

ness, all things are to work together for good.

"I find earth not gay, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue,
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

With him, at all times,
"God is his heaven—
All's well with the world."

The completeness of his Ideal was the outgrowth of this healthy vision. All of life received from him its due.

"All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now
than flesh helps soul."

Browning's hope lay in the future. He looked to it to explain all the inexplicable things of life, and never tired of his prophetic strain. He knew that highest truth can only be reached by an unceasing upward struggle. He did not shrink from the struggle. He recognized its existence always, and never wearied of proclaiming the nobility of that struggle and the certainty of its issue. In one of his last poems he writes:—

"From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for a closer view,
Love were as plain to see."

A man who taught such truth with such assurance could not but be an inspirer. Browning's strong hold upon the world has, indeed, been the ethical and religious inspiration he gave. He urged men to take broader views of life, and to see

deeper meanings therein, to seek in the Gospel of Christ the interpretation the world demands, to trust in the future.

" to wake, not sleep.
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly
Creep things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep."

Very fitting, indeed, does it seem that this man should die calling back to his fellows in such words as his last published line:—

"Strive and thrive!" . . . "Speed—
fight on, fare ever
There as here."

No intelligent and appreciative reader of Browning's poems can fail to find in his own heart a ready echo to Emerson's fair tribute to his brother poet:—

"Human at heart-core, Browning; thou
dost know,
The soul of man in all its varied
thought—

To turmoil of its unbelief hast brought
The strong man's help, assurance; for
below

The seeming roughness of thy verse doth
show

A heart warm for humanity, and fraught
With burden for the present, bravely
wrought

In scorn of flatterer's praise for high and
low.

"No morbid melancholy thine, no fear
Of death or ruin to aught true or good.
No trembling in despair, but firm
throughout.

Courageous, resolutely, with sight of seer,
The poet's fire, the hero's hardihood,
And manly faith unsullied by a doubt."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE UNSHAVEN

And it came to pass in the latter days that there came a man into the hail of learning having whiskers exceeding long and fair to look upon.

And the hearts of the young men, as they looked upon him, did wax envious, and they murmured among themselves, saying,

Why should this man be greater in authority among the men of the land than we?

And straightway his fellow men did

seek out the chemists and the apothecaries, if haply they might find a potion whereby they would be able to grow whiskers like unto the beautiful ones they have seen.

But, when they were not able to grow those things whereon they had set their hearts, they did become still more envious of their favored brother.

And when he would not give them even so much as a little seed that they might grow these things for themselves,