

has no place in his theology for the incarnation, none for the cross and the great sacrifice. Such theology seems to us to have no place in the New Testament. The Evangelical doctrine is, that between the death on the cross and the forgiveness of human sin there is the relation of cause and effect. "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

There may be—there must be—tolerance of explanation as to these central and crucial evangelical facts; but it is of the essence of the Gospel, as Paul understood it, that "*through this man* is proclaimed unto you remission of sins, and *by Him* every one that believeth is justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses;" and that "ye that once were far off are made nigh *in the blood of Christ*," who came that "*He might reconcile them both in one body unto God through the cross, having slain the enmity thereby*;" so that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them *that are in Christ Jesus*."

We are ready to welcome as brothers in one Evangelical faith all men who hold, and love, and live by these fundamental truths, so long as in harmonizing and theorizing about them they impair not their essential vitality. We cannot fellowship those who disavow or ignore them.

THOMAS CARLYLE.*

The estimate formed of the sage of Chelsea has not been uniform; by many he has been placed in the first rank of influence and power among the writers and thinkers of the nineteenth century, whilst others believe his literary pretensions to have been vastly overstated, and that as a thinker and philosopher he possessed no such spiritual method as is likely to make his influence either precious or permanent. Certain is it, that had his literary executor, Mr. Froude, delayed till now the "*Reminiscences*," publishers had not reaped the harvest, nor the publication secured the readers which followed the early issue of the same. Most people are soon forgotten; it remains yet to be seen whether Thomas Carlyle

will be ere long virtually forgotten, bracketed with Jeffery and his coadjutors of the "*Blue and Yellow*," whose fate is to excite attention, wield an influence till the next number is on the table, and then to be bound for the library shelf, soon to be crowded into the dark corner, covered with dust and neglected.

Be that as it may, "*No. 5 Cheyne Row*" will for some time be a pilgrim shrine, and some knowledge of Thomas Carlyle a necessity to those who would not be ignorant of the forces and sentiments of the times in which they live. For our own part, we view Thomas Carlyle, not perhaps as a hero among his own heroes, but as one of the potent factors of the century in the regeneration towards which we believe society is tending—the impartor of a strong impulse to the moral activity of our day. We therefore gladly welcome such a biography as that of Mr. Wylie, which, with enthusiasm for its hero, never forgets that candour which is as conscious of blemishes as it is of worth. It would be difficult to find a writer more thoroughly in sympathy with his subject than Mr. Wylie, and at the same time so thoroughly true to the other world of life and feeling. We have Carlyle painted by a friendly hand; not the creation of the artist's sympathies, but Carlyle himself in loving, sympathetic lines. We have seldom read a more pleasing and instructive memoir.

The Carlyles are manifestly among the oldest families of Scotland, and before they came to Annandale were of one of the most powerful houses of Cumberland, preserving their large estates at the time of the Norman Conquest. By marriage they became allied to the royal house of Scotland, and were ever found with the chivalrous defenders of the king and his crown. Nevertheless, "greater than the proudest lord of Torthorwald is he who sprang from the ranks of the homely farmers of Hoddam."

The father was first a stonemason, then a small farmer, who by frugal industry laid by a little for a rainy day; the mother had been a domestic servant, early able to read, and who in advanced life set to work with praiseworthy diligence to learn how to write. The old man was evidently a character. There are premonitions of the son's hatred of shams in the story, if true, that when a mason, "he, in order to evince his contempt for a 'pup' who was pass-

* "Thomas Carlyle: The Man and his Books." By Wm. Howie Wylie. Marshall, Japp & Co., London, England.