

Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, " Hark !
For his voice I listen and yearn ;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return ! "

May 28, 1857.

Longfellow had an exquisite touch for occasions of this kind, whether serious or mirthful. Once, when some years after this Agassiz was keeping Christmas Eve with his children and grandchildren, there arrived a basket of wine containing six old bottles of rare vintage. They introduced themselves in a charming French " Noel " as pilgrims from beyond