

there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise, and all-virtuous Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in the world."

Yet, notwithstanding this personal obeisance to the ideal he had in his mind of omnipotence and justice which ruled the world, Carlyle's reverence for religion, its creeds and professors, was of the faintest description. His belief was in the divinity of strength and force, and the deity he worshipped was what someone has irreverently phrased, "an incomparable athlete." The Gospel of the New Testament was to him as if it never had come to men, and the Evangel he would have in its place, the thunderings of Sinai. As the French since his death have aptly said of him, "he was a Scot of the Old Testament." Nevertheless, in a sincere and stern way, he was a great preacher of righteousness; and though he early broke from the faith of his fathers, he drew the line sharp between the elect and the reprobate. The world to him was governed upon the obvious plan of "giving strong men sway and of hustling the weak out of sight." Thus did he read and interpret history, and upon this plan only would he make it. Hence have we his work "On Heroes," and, as larger illustrations of his theory, "Cromwell," "Frederick," and the "French Revolution." How dauntlessly he adhered to his convictions is of course known to every reader of his works, though

the "Frederick" almost broke him down in maintaining them. The value of these works, however, as pictures of eventful epochs in the world's history, which seem to come as from an inspired pen, can hardly be overrated. The relentless insight, the caustic wit, the dramatic vigour, the vivid portraiture, and the lofty thought, to be traced throughout their pages, amply attest the genius of the man who wrote them. The unrivalled biography of Sterling and the matchless essay on Burns, with much else that came from his powerful and ever-busy brain, will remain among the most sacred treasures of English literature. With these, and even with some of what Swinburne spoke of as the "Sewerage of Sodom," that defamed his pen and belied the humanity of the man, will be enshrined much that fell conversationally from his lips, and made his talk, as Margaret Fuller used to say, "an amazement and a splendour scarcely to be faced with steady eyes." But the lips are now forever silent, for the old man, much distraught in his later years with grief, and greatly broken with the assaults of life, has passed from among the living. What the coming "Reminiscences" will bring us, and what the talked-of Autobiography will further reveal of him who, beyond most men, has permanently enlarged the field of intellectual vision for the thoughtful, aspiring student of the present and coming time, we shall soon know. For what he has already given us, though there be much that we wish he had withheld, we owe him the sincere and dutiful service of a grateful heart.