

I give unto you,' 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Edward Barrett devoted himself to his beloved sister with unwearied devotion. During a visit to Torquay he was drowned before her eyes while taking a sail on a yacht. More than three weeks passed before his body was recovered. The suspense and shock almost put an end to his sister's existence and "gave a nightmare to her life forever." In the heart-rending pathos of "De Profundis" she gives some idea of what this loss was to her. But her faith sustained her, so that she could say,

"Through dark and dearth, through fire
and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

With returning health she resumed her literary labours, and about this time wrote "The Cry of the Children," which was inspired by reading the report on "The Employment of Children in Mines and Manufactories." This poem appealed so strongly to all humane Englishmen that it is believed to have hastened the passing of the bill in Parliament restricting the employment of young children.

John Kenyon, a literary friend of Miss Barrett's, wrote a few bright little things, but his best work was in the encouragement he gave to others. He sought out all literary lions and tamed them with his steady glance. No doubt John Kenyon sincerely admired Elizabeth Barrett, and prized her work, and she was grateful for his kindly attention and well-meant praise. He set about to get her poems into better magazines and find better publishers for her work. He also brought his friends to call on Miss Barrett; and many of these friends were men with good literary in-

stincts. The meeting with these strong minds was no doubt a great help to the little lady, shut up in a big house and living largely in dreams.

Much of the time Miss Barrett lived in a darkened room, seeing no one but her nurse, the physician, and her father. The brilliant daughter had blossomed in intellect until she was beyond her teacher. Loneliness and solitude and physical pain and heart-hunger had taught her things that no book recorded nor tutor knew. Her father could not follow her; her allusions were obscure, he said, wilfully obscure; she was growing perverse.

Edward Barrett's daughter, she of the raven curls and gentle ways, was reaching a point where her father's love was not her life. Her fame was growing; someone called her the Shakespeare of women. First her books had been published at her father's expense; next, editors were willing to run their own risks, and now messengers with bank-notes waited at the door and begged to exchange the bank-notes for MS. John Kenyon said, "I told you so," but Edward Barrett scowled. He quarrelled with her to ease the love-hurt that was smarting in his heart.

Poor little pale-faced poet! earthly success has nothing left for thee! Thy thoughts, too great for speech, fall on dull ears. Even thy father, for whom thou first took up pen, doth not understand thee, and a mother's love thou hast never known. And fame without love—how barren!

"My family," she writes, "had been so accustomed to the idea of my living on and on in that room, that while my heart was eating itself, their love for me was consoled, and at last the evil grew scarcely perceptible. It was no want of love in them, and quite natural in itself; we all get used to the thought of a tomb; and I was buried, that was the whole. But God knows what is within, and how