

was not far wrong, after all, in saying "the priest-hood of the writers of such books is above other priest-hoods," if influence for good is any test of Divine approval. He throws no discredit upon the sacred ministry in its high vocation, nor under-estimates its work and power; but its influence is augmented a thousand-fold by the right arm of literature. The orator has slain his thousands, but the author his tens of thousands. The orator strikes the popular heart but once in a while, and, with ebbing pulsations, the influence soon dies; but the writer, in his published efforts, returns to the assault, and if genius and mental power command the mighty phalanx, he moulds and subdues by reiteration. Carlyle believed this, and although his parents were anxious for him to study for the church (and what Scottish parents do not feel the same way in regard to their sons?) but theological tomes, catechisms, creeds, Ecumenical councils, and hermeneutics had no charms for him. General literature delighted him; and to satisfy his insatiate greed, he eagerly studied the ancient classics and several of the modern languages, especially the German. It is generally believed that Herr Teufelsdröckh, in his "Sartor Resartus," had his own experience, only in romance, and that the honest Dutchman is Carlyle *sub rosa*; and in his college days he tells—"by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay, from the chaos of that library (Edinburgh), I succeeded in fishing up more books than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid. I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences." Such being the case, he knew that his discursive tastes in reading would make him an indifferent divinity student, and with honest intent he followed the bias of his mind and entered the more congenial walks of literature. His "Life of Schiller" was very popular in Germany, and not only received the highest encomiums from Goethe, but was translated by him, and in his preface he did the author full justice. "It is pleasant to see," said Goethe to a friend, "that the Scotch are giving up their early pedantry, and are now more in earnest and more profound. In Carlyle, I venerate most of all the spirit and character which lie at the foundations of his tendencies. He looks to the culture of his own nation, and, in the literary productions of other countries, which he wished to make known to his contemporaries, pays less attention to art and genius than to the moral elevation which can be attained through such works. Yes, the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is, and how he studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than we ourselves are." Both the German works referred to had at first to go a-begging for publishers, and "Sartor Resartus" was at last published in "Fraser's Magazine" in 1834, by instalments; and so obtuse was the British public at this time that it fell dead—so to speak—upon the market. It was not appreciated; but our American Cousins saw its merits and printed it in book-form. It immediately took its place among the permanent literature of the day. Three years after this