

ward again to ask the startling question we had almost succeeded in putting aside: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself?" Amid religious and social unrest; when faith has become for so many a conformity to what they no longer believe, and life a selfish struggle, or a tame farce, the grandest poet of our time sings his song vital with faith in God and man and the appointments of human life. This is Browning's optimism, always sane and healthy, not the popular sort that consoles and sustains the religious circle of the feeble-minded.

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Most of all it pleases me that this man, speaking directly from his own great soul to the souls of other men, had no new gospel of his own to proclaim, but was wise enough to see that the perfection of the one that is, marks it out clearly as the only one that can be.

At last he sits among his peers, above the noise. We may not speak of such men as dead. True work fitly done lives on. His song will sing itself about the world. It will continue to inspire, as it has inspired, like the friendly hand-grasp of a strong, true man; like the rallying cry of a trusted leader to the half disheartened ranks. One more name is added to the long roll of those who through all time, by gifts of brain and heart, have helped to make human life nobler in purpose, richer in results.

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us in the dark to rise by."

These two men—Tennyson and Browning, offer us a friendship we should hasten to accept. Which name shall we rank highest? Shun the question, even in thought, and keep them always side by side. They are both so great, so lavish of their best, so different yet so like, that any attempt to classify them seems like an impertinence.

So like? Yes, in purpose, in love of all things high, in determination to trust the good, to rest firm in the faith that the best is the truest.

Karshish and the *Higher Pantheism* differ much in form but their sublimed essences have the same flavor.

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
And Spirit with Spirit can meet."

"So, the All-great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!'"

It is exceedingly instructive to compare Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*,—his last words which he wished to be remembered by, with