

to his medical friend, and apologises for dwelling so prolixly on Lazarus' long and tedious case, which, on review, he is unable to discern why it has touched him with such peculiar interest and awe.

Karshish had finished writing, having penned a farewell to his friend. But, whilst preparing his letter for the Syrian who was to carry and deliver it, he suddenly felt the strange power of the new idea, of God, strike upon his heart and brain, and he returned again to the subject—

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?  
So the All-Great, were the All-Loving too.

A gentle voice is heard above the tumult of the world, saying to man,—

Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of Mine;  
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,  
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!  
The madman saith He said so. . . . It is strange!

The tendency of all spiritual teaching at the present day—the highest thought of the world—is apparently in one direction. The central point of the universe is held to be not force or energy, but love. "Might is right," said Carlyle, explaining afterwards that he thereby meant the "might of right." So Browning insisted that power and love would in the end be seen as one, and that

it would overcome all things. This thought is evidenced and impressed upon his readers by many of his poems.

Some persons feel aggrieved that there is not more light thrown upon the object of our existence here. If, in reality, it is a preparation for a higher and more spiritual state, they think, in their conceit, it had been better if Infinite Wisdom had shown its purpose more clearly to the finite mind, and rendered the nature of the future state more certain. Browning essays to show that if these views prevailed and regulated the world, fuller knowledge on the subject would frustrate the purpose of, and destroy all interest in our present life. The epistle of Karshish is a forcible exposition of these views.

E. A. MAUCKEHNIE.

NOTE.—In the foregoing paper, Browning's thoughts have, for the most part, been expressed in his own words, but it has not been deemed necessary to keep strictly to the rhythm of his lines. His poems on immortality, religious subjects and ideas, and on the meaning of the soul, have removed doubts, and afforded consolation to many serious and religiously-inclined persons. The good they have effected has prompted this present attempt to make them more generally known, and to extend their usefulness.—E.A.M.

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## My Mother Sang to Me.

The Homeland voices called to-night,  
And would not let me be,  
As in the spirit-land, awhile,  
My mother sang to me.

I saw the foam upon the flood,  
The bloom upon the tree,  
The sun blaze on the distant hill,  
When mother sang to me.

I saw the clansmen from the glen,  
Like eagles wild and free,  
Stoop to the plain with dirk and blade,  
While mother sang to me.

I heard the march among the crags,  
The pibroch on the sea,  
The low lament wailed for the dead,  
When mother sang to me.

I saw the love-light gleam and glance,  
And sweet it was to see,  
Within a highland lassie's eyes,  
When mother sang to me.

And still tho' other memories fade,  
And other fancies flee,  
I'll hear the songs of love and war  
That mother sang to me.

D. M. Ross.