

in 1889, are words which echo exactly Carlyle's sentiments of twenty years before. Says Mr. Froude in this letter: "Age makes me indifferent to many things which once seemed interesting; and I grow daily more satisfied to sit still and see the world go by on its own way. It will not go a road which, in my opinion, will lead to the right place. The order of the day is disintegration—spiritual, moral, social and political. The process may be a harrowing of the ground preliminary to some new harvest in ages to come. But it is no beautiful thing to the present and the coming generation, and the cant about progress disgusts me."

Such, in brief outline, was the man and author, James A. Froude. How shall we estimate him? Not as a great world-hero, sure of immortality, nor as a transcendent genius born to lead men into higher paths and to nobler achievement. He was rather a humble successor of those great ones who had preceded him, and in his chosen field, himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." In his personal character we find much that is admirable. He was a man of ardent patriotism, and worked always for the advancement of the empire—not only for the little island on which he lived, but also for the Greater Britain beyond the seas, in which he manifested the most lively interest. He was an eager, enthusiastic and conscientious worker. In social life he was kindly, but undemonstrative, and attracted many friends.

To say that Froude had faults is but to admit that he was human. His contempt for ecclesiastics, his violent and often unwarranted animosities toward men and movements of various kinds, are the unlovely sides of his character. This much, however, may be said truthfully, that Froude's faults are generally of the head rather than of the heart—mistakes of judgment rather than the manifestations of a mean disposition.

If his name live, it must be as an historian, but he was an historian of a strange kind. "With him," says Mr. Augustine Birrell, "the sermon was always more important than the text." Accuracy of detail was sacrificed in the desire for a certain desired general effect. Indeed some friendly critics have said that Froude should not be judged by the ordinary standards of history. "Froude wrote history," says Mr. Patchett Martin, "as a liter-