

in its highest development morally, and in all its fractions, towards a vicarious sacrifice, is the keystone of the bridge which spans the fearful abyss between God and man—the foundation stone of the temple “beautiful upon the mountains,” as far as divinely supported man is concerned. Work then is one of man’s duties as much as singing hallelujahs. “Diligent in business” is, in a certain sense, worship, and providing for a household is not only a denial of faith, but is worse than infidelity. In other words there is no such an individual as a lazy christian, pray, sing, and worship he ever so much. Carlyle, however, gave work too much prominence when he said in his inaugural on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, “work is the grand cure of all maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind.” He is doubtless erratic in his views in ethics, but, always practically right, so that I am not inclined to quarrel with him theoretically. His advice to students he has carried out himself. “Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. Morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and over-rides all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real; and it would be greatly better if he were tied up from doing any such thing.” He gives a severe fling at the tendency of the English and American and let me add Canadian “going all away into wind and tongue.” He tried oratory on several occasions. In 1837 he gave a course of lectures on German literature in Willis’ Rooms, London. His audiences were not large, as the subject was not then as inviting as now, since the Germanic Empire has strode into the first rank of nations. He followed those by a course of lectures in the Marylebone Institution “on the history of European literature,” and promised well as a speaker. In 1839 he gave a course of lectures on the “Revolutions of Modern Europe,” a subject with which he was conversant. In the following year he delivered several lectures on “Hero Worship.” These had a pungency about them, not distasteful, and an irony and sarcasm which were not the best certificates, in the world of poor humanity, although in them the scalpel was applied with an unsparing hand to the body politic; they were well received, and he was urged by some of the best societies and institutions of Britain to repeat them, but, he seemed, suddenly, to become disgusted with this method of reaching the public mind, and made his final exit from the public stage. He plunged *con amore* into literature. He was a perfect book gourmand from his earliest years. I am not sure, but occasionally, he felt all the horrors of mental dyspepsia from engorgement. He says in his address to students “you cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least, I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of health.” The meaning of the sentence is plain, but its construction is *Carlylian*. In order that he might follow his literary employment with as little inter-