

massy of stature ; and to this group, great among the greatest, Thomas Chalmers belonged. It has, we repeat, nearly passed away. Wellington, Wordsworth, and Chateaubriand, —all well stricken in years,—turned very considerably, the youngest of them, of the three score and ten,—alone survive. Immediately beneath these, and bearing to them a relation very similar to that which the wits and statesmen of Queen Anne bore to the Miltons and Cromwells, their predecessors, stands a group, the largest of their day, including as politicians the Peels and Russells, and as literary men the Lockharts and Macaulays, of the present time. Happily the Free Church, though its great leader be removed, does not lack at least its proportional number of these. They may be described generally, with reference to their era, as men turned of forty ; and, so far as may be judged from the present appearance of things, the younger and succeeding group, just entered on the stage, are composed, as during the middle of the last century, of men of a third class, that seem well-nigh as inferior in height and muscle to those of the second, as the second are inferior in bulk, strength, and massiveness, to those of the first. The third stage of the second cycle of production is, it would appear, already full in view. In the poetical department of our literature this state of things is strikingly apparent. Ere the Cowpers and Burns arose to herald the new and great era, the latter half of the last century had its Wartons and its Langhorns,—true and sweet poets, but, it must be confessed, of somewhat minute proportions. The present time has its Moirs and its Alfred Tennysons ; and they are true poets also, but poets on a not large scale,—decidedly men of the third era.

In glancing over the various tributes to the memory of Chalmers, one is struck with a grand distinction by which they may be ranged into two classes. Belonging, as he did, to two distinct worlds,—the worlds literary and religious,—