

and gratify the ambitious dream of her life by expressing her ideas and gaining for herself a place in the literary world.

But can this be done without patient toil, without discouragements and being at least for a time subject to the varying moods and fancies of a critical world. Such an experience does not seem to be Aurora's. She must work steadily and untiringly for the book-seller with one hand and for herself and art with the other. Then one wants another volume like the last, another would have a striking yet not a startling book, something new, yet orthodox, another objects to abstract thought, and still another would have more mirth. In the effort to please the infinite variety of tastes the mind becomes weary, the nerves overtaken and overstrained. But at last there is reward and she has gained for herself a place worthy of recognition.

What does Aurora say concerning the realization? Is it what she has hoped, toiled and struggled for?

"Is this all? all that's done and all that's gained?
If this then be success, 'tis dismaller
Than any failure."

What is actually gained is so far below what was hoped for that the realization is more bitter than failure and her ambition is still unsatisfied. Then she begins to realize that she has exalted her artist's instinct, "at the cost of putting down the woman's," that although art is much it alone does not fill the human heart.

The discipline of the world, however, mellowed Aurora's nature more than all the wise precepts of her aunt. Mrs. Browning finally shows her heroine kind and generous in befriending a homeless waif and giving to her a home. She can do this with the consciousness of one who has proved her own worth and confident that her kindness will shield its recipient from the buffets of the world.

The poetess evidently wished to show the value of the human over the intellectual type of womanhood by her plot of this romance in verse.

And however much there is of the inspiration in fame and of the fascination in creative work, the true woman must be worthy of the eulogy conferred by Robert Browning on his wife.

"O lyric love half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face
Yet human to the red ripe of the heart."

E. J. B.

Truth in Paradox.

In estimating a life or character, the question rarely turns on the correctness of this or that opinion held.

W. E. GLADSTONE.