

glides a pale shadow across the diary pages. Her husband's will was to her supreme; his whim her conscience.

Edward Moulton Barrett had a sort of fierce, passionate, jealous affection for his daughter Elizabeth. He set himself the task of educating her from her very babyhood. When six years old she studied Greek, and when nine made translations in verse. Mr. Barrett looked on this sort of thing with much favour, and tightened his discipline, reducing the little girl's hours for study to a system as severe as the laws of Draco. Of course the child's health broke. From her thirteenth year she appears to us like a beautiful spirit with an astral form; or she would, did we not perceive that this beautiful form is being racked with pain. A fall from her horse seriously injured her spine and made her a life-long invalid. Being thus cut off from out-door life, her passion for reading increased; she studied the great poets, and "ate and drank Greek and made her head ache with it." To spur her on and to stimulate her, Mr. Barrett published several volumes of her work—immature, pedantic work—but still it had a certain glow and gave promise of the things yet to come.

One marked event in the life of Elizabeth Barrett occurred when the Rev. Hugh Boyd arrived at Hope End to take Mr. Barrett's place as tutor. The young girl was confined to her bed through the advice of physicians; Boyd was blind.

*Here was at once a bond of sympathy. The gentle sightless poet relaxed the severe hours of study. Instead of grim digging in musty tomes they talked; he sat by her bedside holding the thin hands (for the blind see by the sense of touch), and they talked for

hours—or were silent, which served as well. Then she would read to the blind man and he would recite to her, for he had blind Homer's memory. She grew better, and the doctors said that if she had taken her medicine regularly and not insisted on getting up and walking about as guide for the blind man she might have gotten entirely well.

In that fine poem, "Wine of Cyprus," addressed to Boyd, we see how she acknowledges his goodness.

"Ah, my gossip! you were older,
And more learned, and a man!—
Yet that shadow, the enfolder
Of your quiet eyelids, ran
Both our spirits to one level,
And I turned from hill and lea
And the summer-sun's green revel,
To your eyes that could not see.

"Now Christ bless you with the one light
Which goes shining night and day!
May the flowers which grow in sunlight
Shed their fragrance in your way!
Is it not right to remember
All your kindness, friend of mine,
When we two sate in the chamber
And the poets poured us wine?"

Mr. Barrett's fortune was invested in sugar plantations in Jamaica. Through the emancipation of the blacks his fortune took to itself wings. He had to give up his splendid country home—to break old ties. It was decided that the family should move to London. Elizabeth had again taken to her bed. Four men bore the mattress on which she lay down the steps; one man might have carried her alone, for she weighed only eighty-five pounds, so they say. She lived for years a life of seclusion.

Her natural shrinking from publicity is expressed in these words to a friend: "All my favourite passages in Holy Scripture are those which express and promise peace, such as, 'The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always and by all means;' 'My peace