

much for his own amusement as for ours. He was terribly severe on Parliament, which he described as an 'endless babblement o' windy talk, and a grinding o' hurdy-gurdies, grinding out lies and inanities.' And in this strain the thin and weird-looking old iconoclast went on for an hour, until he wound up by declaring that 'England has joost gane clean down into an abominable cesspool of lies and shoddies and shams—down to an utter and bottomless domination. Ye may gie whatever meaning to that word that ye like.' "

This was Carlyle in old age. With his infirmities fast coming upon him, we prefer not to linger. With his life-work we will deal now, that work by which the world will long continue to know him, that work which he has left behind, and which speaks to his fellow-men in trumpet-tones. The future will understand him better than have those of his own generation understood him. He was a many-sided man, a true type of the noble-hearted thinker and philosopher, whose life was dedicated to his fellows, whose broad humanity, high morality, observation and insight were never expended in an unworthy cause. He was a good man, and his teachings have made the world better for his coming. We know that he did not believe in a structural creed, and that the thirty-nine articles, or the confession of faith, had no charms or terrors, it may be, for him, but he did believe in God and honest labour. He hated shams of all sorts, he loathed from his inmost soul, hypocrisy and cant, and double dealing. He worshipped force and might and honesty of purpose. He was an iconoclast and a pessimist of the most uncompromising type. Even the bright, glorious starlight, which Leigh Hunt, in his delicious way, used to think was all joy and gladness, and contained voices which sang an eternal song of hope in the soul of man, Carlyle considered a sad sight. The brilliant stars would yet become gaunt graves, for all living things must die and have an end. But, despite all