

singer David; the Grecian Homer has poured forth his Iliad to be the admiration of all scholars then and now; the Roman Virgil has sung the story of his ancestors in his much loved Latin tongue; Raphael has painted and Shakespeare has thought, Beethoven has composed and Reynolds has drawn; and now a phalanx of musicians, poets and artists are toiling to please and benefit the world. The results of the labours of these lights of the world may be our heritage. And why do we wish it? Ours is an age of facts, an age of sorrow, an age of crime. Few are the honey-drops tasted by our fellow mortals on the rugged road of life. Is it not a beneficial education, that will raise their thoughts above the grovelling things of earth, and cause them to rest on the beautiful in art and nature, and thus cause joy to illumine their hearts?

Then let beauty be seen and appreciated by all. Let the beautiful thoughts of poetry find their way into every mind. Let the people be instructed in the art of music, and let them hear more frequently these sweet strains that have a power next the voice of the Almighty. Let them become familiar with all these arts that tend to their happiness and the joy of all around. Thus will their thoughts be those of truth and happiness and peace; and thus will the souls of men be purified, and brought into closer communion with their pure and holy God.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Nineteen years was the age of the present century when, in a quiet country parish of Warwickshire, Marian Evans first knew life. Sixteen years afterwards we find her leaving school, where, under the influence of her teachers, she had become a rigid Puritan. But this borrowed Puritanical garb seems to have fitted her but ill. For under this influence that style, which afterwards became the delight and admiration of English readers, was too stiff to be pleasing, too heavy to read easily, and too pedantic to be endured. In her anxiety to mortify the flesh she included novel-reading as a worldly pleasure to be renounced by the truly faithful. Hence had she clung to her old faith, it is doubtful whether English literature ever would have been enriched by the priceless volumes of George Eliot.

The death of her father left her in limited circumstances, but the influence of her friends secured her the position of assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. Here she gained the reputation as a writer of rare and marked ability. It is interesting to notice that her criticisms have stood the test of ever-changing and uncertain time, and are indisputable evidences of her power to recognise and appreciate living genius, even when the rest of the world were in doubt or ignorance. Her appreciation of the polished Tennyson was expressed in the warmest terms, whilst of the original Browning her praises stood out alone, to be sustained by the unrolling of years.

Now happened an event which changed the current of her whole life. This was the meeting of George Henry Lewis, whom she afterwards described to a friend as a "miniature Mirabeau who has quite won my liking in spite of myself." His was a brilliant genius which had placed him in an honored position in literature. But his domestic affairs had gained an unpleasant notoriety, for twice had his wife deserted her home and children for the attractions of other society. For when seemingly overcome by remorse on account of a first act of treason to her family gods, she was restored to favour, immediately she expressed her great gratitude by a second desertion, to follow the fortunes of some new charmer. Thus, because in a generous impulse Lewis had received her back after her first disgrace, the law said that a divorce could not be granted without a special Act of Parliament. This to a poor man was impossible, hence there were no means in his power to free himself from this living prison.

So these two set aside the law which is the very foundation of society and meeting the cold looks and sneers of the world with calm indifference, justified their course as being for the best. 'Twas even so, for it matters not how much we may regret the means, one thing must be admitted, that most happy were the results of this perfect union. Lewis himself who was fast becoming Bohemian in his habits became a worthier, truer man; whilst the gloomy unsatisfied life of George Eliot changed its course and ever after flowed along the deep channel of perfect content. The children of Lewis found in her that tender regard and affectionate love, which had been denied them by their own mother. And when that false mother as a result of her sin was drinking from the