

in Portland, Maine, in the year 1807. There he received his early education at one of the then noted New England Academies, and even at this time he wrote verses, which showed evident signs of poetical genius. At the early age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, and after graduating with a high standing at that institution, he entered the office of his father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a noted lawyer of the time. Law, however, was not to be Longfellow's vocation, and fortunately for himself and for literature, he received, only a year after his graduation, the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in his Alma Mater—a chair created especially for him. He gladly accepted a position so congenial to his tastes, and accordingly went to Europe and spent three years in the different countries, preparing himself for the fulfilment of the duties of his chair, as well as incidentally for many of his literary works. He only held his professorship in Bowdoin for five years, when he was transferred to Harvard as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres. Two more years abroad spent in the study of the legends and literature of the countries visited fitted him amply for his new duties, which he discharged for seventeen years, while his reputation as a scholar and poet steadily increased. As the success of a professor depends mainly upon the interest which he incites in his pupils for their work, it does not surprise us that Longfellow was eminently successful. Edward Everett Hale, who studied under him says, the best proof of this is that Longfellow was on intimate terms with every member of his class, and was always willing to enter into familiar conversation on all subjects relevant to their studies. How unlike the majority of professors who, it seems, consider it their paramount duty to have their students dislike them! Upon resigning in 1854, Longfellow took up his residence in that unique house in Cambridge, which possesses a double interest to visitors, as it was, before the evacuation of Boston, the headquarters of Washington.

Longfellow began to publish his poems, early, and many of his familiar shorter ones appeared while a student at Bowdoin. His literary life, however, may not fairly be con-

sidered to have begun until 1835, when he received his Harvard appointment. From this time almost every year gave something new to the eager devourers of his writings. His services to American literature can hardly be over-rated. When his work began, American literature was in its infancy, and it fell with success to his lot to transform the the prosaic American mind to one that could appreciate poetical talent. But why, we may ask, is it that his poetry has won its way to popular favour, why even in England do we find a volume of his poems in the hovels of the lower classes? The answer is found in the man himself. The same spirit which made him an intimate acquaintance with his pupils in his professor's life has made him the friend of all those with whom he has come in contact in his poetical life. The author of the "Voices of the Night" must have had a purely *natural* heart—one to which the mass must be bound as to a personal friend. In his longer poems the same humanity is present; they appear to be the natural sequence of his earlier ones, wrought out by a steadily increasing poetic power. In "Evangeline" and in "Hiawatha" the poet is at his best, and notwithstanding the severe criticism on the form of both, they will yet find their way into English classics. The subject of "Evangeline" was one admirably suited to Longfellow's mind, but the story is too well known to Nova Scotians to be related here. The "Song of Hiawatha" shows his love of, and his labor in searching out the legends of the aborigines of his own country. Americans rejoice in its being purely American, while its strangeness and fascination conspire to interest all readers. Of his other works we have not the space here to make special mention, but suffice it to say that they detract in no respect from the reputation he has won for himself from the foregoing. His translation of Dante has been considered a complete success, but it has been regretted by many that he did not spend the vast amount of labor bestowed upon it in writing another original poem.

Among the readers of poetry there is a great variety of tastes, but that class of poetry which breathes out sentiments resulting from a highly sympathetic nature will always