

Literature. If from Darwin's work we turn to his life we find that no one has done more by his personal example to gain the respect of the outer world for men of science. As a man, his modesty and courteousness were proverbial; as an inquirer, he is acknowledged by the *Spectator*, a journal that has always rejected many of the conclusions of Darwinism to have been "a most humble cautious and wise theoriser," one of whom it can be truly said that "a pure love of truth completely ruled his mind." Darwin rests in Westminster Abbey, the greatest name in science since Newton, by whom he lies, perhaps too, as he has been called, the greatest intellect of the nineteenth century.

On April 27th, America's foremost and oldest prose-writer followed her foremost and oldest poet to the grave. Emerson has been generally recognised as the greatest development of American intellect, and occupied in his own land very much the position of Carlyle in Great Britain. This is attested by their titles of the Sages of Concord and Chelsea. Between the two men there was much similarity amid dissimilarity. Destined for the church they both found their way to letters, after having done work as schoolmasters. Both were at the same time Transcendentalists and Rationalists, both again seers rather than reasoners, both contributed to human progress an impulse rather than a system. Both alike attempted poetry, but, though Emerson's poems are superior to Carlyle's, it is impossible to regard them as much nearer to the true standard of poetry. "He philosophised like a poet, and wrote poetry like a philosopher; wherefore specialists in both kinds are disappointed with him." The prose style of both was *sui generis*; Carlyle, like Persius, locking up the meaning of his sentences in allusions, Emerson packing his gospel into epigrams. They were both somewhat hazy in their purely literary verdicts, though here Emerson was certainly ahead of Carlyle. On the other hand the two sages stand in strong contrast. Compare Carlyle's voluminousness and width of range with Emerson's scanty work; compare Emerson's success as a public speaker with Carlyle's deficiency in this respect. Emerson was an optimist, Carlyle practically a pessimist. The former sympathised with and co-operated in the great movements of reform in his time, the latter viewed them with contemptuous indifference, often with distrust. The influence of Emerson, if less definite, was certainly healthier than Carlyle's, but Emerson has left no school behind him. Carlyle was one of the greatest humourists of the century, Emerson's writings show little more than wit. Thus while we unhesitatingly give the palm of intellectual greatness to Carlyle, that of moral greatness lies with Emerson. To him and his life the words of Milton have been justly applied:—"I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem."

Matthew Arnold's Word about America in the *Nineteenth Century* has naturally attracted much attention. That a man should write about the social life of a people whose shores he has never visited, argues great subjective faith in his literary discernment; unhappily it has this time misled him. It is hardly necessary to point out that the class of people which Mr. Arnold has nicknamed Murdstone is appreciably smaller in the United States than in Great Britain. But