More than this ;—thy name reminds me Of three friends, all true and tried; And that name like magic binds me Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers! How like quivering flames they start, When I fan the living embers On the hearth-stone of my heart!

"Tis for this, thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me."
—Longfellow.

## (3)—THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

"When I remember them, those friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three,
Who half my life were more than friends to mo,
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divino
Something, that shone in them, and made us see
The archetypal man, and what might be
The auplitude of Nature's first design.
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory. They meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who am bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile."
—Longfellow.

## (4)--DEATH OF AGASSIZ.

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteonal's calling and lamenting thee,
And watting restless at the cottage door. |
The rocks the seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou he dead, and come no more

Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst flow be dead?"
—Longfellow.

## (5)—THE ANGELUS.

HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.

"Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten musio Still fills the wide expanse, Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present With colour of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending On rock and wave and sand, As down the coast the mission voices blending Girdle the heathen land.