

standpoint previously laid down, viz.: with reference to the times in which she lived, and, as before stated, this calls for an intimate knowledge of history. Beside such a character as Rebecca, the active, Rowena, the passive, must appear tame and, to a degree, insipid. Yet no one will disagree with me in terming hers a lovable character.

Beautiful she must have been on the exterior, and not with a lifeless beauty, either, else the critical eye of the polished man of the world, Bois-Guilbert, would never have so readily acknowledged her charms.

Her strong point was her love for Ivanhoe, the companion of her childhood — a love which withstood opposition and separation, and this, too, in an age when a young woman of noble birth was not supposed to show a susceptible heart nor to run counter to the advice of her guardians in matters pertaining to the affections.

She was dignified and without vanity, as evidenced by her quiet but pronounced treatment of the Templar upon her first meeting with him. She possessed the courage of conviction of a true woman of an age, when she raised her voice in the banquet hall where the mention of the name was forbidden, in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe in the memorable words: "I affirm he will meet fairly every honourable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires." Scott says of her: "The opinions which she felt strongly she avowed boldly," and again, "she was ever ready to acknowledge the claims and attend to the feelings of others." In her interview in Torquilstone, with De Bracy, her courage was undismayed for a time and she acted her accustomed part of a princess born to command. Then when the danger became so serious and imminent, unlike the active Rebecca, Rowena passively gave way to tears of vexation and sorrow. Yet who could wish to see the world entirely bereft of the women who can cry?

I have tried to show in Rebecca, the woman who both does and endures, — in Rowena, the passive woman, — but there still remains the type of the woman who does without enduring. Such a character is England's Elizabeth in Kenilworth. The predominating trait in Elizabeth's character was her vanity — a trait that seems at variance with the high-minded Sovereign, the author in his introduction tells us he is endeavouring to depict. Yet throughout she is a strange compound of the Queen and the