

Thou may'st love on, through love's
eternity.

"I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thought-
fully
I ring out to the full brown length and say,
'Take it.' . . . It only may
Now shade, on two pale cheeks, the
mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that
hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the
funeral shears
Would take this first, but love is justi-
fied,—
Take it thou, . . . finding pure, from
all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she
died.

"A heavy heart, beloved, have I borne
From year to year until I saw thy face,
And sorrow after sorrow took the place
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn
As the stringed pearls . . . each lifted
in its turn
By a beating heart at dance-time.
Hopes apace
Were changed to long despairs, till
God's own grace
Could scarcely lift above the world for-
lorn
My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid
me bring
And let it drop adown thy calmly great
Deep being! Fast it sinketh as a
thing
Which its own nature doth precipitate,
While thine doth close above it, me-
diating
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished
fate.

As for poor Edward Moulton Barrett—he raved. He tried to quarrel with Robert Browning, and had there been only a callow youth with whom to deal Browning would have simply been kicked down the steps, and that would have been an end of it. But Browning has an even pulse, a calm eye, and a temper that was imperturbable. His will was quite as strong as Mr. Barrett's.

What helped Miss Barrett to the final determination to take her fate into her own hands was the fact that, though the doctors had ordered her to Italy for the winter as the only hope of a restoration

of health, and although Mrs. Jameson, the well-known writer on art, had offered to take charge of her on the journey, her father obstinately refused to consider the idea. This strangely heartless indifference removed her lingering hesitation. She had no idea that his anger against her for the step she took would be so unyielding as it proved to be. So it was just a plain runaway match. One day when the father was out of the way they took a cab to Marylebone Parish Church and were married. The bride went home alone, and it was a week before her husband saw her, because he would not ask for her by her maiden name. At the end of the week the bride stole down the steps alone, leading her dog Flush by a string, and met her lover-husband on the corner. Next day they wrote back from Calais, asking forgiveness and craving blessings after the good old custom of Gretna Green. But Edward Moulton Barrett did not forgive. Old men who nurse wrath are pitiable sights. Why could not Mr. Barrett have followed the example of John Kenyon?

Kenyon commands both our sympathy and admiration. When the news came to him that Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were gone, it is said that he sobbed like a youth to whom has come a great, strange sorrow. For months he was not known to smile, yet after a year he visited the happy home in Florence. When John Kenyon died he left by his will fifty thousand dollars "to my beloved and loving friends, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, his wife."

Immediately after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning started for Italy, and in Pisa they at first resided, but later chose Florence as their home. For many years, with intervals of absence, they