

is servant, and man the master. In the ample fields that girt the track we feel the home pulse and the interests of strong and healthy husbandry.

Portage la Prairie! The comfortable dames are going down to Winnipeg. Bobby will have a new tricycle, and Mary Ann, won't she make the hired man hopeless next Sunday.

Is this a university town we are going to, or are we going to a football tournament?

"Football to right of him,"

"Football to left."

"The 'Tobas," "The Meds."

There are no second firsts in coming to college. Only once a "freshman." We will never again be as "green" as once we were. Oh, that we could, even now. "See ourselves as others see us." The world needs color photography. Experimentors should work on "green," anyway. The seniors will deify the man who assists them to convince the freshman that they are as green as the same seniors once were.

W. G. TANNER

ROBERT BROWNING

It is with peculiar diffidence that one enters the presence of this mighty poet-thinker, who has had so many merciless critics, so many nominal worshippers, and a few sincere admirers among those who have dabbled in the ocean of the thousand pages that have come from his prolific pen. That he was a great man none deny. His personality looms up among his brother-poets like some lone, rugged, mountain peak, whose summit, rising far above the surrounding children of the skies, is for the most part lost in obscuring clouds, but now and then flashes forth in undreamed-of beauty.

Let us first consider this keen and lofty-minded poet, as mighty, mist-enshrouded, he rises before our vision; then pass on to the sunbursts of beauty, and lastly, to the secret of the power he has won over many minds and hearts.

Many have been the attempts to prove or disprove Browning's claim to the rank of poet, and doubtless there has been ample room for such discussion. Indeed, were we to turn for a definition of poetry to Coleridge, Lowell, Arnold, Stoddart, Stedman, or any of the other great expositors of the art, and arraign Browning's sixteen volumes before this supreme bar, we should find that only a part, much the smaller part, could be called "just, legitimate" poetry.

There is this fundamental error with the

bulk of what he has produced: "His favorite kind of truth is not the poet's kind, and his processes with it are not the poet's processes. Both belong rather to the prose of philosophy and science." His intellect delights in threading its way through labyrinthine mazes and over unexplored seas in a way calculated to bewilder, confuse and dishearten the ordinary mind; he is a lover of the grotesque and ugly as well as the beautiful; his style is often "eccentric, abrupt, harsh, disjointed, parenthetical and metaphysical."

No poet of this age has surpassed Browning in originality of conception. Take, for instance, "The Ring and the Book," tantalizing and wearisome as it is finely wrought and fascinating. Think of a single story, "told as many times as there are cantos by every character in the hideous tale, each bringing out some new or contradicting phase or sequence to found the whole." And which of all was right? The Pope? Perhaps. Who knows what "Sordello" means? or did the poet himself? Such was the favorite analytic style of Browning, often elaborated or attenuated far beyond the understanding of any reader.

In reply to the charge of being "wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless, and perversely harsh," Mr. Browning once said, "I can have little doubt that