

we will all rejoice when the second change is made, and all the College atmosphere restored to them.

And now there is one thing which we ought surely to consider. It is a change in the line suggested by Prof. Galbraith as to the monetary value of the prizes. Are we always to place a higher value on what is intrinsically more costly, or will there be a more enlightened age when we shall prize the token for what it signifies and not for its tawdry tinsel? We trust the time may come, but sooth to say we have no good grounds at present on which to base our hopes. We are all bitten with the same tooth. We all look not merely on the field of sports for some tangible recognition of our merits. *Nescis qua dulcedine cunctos ducit.* We fear we shall not or will not be freed from our malady in a short series of years, but mayhap our wishes will be realized in the far distant golden age, when mothers no longer give their children candy to induce them to be good, and scholarships and medals are no longer held out by benevolent educationists as inducements to study.

EMILY BRONTE.

Among the moors of Yorkshire, in the midst of surroundings that suggest only poverty and desolation, stands a small manufacturing village. For the eye of the stranger it has, in itself, not a single point of attraction. No relics of antiquity, no Gothic spire or Norman keep arrest his attention; no natural beauty relieves the deformity which man has stamped upon it. One circumstance, however, quite independent of political importance or commercial progress, has endowed it with lasting fame. The name of Haworth is inseparably associated with the name of Bronte.

A situation less favorable to the development of literary genius could hardly be imagined. Poverty alone could cause a permanent residence there, and poverty and talent united in Haworth meant the possession of a scanty library at best, the society of few congenial friends, and almost total separation from the refining and broadening influences of the literary world. Yet it was within the confined limits of such an environment that the Bronte sisters conceived and wrote those remarkable works which have achieved for them so certain an immortality. The bright vivacity, the moving pathos, the intense and all-pervading passion which Charlotte, with her own rare personality, has infused into all her books, have made for her a friend of nearly every reader. The gentle piety of Anne is always attractive, but the extraordinary qualities of Emily seem to merit particular notice.

Emily was a very daughter of the bleak and barren moors; from earliest childhood they had been her favorite haunts, and their features were indelibly stamped on her character. The restraints of conventional society, even of that small circle in which she lived, seemed too severe for that free and rebellious nature. To her native impulses, to that original disposition, valued by her as her most precious birthright, she paid a consistent and a blind devotion:—

Often rebuked yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading;
It vexes me to choose another guide;
Where the grey flocks of ferny glens are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows upon the mountain side.

This self-concentration shrouded all her thoughts and feelings in an almost impenetrable reserve. Strangers she shunned; away from home she could not live; and even her own sisters, whom she dearly loved, were not allowed to share her confidence. But, though her strength displayed itself in these harsher features, it was no less evident

in the vital power of her affection. Her love, it is true, seldom found visible expression; but not the ingratitude, nor even the degradation of its object, could lessen its intensity. Though she never had a lover, though there is no record in her history of any except family attachments, she has left abundant proof of her capacity for a more absorbing sentiment:—

Cold in the grave, and the white snow piled above thee;
Far far removed, cold in the dreary grave;
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that Northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern leaves cover
Thy noble heart forever evermore?

Cold in the grave; and fifteen wild Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into spring.
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering.

Sweet love of youth, forgive if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along.
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee wrong:

No later light has lighted up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me.
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given;
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

It was not often, however, that she dwelt on such creations. Within reach of her active devotion lived one who put it to many trials. Branwell, her brother, a youth who displayed, like his sisters, every sign of genius, early gave evidence that in his case it was united with depravity. Spoiled by a faulty education, unmerited severity from his father, undue tenderness from his aunt, and the disappointment of aspirations which the poverty of his family and his own weakness rendered impossible to realize, this unfortunate lad, after many trials in various spheres, dragged himself home to drink and die. It is unnecessary to describe the depths to which he sank; the horrors of that short career may best be consigned to silence; we have mentioned him only to show how misery and vice in him served to bring forth the most devoted unselfishness in Emily. Charlotte, sick with disgust, could not bring herself to treat him, even with kindness, but the younger sister's less sensitive, was also, if possible, a deeper and a truer nature. Through every turn of his brief and lurid tragedy she clung to his side, and the agony caused by his death undoubtedly hastened her own:—

Death, that struck when I was most confiding
In my certain faith of joy to be,
Strike again, time's withered branch dividing
From the fresh root of eternity.

So she wrote and felt; it may be hard to understand her unchanging attachment; but the woman, who in the one novel she lived to write, conceived an immortal love, proved, though in reversed positions, the fidelity of the portrait. The lover of the tale is a villain; the lover of the real life was a pure and noble woman. Emily, then, had a deep and tender nature, narrow and harsh as she sometimes seems. Her strength surpassed the strength of woman; it is only just to say that her love was fully equal to her strength. Her range of sympathy was narrow; she could not fathom the meaning of the lives, nor was she affected by the joys or sorrows of the people among whom it was her lot to live. She has no claim, like Charlotte, to the affection of the world; she did not know it; she was not familiar even with the small portion open to her immediate notice; still less did she feel the great pulse of humanity beating with such quick, such awful throbs in the mighty England of the day, the England of advancing liberty breaking through every fetter in all the departments of political, social and religious life. All this she could not know; she and her own soul held sweet communion, and they were sufficient unto each other; she wanted no other symphony than that which her own heart had for