

whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit zu der Ewigkeit hin!* From eternity onward to eternity! These are apparitions: what else? Are they not souls rendered visible in bodies that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid pavement is a picture of the sense: they walk on the bosom of nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather on its crown, is but of to-day, without a yesterday or a to-morrow; and had not rather its ancestor alive when Hengist and Horsa overran thy island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that tissue of history which inweaves all being: watch well and it will be past thee, and seen no more." In reading Carlyle, as in the case of Ruskin, we look at things from the inner or spiritual side; but, if we may say so, we have retired into the very heart of the inner. Not the acts of this or that man concern us, but we watch the eternal flux of human beings as they come and vanish, and our eye follows the swiftly-changing web which the Earth-spirit weaves. And note how, wide-reaching as the thought is, it is burned into our imagination as an acid bites into the etcher's plate. "That living flood, pouring through these streets! Souls rendered visible in bodies that took shape and will lose it, melting into air! They walk on the bosom of nothing! That Clothes-screen, with spurs on its heels and feather on its crown! A living link in the tissue of history!" What graphic pictures of the impalpable are these! Emerson agrees with Ruskin and Carlyle in looking at life on its spiritual side, but Emerson has less interest in the concrete than either of the others, while yet he attributes more to man than Carlyle. History is for him the development of man's thought, and

he sees in all the actual nothing but the might of the human spirit. Man gathers up and concentrates in himself the intellect of the past and the future; and so Emerson is not interested in the varieties of men; what he values is their common heritage of thought, the great, and indeed the only force in the universe. Hence the abstract, and, compared with Carlyle, the pallid hue of his style. We get from him no pictures of the living and breathing world, but rather colourless types of reality, statuesque in their severe simplicity of outline.

"Human progress," says Matthew Arnold, "consists in a continual increase in the number of those, who, ceasing to live by the animal life alone, and to feel the pleasure of sense only, come to participate in the intellectual life also, and to find enjoyment in the things of the mind." It is impossible not to feel the charm of writing like that; it is the quintessence of easy, graceful, well-mannered talk—the talk of the man who takes culture to be the chief end of life, and sees the world in process of expanding into one vast university. After Ruskin, and Carlyle, and Emerson, one feels as if he had been suddenly plunged in a cold bath as he hears the cool, placid tones of the apostle of culture announce that human progress consists in a continual increase of those who come to find enjoyment in things of the mind! But, postulating the academic view of life, how simply and naturally Mr. Arnold puts what he has to say into words. These hurried remarks on a few of the masters of English prose have been made mainly in order to press home the lesson that a good style is the mould into which a man's thoughts naturally tend to run. The abstract thinker will express himself abstractly; the poet will clothe his ideas in impassioned imagery; the scholar will speak in graceful and refined accents;