

greatest delineator among novelists, bequeaths to us a rich legacy in her philosophy and her history as well. The strong impassioned force she puts in the mouth of Savonarola in his appeal to Florence will last as long as literature survives. Nothing has ever been written that bears the stamp of a finer bit of eloquence. Listen to this, as Savonarola, standing in the Duoms, said in his melodious tone: "There is a stillness before the storm; lo, there is blackness above, but not a leaf quakes; the winds are staid, the voice of God's warning might be heard. Hear it now, O, Florence, chosen city in the chosen land. Repent, and forsake evil; do justice; love mercy; put away all uncleanness from among you, that the spirit of truth and holiness may fill your souls and breathe through all your streets and habitations, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt."

Think you, it is possible that out of uncleanness should emanate such lofty purity of conception and diction; think you a wilful wrongdoer could conceive of thoughts that pierce the night like stars, and lead men's souls to vaster issues? Never! The intellectual world has reached a milder judgment, not smiling at sin, but leaving the unknown to Him who formed the known.

The writer of fiction, who stands pre-eminently above all others as a delineator of human character, must certainly possess an unmeasured depth of insight, a clear concept of the duties and responsibilities devolving upon the human, and lastly, he or she must be a philosopher. The successful portrayal of sin always puts it in the guise of an unsightly monster. This power Geo. Eliot possessed in a matchless degree. All of her characters who strayed from the narrow path were made to suffer the penalty, which her pen paints in vivid colors, so vivid that we, looking upon the picture, never

can forget the painful thought back of the pen sketch. Geo. Eliot is not an author for the common herd; she belongs to a select few, so to speak, to those alone who can appreciate her creative power. No writer of stories has ever touched the key-note of her tenderness, or of her intensity; no one has ever approached her in depth of study and completion.

The writer who blends history with fiction must needs be a thorough student. Not only must such an author be familiar with historical events, but also he or she must be conversant with the language, the names and customs of the people about whom the author writes. Geo. Eliot studied years before she attempted to portray one little scene; years of hard unceasing toil preceded every literary achievement. In appreciation of the above fact, we realize that the author who wins our most profound esteem and admiration must ever be the one who can write such books as appeal most deeply to our other and more spiritual self. A careful study of Geo. Eliot as an author, and as a woman, proves her to have been endowed with the mental acumen and with the conscious power to weigh all men from such accurate human standing as the literary world has never seen before.

Tennyson says every wish is a silent prayer. If that be true, then Geo. Eliot's creed must bear the stamp of an actual outpouring.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence :
live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge
man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is Heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beautiful under that control,
With growing sway the growing life of man