

which writers have poured from the press since the subject of it passed into that "still country" whither he has gone, and from which he may now be impatiently looking down upon all foolish babblers and undiscerning critics of his work. It is true that in his writings he exhorts us to reverence, and extols, as a touching and beautiful thing, the honour shewn by a disciple to his master; yet he as emphatically adjures us to be fearless in the right, and has some fierce things to say of him who calls "Ho! every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is't true."

Hasty in his own judgment of men, and intolerant as he often was of foibles in those whom he came across, Carlyle had the faculty of gauging a man by the degree of earnestness and candour which he manifested in his manner and bearing, as well as by the weight of the message he had to deliver in the sacred name of truth. A fribble in society earned his scorn, and a dilettante in letters was held in no higher esteem. Thus it was in matters historical that his ideal became "action," and his conviction this, that the world should be ruled by intellect and force. He had no tenderness for individual eccentricities, and, poet as he was, could brook little in nature that was wanting in purpose or given to idleness. When Leigh Hunt, after an evening's altercation with him on many things, pointed, as he was parting with him at the door, to the stars that aloft were hymning an eternal song in their orbit, he was greeted with this ejaculation from Carlyle: "Eh! mon, it's a sad sight!" Whether this rejoinder was meant as a rhetorical anti-climax to what Carlyle may have conceived to be a bit of rhapsody on Leigh Hunt's part, and which, wherever he met with it, he always endeavoured to prick the bag of, or whether it expresses his impatience at being asked to contemplate something

that mutely suggests a realm akin to the spiritual aspirations of mankind, but which was alien to his sombre, dyspeptic mood, it is difficult to say. Life, at any rate, was ever a serious thing with Carlyle, and the immense personality of the man is never more manifest than when the talking function, which was always exceptionally well exercised in his case, led him to descant on the sacredness of work, and the sense of obligation which should rest upon even the humblest life to see, and to fulfil, the mission which each has been given to do. In conversation, we are told, this was often dwelt upon, especially in the case of young literary aspirants who sought counsel with him as to the manner and methods of work, and the paths by which they might reach success. If his correspondence is ever published, a great emphasis, I doubt not, will be found to rest upon this enforcement of duty on the part of those who expressed to him their wish to fit themselves for the battle of life, and would enter upon it with an adequate sense of its responsibilities and trusts. Very impressive, moreover, in his grim, religious way, are his appeals to the moral nature of man for that recognition of a Divine government in the affairs of men and nations, which, however much it may at times be lost sight of, is ever active in fashioning lives and shaping events which shall work out Heaven's purposes and clear the waterways to the ocean of eternity. In his Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, he reminds the students, in a passage of great earnestness, that, "in the tragedies of Sophocles, there is a most distinct recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God." With much fervour he goes on to say, "that no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that