

mind. Let it stand, then, only for the strength.

Only thrice do we read of Emily Brontë's leaving Haworth, and on two occasions out of the three did she succumb utterly to the terrible ordeal.

In her preface to "Selections from the Literary Remains of Ellis and Acton Bell," Charlotte says: "Her nature proved here too strong for her fortitude. Every morning when she woke, the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. Nobody knew what ailed her but me—I knew only too well. In this struggle her health was quickly broken; her white face, attenuated form, and failing strength, threatened rapid decline. I felt in my heart she would die if she did not go home, and with this conviction obtained her recall."

Once again after this, she went, first as teacher to a school in a neighboring city, for six months, and again to Brussels, to the *pensionat* of M. Héger. What she suffered during this latter sojourn we have recorded already in her sister's words. Let her own heart-sick yearnings speak as well:

"A little while, a little while,
The weary task is put away.
And I can sing, and I can smile
Alike, while I have holiday.

"Where wilt thou go, my harassed heart—
What thought, what scene, invites thee now;
What spot, or near, or far apart,
Has rest for thee, my weary brow?

"There is a spot mid barren hills,
Where winter howls, and driving rain;
But, if the dreary tempest chills,
There is a light that warms again.

"The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above blends twilight's dome,
But what on earth is half so dear—
So longed for—as the hearth of home?

"The mute bird sitting on the stone,
The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,
I love them—how I love them all.

"Still as I mused the naked room,
The alien firelight died away;

And from the midst of cheerless gloom,
I passed to bright, unclouded day.

"A little and a lone green lane
That opened on a common wide;
A distant, dreamy, dim blue chain
Of mountains circling every side.

* * *

"That was the scene, I knew it well;
I knew the turfy pathway's sweep;
That winding o'er each billowy swell,
Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep.

"Could I have lingered but an hour,
It well had paid a week of toil,
But truth has banished fancy's power:
Restraint and heavy task recoil.

"Even as I stood with raptured eye,
Absorbed in bliss so deep and dear,
My hour of rest had floated by,
And back came labor, bondage, care."

The last lines that she ever wrote are grand beyond description. They could only emanate from a mind entirely noble, an intellect glorious as that of a sanctified Lucifer, if we may be allowed the simile, and a faith

"Sure anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality."

Surely with such a record as this left behind, Charlotte, after the "tortures of uncertainty," the "pain no words could render," which wrung from her the confession, "Moments so dark as these I have never known," might well write thus: "We are very calm at present,—why should it be otherwise? The anguish of seeing her suffer is over; the spectacle of the pains of death is gone by—we feel she is at peace. No need now to tremble for the hard frost and the keen wind. Emily does not feel them. We saw her taken from life in its prime,—she died in a time of promise. But it is God's will, and the place where she is gone is better than that she has left."

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled
sphere,
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

"O God within my breast:
Almighty, ever-present Deity!