

not provided with such a help. Many make a mistake in selecting a book according to its size. They imagine that the larger the book the better it is, and therefore they set aside a small book without examination. The fact is that some of the most delightful books printed are to be found among the little ones. Soon read they are easily remembered. I would say be as careful in choosing a book as you would be in selecting your companions. In fact, books are your companions while you are reading them, and you will find that they very often influence you for good or evil just as living companions do.

*Essay read by Josie Zavitz, at the "Olio," 11th mo., 3th, 1889.

As some clubs for the REVIEW are not completed as we go to press, we mail this month's number to all yearly subscribers. The names are coming in satisfactorily, though a little late in some cases, and we do not expect to be put to the painful necessity of crossing off many of the names of our present readers, but we urge upon our friends the desirability of an early completion of the lists, and hope those interested in sending clubs will see that all old subscribers will be asked to renew, and that those who are not taking it will get a kindly invitation to try it for a year.

BEAUTIES OF BROWNING.

SOME GEMS FROM THE POET'S WRITINGS—"FAILURE."

A great thinker has gone to rest in that place of which he said: "There, where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing." He was known as a Master-Poet, but also as a writer who could not, or did not, always successfully transfer his thoughts so clearly that the average reader could, even with study, interpret them. But that he was always to some extent obscure and unintelligible cannot be admitted. There are clear,

coherent passages, which attract immediately and are readily understood. Take the following from "A Lover's Quarrel":

Oh, what a dawn of day!
How the March sun feels like May!
All is blue again
After last night's rain,
And the South dries the hawthorn spray.
Only my love's away!
I'd as lief that the blue were gray.

And the joyous, confident notes of the first song in "Pippa Passes," too, appeal to every one:

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world.

This is a perfect picture of existing situations, a song of nature without any unnatural verbiage. In "The Two Camels," a fable in "Ferishtah's Fancies," these beautiful lines are found. They are supposed to be the utterance of the Almighty on man's indifference to his benefits.

"Wherefore did I contrive for thee that ear
Hungry for music, and direct thine eye
To where I hold a seven stringed instrument,
Unless I meant thee to beseech me play?"

The whole essence of Browning's poetry may be found in the following passage from "Abt Vogler":

The high that proved too high, the heroic for
earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose it-
self in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the
bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear
it by-and-by.

This strain of thought is found all through the poet's work. He makes the dark seem bright by pointing out unthought-of conditions and shows honest failure to be triumph. For example, he says, in "Life in a Love":

But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at a strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up to begin again,
So the chase takes up one's life—that's all.