

ed in the glass, and she took herself for granted at the loving valuation of those about her, as people both old and young are apt to do.

Dolly was one of those persons who travel on eagerly by starts, and then sit down to rest. Notwithstanding her impetuous, youthful manner, she was full of humility and diffidence, and often from very shyness and sincerity she would seem rude and indignant when she was half frightened at her own vehemence; then came passionate self-reproach—how passionate none can tell but those who, like Dolly Vanborough, seem to have many selves and many impulses, all warring with one another. There are two great classes of women—those who minister, and those who are taken care of by others; and the born caretakers and workers are apt to chafe in early life before people will recognize their right to do. Something is wrong, tempers go wrong, hearts beat passionately, boil over, ache for nothing at all; they want to comfort people, to live, to love, to come and go, to feel they are at work. It may be wholesome discipline for such natures to live for years in a kingdom of education, of shadows and rules. They may practice their self-denial on the keys of the piano, they may translate their heart's interest into Gerran exercises and back into English again; but that is poor work, and so far the upper classes pay a cruel penalty unknown to girls of a humbler birth. And so time goes on. For some a natural explanation comes to all their nameless difficulties. Others find one sooner or later, or, as years go on, the bright edge of impatient youth wears off. Raban once called Dolly a beautiful sour apple. Beautiful apples want time and sunshine to ripen and become sweet. If Dolly blamed others she did not spare herself; but she was much beloved, and, as I have said, she meant so well that she could not help trusting in herself.

So Dolly could not help believing in herself for the present through the loving faith of those in whom she trusted. She took it for granted she was all they wished, and that she ought to be. When the bitter awakening came, she thought she must have been dreaming, and that she had had two lives in her one life. Something of Dolly's life was written in her face, in her clear, happy eyes, in her dark and troubled brow. Even as a girl, people used to say that she had always different faces, and so she had for the multitude; but for those who loved her it was always the same true, trusting look, more or less worn as time went on, but still the same. She had a peculiar, sudden sweet smile, that went to the very heart of the lonely old aunt, who saw it often. Dolly never had the training of repression, and perhaps that is why,

when it fell upon her in later life, the lesson seemed so hard. She was not brilliant. She could not say things like George. She was not witty. Though she loved to be busy, and to accomplish, Dolly could not do things like Rhoda—clearly, quickly, completely. But how many stupid people there are who have a touch of genius about them! It would be hard to say in what it consists. They may be dull, slow, cross at times, ill informed, but you feel there is something that outweighs dullness, crossness, want of information.

Dorothea Vanborough had a little genius in her, though she was apt to look stupid and sulky and indifferent when she did not feel at her ease. Sometimes when reproved for this, she would stand gaping with her gray eyes, and looking so oddly like her aunt Sarah that Mrs. Palmer, when she came home, would lose all patience with her. There was no knowing exactly what she was, her mother used to say. One day straight as an arrow—bright, determined; another day gray and stiff, and almost ugly and high-shouldered. "If Dolly had been more taking," said Mrs. Palmer, judging by the light of her own two marriages, "she might have allowed herself these quirks and fancies; but as it was, it was a pity." Her mother declared that she did it on purpose.

Did she do it on purpose? In early life she didn't care a bit what people thought of her. In this she was a little unwomanly perhaps, but unwomanly in the best and noblest sense. When, with time, those mysterious other selves came upon her that we meet as we travel along the road, bewildering her and pointing with all their different experiences, she ceased to judge either herself or others as severely; she loved faith and truth, and hated meanness and dissimulation as much as ever. Only, being a woman too honest to deceive herself, she found she could no longer apply the precepts that she had used once to her satisfaction. To hate the devil and all his works is one thing, but to say who is the devil and which are his works is another.

Miss Thackeray has a great command of language, and a great boldness in the use of it. She does not hesitate to use any expression, however unusual, which will accurately define her thoughts. For instance, she describes one character as "a big, black-and-white, melancholy young man, with a blue shaved chin." She compares the hair of her heroine to a seal-skin, and says of her that "she used to get almost tipsy upon sunshine." Dolly parts from her lover at the water side, and we