

miserably failed. He soon, however, perceived that law was ill suited to his disposition, and directed his talents towards other and more profitable pursuits. Like his father he was a staunch abolitionist, and took an active part in all assemblies held for the discussion of the slavery question. In 1824, he attended a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, and made a speech that stirred the very souls and aroused the humane feelings of his hearers. It was commented upon by the *Edinburgh Review* in eulogistic terms, and was described as "a display of eloquence so signal for rare and matured excellence, that the most practised orator may well admire how it should have come from one who then for the first time addressed a public assembly." He was returned to Parliament for Calne in 1830. At length he had entered a field wide enough to give full scope to his talents and intellectual powers; and, truly can it be said, right well did he use the gifts with which nature had so bountifully endowed him. On the evening of the day following Lord John Russell's introduction of his famous Reform Bill, Macaulay made his first Reform speech. Delivered in the midst of an anxious and apprehensive assembly, and spoken with unusual earnestness and vehemence, and with all the eloquence characteristic of the orator, it produced, in the house, a feverish excitement. When he ceased to speak, everybody present, obliterating for a while all party distinctions, greeted him with well-merited applause. Cheer after cheer rang loudly along the seats and galleries, and the enthusiasm was such as was seldom before witnessed in the English House of Commons. During the rest of the evening his name was frequently mentioned by political friends and opponents in conjunction with those of Lord Plunkett, Fox, Burke and Canning—a fact which must have been highly gratifying to Macaulay.

For his parents he always evinced deep respect and great filial affection; for his sisters, lasting love and unceasing anxiety for their welfare. For this he highly deserves to be extolled; because, though it is a sacred and a should-be pleasing duty which every brother and son should discharge most faithfully and willingly, there are yet comparatively few who can say they have in no way neglected it. We see, however, that for all this Macaulay was amply rewarded. His parents in return displayed a solicitous care and entertained a tender love, while his sisters cherished for him feelings of attachment such as a sister only can entertain.

The knowledge of Lord Macaulay was astonishing. From his youth he had a wonderful facility of assimilating what he read, and his memory was such that years after he could recite with ease anything that he had seen, even though perused carelessly and without the slightest interest. Of the works of the great writer the ones which do him most credit are his critical and historical essays in the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1825 appeared his famous

review on Milton, and so good was this that alone it would be sufficient to obtain for its author a world-wide reputation. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* were published in 1842; but these, though possessing many good qualities, do not give him any eminence in this department of literature. In 1843 appeared his review of Hallam's *Constitutional History of England* and his sketches of Sir Robert Walpole, Chatham, Sir William Temple, Clive and Warren Hastings, all of which are worthy of the pen that produced them, and form undeniably the brightest ornaments of our literature. Later on he published an historical work, *The History of England from the Accession of James II.* The five volumes, the last of which is posthumous, extend over but a short period, and the eighteenth century is left untouched. The work is written in the usual felicitous style of the author, and the whole is so incidentally and ingeniously linked together that it cannot but secure the interest of the reader. Macaulay possessed the skill of the historian in a remarkable degree, but he wanted that cautiousness in the selection of his matter without which a writer fails to present authentic records, and consequently loses all claim to the title of a reliable historian. When we consider Macaulay in his works, we must admire the greatness of his genius, the power of his imagination, and the grace and attractiveness of his style. Rhythm pervades, in a high degree, all his writings, and the beauty and strength added to the expression of his thoughts by his finely rounded periods is easily noticeable. In 1859, death surprised him in the prime of life; and literature keenly felt the loss of one of its most devoted and ardent promoters. Thus died the most fascinating writer of his own time, and, perhaps of any other age. Whilst he lived he was admired by every one; when he died all lamented him. Time quickly passed along, and yet he is still with us. Who does not know him? Who, when reading any of his works, feels not that it is the same great Macaulay that is speaking to him? If any know him not, let them then go to the temple of Fame; for there he still lives.

#### THE CRUSADES.

J. J. L.

How calmly unconscious is nature in her own sweet solitude of the ravages of time, of men, and of war. To-day the fertile fields of Asia, the luxurious groves of Palestine, and the blossoming valleys of Syria are kissed by the same bright sun that shone upon them eight hundred years ago, though now no scar, save the furrow of the plow, marks their bosom, to tell the deeds of heroism achieved by the valorous children of the Cross.

The eleventh century was slowly drawing to a close when affrighted Europe was awakened to a sense of the deadly peril that threatened its frontiers and, eventually, the whole continent, by the innumerable hordes of barbarians