

"His low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track,  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on."

He pictures again another horseman in "Through the Metidja." The measure, with its sweeping anapaests, keeps time to the pattering feet of the fleeing horse. We see him almost as distinctly as if his hurrying flight were directly past us:

"As I ride, as I ride,  
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,  
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,"

conforms admirably, in metre, with the subject in hand.

We gather something of Browning's idea from his poem "Popularity." He says:

"Stand still, true poet, that you are,  
I know you, let me try and draw you."

And again,—

"My poet holds the future fast,  
Accepts the coming ages' duty."

Duty! Not all pleasure then! No, he does not give us such an idea of his object, but with his great heart feeling for humanity, and with all the earnestness of christian manhood, he strives to inculcate noble principles. He likens the poet to that mystic Tyrian blue,—

"Whereof one drop worked miracles."

Perhaps we can close with no better tribute to Browning than that which was given by a writer of the present century, who says:—"I believe, if I may venture to prophesy, that among the whole English-speaking people, and in proportion as they grow in thought, in spirituality, and in love of men and women, the recognition and the praise of the main body of Browning's poetry will also grow, and grow into a power, the reach of which we cannot conceive."

### THE FACULTY OF WONDER.

SOME one has said "We are small creatures, the biggest of us; and our only chance of becoming great in a sort is by participation in the greatness of the universe." This we suppose to mean that if we would develop the best part of our being we must keep ever looking at passing things with clear eye and cool judgment. If something great comes before our view we naturally admire it, and what we admire we unconsciously imitate. Therefore, if we would grow into the likeness of something noble it behooves us to gaze at the good around.

Plato says that "wonder is a truly philosophic passion." It is seen in the infant, in the inquisitive boy, but not so often in the self-satisfied young man. The baby, a marvel in itself, lives in a world of fascination. Everything attracts its attention. It sees, enquires, and so develops its mind while increasing its knowledge. Now, if this wondering faculty could but go on all through life, modified as years increase by strength and judgment, would not man grow into a well-developed being? Put a piece of cloth into an atmosphere loaded with a sweet odor. After a little it will be saturated with the air and smell sweetly too. Just so, man, by being continually brought into contact with great things, cannot fail to be influenced by them, and to become in a measure like his associates.

But men do not always work as if they believed this principle. Look at the village loafers, the corner dwellers, those whose chief delight is to soundly curse the dullness of the town, and loudly berate everybody but themselves for not doing something. Whose fault is it that the town is dull? Who but themselves are the cause of its low vitality? Again, look at the College drone, who perhaps began the course with interest, but before long gave up his studious ways, and now tries to support a reputation by saying there is nothing worth his notice. Oh no! there is nothing fit to engage his mighty mind! If he chose, if it but so pleased him, he could easily outstrip the hardest working man in his class. But it is not worth while. "Cui bono?" he says, and so figures before some as a man of ability but fastidious taste. Questicable ability, queer taste that, which incites a man to remain as a water-soaked log, borne hither and thither.

Let us see if our Collegian's complaint is true. Is there nothing for even a great mind to wonder at? Browning says: "Keep but ever looking, whether with the body's eye or the mind's, and you will soon find something to look on! Has a man done wondering at women? There follow men dead and alive to wonder at. Has he done wondering at men? There's God to wonder at." Here, then, it would seem, is something to occupy the mind. Should man, by some strange chance, have tired of woman, God's most fair creation, there yet remains enough to claim his notice. History has many names immortal. Julius Caesar, the soul of the Roman world, possessed qualities worthy of imitation. Every inch a king, he nobly died by deferring his own interests to those of the people. He ever strove to advance. He may have overreached himself, but would it not be better to perish striving than to live doing nothing? We have but to cast our eyes down the centuries to see a host of names replete with interest. Our own Alfred and Cromwell are distinctive. Both saved the nation. One was rewarded with the love and admiration of all; the other, for a time, with the curses of half his countrymen. But because in men the Almighty has