

all the misery and scandal of a suit in the Divorce Court; but to this both he and Miss Evans were on principle strongly opposed. Their friends knew that they considered their union as true marriage. Mr. Lewes, whose esteem and admiration for her were unbounded, and made evident at all times and on all occasions, always spoke of her as his wife, their friends and acquaintances addressed her as such, and even those outside their circles came at last almost universally to accord her the title of Mrs. Lewes. Every year the nobleness of her character and manner of life, combined with the pure tone and high moral teaching of her writings, did something to lessen the prejudice which her anomalous position naturally excited in those to whom marriage was a sacred bond; and on the Christmas day after her death it was possible for Dean Stanley to pay a touching tribute to her memory in his sermon in Westminster Abbey.

Those who have read "George Eliot's" works with any true comprehension of their meaning and tendency will feel assured that to her also the marriage bond was sacred, and faithfulness to all ties the highest law of our being. This is most impressively shewn in "Romola."

"'You are seeking your own will, my daughter,' Savonarola says when he meets Romola flying from her unworthy husband. 'You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice; it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience. Man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs and no bread with them. . . . My daughter, every bond of your life is a debt, the right lies in the payment of that debt, it can lie nowhere else.' . . . Romola, cries out in her bitter anguish—'My husband . . . he is not . . . My love is gone.' 'My daughter, there is the bond of a higher love

. . . if he were a malefactor your place would be in the prison beside him. You may say 'I will forsake my husband, 'but you cannot cease to be a wife.'"

But she shews us the other side also.

"The law was sacred, yes, but rebellion might be sacred too. The problem where the sacredness of obedience ended and the sacredness of rebellion began had come to her . . . There are moments in life when the soul must dare to act on its own warrant, not only without external law to appeal to, but in the face of a law which is not unarméd with divine lightnings—lightnings which may fall if the warrant has been false."

In December, 1878, Mr. Lewes died, and we learned from the newspapers that Mrs. Lewes was utterly prostrated and broken down with grief. Afterwards she edited the concluding portions of Mr. Lewes's great philosophical work which he had committed to her charge. And then in May, 1880, the telegraph wires flashed the tidings that she was married to Mr. John W. Cross, who had been Mr. Lewes's executor, and whose mother we were told had been one of "George Eliot's" most intimate friends, but of whom her readers and admirers on this side of the Atlantic had never heard before. It cannot be denied that the news came to them as a great shock, in which the lofty image her own words had taught them to form of her seemed to crumble away, and their divinity to take her place among the common herd of faithless and forgetting mortals. It seems a pity and a wonder that she did not give the strongest proof in her power of the sacredness and completeness of her union with Mr. Lewes by remaining faithful to his memory.

"i' the grave,
With her sweet faith above for his monument."

But in the absence of all knowledge of the motives and circumstances which led to her marriage, noth-