

women of his day. 'The impressions he left upon the minds of his contemporaries have been faithfully handed down. Those impressions frequently differ in more ways than one, but they have culminated in an essentially accurate portrait. The glimpses of this great personality, caught by little men and big men alike, add some new light to his character—often it is a tender human touch. It is very probable that many of the individuals who mingled in the crowd that surrounded Carlyle resemble Browning's friend who once met Shelley :

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new.

Matthew Arnold has dubbed Macaulay "the great apostle of the Philistines." This is a hard saying. Perhaps after all it is but half the truth Macaulay stands revealed to us very clearly in one of the most perfect and delightful of the biographies of men of letters—Sir. George Trevelyan's labour of love. The charm of Macaulay's vigorous intellect acts upon the reader of "The Life and Letters" with a curious tenacity. The quieter side of Macaulay's life, his love of children, his really noble passion for the best in literature, combined with that strong sense of the serious duties of this troublesome world, and their intrinsic importance, surely these raise him above that which is sordid, uncultured and conventional. Neither should we forget his strenuous efforts on behalf of education in India, his criticisms on the classical literature of Greece and Rome, from which he drew so much strength, especially in those tiresome moments when surrounded by a vulgar Anglo-Indian society, such a retreat into another world would be so peculiarly delightful. Macaulay's connection with the

political life of his day, his hereditary traits, with perhaps that tincture of old-fashioned Evangelicalism which never apparently quite left him, produce, it might be imagined, that in his nature which presupposes the existence of Philistinism. It is interesting to watch him in those lighter moments, that are so charming in the lives of the supremely great personalities of the past. With Macaulay, his love of children is the means of introducing us to some of these moments, bringing out those bright and harmonious touches in his nature. From a letter written to his youngest niece we can gather the following delightful specimen of humour and gaiety. It will be useful to remember that it was written at a time when life was closing with him, in the quiet retreat of the house at Campden Hill :

"I have been living these last ten days like Robinson Crusoe in his desert Island, I have had no friends near me but my books and my flowers, and no enemies but those execrable dandelions. I thought that I was rid of the villains, but the day before yesterday when I got up and looked out of my window I could see five or six of their great impudent flaring-yellow faces turned up at me. 'Only you wait till I come down,' I said. How I grubbed them up! How I enjoyed their destruction! Is it Christian-like to hate a dandelion so savagely?"

Again and again these human touches in the lives of men of letters prove their culture more thoroughly than their own writings do.

With the new light that "The Journal of Sir Walter Scott" has brought us, how infinitely great does the figure of Scott become! In "Lockhart's Life" we had truly an admirable portrait of Sir Walter, a book which is one of the really fascinating contributions to the domain