

so far removed but that the stain extends to us. In these days, when it is tolerably easy for public opinion to regulate itself, it is the duty of the citizen to follow the windings even of foreign diplomacy.

Finally, and in the main, it seems to me that the continuity of Britain's his-

tory, the majority of her achievements, the purity of her Queen, the solidarity of the Empire are amply sufficient to induce dignity at once in the collective acts of the nation and in the private conduct of the individual citizen.

W. F. OSBORNE.

LONGFELLOW

In Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," we find the couplet :—

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote
on all the chords with might :
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
pass'd in music out of sight."

while some other poet sings :—

"Strange that a harp of a thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

I like very much this thought of comparing our minds, with all their diverse passions and delicate susceptibilities, to the vibrating strings of a harp. Certainly no one can play upon this harp, and bring sweet music out of it, so well as the poet, and no poet so well as he who understands the human mind and heart, with all its joys and sorrows, all its questionings and longings.

That Longfellow understood our human nature, and voiced its emotions and feelings in his beautiful songs, is abundantly proven by his wonderful popularity among all classes of people. An ingenious Chinaman once turned this poet's popularity to good account by having printed upon his fans, in the language of the "Celestial Empire," the well-known "Psalm of Life," in consequence of which they found a ready sale. When Prof. Kneeland was leaving Iceland, the people said to him : "Tell Longfellow that we love him, that we read and rejoice in his poems. Tell him that Iceland knows him by heart." His principal works have been translated into the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish and Danish languages, while many of his poems are found in Russian and Hebrew, and one of them—"Hiawatha"—may be read in Latin.

Let us briefly note some of Longfellow's

more striking characteristics, as found in his poems. Take first a very simple and natural one—his love for little children. In a diary—Mr. Field's, I think—is found the following paragraph : "Took five little children to drive in the afternoon, and stopped at Longfellow's. It was delightful to see their enjoyment, and his. He took them out of the carriage in his arms, and was touchingly kind to them. His love for children is not confined to his poetic expression, or to his own family. He is uncommonly tender and beautiful with them always." In this same connection one likes to recall the pretty story of the little lad, who, on being shown through the poet's library, looked earnestly at the long rows of books, and then asked : "Have you got Jack the Giant Killer, sir?" Mr. Longfellow was forced to admit that his collection did not contain that venerated volume. The little fellow looked very sad, and finally went away, but early the next morning returned clasping something tightly in his hand. He had brought the poet two cents to buy a "Jack, the Giant Killer," to be his "very own."

One day, as Mr. Longfellow, somewhat depressed and worried with the perplexities common to all mankind, sat in his study, his attention was diverted from painful thoughts by hearing the sound of children at play in the room above. He took up his pen, and wrote :—

"Come to me, O ye children !

For I hear you at your play ;

And the questions that perplexed me

Have vanished quite away.

"In your hearts are the birds and sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow.