

and penetration beyond the surface into the true meaning and spiritual essence of things. The outward has no value for Carlyle except as it declares the inner. His greatest work, *Sartor Resartus*, is, in brief, an inquiry into the meaning and use of "clothes." "The withered leaf is not dead and lost: there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order, else how could it rot? Despise not the rag from which man makes paper, or the litter from which the earth makes corn. Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself." \* \* \* \* "So spiritual is our whole daily life: all that we do springs out of mystery, spirit, invisible force."

## CARLYLE AS BIOGRAPHER.

This power of spiritual insight, coupled with his determination to come at the truth with whatever cost to himself in labor and research, places Carlyle in the front rank of biographers. As he says of his *Cromwell*, "Here you have the whole veracious man, warts and all. You may take him or leave him, as you will, but you cannot make him different." His biographies of Sterling, Burns, Goethe, and others, are remarkable for their sympathetic penetration through the outward facts of life into the spirit that he saw beneath.

## MACAULAY AND CARLYLE.

Nowhere can the contrast between two great writers be seen to better advantage than in considering the respective essays of Macaulay and Carlyle on Crocker's edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, that appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1831. Each of these writers takes occasion in reviewing the new edition to give his own impressions of Boswell and Johnson. Macaulay sees them as the man in the street would see them, and describes what he sees with an exuberance of detail and illustration all his own. But he has no insight.

A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose is to him  
And it is nothing more.

Carlyle penetrates the uncouth exterior of the one, and the silly pedantry of the other, and finds for us a soul beneath. It requires no great intimacy with the authors in question to say