

as near perfection in womanhood as it is possible to conceive. Yet there is nothing of the impossible about her.

The foremost trait in Rebecca's character was her sound common sense which enabled her to see things as they were, to know herself no less than the people by whom she was surrounded. She was a young and lovely maiden with a heart susceptible to love, and she loved the handsome, manly and redoubtable Ivanhoe, though she knew all along there was no chance of her love being returned. She could read him as a book; strove against her love while tending upon him wounded.

"He calls me dear Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting-hound are dearer to him than the despised Jewess." Then again when gazing at the sleeping Ivanhoe during the lull in the storming of the castle of Torquailstone, in answer to her growing tenderness for the knight she says to herself: "But I will tear this folly from my heart though every fibre bleed as I rend it away." Then—"She wrapped herself closely in her veil and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within."

Sprung from a people who, as she says, "warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression," she was unable to appreciate with Ivanhoe the eccentricities of chivalry then in its age of knight-errantry. But in religious argument, confident in the faith within her, she was ever more than a match for the Christians around her who cloaked ignoble actions with the cover of Christianity and wickedly construed her charitable knowledge of medicine and success in the power of healing the wounds of the smitten into sorcery and witchcraft as a plea for her sentence and death.

In defence of her honour Rebecca, like the Roman heroines of old, counted her life as nothing, and her fearless resolution in this regard appeared even to the unprincipled and determined Bois-Guilbert in whom her woman's penetration enabled her to see certain ennobling impulses that in their last interview won her forgiveness. "But I do forgive thee, Bois-Guilbert," she said, "though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind; but it is the garden