

What then is the teaching that he has given to the world? Something of this kind,—that this world is God's world, and that there is no real light or life except in our knowing that, and conforming our life to that truth which is felt by us to be truth; that we can attain to truth only by clearing our minds of cant, cant meaning creeds outworn or hackneyed phrases that we never act out or up to;—that no form of truth expresses all truth, which indeed is quite infinite; and that all formulas being more or less imperfect we should bear with the professed believers in all as long as they are honestly striving to carry out in life what they say they believe, as long that is as there is any human veracity in them;—that what is not in accordance with the eternal truth of God is a lie, and has no reality at all, no power in the universe at all, however wide-swollen it may be; and that, therefore, the liar or the believer in a lie is a fool, no matter how many may be on the same side with him; that nothing, then, but the truth will last, that it is sure to come uppermost and vindicate its ministers, though all the canons, printing presses, and suffrages of the world had once been on the other side; that the man who has had insight into this divine Constitution of things will ever rejoice, that the measure of work he gets done on the side of it will be the measure of his happiness; that he will be calm when others think the foundations are being destroyed; that he will have patience, and believe that silence is the eternal duty of man. There's infidelity for you! It is the gospel of work, the gospel of reality, the gospel that there is a right and a wrong, and that the difference between the two is absolute. It is a faith that was not picked up at second hand, but worked out in his own forge for the covering of his soul's nakedness, every bolt and every rivet in it tried and tested. And wonderful is the effect it has had. Its words of power have sounded over the length and breadth of the land, scourging the sycophant and diletant; terrifying the hypocrite and the knave; inspiring brave young souls with a love of duty and faith in the possibility of human nobleness, nerving them for battle, and bidding them be of good hope. The style is peculiar, but it is suited to his theme. It is a good style for Carlyle, a bad one for anybody else. Still in spite of the absurdities that have been talked about it, it is oftener simple, regular, and perspicuous, than otherwise. Suggestive allusions, rich and most felicitous imagery, quaint gems, treasures old and new are "sown thick as a field!" Pages, too, of sustained and free flowing eloquence that kindle up your whole soul; trumpet notes of defiance, and heaven's own lightning, against all that is mean, false, or unworthy; piled up sentences of lurid grandeur, marching too with no cumbrous or fettered gait; a humour as broad and a pathos as deep as the heart of universal humanity. And his insight has enabled him to see