

much pity in what I felt for her." The pity was, it need hardly be said, at no time a substitute for love, though the love in its full force only developed itself later; but it supplied an additional incentive.

Miss Barrett had made her acceptance of Mr. Browning's proposal contingent to her improving in health. The outlook was therefore vague. But under the influence of this great new happiness she did gain some degree of strength. They saw each other three times a week, they exchanged letters constantly, and a very deep and perfect understanding established itself between them. Mr. Browning never mentioned his visits except to his own family, because it was naturally feared that if Miss Barrett were known to receive one person, other friends, or even acquaintances, would claim admittance to her; and Mr. Kenyon, who was greatly pleased by the result of his introduction, kept silence for the same reason.

In this way the months slipped by till the summer of 1846 was drawing to its close, and Miss Barrett's doctor then announced that her only chance of even comparative recovery lay in spending the coming winter in the South. There was no rational obstacle in her acting on this advice, since more than one of her brothers was willing to escort her; but Mr. Barrett, while surrounding his daughter with every possible comfort, had resigned himself to her invalid condition, and expected her also to acquiesce in it. He probably did not believe that she would benefit by the proposed change. At any rate, he refused his consent to it. There remained to her only one alternative—to break with the old home and travel southwards as Mr. Browning's wife.

When she had finally assented to this move, she took a preparatory step which, as soon as it was known, must itself have been sufficiently startling to those about her; she drove to Regent Park, and when there stepped out of

her carriage and on to the grass. I do not know how long she stood—probably only for a moment, but I well remember hearing that when, after so long an interval, she felt earth under her feet and air about her, the sensation was almost bewildering strange. They were married with strict privacy on September 12th, 1846, at St. Pancras Church.—[From "Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland-Orr.]—*Montreal Witness.*

LITTLE HOMER'S SLATE.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied

What repaid our childish quest:
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart,
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art.
But what meant this legend, pray,
"Homer drew this yesterday?"

Mother recollected then
What the years would fain to hide—
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
Forty years, so my mother said,
Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through these years
Grandma kept from all apart,
Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart;
While each year that sped away
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lieth in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.

—*Eugene Field.*

In the year 1569 the remains of three Roman soldiers were found in a peat bog in Ireland. They looked surprisingly fresh and lifelike although they must have lain where found not less than sixteen centuries.

The rudder of the monster British iron-clad Vulcan alone weighs twenty-two tons, about six tons heavier than the one formerly used on the Great Eastern.

At the bottom of the ocean the temperature remains unchanged throughout the year.