

killed him. Some one found him thus struggling with it near Main Hill' and the stone got happily set up at last. What a picture beneath the dim straggling rays of a misty Scottish moonlight night! Or we have an evening scene, the dawning of the little fellow's memory, when his father carried him across Mein Water, . . . 'the pool spanned by a wooden bow without railing, and a single plank broad. He lifted me against his thigh with his right hand and walked carelessly along till we were over. My face was turned rather downwards. I looked into the deep clear water and its reflected skies with terror, yet with confidence that he could save me.'

That part of the book which treats of Carlyle's friendship with Edward Irving possesses a melancholy interest of its own. It is indeed a soul's tragedy, all the more sad for the calm and happy light that was shed around the earlier scenes of their intercourse. Irving was the elder of the two, the more brilliant, the more captivating, and the more successful. The more we dwell on the outward disparity between the two young men the more we are led to admire the generosity and open mindedness with which the gifted preacher recognised the greatness of spirit that was hidden from the common herd beneath Carlyle's rough exterior, struggling as he then was with penury, ill-health and a fixed determination not to sell his life into the bondage of any of the acknowledged professions or respectable modes of obtaining a livelihood. These memoirs of Irving are in great part a memoir of Carlyle's youth, his early attempts at pedagogy, walking tours, wild yachting excursions, in which Irving joined him, 'rather preferring the helm-part and not much taking the oar when he could honourably help it.' Then we find the success of Irving driven like a wedge between them,—the eloquent minister drawn to London, his popularity 'taking fire there,' Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, Lady Jersey rushing to hear him day after day till he believed that the 'Christian religion was again to dominate all minds, and the world to become an Eden by his thrice-blessed means.' All this while Carlyle is bitterly struggling among the thorny paths of unremunerative literature, chiefly of the German sort, and their meetings are but occasional. Irving is still most friendly, his house is ever

open to Carlyle, his interest with London publishers at command; but it gets more and more sad to the rugged independent thinker to notice how his friend's finer qualities were being spoilt by the incessant adulation that surrounded him. 'In this liberal London, pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to.' Then follow increasing eccentricities on Irving's part as the beautiful dream he had conjured up melted away; struggling to retrieve his position which resulted in his offending his hearers by a direct openness of denunciation which they deserved but did not expect; finally expulsion for some over-thoughtful heresy or suspicion of heresy from the Scotch Church and the founding of his own sect so soon to be fouled by the parasitic growth of 'the Tongues,' inane senseless shrieking of 'lah-lalling women.' Very touching is the passage in which Carlyle speaks of his riding alone up the Tottenham Court Road after Irving's death and looking back at the 'sierra of London,' its domes and spires saw-edged against the clear sky, and reflecting that the steeple of the Caledonian Chapel which he descried among them was the only positive mark that was left of Irving having ever lived, or ever worked, in the great metropolis.

The reminiscences of Mrs. Carlyle coming after the other two memoirs, and being written quite independently and without reference to the others, to some extent cover the same ground and present us with the same facts in slightly differing form. Owing also, to the intense closeness of sympathy between Carlyle and his wife, they are in effect a biography of the author no less than of his life-companion, and we feel that the years of survival were empty and unprofitable to the aged man who could not find in the few remaining friends of his manhood that companionship with which his wife's sympathy had cheered him through the difficult tasks of his life. His best years, all his great works, date before his wife's sudden death. She shared his poverty and silent toil, foresaw his success and gave him that encouragement which rendered it possible. When his 'French Revolution' came out she was almost angry with him for doubting, in that reaction which inevitably follows long-sustained effort, the hold which it at once took upon the