

birthday the children of Cambridge presented him with an arm chair made out of the "Chestnut-tree immortalized in "The village blacksmith," his poem "From my arm chair" to the children, acknowledging the beautiful was simplicity and tenderness in itself.

On his last birthday, thousands of children all over this country devoted the day to his honor. They read his poems and write upon his character and genius. Happy the man who lives in the praise of children they feel in reading such pieces as "The children's hour" that they too are appreciated. Beautiful and tender is the sentiment expressed in this poem:

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

Among the verses expressing love for children "Weary-ness" is one of the best:

"Oh little feet that such long years
Must wander on through hope and fear.
Must ache and bleed beneath your load:
I nearer to the way side inn
Where toll should cease, and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your load."

The highest order of intellects are not skeptical. Compare Dante, Milton, Shakespeare and Bacon with Voltaire and Gibbon. Mr. Longfellow belonged to no school of theology, he subscribed to no human creed, but he was a religious man, a Christian moralist. He believed in immortality, in God, and in Christ. A Christian faith breathes through all his writings. He admired the grandeur of Thackeray's noble lines:

"O awful awful name of God!
Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable,
O! name that Gods people did fear to utter,
O, light that Gods prophet would have perished had he seen.
Who are they that are now so familiar with it?"

Let us say of our poet's religion "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." But he knew how to suffer and be strong and his sufferings gave a sweet sadness to some of his poetry.

Beautiful characters are formed from daily contemplation of a grand ideal. Mr. Longfellow was such a character; his writings reflect his inner life, he was pre-eminently the poet of humanity, he swept every string of pathos, beauty and tenderness. His imagination and love transfigured common life; he was not above and beyond us, but on our level; he teaches us the nobleness of lowly lives, of common duties. He puts into the same picture gallery, the sailor at the helm; the blacksmith at the forge, and the "blue-eyed Banditti:"

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

The children love him and his memory is safe. Young men and women read "Excelsior" and "Maidenhood" and are inspired to lay the foundation for noble lives. Aspiring struggling souls read the "Psalm of life" and are encouraged. "Resignation" comforts the bereaved and they think tenderly, hopefully of one who "is not dead" only gone to a higher school. The aged have listened and grown strong as they caught by the "Golden mile stone" a glimpse of the bright beyond. In hours of disappointment, weariness and pain, strong men and women have been soothed and strengthened as they read

such poems as "Andalphen the angel of prayer." This legend is indeed a part

"Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain."

Mr. Longfellow has laid the foundation for a genuine American literature; he holds the balance even between the "realistic" and the "romance;" he takes neither to the heights nor to the depths of passion or sentiment; but he keenly comprehends the hopes and fears common to humanity, and he glorifies them by the torch of genius.

We admire Mr. Longfellow as a scholar, patriot and philanthropist; we love him because he has done so much to brighten the lives of those we love. Do not say that he was born, had honors and degrees and then died; the true poet never dies. Rather say how broad, how cosmopolitan is the web of sympathy that drew him to mankind by millions of threads. Tell me that he was full of gentle and noble thoughts; that he loved little children and wrote songs for them, and in a "diadem of virtues," his faith in God and nature, was the crowning gem. Then let us rejoice that America has given to the world this mastertype of elegant scholarship, combined with simplicity of doctrine, the best loved poet of the nineteenth century.

A. M. S.

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