RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. 4th, 8th.

THE ROYAL LAW.

All day a softened light has filled our sky,
Making its hours seem passing fair;
At eve, when splendors called to die,
An soft sea breezes filled the air,
Stole the light, filled with sweet content
Concerning day which was just spent.

Why was it thus? Sure other days had been
As fair,
With gentle breezes, bird-songs sweet;
With gold and crimson sunsets, cool delicious air,
Bright mantled all beneath our feet.
"Twas this—we'd tried to love our neighbor as ourself,
Obeyed the royal law, instead of love of self.

We know when we've been kind and true,
Have in other hearts some happiness kindled,
Sheed healing balm over life's rough course,
Calmed in the daily toil and strife;
A joy abide in our heart, which sometimes
discourages,
Until we think we gain a glimpse of paradise.

Mrs. S. E. Sill.

GOOD TEMPERED PARENTS.

How we insist upon good temper in our children, frowning upon stubbornness and anger, and that cross grain of perversity which has come down from the primal parents, and is a sort of half-mark in nearly every baby that has ever lived. But uniformly good-tempered fathers and mothers are not as common as they should be, and when we find them—managing a nursery, presiding at a table, directing a household, setting young feet in the way they should go—we feel like saying as of old was said in another connection, "Their place is above rubies." It is not in the power of an ill-tempered child to do the mischief, create the suffering, cast the gloom, which an ill-tempered father can, bringing with him over his own threshold the sharpness and the chill of an east wind, nipping the soul of the sensitive girl, hardening the opposition of the obstinate boy, frightening the toddler who hides behind his mother's skirts, instead of making a grand rush for his father's arms, giving the cook and housemaid cause for gratitude that they are paid by the month, and may leave when it is done, and are neither of them the mother's wife, obliged to put up with his whims and caprices, his fault-finding and satire, till the end of their mortal lives. The misery an ill-tempered father can make is exceeded only by the dire severelessness and utter hopelessness which follows in the wake of a fretful, morose, discouraging and ill-tempered mother, who, more than all human beings else, is a back frost in the home garden, a malarious influence in the home atmosphere. Let the family where the parents are always good-tempered, happily be contrasted with the family where they are habitually the reverse.

Consider a moment how helpless are the young people when it comes to the question of domestic unhappiness and misbehavior of parents. You may stand the baby in the corner, at a much little black, if the cause agitates, if either is determined to politics, storm, or cry, or do "anything." You may remonstrate with Bob, who is restless, and demand of Mary, who is noisy, to change her disposition, and make it a bright day. But here often do we feel like saying, "Most pleasant, by and by, we young have cross books in the nurseries," or in the parlor, or wherever we may be. But the child must. The reproof to older people, or to one or her from its parents is necessary, nor do anything, except by influence which the parent may have in the place. None times out of five, the child will be contagious, spreads, being in good and sunny-faced parents, and smiling little faces. A good humor in father and mother becomes a habit of amability and self sacrifices in the circle, from the eldest boy or girl down to the youngest in the herd.

It may be said, and with truth, that parents are often tried and troubled by the conduct of children know nothing of. The problem of ways and means, the disappointment in unexpected remittances and sometimes never come in, the bills overdue and arrears demanded and by the period of later life are unknown to our darlings, except as a flitting from our perplexed and anxious countenances falls upon them. It is well that life's morning should be sheny, and that they who are bearing the heat and burden of the day should be strong for whatever may come, fair, with "a point of grace." It is doubtful whether any man or woman ever got the highest and the most successfully to working at his die, and making it as near like to come to the sky over his head in here was, for the time, of their home. Such a condition never fears hearts and true, and always, whenever the sky above our head, whenever a cloud stretches heaven, and God's light in heaven is always ready to hear us when we pray, and to send, if need be, his angels to our relief.

There are people who are pleading and toiling from morning till night, day by day, year by year, that they may "leave a fortune," or at least a competence to their children. To this end they add field to field, pile up each in bank by laborious thrift, deny themselves everything except absolute necessities, and grow narrow and sordid, because out of sympathy with the world beyond their own front doors, and all for the life that now is, for the fashion that perisheth away. Meager is the harvesting from such seed sowing. It is right to be diligent, and look well to the ways of one's household in pecuniary affairs, and sometimes to curtail graces and possibles than to grow rich in money and poverty in soul. And no future time of gold and silver can ever repay a child for the loss that is theirs, if idle and neither be ill tempered, ungracious or hateful in the sight of God and man.—Christian Intelligencer.

WORLDLINESS.

God calls his disciples to be separate from the sins of the flesh and from conformity to the world. Many who are in their guard against the promptings of the sinful are not equally careful to avoid needless contact with a world lying in wickedness, and, if they do, the foe of souls and spiritually. We are more and more persuaded that secularity is the worst foe of holiness, not so much for the sin it openly brings in, as for the God it actually leaves out. The world spirit is negatively atheistic. Its place, its culture, its pursuits, its pleasures, its ambitions, its philosophy, all are godless. It is full of the idols which Francis Bacon quaintly classified as those of the den, the tribe, and the market-place. Worldliness is a much the more seductive and enslaving because it presents so little that is grossly and repulsively sinful. And yet it remains true that sensuality and carnality do not more surely leave their spots on the white garment than does conformity to the world leave worldly spots upon it. "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, are not of the Father." The spirit of the age is against God.—Rev. A. T. Pierson.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of lilies, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundations. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. Too thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—Victor Hugo.

IN TOUCH.

"Can you tell me," asked a young minister's wife the other day, "why my husband's congregation seems to diminish instead of increase? His sermons are spoken of as remarkably fine, his manner polished. He certainly is a close student and greatly in earnest in his work. He spends his days in his study, and scarcely goes out at all, and is breaking down because he will not shirk his duty. Should you not think his devotion ought to bring a better return than this? Why is it we do not thrive?"

It was a hard question to put to a comparative stranger, yet the answer was given as candidly as the question was asked:

"Those who have had the greatest success in life as to numbers, are not the ones who shut themselves away from their congregations. A minister should mingle with his people and learn their hearts. He should interest himself in the things which concern them; should in a brotherly way invite their confidence, endearing himself by his very devotion to them. Do you think their hearts thus gained would desert him? You may be sure not. How can a minister know what his people need if he does not visit them—and that often.

"Not formal calls—these put him at a still farther distance; nor on stated occasions, for a minister, if anybody, should be on such familiar social terms with his congregation that he should never expect an invitation, but feel free to run in and visit his people at any time. He should become almost a part of the household—so intimately acquainted with each member that a moment's call from him, even if it be on Monday morning or Saturday noon, should not cause the slightest commotion or disturbance among the ladies of the house, except it might be of glad and hearty welcome, devoid of any apologies in regard to the condition of the house.

"How can a minister expect the confidence of hearts when he is a stranger to homes? Can one expect to be a guide in spiritual affairs and look for success in his ministry when he is so unacquainted with his parishioners and knows nothing of their individual condition and needs?

"Did Christ prescribe a general mode for all? No! It was 'rise and walk' to one; 'go wash in the river Jordan,' to another; 'eat all that thou hast,' to another; clay, for the blind man's eyes; a touch for the poor woman's needs; proofs for doubting Thomas's unbelief, and mingled with it all were beautiful sermons that to-day have lost none of their power with mankind, and are full of precious comfort for the hearts of all, because spoken by One who knew our frame, who remembered our wants.

"How a minister who takes Christ as a model can shut himself up from his people—and this habit especially in our cities is growing more and more prevalent—devoting himself wholly to the study of his sermons and their oratorical effect upon his hearers, we cannot see, for Christ was always mingling with the throng and studying the wants of those around him.

"If a shoemaker would have a shoe fit he measures first the foot. But ministers are too apt, be it said with regret, to cut out their sermons according to their material, trusting to pray them down to the right size, so that they shall not be spoken in vain. But the Bible proclaims that 'faith without works is dead.' They should remember this as an all-important point.

"We would most earnestly plead with the minister who preaches the fine sermons, and yet meets with little or no success, to go out among his people, study their hearts and their spiritual needs, and then bless them on the Sabbath with words their very souls are craving, and they may be sure that famishing people will not stay away from places where bread is to be found, and hungry souls will flock where the milk and wine of the gospel are dispensed in a manner fitted to meet all their cravings."

Would not this help to solve the problem of many half filled churches? In a word the minister, to succeed, must be in constant touch with his flock.—The Observer.

KNOWING WHERE TO SLIGHT.

"It is possible for a teacher to err on the side of so called thoroughness. One may get to the end of a journey, and "do" the trip very thoroughly, without walking on both sides of the road or climbing every stone wall by the way. A lesson is like a nut, that one may crack with a tap or two, and let the kernel out. It isn't necessary to crush every bit of shell for the purpose.

If these seem extreme illustrations, the exaggeration may serve to impress the folly. What is the use of going into an exhaustive discussion as to the kind of tree that Zaccheus climbed into? What if it is spelled 'sycomore,' instead of 'sycamore'? And why should you give an entertaining three-minute talk on the curious way it has of bearing fruit, its dark-green, glossy leaves, its low, wide branches? You could; but is that the best use to which you can put your precious one-hour a week, curtailed and beheaded as it is by 'remarks' and 'exercises'?

The proper emphasis in a lesson is the great thing. Where shall it be? A teacher should settle that in the outset of preparation. What shall be the lesson of the lesson? Build toward that, selecting your materials as the carpenter pulls out here and there the piece he wants from a loose pile of lumber, leaving the rest as if it had no value—it has not, for his purpose. Not many points, but one or two or three, and these with all your might.

"A good sewer knows where to slight." The homely proverb may well lend its lesson to the distracted, overburdened Sunday-school teacher. So much to do, so little time! Here is your way of escape: Learn the fine art of "slighting."—Anna F. Burnham in Sunday-school Times.

CHAPTERS TO READ.

Many, very many people, wonder where in the Bible to turn that they may get the most help. I would like to name three special chapters which at this time will do as much good, if not more then any others.

The winter is over and gone; in its months thousands of young folks have given their hearts to Christ and united with the Church. All such read the second chapter of First Peter. There you will find "milk for babes," precious and sweet are the twenty-five verses. It's just the chapter for a young Christian.

Then there are thousands of church members who, by the season of Lent, the revival meetings, the evangelistic services, or some other means of grace have been quickened in their religious life. They now face the coming season of summer pleasure, and fear the influences thereof will drive them back to their former coldness and indifference. Let all such read the third chapter of Colossians.

To those who have let another winter pass and taken no stand for Christ—to all such, let me say read the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes.—Rev. C. H. Tatum in the Observer.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

I see men before me now, fired with high purpose, strong in will, resolute in determination, powerful in action, who, would they only stop saying, "What will I do with myself?" and begin to say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" would at once discover the secret of happiness here and heaven hereafter. What an incalculable loss to the Church had Saul never been converted! So God must reason and angels think when they see in our congregations these good men, able men, strong men, not using their ability, not exerting their strength for the holiest cause of earth or heaven—the cause of the Church of Christ.

And when, at the end of a long and laborious life, in the blessed service of Christ, the aged apostle, who had been through so much, thought it all over, he could say, "I have fought a good fight," and could claim "a glorious crown" from the hand of the righteous Judge in the day of accounting. His assurance rested upon nothing done before conversion. The result of all these labors was summed up in this one wail of despair: "I am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God." The truth is, St. Paul knew that he had a crown, because he was conscious that he had borne a cross. Depend upon it, brethren, all that is good beyond this life depends upon the relation to Christ in this life. I sum up the teachings of St. Paul's conversion in this one verse: Remember it. They are not my words. They are the words of Jesus:

"To him, that knoweth to do right, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Fellow laborers in the Gospel, as often as you need stimulus, or crave encouragement in your work, get them from a faithful following of the great apostle, St. Paul.

A guild named after him assumes the responsibility of doing great things by the very assumption of its name. "Nevertheless, whereunto you have already attained, walk by the same rule, mind the same thing."

In your labors here in the great metropolis of the western world, at the close of the nineteenth century, conditions are not so diffrent but you can claim the same grace that Paul had in every time of need, the ever-present help that he found in every hour of trouble, the same fulfilment of the Master's promise that he enjoyed, "Lo, I am with you always." Whatever you do, be it giving cups of cold water in His name, or persuading improvident ones honestly to lay by for future distress, ministering to sick and afflicted, or officiating in service, reading the Bible, or engaging in prayer, socially mingling with men less blessed than yourselves, or that harder work, seeking to influence for holiness those with whom you are very intimate, only be consecrated men in all your doings, love your Saviour enough for all about you to see that you are in love with him, then every word of yours will be blessed, every deed will be prospered, and what you do here will be recounted upon eternal records hereafter.

O, what a thought! elevating and depressing, exalting and humbling, both at once—"We are workers together with God." He takes our little and makes of it so much! We may be bankrupt, even, in bodily strength and mental vigor; men may account us feeble and foolish; no matter, if there be anything in us of spiritual devotion, God will gather up our few fragments and use them in His service. Brothers, since God will do this, wants to do this, why not let Him?

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her; a canvas shelter on a deck, almost level with the sea, suggested the idea that even yet there might be life on board. With all their faults, no men are more alive to human needs than rough and ready sailors. The order to "put ship about" is instantly given. A boat is presently lowered, and starts away bearing down upon the wreck. After the drifting hulk go these gallant tars over mountain swell and dashing seas. They reach it. They shout, as they see a strange object roll from that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a shivered mast. They hand it into their boat. It proves to be the trunk of a man, head and knees bent together, so dried up and shriveled, as to be hardly felt within the ample shroud. It is conveyed back to the ship and laid on the deck. In horror and pity the crew gather around it. They are suddenly astounded to see the miserable object show signs of life. Revived by stimulants, as the attendants bend over the body, the lips are seen to move, and then a deep sepulchral voice, as the voice of one rising from the dead, mutters: "There is another man." Not a second, before away starts the small boat, well manned, with another crew to save "that other man." Rescued himself, this poor fellow made the first use of restored speech to try to save his brother.

O dear friends, we needn't go to sea to do this kind of work. We can do it right in this city. So long as in our homes, among our friends, on the back streets, among the tenements, in this wreck of a world drifting to ruin, there lies one covered with the mantle of sin, so long as it can be said "there is another man," there is work for me and you to do, to try to save him.

Go out of this holy place to-day resolved, in the name of Christ and by the help of God, to do something, to do all you can, to save "that other man."—Rev. Dr. Vandewater.

WOMAN'S PLACE AND WORK.

Young women have a special field of labor where they can be most effective in doing good. They need, first of all, to be inspired with the conviction that they are capable of being eminently useful, and then, if properly instructed as to ways and means, it cannot be doubted that their influence should be very potent in all the affairs of this life. It was a wise saying of the great French statesman, Mirabeau, when he remarked: "If I am asked how soon I would like to begin to train a Frenchman I would say I would begin twenty-five years before he was born, and I would like to train the woman who is going to be his mother." This outcomes the whole question as to the responsibility of our young women. It is precisely while they are young that they should have the proper training in order that they may be fitted to be the mothers of the men of the future. Tennyson, in his "Locksley Hall," touched the right chord when he pictured the ungainly growth of a race from illiterate womanhood. And it was no idle summary of the case when he said, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Our young women first of all need special training. And this should involve very much more than they usually get at our schools and colleges. They undoubtedly need intellectual training, and it is pleasing to notice what distinction they are achieving in intellectual pursuits. Recent examinations in many of our colleges show a very high percentage of success on the part of our young women. Indeed, several of the honors were carried off by the sex that has too frequently been regarded as of inferior intellectual capacity. We are glad to notice this sign of our rising womanhood. But intellectual development is not specially woman's sphere. She needs this, and must have it, if she would be what she is capable of being; but she needs moral, social and spiritual culture more. Her kingdom is the heart. She rules there without a rival, and she ought, therefore, to rule well.

We wish now to say a word or two about the course our young women should take in human affairs. Let them be modest by all means, but let them be active. They not be agressive in an offensive sense. Indeed, they must not be this if they would be influential. Woman is never so potent as when she is apparently impotent. When she is weak, then is she strong. Of course, this is true of men also in a spiritual sense, and that is precisely why it must be true of women all the time. Her spiritual nature ought always to be dominant. This is the source of her most potent influence. As a religious helper, therefore, she can do most good. Even in the home circle, where every true aspiration has its birth, her spiritual power should assert itself to its fullest capability. And it is just here in the home circle where the influence of our young women must first of all be felt if they succeed in discharging the obligations which their positions undoubtedly force upon them. They should seek to make home happy. If they have brothers they should endeavor to make these brothers realize that there is truly no place like home. But even outside of the home circle our young women may be eminently useful. We are convinced that very generally their great power has not been understood or appreciated in our churches and chapels. In many of these young women are only suitable to help sing, or to fill up places in the Bible-classes or Sunday-schools. But they ought to become teachers, active workers, and thoroughly consecrated helpers in every direction where woman's work may be made available.

It is true that many women are teachers in our Sunday-schools, but they should be teachers also in the great social circle, in which they are specially at home. We have very little hope for that class of women who seem to aspire to fill positions which are not suited to them. In America woman's position is somewhat different from what it is in older countries. Here women have freely entered nearly all the professions, and in some of these they have succeded to a reasonable degree, but it is generally considered by those who are thoughtful observers of the growth of our civilization that this tendency of women to force themselves into unnatural positions is not altogether a healthy sign. We are not pleading for any obtrusiveness of our young or old women, but we do claim that they have not yet exerted the whole extent of their influence upon our religious, social and political development, simply because they have not been permitted to occupy such a position as they are capable of taking.

The importance of neat and tasteful house-dressing cannot be overestimated. The matron who appears before the members of the family in a shabby, soiled wrapper, and makes the excuse—it indeed she takes the trouble to make one at all—that "it is so much more comfortable," has little idea of the possible consequence of such a course. Could she but realize that her dress is an evil example to her daughters, and one productive of consequences that will reach far beyond her own span of life; that her husband and sons cannot fail to draw comparisons between her dress and that of the ladies they meet in other homes, and that these comparisons cannot fail to decrease their respect for her, she might be induced to give more attention to her personal appearance. Not even the burden of care and constant employment can furnish a sufficient excuse for careless personal habits, for few things are more important to the well-being of a family. There is an old saying to the effect that an untidy mother has disobedient children; and while neither parents nor children may realize the why and wherefore of it, yet there is always a lack of respect and an indifference to the authority of a mother who takes no pride in her personal appearance. And it is not the mother alone upon whose shoulders rests the burden of responsibility for home neatness and order in dress; the father has his duties to look after as well, and should never fail to insist upon the younger members of the family presenting themselves with well-kept hands, clean faces, neatly-brushed hair, and orderly dress, at least at every meal where the family assemble.

There are thousands of women who are wasting the present because they think the real happiness of their life is still in the future. They take up no serious duties, they fix no serious affections, because they think the time and the object have not come, and perhaps they never come, although opportunities for a high and noble and unworldly life crowd round them, and such opportunities offer the only true happiness. If you are working towards no higher end than earthly happiness, it is but a low, miserable kind of life after all. It is a life that will never satisfy. You want something the world cannot give you to make you rich and to make you happy. You want what you may have this very night, if you really desire it. On the veranda of a pleasant residence at the northern entrance of the Suez canal, says a writer, I once spent a delightful afternoon. Immediately below was the wonderful highway of water, with noble steamships passing to and fro, bound for distant parts of the world, whilst across the narrow line stretched the vast expanse of sandy desert. Bidding me rise and look in a particular direction, my kind host said: "Do you see that lake, about a mile off, looking so inviting?" "Yes." "Well," rejoined he, "there is not a drop of water nor a green spot there. There is an illusion, a mirage." It was difficult to believe it. But, sure enough, before half an hour had gone, the picture that looked so real had vanished, leaving nothing in its place but a waste of barren sand. Ah! such and so fleeting are the fairest visions of the future that rise before you, so long as religion and self-sacrifice are unknown. But become true disciples of Him who served mankind, and your happiness is secure; your fortune is made; all things must work together for your good.—The Churchman.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It is the perversity of human nature that makes the things of mortality dearer to us in proportion as they fade from our hopes, like birds, whose hues are only unfolded when they take wing and vanish amid the skies.—Owen Meredith.

Philadelphia has the largest number of Sunday school attendants of any city in the United States—195,802. New York ranks next, with 187,000; Brooklyn next, with 107,233.

Archdeacon Farrar has carried in the Lower House of Convocation of the Established Church of England, his motion for brotherhoods, whose members shall bind themselves by dispensable vows to celibacy, poverty and obedience.

WASTED LOVES.

What does God do with all the wasted loves
He sees thrown down? The friendships strangely changed,
(How, none know wholly,) answering eyes estranged,
And grasping hands transformed to empty gloves!
—The pleading words which cannot win reply
Save scoff or silence, and the kindly deeds
Which fall on stony ground or choke in weeds!
—The withered hopes of which strong hearts may die!—
How can God suffer these? With gentle might
He claims these wasted loves as His by right,
And some day we shall find them in His care,
When stunted shoots to stately blooms have grown,
—Nor shall their beauty be for us alone,
The hands which threw them down shall have their share!

—Isabella Fyvie Mayo, in Good Words.

LITERARY LEAVES.

"He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not ate paper as it were; he hath not drank ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only sensible in the duller parts."—Love's Labor Lost.

What is twice read is better remembered than what is transcribed.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

A TWILIGHT SONG.

(The Century.)

For unknown buried soldiers, North and South,
As I sit in twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak-home,
Musing on long-past war scenes of the countless buried unknown soldiers,
Of the vacant names as unindented air's and sea's, the nameless returned,
The brief truce after battle, with grim burial squads, and the deep filled trenches
Of gathered dead from all America, North, South, East, West, whence they came up,
From wooded Maine, New England's farms,
From fertile Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,
From the measureless West, Virginia, the South, the Carolinas, Texas;
Even here, in my room shadows and half lights, in the noiseless, flickering flames,
Again I see the stalwart ranks on-filing, rising; I hear the rhythmic tramp of the armies;
You million unwrit names, all, all you dark bequests from all the war,
A special verse for you, a dash of duty long neglected, your mystic roll strangely gathered here,
Each name recalled by me from out the darkness and death's ashes,
Henceforth to be, deep, deep, within my heart, recording, for many a future year,
Your mystic roll entire of unknown names, or North or South,
Embalmed with love in this twilight song.

WALT WHITMAN.

CARLYLE.

(Continued.)

In 1834 Carlyle moved to London and settled down at Chelsea, then a suburb of London, where a handsome bronze statue now commemorates his memory, to his life long contest with books, his poverty and his wife. It was soon after this that driven by poverty and dyspepsia, almost to despair, he with the assistance of Henrietta Martineau, and other friends, arranged for a series of lectures, on the subject of German literature, modern revolutions, master singers, and other subjects.

This timely aid prevented his leaving England for America, where Emerson had been urging him to come and reside, or at least to lecture for the edification of the culture of Boston. These lectures, however, brought him in enough money to eke out a scanty living until he could publish his French Revolution, which was issued after much delay, occasioned by the accidental burning of the manuscript of the first volume through the carelessness of his friend Mill.

In this wondrous book, which pre-supposes a knowledge of all French history on the part of the reader, the lurid pictures of the horrors and terrors of that dreadful time, and his vivid descriptions of the great battles of the French revolution are only excelled by Homer's Iliad. Here his tireless and conscientious research after the facts, his elaboration of the minutest details from contemporary narratives, where he pretends to give any facts, and his insight into the causes of the Revolution mark him the historian. He said of it that no book for one hundred years had come more direct and flaming from the heart of a living man. Yet it is not in his French Revolution that Carlyle appears the greatest to me. Allison's and Thiers' books are more comprehensive, judicial, more philosophical and useful.

It is in his sketches and essays that Carlyle excells. His thousands of letters, his diary even, are full of wisdom, poetry, strength, and beauty. This French Revolution, the first book to which he put his name, brought him recognition from every class in England and America, established him even among the stiff-necked generation of English aristocrats, as great; and soon after followed money, offers of positions, social distinction—everything he had in his early days longed and striven for in vain. They came now and he despised them all. Seeing that it was but a sham, and looking "kings and beggars in the face with an indifference of brotherhood and an indifference of contempt," he went on his way building books as his father builded his houses.

A few years after this, in 1840, he published his "Heroes and Hero Worship," a condensation of one of his lectures. Here he holds that the great man makes the age, and not the age the man. Wrong, of course, as was much that he wrote, but a powerful argument for his position and teeming with many truths.

Between 1840 and 1843 Carlyle wrote much for the Edinburg Review, the Foreign Quarterly and Fraser.

In the Edinburg Review, he published in 1838 his Diamond Necklace. In this essay, a prelude or note of warning that the French Revolution was coming, and one of the best ever written by Carlyle, he has adopted a method very common with him, but particularly noticeable in this and in Sartor Resartus, of using some incident of history, fiction or imagination, as a thread upon which to hang his cutting sarcasms, his exquisite humor and his marvelous thoughts on philosophy, human nature and every other thing that can be touched by human mind. Through this paper runs, like the refrain through a grand opera, the well known incident from French history, in which Marie Antoinette figures as the supposed purchaser of an almost priceless necklace of diamonds, which purchase, however, she repudiates. With this as his refrain, Carlyle has given us a dissertation on the age of romance, an essay on human ambition, a sermon on dembaucheries practiced by high officials, covered with their cardinals' cloaks, a comment on hobbies, fixed ideas, as he calls them a pen picture of Madam Lamotte Valois, which, in half a dozen pages, paints us a Becky Sharpe as clearly and substantially as Thackery has done in his whole book, a compliment to the park at Versailles, that most beautiful place in all Europe, more sarcasm, humor and philosophy than many another good man could write in a life time, and last of all a most exquisite and touching picture of the suffering and death of Marie Antoinette, which we cannot refrain from quoting. "Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of these long months and years of ignominy, of thy birth, soft cradled in imperial Schoenbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eyes on splendor, and then of thy death or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment bar was but the merciful end. Look there, O man, born of woman, the blossom of that fair face is wasting, the hair is grey with care, the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony, pale as of one living in death.

The death hurdle, where thou sittest, pale, motionless, which only curses environ must stop. A people drunk with violence, will drink it again, in full draft. Far as the eye reaches a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with the triumph yell. The living dead must shudder with yet one other pang. Her startled blood yet again suffused with the hue of agony that pale face which she hides with her hands. There is then no heart to say, God pity thee. O think not of these. Think of him whom thou worshipest—the Crucified—who also treaded the wine-press alone, fronted sorrow still deeper and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a sanctuary of sorrow, for thee and all the wretched. Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One last, long look at the Tuilleries, where thy step was once so light, where thy children shall not dwell.

"The head is on the block, the axe rushes. Dumb lies the world, that wild, yelling world, and all its madness is behind thee."

In 1845 Carlyle published the life and letters of Oliver Cromwell, and developed his character as no other man had or could have done, and showed the English people that for years they had been scoffing at one of the greatest men she ever had; one of the greatest the world has ever known.

This is the last of his works which reaches his usual high standard. His "Latter-Day Pamphlets" and his Frederick The Great followed it, but the Pamphlets are considered his poorest work, and his Frederick below the mark. In 1865, he was elected rector of Edinburg University, and in 1881 died.

As an author, Carlyle exhibited strength and breadth of mind, poetic fancy and imagination, profound thought and searching analysis of character second to none but Shakespeare; a conscientiousness in his search after truth, and in delivering it when found, second to no man; pity and love, which embraces all mankind but could not descend to individuals; an abhorence of shams and delusions which amounted to detestation. His judgment was not always perfect, and he is not always a safe guide. Of pathos I can find little in his works, of pessimism and intolerance, but too much. But with all he has imparted a nobler tone of truth and sincerity to literature, has opened for it a wider field and infused into it a profounder spirit.

As to his methods, he says that he had "No slight of hand in writing." He was bursting with meaning, which he struggled to bring to light. He had to be moved by the spirit, by necessity or by his strong will to any great work. "Literature did not invite him." When moved he surrounded himself with every written word which he could find on his subject, devoured it and finally worked himself into a frenzy of mind and nerves, and then poured forth what was in him in such words and in such style as came to him: was it wonderful that his judgment should be at times faulty? His style was in his latter days abominable, yet he defends it. "Know thy thoughts," says he, "believe it—front heaven and earth with it in whatever words nature and art have made readiest for thee. If one has thoughts not hitherto used in English books, I see nothing for it, but you must use words not found there—must make words. But finally, do you reckon that mere dictionary style has much to do with the worth or unworth of a book? I do not." PUBLIUS.

[*To be Continued.*]

AN OLD TIME SOLDIER POET.

Survivor of Suckling and Montrose, and third in that trio soldier poets, Richard Lovelace was a most interesting. Born in Kent in 1618, of a race illustrious for military talents, himself of remarkable personal beauty, he led an active life in the Royalist service, falling at length from affluence and social cheer into absolute penury and oblivion. He was the Philip Sidney of his day in valor and in patience, and seems always to have clung to Sidney's memory. Lovelace's Lucasta, for whom his book was named, was Lucy Scheverell, who, believing him to have died of his wound, married another shortly before his return to England. Richard, not incurably grieved, afterward won an humbler wife, but died in 1658, alone, in a miserable lodging near Shoe Lane. His daughter and only child is said to have espoused the son of Lord Chief Justice Coke, and to have brought as her dowry her father's Kentish estates. Yet her father perished in extreme indigence. It was a grimly tragic end to a career so brilliant. Once, indeed, in Praed's gallant measure,

"For him the proudest bowed beneath a feather;
For him the coldest blushed behind a fan."

His poems were pointed in the following year, by William Godbid for Clement Darby, with an elaborate frontispiece and portrait. It is Carew Hazlitt who suggested that the "Dick" of Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding" may have been Richard Lovelace. The two were certainly friends, and the conjecture is a pleasant possibility.

Like all good men and true of his day, Lovelace embroidered his Saxon speech with conceits and filigrees. Rash as are his pretty strophes on "Amaranthe's Shining Hair," on "Lucasta Paying Her Obsequies," and on "Grattana Dancing," who will abide this agricultural apostrophe of a lady's glove:

"Thou snowy farm with thy five tenements!"

whose figure is carried on in cold blood through rents, tillage and ejections? His versification is generally hasty and heedless. Some allowance for the lack of smoothness may be made here, as well as for Suckling, since neither lived to supervise his printed book. Lovelace's phraseology is frequently naive to the last degree. "Reverend ladycows" are in his pastures; and his apostatizing acquaintances are "as the divel not half so trewe!" He rendered literally the diverting old French sophism, St Jacques le R y ou Scavoir:

"If James, the king of wit,
To see me found not fit,
Sure 'tis the cause he hath been
That, ravished with my merit,
He thought I was all spirit;
And so not to be seen!"

"The Falcon," "The Snail" and "Female Glory" afford a good study of Lovelace's wonted manner. His two noblest lyrics are simply incomparable.

We owe to the Parliamentarians, and to their propensity for caging the King's singing-birds, Lovelace's romantic and spirited prison-songs to Lucasta and to Althea. The second is generally known by the initial line of the closing stanza, "Stone walls do not a prison make." It is too long for insertion here, and too precious to divide into sections; but every reader will rate it as a masterpiece. Sir Roger l'Estrange figures in Hannah's Courtley poets as the author of an elaborate monologue on the "Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalist," strikingly like Lovelace's, and partaking of its energy and cheer. It has, moreover, its own felicities:

"My King from me what adamant can part;
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?"

—Harper's for May.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN 1889.

Apart from the unique events with which it has closed—the publication on successive days of two such volumes as "Asolando" and "Demeter" by poets of the great age of Browning and Lord Tennyson and the coincidence of Browning's death—the year has not been marked by any very startling event in English literature. Mr. Swinburne has taken something of a new departure in his Northern ballads, and has also given us another of his critical Elizabethan studies. Underneath these distincter notes has gone on the unceasing twittering of our minor poets. If Victorian England cannot appropriately be called a nest of singing birds, it is at least not for want of numbers in those who but sing because they must—who, at least, are offered little external inducement to sing. From a purely literary point of view we are inclined to regard Edward Fitzgerald's Letters as the most interesting publication of the year. He had two gifts, neither of which by itself to common, the gift of letter-writing and the gift of innate critical taste—taste which he himself used to call the feminine of genius. His native refinement, his hatred of self-assertion, and his indifference to fame were qualities, whatever their drawbacks, pleasant for the wearied eye to rest on in this bustling day. To pass from the love of literature for its own sake to the love of study for its own sake, what Sainte-Beuve call l'etude pour l'etude, we may class together among literary events of the year the collected issue of the papers of Mark Pattison and Henry Bradshaw. Long may both Oxford and Cambridge have their monument of disinterested study to show when they come to talk with university reformers at the gate! If none of our novelists are quite of the statue of the departed giants, there are still left to us a large number of able and gifted writers, with Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Blackmore, and Mrs. Oliphant at the head, and from all except Mr. Meredith, who has given us no novel since 'Diana,' we have had within a year good and characteristic work. But we have had no surprises. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Anstey have, perhaps, revealed a new facet of their talents. Mr. Froude has returned to his first love, Fiction, and produced a stirring historical romance. And in 'Micah Clarke' and 'A Window in Thrums,' Mr. Doyle and Mr. Barrie having given us, in two very different styles, books of exceptional merit. Mr. Kipling's stories, too, have now attracted in England the attention which they had already secured in India. From America, Miss Amelie Rives has come as a wonder to many. Mr. Bret Harte began the year with the publication (in book form) of 'Cressy;' a story, barring its not quite satisfactory conclusions, in his best style; and his best style it is difficult to beat in the whole range of story-telling. For the rest, it has been in America as with us here—a number of very competent workmen have done some creditable work.—The St. James's Gazette.

MISS INGELOW.

Miss Jean Ingelow writes to Roberts Bros. that the applications for autographs from America are so numerous that, with her indifferent health, the task of granting them is too burdensome, and in future she will be obliged to decline them. But in order to carry out a charity dear to her heart, she has furnished the firm with autographic copies of some of her favorite short poems, such as "The Martin Flew to the Finche's Nest" (from "Mopsa"), "Goldilocks," "The Nightingale Heard by the Unsatisfied Heart," "The Warbling of Blackbirds," "Coo, Dove, to thy Married Mate" (from 'Brothers and a Sermon'), 'When Sparrows Build,' etc., each bearing her signature with the date, and these the publishers propose to send to any address on receipt of $2 for each poem. The proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the repairing of the ancient Church of St. Lawrence, at Evesham on the Avon, not far from Stratford, of which the poet's brother-in law is rector. Much of Miss Ingelow's time is spent there, and she has made it the scene of many of her songs. One of these references is in 'The Bird Bell,' in 'Poems Old and New':—

"Oft as in a dream I see full fair
The bell-tower beautiful that I love well,
A society cluster with her churches twain,
I hear voices in the river faint and swell
And lift upon the air that sound again.
It is, it is—how sweet no tongue can tell,
For all the world-wide breadth of shining foam,—
The bells of Evesham chiming, 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

The 'churches twain' are All Saints and St. Lawrence, with the bell tower between them. Miss Ingelow has sent to Messrs. Roberts a photographic view of the scene.—The Critic.

LITERATURE AND THE NEGRO.

The discussion as to the future of the negro and his capabilities has developed a rather remarkable dispute as to the literary tastes of the colored race. A correspondent of the Nation at Washington reveals the astonishing discovery that the negroes, as a class, are devoting their attention to the highest and most improving books. They eschew works of fiction—with the exception, we suppose, of party newspapers—and, according to this statement, make their literary investments in such storehouses of information as the Library of Universal Knowledge; while the more educated class of colored people devote themselves earnestly to the study of Aristotle, Plato and Cicero. This claim of high literary taste for the African race evokes a challenge from the Atlanta Constitution, which gives its evidence to the effect that the younger negroes of its State delight in cheap and sensational stories, "looking more eagerly for the murder than the moral in the story." This