

have been one of constant improvement. In 1846 her translation of Strauss' *Leben Jesu* was completed, and at this period she became acquainted, through her friends the Brays and the Hennells, with many eminent men. From 1849 till 1851 she lived abroad, and on her return she resided with the Chapmans in the Strand and became sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*. She thus got to know George Henry Lewes, whose wife she virtually became. Upon his death she married Mr. J. W. Cross, an American merchant settled in England. Her death was sudden, and she was buried in Highgate Cemetery, the service being performed by the Rev. Dr. Sadler, an Unitarian minister. She was followed to her grave by many of the most eminent literary men of the day, such as Herbert Spencer, Robert Browning, Prof. Tyndall and the Stephens.

In early life, like the Newman brothers, she was a devout Evangelical, but her views gradually changed till she became a professed follower of Comte. Her fame will doubtless rest upon her inimitable pictures of English country life, rather than upon *Romola* and *Daniel Deronda*, which deal with an entirely different range of interest. "George Eliot," writes a discriminating critic, "was most happy when recalling mid-England in the days before the Reform Bill"—the days, the flavour of which still lingered about her life at Griff and Foleshill. "Both George Eliot and Georges Sand had learned that provincial life is more intense, if more monotonous and simple, than the busy life of towns. * * * While the subject (of her novels) is entirely obsolete, the reflections are in accord with the most advanced thought of the day. * * * Generally speaking, they all treat of the influence of adverse circumstances on the inner life of the actors. It is essentially the spiritual life of her heroes and heroines which interest the writer. It is characteristic that she has introduced the religious life as a leading motive of the novel." Alfred Austin has written some fine lines to her memory, but we may most fittingly close this brief notice with the first lines of her own hymn, describing the aspirations she has now realized.

O 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 men's search
To vaster issues.

A volume containing her translation of Spinoza's *Ethics* and the essays contributed to the *Westminster Review* would be a welcome boon.

R. W. B.

The Scientific Department, owing to want of space, stands over till next month.