

thee: thy epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this planet—sea, moles, cotton trades, rail-ways, fleets and cities, Indian empires, Americans, New Hollands—legible throughout the solar system."

Carlyle enlarges, with soul-stirring exultation, on the glory of labour, on the blessedness of work. "Blessed," he says, "is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it." And here is a grand picture of what work can do: "And again, hast thou valued patience, courage, perseverance, openness to light, readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better the next time? All these, all virtues—in wrestling with the dim brute powers of Fate, in ordering of the fellows in such wrestle, there, and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined stoneheaps—of foolish, unarchitectural bishops—red-tape officials—idle Nell-Gwin Defenders of the Faith—and see whether he will ever raise a St. Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude contraditors, are all things and persons, from mutinous masons, and Irish hodmen, up to idle Nell-Gwin Defenders, to blustering red-tape officials—foolish, unarchitectural bishops. All these things and persons are there, not for Sir Christopher's sake and his cathedrals; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries on her mathematics and architectories, not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her. Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrains her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say 'I am here'—must be spoken to, before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible, like the gods; impediments, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O, brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these, by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's edifice; thy monument for centuries; the stamp 'Great Man' impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!"

The afflictive evils that cry in England for remedy are again and again referred to in all the chapters of this impressive section of the work, and, warning repeated upon warning to apply the remedy, and to apply it directly.

The nature of the remedy in the author's mind

is more clearly indicated in the fourth and last book, which he names the "Horoscope." First, the Corn Laws must go. That is now not a conjecture, but a certainty; not a prophecy, but a fact. Supposing the Corn Laws abolished, and the nation ensared on a course of prosperity, that possibly might continue for twenty years. At the close of that period, if nothing else be done in the mean time, the miseries which now oppress the millions, would be found again with aggravated malignity. To avert this terrible result, what must be done, that the future, not only be safe, but progressive? The whole people must be educated. That is the radical amelioration, the basis of every other improvement. Systematic emigration must be established: This will relieve the labor-market at home, and extend the consuming-market abroad. Labor needs in some way a better organization, and the results of labor, a more equitable distribution. And withal, higher sentiments must govern every class of society—not the Utilitarian—but one of more faith, and more idealism. The wisest must rule; industry must have dignity: the relations of life must have more elements of performance; both the landed and the gifted must recognize the sacredness of their trusts and be faithful to them. These things being accomplished, England will be renovated for a new race of glory; if neglected, England's days are numbered. But the author is full of hope; he believes that the moral strength of England will come resistlessly to the task, and that his country will vindicate her might in this hour of fierce trial. Having an earnest hope in himself, he breathes it into others, and in this lyric-like strain he closes the work: "Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears and hearts' blood of men, or any defacement of the pit, noble, fruitful labour, growing ever nobler, will come forth,—the grand sole miracle of man: whereby man has risen from the low places of this earth, very literally into divine heavens. Ploughers, Spinners, Builders, Prophets, Poets, Kings, Brindleys and Goethes, Odins and Arkwrights, all martyrs and noble men, and gods are of one grand host; immeasurable, marching ever forward since the beginning of the world. The enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned host; noble every soldier in it; sacred and alone noble. Let him who is not of it hide himself; let him trouble for himself. Stars at every button cannot make him noble; sheaves of Bath-garters, nor bushels of Georges; nor any other contrivance, but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking place and step in it. O Heavens; will he not bethink himself? he too is so needed in the Host! it were so blessed, thrice blessed, for himself, and for us all! In hope of the last Partridge and some