

“The Reformation either meant something or it did not...”

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*“And listening intently as she poured out her heart,
Scarcely daring to think, I gave her mine;
Thus she carried off my life, and never even knew it.”*

“There was a certain liquid brightness in her eyes, and Will was conscious that his own were obeying a law of nature and filling too. (Nothing) could have spoiled the subduing power, the sweet dignity, of her noble unsuspecting inexperience.”

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George Eliot, Naumann, and the Nazarenes
Middlemarch: Critical Approaches to the Novel

George Eliot and the Visual Arts'

George Eliot's Conception of Sympathy