

Few men have been brave enough to give all their letters, including their wives' letters, into the hands of their biographers, with instructions to hold back nothing they contained, well-knowing said letters would reveal many grave faults and sins as well as domestic troubles which they might well wish to be hid from the critical eye of the world.

Froude's biography of Carlyle is admirable in this respect at least; it reveals the man as he really was, with all his faults and follies, and is not a mere eulogy as most Christian biographies are. Thankful we should be that the man Carlyle stands before us in all his ruggedness and strength, but also thankful that his weakness lies revealed.

It is very clear, from even a careless reading of his life, that *one* revelation would not suffice for Carlyle any more than it will for the Churchman. Carlyle's "new birth" remained a blessed memory and present blessing to him; but it sadly failed to regulate his daily life. When he speaks of his spiritual dragons being trampled down into their cave forever to remain we must remember that this was largely a matter of *theoretical* trampling down, or rather, intellectual settlement of questions of belief in God and his moral law. Practically, Carlyle was the victim of all sorts of dragons, spiritual and moral, to the end of his honored life. His love for morality, honesty, integrity, and *all* truth remained. In actual experience he was at times, sadly irritable, impatient, and intolerant, and even selfish to an astonishing degree. To the last he gave way to violent fits of ill-temper, pouring out the red hot lava of his wrath upon all and sundry, especially upon those he loved. These fits were followed by great humility and penitence, but he never mended his conduct.

In all this he is a faithful picture of thousands of converted people in the churches. His faults are only the more

conspicuous because he never tried to hide them, whilst most Christians live under a sense of constraint. Carlyle's want in practical life was precisely the want of the Christian world, which is this, namely: *Not* a single or even a periodical revelation from God, issuing in a new birth or other great blessing, but a constant faith in the *abiding* presence of the Spirit of God, to give revelation whenever revelation is *needed* and when no special revelation is needed to give us the assurance by faith that we are just as well guided and please the Father quite as well as though we had a thousand revelations a day.

Had Carlyle possessed this constant assurance he would have been spared, among a thousand other evils and miseries, the unavailing remorse which embittered his last years, especially after Mrs. Carlyle's death, when he learned that his selfishness and inattention had caused her great misery and perhaps shortened her days.

Froude tells us that in their walks Carlyle always bared his white head, even in the fiercest storm, when they came to the spot where Mrs. Carlyle was last seen ~~live~~ whilst a look of unutterable anguish wrung his expressive features. His "renascences" also reveal the depth of his sorrow and remorse for neglect of her comfort and happiness.

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A. TRUAN.

ANOTHER WAY TO PUT IT.

"THE HOLY GHOST, THE ONLY GUIDE."

I BELIEVE it most assuredly, and act out my belief in an absolute manner. I conduct all my concerns, business, social, church, family, and all others, with the full belief that he is directing in every detail. But in following out this my faith, I am also guided by the multiplication table in matters of arithmetic, by the laws of grammar in the use of language, and by the rules of music in singing.