

to the sufferings and wrongs of outraged Italy, and concludes—

Let us go,
We will trust God. The blank interstices
Men take for ruins he will build into
With pillared marble rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete."

In "The Seraphim," she has given us a dialogue between two angels who are witnessing the crucifixion. This is a difficult theme and one which should hardly be entered upon, on account of our limited knowledge of the feelings of seraphic souls. Mrs. Browning has so often told us that poetry must have its essential basis, truth, that we are led to wonder how she could reconcile this statement with a poem where there is no basis on which truth, or the highest knowledge can rest.

But Mrs. Browning's claims to our gratitude and love, rest chiefly on her short poems, beautiful in design and utterance. Who has not read with a feeling of awe and hushed delight, "Cowper's Grave," and felt more sympathy with the maniac poet as she tells us "how discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory," and how "he wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted." "The Lost Bower" is worthy of study on account of its autobiographical interest, and of her sonnets one has said, "It would be difficult to find a nobler expression of great sorrow bravely endured, than is afforded by her sonnets on "Bereavement," "Consolation," "Comfort" and "Substitution." In "Lady Isabel's Child," we feel her peculiar powers of tenderness, and of ability to describe the appearances of nature. Among her sweetest poems is "Bertha in the Lane," and the Dead Pan is full of noble truths as well as beauty. What a noble creed for a poet is found in

"What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure,—
All of praise that hath admonished,
All of virtue shall endure;
These are themes for poet's uses,
Stirring nobler than the muses,
Ere Pan was dead."

Indeed all of her poems are worthy of deep study, for in many respects she is the noblest poet of our time. We feel that her whole heart is shown in her poems, a heart that beats with an intense love of art and human-

ity. But we cannot help feeling that her genius is inadequately expressed in her works, a certain obscurity of expression seeming to cast its spell over all. Rarely have so passionate a devotion to the poetic art, so rich a genius, and such an acute and original mind suffered so much by want of suitable expression. But we look beyond these defects and see the greatness of the heart that inspired the thoughts, and feel that nothing can hinder us from admiring that.

—BETH.

BENEFITS DERIVED FROM HISTORY.

We need but take a glance at the legendary age of Greece, to have some idea of the benefit derived from history. The knowledge possessed by us of the people who lived during that period, and though the deeds of heroes are woven in the most beautiful narrative yet they must be regarded merely as stories which in passing from generation to generation gather into the chain much that is fabulous. It is not so with history, the very foundation of which is fact.

History is the medium by which a knowledge of the past is gained. In looking back over the ages thousands of human beings pass in panoramic vision before our gaze. We behold nations in their glory and decline, and mankind in slavery and freedom; in the darkness of ignorance and the sunshine of knowledge; under the sternness of heathenism and under the humanity of Christianity.

Not only do we gain knowledge from history, thus taking away the barbarism from our minds, but, from the experience of the past, are enabled to interpret the present and tracing the source of success and failure in the myriads of illustrious dead, are not without a guide for the future. Thus, being conscious of the great benefits conferred by the great characters that have swayed nations, we rejoice in the fact that they still live in the pages of history, instead of "starting like gigantic shadows in the dim twilight of tradition."

—Q.