

of the sluggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossom."

"But thou forgivest me, Rebecca?" asked Bois-Guilbert a second time.

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner," was her magnanimous reply.

Luckless in love, persecuted by an abandoned yet powerful knight, condemned to a horrible death for witchcraft, in return for her noble actions, Rebecca's spirit never quailed. So long as there was a chance of life she would never despair and would have met death as bravely as the early Christian martyrs. In the presence of her judges, upon Bois-Guilbert's suggestion on the scroll *she demanded a champion*.

"There is yet one chance of life left to me," said Rebecca, even by your own fierce laws. Life has been miserable — miserable at least of late — but I will not cast away the gift of God while he affords me the means of defending it." Here again is a proof of her intimate knowledge of human nature. Feeling as she did that Ivanhoe had no thought of love for the despised Jewess, still she understood his noble and chivalrous character in such a way that she felt he would hasten to her rescue did he but know of her peril.

Simple, practical, possessing good sense and true religion — Rebecca never rants or raves. She always keeps a calm, clear, practical head — she was as clever as Shakespeare's Portia.

Rebecca's nature was equal to every call made on it. At every demand she was the high-minded, self-respecting, dignified, large-souled maiden. A woman will show to the best or worst when she is brought face to face and alone with a successful rival in the affections of the man she loves or did love. The most touching scene in the novel is the final one between Rebecca and the newly-wedded Rowena. The graceful humility, the calm, womanly dignity, the large gratitude, the maidenly instinct of delicacy displayed in thanking the preserver of her life through his wife, and the absence of all jealousy betokened by the present of a casket of jewels for the adornment of her who was loved by the man Rebecca loved, all appeal strongly to the reader whose sympathies go out to this exquisite flower of Israel, and it is to satisfy the majority of his readers that Scott, in the close of the last chapter, let fall a gentle hint that Ivanhoe's thoughts might recur too frequently to the fair Jewess.

To do Rowena justice she must be considered from the second