us, but their moral elevation, their perfect purity. He wrote not "one line which dying, he could wish to blot," but thousands that linger like rousic in the ear, that sink like balm into the heart, that are a perpetual inspiration to the soul.

Longfellow was the first book of poems the present writer ever owned; for thirty years none has been so frequently in our hands, no poems so often on our lips and in our heart. They have been solace in solitude, joy in gladness, and have supplied some of the most exquisite pleasures, and often the luxury of tears, in a busy life. More than once, when in Cambridge, we longed to call and pay our homage as a scholar to a beloved and honoured master, to the great poet, but we felt that we had no claim more than thousands of others to intrude upon his time. But had we done so we would

have pleaded as our justification his own words—

"If any one thought of mine, or sung or
told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have paid me back a thousand fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to
lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened
And voices soft and sweet.

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

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up unto my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, oh, blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the wall shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder to dust away!

A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW.

A GENTLEMAN after visiting the poet writes: Before our departure we were invited to sit down in the carved chair made from the "spreading chestnut tree," presented to the poet by the school-children of Cambridge, and shown many other objects of interest, including the old clock on the stairs and the pen received from "beautiful Helen of Maine," with its "iron link from the chain of Bonnyard," its "wood from the frigate's mast," that wrote on "the sky the song of the sea and the blast," and its three jewels from the sands of Ceylon, the mountains of Maine, and the snows of Siberia.

We parted at the poet's gate on that sunny September morning, never to meet again; but I shall always retain the remembrance of his venerable appearance, his sweet old-school courtesy of manners, and of the many meetings that it was my privilege to have enjoyed with the best loved of American poets:

"Say not the poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies,
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unsphered by envious Death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll:
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air,
Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo
stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his
soul!"

VIA SOLITARIA.*

(The Solitary Way.)

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

ALONE I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his
own;
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And, therefore, life and health I must
crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that break-
est,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.
SEPTEMBER 18th, 1863.

LONGFELLOW'S FUNERAL.

THE last rites were thoroughly fitting. They united the undisturbed retirement which the family and personal friends of the dead ever desire and have the right to possess, with that opportunity which the public seeks to pay its homage to one whom it has honoured and loved. The private services were held in the house, and were as private as those of any citizen. The public services, at the conclusion of the exercises of a private nature, were held in the chapel of Harvard College. Professor Peabody read selections from the Bible, and

* Now that our best and sweetest Poet has left us, rendering by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been sacrilege before, the following touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife. She was burned to death while playing with her children in 1851. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and, as therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearful eyes, when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart he has waited at the "stables," till now at last, "the parted" are made "one."
H. M. Goodwin.

also from Mr. Longfellow's poems of eminent fitness to the occasion. Of that most beautiful poem, "Resignation" two stanzas were repeated:

"We see but dimly through the mists and
vapors
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad unereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

"There is no death! What seems so is
transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death."

From "Hiawatha" were read the lines beginning with that verse which is true of Longfellow above all modern poets:

"He the sweetest of all singers,
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers—
All the many sounds of Nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing.
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sung of beauty, love, and longing,
Sung of death and life undying
In the land of the hereafter.
For his gentleness they loved him
And the magic of his singing."

Professor Peabody concluded with the reading of those not unfamiliar lines, which, perhaps, as truly as anything he ever wrote embody the religious belief of Longfellow:

"From all vain pomps and shows,
From the heart that overflows,
And the false conceits of men:
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen,
Bewildered with the search,
Bewildered with the cry,
Lo here! lo there! the Church!
Poor, sad humanity,
Through all the ages meet,
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the way you road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

Professor Everett's noble eulogy concluded somewhat as follows: "His was a calm and loving age, full of activity, confidence, and peace. The world's love gathered about him as he lived, and its homage was breathed into his ear till on his last birthday there was paid him an homage such as has been given to few living. From his old home in Maine came greetings. Children's voices, those voices which of all others had ever been most welcome, joined in the acclaim, and thus the day of his life was completed. He passed away! I think we have not yet learned the meaning of these words. Wherever his sons go, he will go with them, a minister of love. He will be by the side of the youth, pointing to heights as yet unscathed and bidding him faith and courage. He will be with the wanderer in foreign lands, making the beauty he sees more fair. He will be with the mariner upon the sea; he will be with the explorer in the woods; he will be in the quiet beauty of home; he will be by the side of the sorrowing heart, pointing to a higher faith; and, as old age is gathering about the human soul, he will be there to whisper courage, and to say:

"For age is opportunity, no less
Than youth itself."

Thus will he inspire in all faith and courage and point all to those un failing sources of strength, the "heart within and God o'er-head."