

guors of virtue, the roses and raptures of vice." Like the salt breeze of the ocean, there is a wholesome tonic in it. Every line throbs with health and life. While he nowhere preaches, his best work is instinct with their very spirit of Christianity—of faith in God and righteousness, and with a hopeful outlook for humanity. His philosophy is expressed in his own words "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." "Rabbi Ben Ezra," recently analysed in these pages by Miss Daniels, has been called the most profoundly religious poem in the language.

If we were to compare Browning with Tennyson or Longfellow, the only living or recent poets who come within comparable distance of his genius, we would liken Tennyson to an exquisitely carved fountain in some well ordered garden, with pleached alleys and gay parterres and shaven lawns. Longfellow is like a woodland spring welling up from some mossy bank, reflecting in its waters the simple beauties of

nature. Browning is like the living spring that bursts from the rude rock in Horeb, leaping from crag to crag amid scenes of sublimity and grandeur. Tennyson is the most exquisite artist in words, Longfellow the sweetest singer, Browning the greatest poet and "maker" of the age.

The best thing about him is that he won the love of the next greatest poet to himself, Elizabeth Barrett. In her "Sonnets for the Portuguese," which are sonnets from her own heart, she tells the story of their courtship—one of the sweetest and tenderest love tales ever told. They were ardent lovers of Italy, which they have both besung in thrilling verse. They both lived much in that fair land. Browning had just bought a noble palace on the Grand Canal in Venice, and they will both sleep side by side in the little Protestant cemetery in Florence.

Since this was written it seems likely that they will both be buried in Westminster Abbey.

NOTE.—The best selections from Browning's multitudinous poems that we know is that made by himself, the American edition of which is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Excellent introductions to the study of Browning, are written by Arthur Symonds, and by Professor Alexander of Toronto University.

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously,
Beneath the keen stroke bends—
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns!
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, and feel the pain,
But render only love again.
This spirit ne'er was given on earth;
One had it—He of heavenly birth,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed—no plaint He made,
And when in death's dark hour He sighed,
Prayed for his murderers—and died.