

formed with characteristic thoroughness, but sometimes found "nauseating," she received lessons in German, Italian and music, and did a large amount of reading.

She showed wonderful wisdom in her choice of books. There is no recipe for the making of geniuses, they are independent of all training or of all lack of training. But there are methods by which ordinary people may attain strong and cultured minds, and no course is more effective than the one Marian Evans resolved on: "I simply declare my determination not to feed on the broth of literature when I can get strong soup." In this day, when weak and worthless books are driving the masterpieces of literature out of the market, when for a work to be new is better than that it should bear the stamp of genius, it would be well if young Canadians would make the same resolve.

Marian Evans does not seem to have had the passion for romance which swayed Scott in his boyhood; or the weakness of that omnivorous reader, Macaulay, who, to his latest day, could never resist a book, no matter how trashy it was. She was fond of poetry, but the poetry of nature, and of human nature rather than of sentiment. Wordsworth was a favourite, and remained so to the last. She writes of having loved Young "in the sweet garden-time of youth." She had a fondness for Church history, too, and on her first visit to London, when she was nineteen, her principal purchase was Josephus' "History of the Jews." Unusual tastes for a young girl, but where she had such freedom to choose her own studies, it was this serious bent of her mind which saved it from dissipation.

The tractarian movement, which was engaging the minds of English churchmen of that day, interested her much, but she showed her characteristic indecision: "I think no one feels more difficulty in coming to a decision on controverted matters than myself," she wrote to Miss Lewis about that time.

She was ever moved by the influence nearest to her, whether of persons or books; and, as her reading was largely of a grave tone, her mind was much exercised on religious subjects. She was at one time so given up to ascetic ideas that she looked upon novel reading, or music of any but a devotional kind, as sinful. She gave up all amusements, and ceased to care for her personal appearance. We doubt if she ever went so far as to sleep on the bare floor, as she represents her prototype, Maggie Tulliver, doing, for hers was always an ease-loving nature. Not content with severe practices for herself, she tried to inflict her views on her brother, and strove to induce him to resign many harmless pleasures. We can fancy her—a delicate girl, musing apart in unshared