

ledge, he trusted more and more to his intuitions. He did not reason; he toiled through no long courses of logic to discover the fundamental fact; he simply saw. . . . It was by the constant appeal from the world of fact to the world of ideal truth, from sensation to intuition, from knowledge to faith, that Carlyle best served his generation. He surprised us into greatness by disclosing the significance of the apparent trifles which crowd our lives. Over the most obscure human path, as over the broadest and most frequented highway of humanity, he set the infinite heavens and the everlasting stars. Nothing was commonplace to him, because all had part and work in the perpetual miracle of being. Summer and winter, day and night, the whole regular procession of external events, in which our lives are set, was as marvellous and glorious to him as to the first man into whose thought the mystery and wonder of it all found entrance."

But notwithstanding this eulogium, there were limitations to Carlyle's genius, and in some respects it found its exercise within a narrow circle and a limited horizon. Here is the estimate with which a compiler of fragments from his writings sums up his work: "We think that it is not too early to assign to Thomas Carlyle his true place as a man and an author. In him, indeed, the two are one: the books are not merely the exponents of the man: they are the man himself. We suppose few men were ever more free from positive blame. But he seems to have considered that his sole work in life was to *do nothing save to exhort everybody else to be up and doing something; and latterly to exhort everybody else to stop exhorting anybody to do anything.* His endowments, natural and acquired, were high but not very broad; his being was intensive, but not very extensive. The very concentration of his nature, which

in a manner precluded him for taking a large view of any subject, intensified the perceptions which he did acquire. Stand where one may, the crown of the heavenly dome is right over his head, the centre of the bottomless pit right under his feet. He is always in the centre of the universe. So it is of space; so in time was it to Carlyle. The era which was the present one to him was the great era of the world. The thing of which he at any moment happened to be thinking, was the only thing worth thinking about; and, despite his oburgations to others, he was ever ready, by tongue and pen, to give utterance to the thought of the moment. If, as was often the case, that thought *was* a noble one, no utterances were nobler than his; if, as was not unfrequently the case, that thought was *not* a noble one, few utterances were *less* noble." Another writer aptly says that "Carlyle, while he had emancipated himself from a host of vulgar prejudices, absorbed hundreds of deeper and more serious ones by forming false moral theories and evolving erroneous systems from peculiar and preconceived ideas. He was neither heartless nor depraved, as most of his works would portray him. In truth, he was the reverse; but by the persistent drawing of general conclusions from faulty and insufficiently considered premises, he got inextricably tangled in his ethics, and was compelled, from a mistaken sense of congruity, to surrender all faith in the desirable and all hope of improvement. Could we have Carlyle without his captiousness, his mockery, his hardness and perversity, his majesty and sincerity would be more acceptable; but relieved of these he would not have been Carlyle."

These pictures of our author, as it seems to me, more correctly appraise the man, and give a truer estimate of his worth, than can be gathered from the flood of indiscriminate eulogy