

sunshine, into many a sunless heart." The youth is stirred up to new efforts as he hears the echo from the heights, "Excelsior!" The heart, hot and restless, is soothed by the voice from the calm river, brightened by the moon's broken reflection. And the mother looking at the pale face of her dead, or at the empty cot or vacant chair, is helped to bear her burden by the thought that,

"Not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away."

Although Longfellow "has studied the principles of verbal melody and made himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression," still he is in word painting inferior to Tennyson, Shelly and Shakespeare. In his best examples, such as "Cadenabbia," there is nothing to equal Tennyson's "Where Claribel low lieth," or "The Brook." But Longfellow, too, can play tricks with words, rhythms, and rhymes. The different metres and arrangements of rhymes he uses give a pleasing variety to his poems. The application of classic heroic measure to English verse is as peculiar to him as the short trochaic lines of "Hiawatha." The former is seen in "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," and one or two other pieces. That it is not a complete success is not surprising, seeing that in English verse the basis of the rhythm is not quantity but accent. Such a thing as a spondee scarcely exists, and certainly never in one word. The metre is not, however, unpleasant when the reader becomes accustomed to the long lines. The trochaic measure, on the other hand, is admirably adapted to the weird, fanciful, airy picture of "Hiawatha."

Although Longfellow is exceedingly popular in England, perhaps not less so than Tennyson himself, yet he is a national poet. The nearest approaches to great national epics on this Continent are "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." He is American in a much wider sense than Yankee, although he has given us the "New England Tragedies" and "Miles Standish,"—American even in a wider sense than "United Statesian," for we Canadians claim him too as our national epic poet. Was it not

"In the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas,"
in the

"Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them," that Evangeline and Gabriel passed their happy youth before "another race with other customs and language" came to disturb their quiet life? The poet has immortalized our land, even if he had to condemn our cruelty. In a still wider sense is he American, for the red man of the forest can claim him as his epic poet. He has sung the joys and sorrows, labors and loves of the ancient arrow-makers, crystallizing in verse the features of the race before it has disappeared forever before the Pale Face from the land of Wabun.

Longfellow is emphatically the poet of children, and that his love is reciprocated is shown by the hearty manner in which his birthday has of late years been celebrated in the schools of the United States and Canada. The innocent gladness of children is a favorite theme with the kind-hearted poet:

"Come to me, O, ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Oh! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

And perhaps the most perfect picture of a father with his children ever drawn is given in his "Children's Hour." The closing stanzas are of doubly solemn interest now that the kindly heart that prompted the words is mouldering away, and that the hand that wrote them is forever still:

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

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away."

No wonder that the children love the poet. Indeed, we all love him, and we shall sing his songs and read his sagas till our turn shall come to go down, like him, to "the field and acre of our God, where human harvests grow."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

Mr. Whittier says that his father's library consisted of only twenty volumes.

Mr. Swinburne has written a nine-book poem on Tristram and Yscult.

Mrs. Mulock-Craik has collected a volume of miscellaneous essays, called "Plain Speaking."

Charles Scribner's Sons will issue Mr. Froude's biography of Carlyle simultaneously with the English edition.

The *Boston Advertiser* says that J. R. Osgood & Co. are to be the publishers of the new "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature," and that the printing will be begun in April. The *Advertiser* notices that "under the heading 'Women' there are references to nearly two thousand articles," and that "apparently no other subject has been so prominent in the periodical writing of the last half century."

"Love and Death," a poem by Edwin Arnold, is to appear in Harper's for May.

A new uniform edition of the miscellaneous works of John Stuart Mill will soon appear.

William M. Rossetti is about to publish a volume supplementary to his "Life and Works of Shelley." It is to be made up of such poems of Shelley's as have an autobiographical significance.

Mr. Bronson Alcott attributes his strength of body and freshness of mind to the simplicity of his habits and the strictness with which he has kept the Ten Commandments.

The Old Crow's Lament.

An old crow sat, one winter's morn,
High up on a sapless limb;
There was no refuge from the storm
That worried and pelted him.

His eye was dim with unbidden tears
And chattered his beak with cold;
His plumage was torn by the wear of years
His talons were weak and old.

In low sad notes he made his plaint
To the howling of the blast;
He scarce was heard—his voice was faint—
By the rude winds whirling past.

They lifted his plumage to the sleet
And shrieked with demoniac glee,
Pressed him to leave his cheerless seat—
Oh, wretched and sad was he!

"I merit," he said, "a better fate.
I've kept the creed of my kind;
Have ever provoked the farmer's hate,
And strewn his hopes to the wind;

I pluck his corn that springs from earth;
I gather the wheat he sows;
Have pestered him from my very birth—
And that's the religion of crows."

—*Harper's Weekly*.