

the greatness of most of the subjects discussed ; lucid, because of the wonderful earnestness of the man, who fuses a thought till it glows. Every sentiment is stripped of ornament, no cumbersome graces obscure the sense—all is vivid and distinct ; and the mind, pleased and helped, easily grasps the terms of the problem set for solution. And what problems they are that Chasles sets, may be perceived from the headings of his chapters :—Of God ; of Nature ; of Revolutions ; of War ; of Epochs ; of Bonaparte ; of Shakespeare ; of Women.

Rising high above all petty distinctions of nationality, the writer seeks to bring together the best of every land, so as to teach humanity the value of free intercourse of minds ; he labours unceasingly at the establishment of truth and order ; he shows up the faults of the world, and points out the remedy. He treats of nothing lightly or carelessly, but brings to the consideration of every topic the full power of his erudition and philosophy. He waxes eloquent too, though seemingly precluded from becoming so by the very nature and form of his style, for what is the close of the eighth chapter of his second book, in which he treats of mediums, and which he sums up thus : “ To rebel is childish ; to yield is cowardly ; to resist is manly,”—but eloquence ? And again in his concluding lines on Gœthe :—

“ This is especially the grandeur of Gœthe, whose mind was vast in its depth, loftiness and extent :

“ The pivot and central point of two civilisations ; the antique and the modern :

“ He who cannot rise to Gœthe is of the past. He who enjoys him, of the present ; he who understands him, of the future.

“ It is Gœthe who listened most attentively to the great orchestra, and, as it were, to the symphony of new civilisations, with their different tones, their respective value, and their requisite rests.”

Chasles admires Gœthe no less than does the great English thinker, Carlyle. Compare the above passage with the well-known one in “ *Sartor Resartus* :”—“ ‘ But there is no Religion ? ’ reiterates the Professor. ‘ Fool ! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well