

that has happened she feels as if she had escaped rather than achieved. She is the same, and yet not quite the same, for one never endures or endeavours to one's self alone; she keeps her little prejudices, but she has accumulated a stock of exceptions to their application; her sympathies, if not her opinions, have been enlarged; and above all, her unconsciousness has been trained to meet bravely, and sweetly the duties of a life which she is content should never be splendid or ambitious.

THE END.