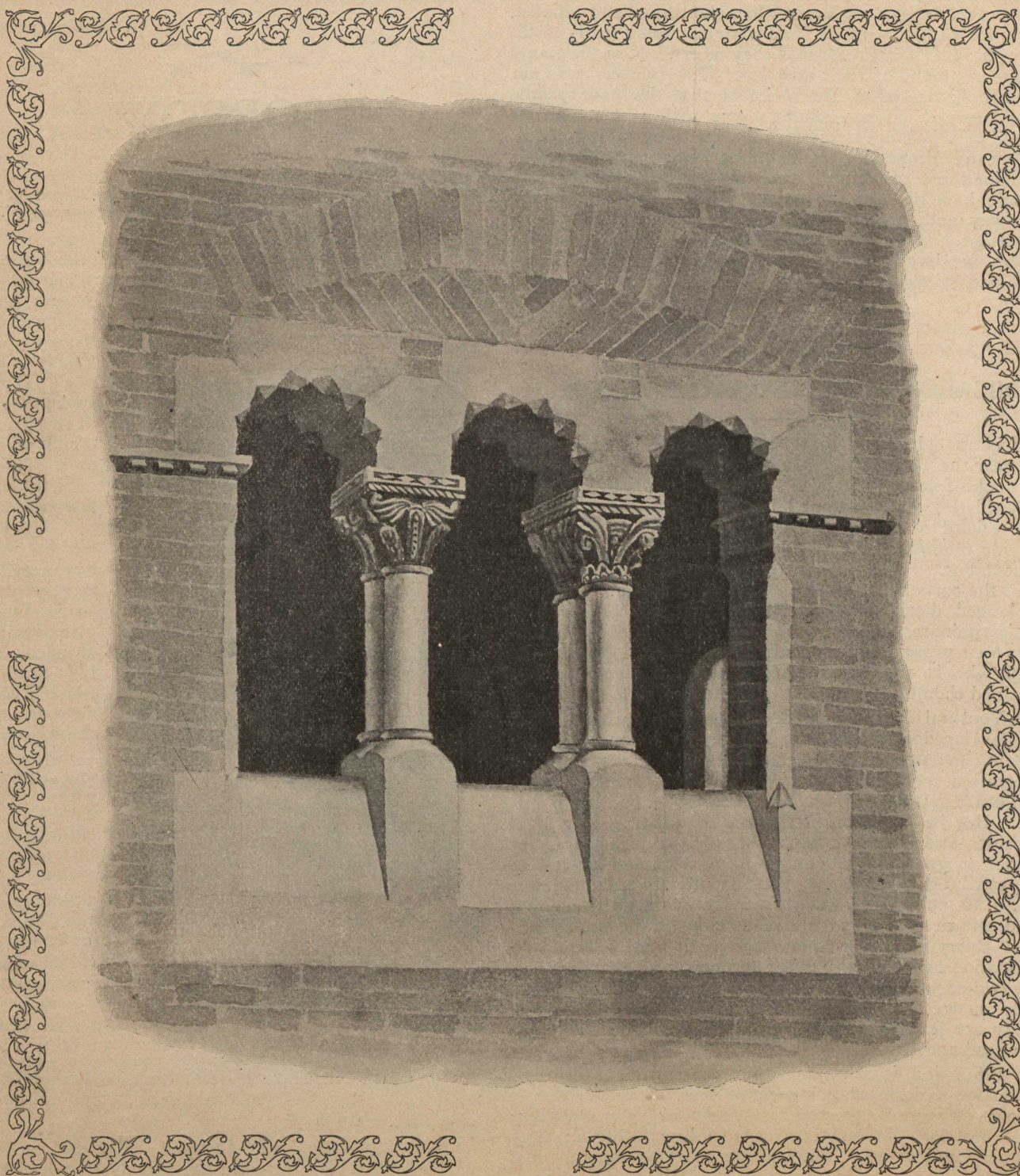


by artificiality, and as a natural result of her situation she retained her woman's heart. When Ferdinand appeared she thought what a glorious world it must be if all men were like him. She would be content to go among them. Her modesty did not prevent her confessing unasked her

"Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you."

One might expect that Miranda, living among spirits,



love for Ferdinand. When Prospero treated him so harshly, Miranda could not understand, and expressed surprise at her father's unusual severity. In her unselfishness she was willing to take up her lover's burden till he should have time to rest—

goblins, and all such uncanny and unsubstantial beings, would take on something of the same character herself and seem unreal. But it is not so. She was exceedingly human and womanly. When she saw the ship in distress, driving on to certain destruction, she was greatly moved