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BY THE REV. J. H. ROBINSON.

“THE eighteenth century,” says Mr. Carlyle, “has no history, and can have little or none. A century so opulent in accumulated falsities, sad opulence, descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital;—opulent in that bad way as never century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone,—that, in fact, the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it.”

That the eighteenth century has no completely *written* history is true, for no one has attempted it. Had Macaulay lived to write it, as he intended to do, it would have been written as no other man could have written it, and the product would have been a record of human affairs which would have eclipsed, in thrilling interest, all that he ever wrote of the Stuarts, or of his idol, William the Third. Material was not wanting, whether in politics, literature, religion, or social life, for a drama such as he could have executed, which would have entertained, instructed,