Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:

https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology

https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb

PayPal https://paypal.me/robbradshaw

A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

Reviews.

Catharine and Craufurd Tait, Wife and Son of Archibald Campbell, Archbishop of Canterbury. A Memoir, edited, at the request of the Archbishop. By the Rev. Wm. Benham, B.D., Vicar of Margate, and one of the Six Preachers of Canterbury Cathedral. Macmillan: 1879. Pp. 640.

DISTINGUISHED men and women are often more fully known by succeeding generations than by the mass of their own contemporaries. It is true of most of us, whatever our worldly station, that

> Each in his hidden cell of joy or woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart;

and that we are sometimes little better acquainted even with those whose intimacy we are supposed to enjoy, than with the contents of a clasped volume. A chosen few possess the key which can unlock some of our secrets, but generally speaking

> An impalpable resistance
> Holds like natures at a distance;

and there is One only of whom it can be said,—"He understandeth our thought afar off." If this be true with respect to the members of our own circle, how much more does it apply to those whom we only see on the stage of public life? Not till they are gone does it often happen that the veil is uplifted from their private relations, and we are at length, though even then imperfectly, introduced to their real selves. But in some rare instances a great sorrow, unconsciously craving for a larger sympathy, breaks through the reserve which especially belongs to the Anglo-Saxon character, and appeals even to those who pass by, to estimate the worth of treasures awhile enjoyed, and now withdrawn.

One of these instances has made us, as a nation, acquainted with our Queen, who, in showing her illustrious husband to her people, has, at the same time, shown them herself, as we of this generation might never otherwise have seen her. And another such instance is now before us. The life-story of Catharine and Craufurd Tait makes the members of the English Church acquainted with their Primate while he is yet spared to them, as the model of an affectionate husband and father, and above all as a simple, prayerful, humble-minded Christian. But the questions of the day are not dwelt on in these Memoirs, and having been told so much, we are occasionally conscious that some things are left unsaid we might have been glad to hear. However, we are not embarking on criticism: rather we desire to weave into one whole the threefold narrative of the family history, in which Catharine and Craufurd Tait were central figures.

The following note from the Archbishop to Mr. Benham, the Editor, was written in January, 1879:—

MY DEAR BENHAM,—You wish me to send you a letter with some recollections of my wife and son for the Memoirs which you have kindly undertaken to edit. It soothes my sorrow to comply with your request.

Accordingly, the first two hundred pages of this most interesting volume are occupied by a retrospect from the Archbishop's pen, parts of which reflect a picture so fair, that we can well understand his speaking of his "bright life," though it has been once and again overshadowed with quickly-gathering clouds which have descended with the overpowering force of a thunderstorm. How is it that writers of fiction always conclude with a marriage? The marriage should rather take place in the opening chapter, and noble aims pursued and worthy deeds achieved, sorrows softened and joys enhanced by the strength of a dual existence, should form the interest of the tale.

The Archbishop gives a delightful description of Mrs. Tait's youthful home:—

It is impossible (he argues) to judge rightly of the character of my dear wife, without considering the influences which surrounded her early days. The beautiful parsonage of Elmdon, in the midst of the green fields and stately elms, from which it took its name, was the place of her birth, and in its deep retirement she lived till her marriage. The garden, the few scattered cottages which composed the parish, the hall and its inmates, the relations and the leading Evangelical clergy who came to visit the truly venerable Archdeacon Spooner, her father—these formed the world in which she grew up from childhood. She had never seen the sea till a year or two before her marriage. She had only visited her near relations and their friends, in Worcestershire and Warwickshire. The connection with the world without was kept up only by the cousins at the Hall, and the brothers returning from College, sometimes bringing their friends with them, and by the accounts of those more distant visits which the father and mother and elder daughters occasionally made. (pp. 1, 2.)

When I first met my dear wife (continues the Archbishop), as she was on a visit to my sister, then living in Worcestershire, she—a girl of under seventeen—was full of zeal for the Irish clergy, oppressed and half-starved, as she supposed, by their Popish parishioners:—

Major Henry O'Brien, who finally joined the Plymouth Brethren, had much to do with the first distinct wakenings of spiritual life in Catharine's mind. It was not till some years later that the marriage of her immediate elder sister to Edward Fortescue, then a youth brimful of old Nonjuring notions, handed down to him by his father, and fanned into zeal by the teaching of Newman, at Oxford, brought a totally strange element into the family. Catharine, with all the enthusiasm of girlhood, became greatly affected by the ascetic and truly devout character of this new brother-in-law. She was often heard to say that there was a time when no life would have appeared to her more happy than that of becoming village schoolmistress in the district which this enthusiastic young priest had carved for himself out of a neglected parish in the neighbourhood of his father's home, near Stratford-upon-Avon. This castle in the air took the place of that earlier dream which she used to say made her ardently wish that she might have joined the Achill or some other mission to the benighted Papists in the West of Ireland. As life wore on she saw, and deeply deplored, the many points of divergence between her convictions and those of her brother-in-law, long before

his changed views led to his final secession to the Church of Rome; but all through her life her marked love for the ceremonial of the English Church, with which he had first indoctrinated her, continued as the outward form in which her deep piety embodied itself. For a time then, in her enthusiastic girlhood, she began to think that there was nothing like the teaching of what was called the Oxford School, and could scarcely bear that it should be opposed and spoken against. She has often told me how, when she heard that one of the four protesting tutors, who hoped to bring to a sudden close the series of the Oxford Tracts, was a candidate for the head-mastership of Rugby, she earnestly hoped that he would not be successful, and gave all her wishes in favour of Charles Wordsworth, now Bishop of St. Andrews. It was a strange turn of fate which made her open her heart next year to the very candidate whose success she had deprecated, and become the happy partner of his life at Rugby, Carlisle, Fulham, and Lambeth, sharing in all his deepest and truest interests, helping forward for thirty-five years every good work which he was called to promote, united to him in the truest fellowship of soul, while still tempering, by the associations of her early Oxford bias, whatever otherwise might have been harsh in his judgments of the good men from whom in principle he differed. (pp. 4—9.)

The following quotation is from the pen of one of her Irish cousins:—

She was—at seventeen—an extremely lovely girl, the sunshine and joy of the whole household, full of mirth, elasticity and buoyancy of spirits. Even then, young as I was, I could not help watching with wondering admiration the earnestness, thoughtfulness, and conscientiousness, which, under all the brightness, marked her daily life. We were confirmed about the same time, though in different places. I received very many letters from her on that subject, and I know that although she had always been thoughtful and earnest, her life was from that period wholly given up to God's service; and she commenced those habits of constant prayerfulness, which flowed on with ever-increasing devotion to the end. (p. 202.)

To resume the Archbishop's narrative:—

Quiet years rolled on (he tells us). The bachelor cousin, the second Lord Calthorpe, paid his annual visits to the Parsonage, bringing with him the last news from London, and Uncle Dick Spooner (afterwards Member for the county of Warwick), full of extreme Tory politics and puzzling questions of finance; and Dr. Markham and old Dr. Bridges, and Bishop Ryder, of Lichfield, and on one marked occasion Dr. Chalmers—these, with the occasional interruption of a visit from Henry Wilberforce, or some other friend of the younger members of the family, kept the quiet life from stagnating. I must not forget too the ever-welcome periodical visits of Aunt Lucia O'Brien, a hearty Evangelical in religion—the most sympathising and large-hearted of Irish maiden ladies. . . . Into this quiet life I was introduced through my friends the Sandfords of Dunchurch, in the winter of 1842, and not many weeks passed before Catharine had consented to share with me my arduous life at Rugby. (pp. 9—14.)

Of this period, Bishop Sandford, of Gibraltar, thus pleasantly writes:—

Catharine Spooner was staying with us shortly after Dr. Tait had entered upon his duties as head-master of Rugby school, and when the work of the day was over, very often would the head-master be seen galloping over to Dunchurch to spend the evening under my father's roof. We used at times,

after dinner, to read aloud Walter Scott's novels, or some other interesting book, and we all felt pleasure when Catharine Spooner took the book. On one occasion we were reading "Agathos," and she made a false quantity in pronouncing the Greek word "Agape," and was set right by the head-master. Her engagement was glad news to the home circle at the Vicarage, and especially to my father and mother, who entertained for the head-master and his betrothed an affection and reverence which in after years matured, deepened and strengthened. My father, on hearing of the engagement, wrote to the head-master that he was glad to find he had taught Catharine the right way to pronounce "Agape." (pp. 225, 226.)

We must not dwell on the delightful life at Rugby, of which we have an account from the Archbishop himself, supplemented by letters, edited by Mr. Benham, from friends and relations. One of these observes to the bereaved husband—

I remember being very much struck when I was a very little girl, I think it must have been at Rugby, that just before you and she started off to go somewhere, she asked you to kneel down to pray for a blessing on your journey. Such a thing as praying in the middle of the day had never suggested itself to my mind before.

The dangers incident to her new position all melted away before the continual habit of prayer, which she brought with her.

The real key to her character (says the Archbishop, in reference to a later period) is to be found in the depth of her Christian life. She was, above all things, given to prayer. From her earliest years she prayed habitually and constantly for guidance; secretly and in public she was ever seeking strength through prayer; hence the charm to her of the daily services of the Church, which never became to her a formality, because they were but the outward and appropriate expression of thoughts which were planted in her soul by the Spirit of God. I think one chief attraction to her of the High Church movement was the great variety of books helpful to devotion, which the writers of this school have put forth. . . . . She especially prized the suggestions for a wide extension of intercessory prayer which she found in some of these manuals. Yet the use of them was no substitute for personal unpremeditated prayer, poured forth as the expression of her own and her family's and friends' peculiar wants. Moreover, she had a deep spiritual acquaintance with Holy Scripture, which she had been taught from her childhood could make her wise unto salvation. She could repeat much of it, was seldom at a loss to find any passage, and especially she knew the Psalms of David with a remarkable familiarity, with the distinctive characteristics of each. Her knowledge of Scripture helped her prayers, and her prayers her knowledge of Scripture. (pp. 84—86.)

Did space allow we might quote other interesting passages, descriptive of her Rugby life, into which she threw herself with full enjoyment, entering into all her husband's pursuits with the keenest zest, saving him all possible labour in financial matters; blessed with wonderfully good health, the mistress of a beautiful house, the dispenser of ample means, invited everywhere by her neighbours in the town and the adjoining country; worshipped by the boys, a chivalrous romantic admiration of her youth and beauty being joined to their grateful sense of her kindli-

ness and manifold acts of sympathy and affection—known by all the poor, and teaching daily in a little school of girls which she had herself established. "She carried her Christian principle into all she had to do, and did it heartily and regularly as unto the Lord." But she was never more happy than when helping her husband to get up his history lessons, or galloping by his side in the green lanes and over the meadows.

We must indulge in another extract.

Perhaps (says the Archbishop) the brightness of the Rugby life was not unnaturally most fondly remembered, because it was there she first learned the great joy of being a mother among happy children. Her first two girls, long since in heaven (the eldest, born in the third year of her marriage), were an inexpressible delight granted before my illness. Soon after I began to recover, God gave us that dear son who was our solace in many trials, and our joy and pride till he had nearly completed his nine-and-twentieth year. Nothing could exceed in tenderness the affectionate friendship which bound the mother and the son. . . . As he grew to boyhood his attachment to her became almost romantic, like that of a lover; he consulted her in all his early troubles; he read with her in his holidays, as for example Grote's "Greece" and "Clarendon." . . . . And when he took Holy Orders he found a great help for his ministry in the efforts she had made to imbue him from the first with a knowledge of Holy Scripture. . . . . He was indeed, all through his life, her true and tender friend. No wonder that his death and the circumstances which had preceded it were too much for her, and that she joined him in the Paradise of God at the end of six months. But if this loss, and, twenty-two years before, that of her five sweet little daughters, was a trial such as flesh and blood could not bear without the spiritual grace of God the Comforter, the very intenseness of the sorrow shows how great must have been the happiness which the loss brought to a close (pp. 33—38.)

It was rheumatic fever by which the head-master's life was put in peril before the birth of the beloved son whom he has now survived. This illness led to his removal from Rugby to Carlisle, in the year 1849. There the chief happiness of Mrs. Tait's domestic life was in the children, who one after another were born to give brightness to "the dingy old Deanery."

She led them from their very baptism to lead the Christian life *with her*. She prayed constantly with them as well as for them; as soon as reason dawned she associated them with herself in such acts of love to God and others as were fitting to their tender years.

Her own most touching narrative gives a beautiful picture of the nurture and admonition of the Lord in which they were trained—of their happy Sundays and their daily Scripture lessons. Among their favourite nursery books were the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Infant Pilgrim's Progress," "Henry and his Bearer," and "Emma and her Nurse." The last they had in reading was "Naomi," by Mrs. Webb. Thus writes the stricken Mother:—

My prayer for each of them ever was—O Lord, bless this dear child to-day, keep her to Thy heavenly kingdom. Prepare her for all Thou hast prepared for her; order all the circumstances of her life and death as Thou shalt see best for her; only keep her Thine for ever, and suffer her not for anything the

world can give to fall away from Thee, and give us grace and strength to bring her up for Thee.

This accustomed prayer was offered, as usual, for the little one first smitten with the disease which, assuming none of the common characteristics of scarlet fever, was for awhile supposed to be brain fever. The Mother proceeds—

I little thought that in a few hours after I was to kneel to give her up to that dear Saviour for ever; but so it was.

This child was the link between the schoolroom and nursery party, and at this time the last-born baby was only three weeks old. The little one who went next was an infant of about eighteen months. Frances, aged four, soon followed. Then the beloved eldest was smitten.

Ten years of untold happiness had been ours since first she came. She had opened to be all that our fondest wishes could desire, and what a field of promise lay still before us. It is impossible to tell the help she had been with her sisters and dear Craufurd,—how they were guided by her, and how gentle and sweet her influence was with them. Most happy and holy had all her birthdays been (p. 313).

As she was passing away, not many days after her last birthday, this sweet daughter seemed to have a vision of heavenly brightness to which she repeatedly pointed. Her almost twin-sister May was the latest laid low. She had always been a heavenly-minded child. During a walk her father had once said to her, "I should like to have a house for you out here in the country." Sweet May, looking earnestly at him, said, "Oh, but we must have the house where God has put us." Her illness was more protracted than her sister's. In the course of it she asked for the hymn called "Victory in Death," beginning—

Away! thou dying saint, away!
Fly to the regions of the blest;
Thy God no more requires thy stay,
He calls thee to eternal rest.

It was one unknown to her mother, which she had found and chosen for herself. It was repeated to her when the end was near.

At length the cup of sorrow had been drained. "Early in April, the day of the funeral of the last who died," writes the Archbishop, "we fled with our new-born baby, and were followed by our dear little son, to take refuge among the hills at Moffatt."

We never slept at the Deanery again. The shock had been overpowering. But as in the quiet country home which had been lent us (on Ulswater) we cherished our dear little son and baby girl, and read together and prayed together, and bathed our spirits in the beauties that surrounded us, by God's mercy there came over us a holy calm. God was preparing both my wife and me for a great change of life, a far more extended field of work than we had before known, and fresh great blessings which for twenty years she enjoyed with the keenest sense of gratitude, tempered by the solemn thoughts which this great trial had fired deep within her heart. . . . . By Christmas (1856) we were in the full swing of work in the greatest diocese in the world. My dear wife devoted herself resolutely at once to do her part (pp. 54—57).

The visitation of the cholera ten years later (continues the Archbishop), led to the crowning labour of her life. Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Marsh, and herself—"the three Catharines," as some newspaper called them—had each of them her spirit stirred to undertake the charge of some of those many orphans whom the cholera left destitute; and institutions, still vigorously at work, were the result. Mrs. Gladstone, I believe, undertook to provide for the boys. My wife hired a house at Fulham for the girls; by the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster, and the sisters of their "Home" soon established St. Peter's Orphanage, which has continued growing ever since. It cannot be doubted that the ever-present thought of her own children whom she had lost was an incentive to her care for these destitute little girls. (pp. 75-76.)

The Orphanage remained at Fulham for five years, and was then transferred to the Isle of Thanet, a Convalescent Home being added to it.

Two other daughters were born in London, as companions to the infant survivor of the desolating fever at Carlisle. And the beloved son, on whom so many hopes were fixed, had by this time passed safely through the trials of Eton, ever bearing on his heart the impression of that solemn season which took away all his sister playmates to be with Christ in heaven. He was his mother's stay and comfort, especially on the occasion of his father's alarming illness in 1869. He was then in the full swing of his studies at Oxford, and his letters of this period are full of the keenest enjoyment of life, while through them all runs a stream of genuine, unaffected, but deep piety. Some *naïve* remarks of his are recorded among other reminiscences.

One day Craufurd, when a boy, said to his mother, "Mother, I don't think you and father think always alike." Both parents laughed. "Have you found that out, my boy?" said she. And speaking of himself and his contemporaries he used playfully to say that they would form a School "more Low Church than my mother, more High Church than my father."

The Archbishop draws a delightful picture of what a young curate's life may be, suggested by what his son's life at Saltwood, as a deacon, really was. Before taking orders Mr. Craufurd Tait travelled in Egypt and Palestine, with a view of forwarding his education as a clergyman, and after being ordained priest he acted for two years as his father's chaplain. Then he paid a visit to America, where he produced a most favourable impression, especially by the modest self-possession with which he delivered a message from the English Primate to the American House of Bishops. It was remarked, on his return, that he looked pale and thin; but an unexpected opening occurred for the gratification of his desire for a post in London, and there was then no apparent reason why he should not be inducted as incumbent of St. John's, Notting Hill. But insidious illness had already seized on him, and after a few months of gradual decline, his earthly course was run. His father thus describes it:—

He received the intelligence (that his medical attendant judged he could not survive above an hour) with the utmost calmness, and set himself to use the hour, feeling that as before his business had been to live, so now it

was to die. The presence of those he loved greatly cheered and comforted him. He was the calmest of us all, and almost seemed to be helping us to bear up. He addressed kind messages to each, turned on his side like a tired child, and fell asleep in Jesus (p. 172).

Six months later the bereaved parents were settled for awhile at Addington, the sadness of their return cheered by the prospect of their second daughter's marriage in November. A Sunday came on which the wife heard her husband preach for the last time—the text "Sorrowing, yet alway rejoicing." The wedding took place at Lambeth on the following Tuesday, November 12th, and next morning the four remaining members of the family were off by the Scotch express direct for Edinburgh, for the mother felt unequal on this occasion to the annual visit she had hitherto made to the grave at Carlisle, where her five little ones had been laid to rest. We have been unable to enter on any details of the full tide of life she had shared since then. But now it was drawing to an unexpected close. Her bodily strength is spoken of as having been much greater than falls to the lot of most women, and she was spared the trial of a protracted last illness. Having retraced some of the steps of her wedding journey, she reached her brother-in-law's house unwell; a week after leaving London. On Sunday she was worse. By midday her case was hopeless. But still for several hours she was entirely herself, and even supplied the missing words in the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," when her husband faltered in saying it to her, after having administered the Holy Communion to herself, her daughters, and the physician. About ten o'clock her breathing ceased with a gentle sigh, and she was gone.

We are told that of the many letters of affectionate sympathy and respect addressed to the Archbishop one was the last the Princess Alice ever wrote. From the others, of which extracts are afforded us, we select two specimens:—

My first remembrances of her (writes a lady very dear to English hearts, Miss Marsh) are of a dream of loveliness—so fair, so soft, so gentle, with so musical a voice. We were both much in the schoolroom at that time, and until very shortly before we ceased to live within seven miles of each other, I remember the enthusiasm of her admiration for anything like high intellect or genius among the public characters of the day, both in their speeches and writings. . . . After my dearest father's removal to Leamington, in the summer of 1839, I never saw Catharine again, so far as I can recollect, until I met her as the wife of the Dean of Carlisle. At the time of her last great sorrow she wrote to say that she should like to see me before I left London. I *had* left, but gladly went back to secure the privilege of being allowed to sympathise with my early friend in her sorrow, and to see how sweetly she was bearing it by the grace of God.

The following letter, dated December 3rd, 1878, is from the present Dean of Carlisle:—

My dear and most reverend Archbishop,—I cannot help telling you how much and how deeply I feel for you and sympathise with you; a companion in your sorrow, your brother in adversity. We offered prayers for you this morning, which went up to heaven from this old scene of your joy and sorrow gone by for ever.

Your Heavenly Father must love you much or He would not chasten you so sorely, opening the wounds again and again. . . . . May our blessed Lord support and cheer and comfort you. May you come up out of this fiery furnace burnished as fine gold. May the Son of Man be with you. Cheer up, my venerable friend; a few more weary steps, and we shall be with our happy loved ones.

Is there a reader of these lines whose heart does not respond to the petitions they so fervently breathe on behalf of our Chief Pastor, and who does not pray that he may so steer his own course to the desired haven, and so steer the vessel of the Church through the stormy seas of this troubled time, that we may thankfully recognise the answer, both as to himself and as to her?

We offer no apology for the length and abundance of our extracts. We have made them for the benefit of those who have not immediate access to these exquisitely touching Memoirs.

The clear large type, excellent paper, and simple good taste of the handsome volume which contains them, are worthy of the eminent publishers.

Wanderings in the Western Land. By A. Pendarves Vivian, M.P., F.G.S. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

IN this attractive, well-illustrated volume, we have described, "in a plain, unvarnished manner," the leading incidents of a few months' wanderings in North America, chiefly spent in hunting in the Rocky Mountains. The author endeavours to disarm adverse criticism by pleading very broken leisure for writing; but the book—taking it for what it aims to supply—is very well written, the descriptions of hunting and travelling incidents being all the better for lack of "varnish." We do not remember, for example, a better description of the process of "making camp" than that here given. Mr. Vivian seems to have been an apt pupil. It was indeed a fortunate thing for him that he was regularly instructed in the art of kindling a fire early in his camping-out life; otherwise, when afterwards "lost" in the Rocky Mountains, it would have gone hard with him. In making camp, after the tents are pitched and secured, the "floor" is covered, when procurable, with the small branches of the spruce, laid a couple of inches thick with the prickly sides downwards. "Nothing can exceed the comfort and luxurious lying of a fresh-made bed of this description. It is soft and springy, and it has about it a delicious, comforting aroma, satisfying and soothing in the extreme." Camping-out appears to give an admirable appetite; no matter how many meals are consumed—and we read once of six meat meals in a day—indigestion is unknown. Excellent bread, baked in a frying-pan on red-hot wood ashes, bacon and canned viands, game, commonly the so-called "partridges," venison of two or three kinds, sometimes trout, or delicious "blue-berries," eaten in a wonderfully pure and invigorating atmosphere by men constantly in exercise, and drinking no alcohol, such is the secret of rude health in the backwoods. In the extreme cold, we read, when the wind seemed to treat two flannel shirts and two waistcoats as if the whole was network, our traveller "did entirely without stimulants." With this, probably, the dryness of the atmosphere had something to do.

On his first night in camp our traveller did not sleep as well as he would have done in his own bed after a stiff day's walking:—

All was so strange and new. The novelty, not to say discomfort, at first, of sleeping in an unaccustomed gait; the chilliness which comes over one towards morning when camping-out in hot weather; the sense of loneliness and the absence of all sounds of life except the shrill uncanny cry of the owl—all tend at first to light sleeping and constant waking. Then the intense stillness of a Canadian forest must be felt to be understood. The howling of the many-tongued coyoté would be an actual relief to the death-like stillness of the night.

Later on, in wild and more elevated regions, with driving snow and bitter nor'easters, sleep all night through was almost impossible in tents. A log cabin, when one could be found—a rare event—gave most welcome shelter. We read, page 212, of making the best arrangement possible under unexpected circumstances:—

With my old country prejudices against sleeping on the ground, I preferred the waggon covered over with the sheet, whilst Hank—a very old campaigner—spread his blankets on the frozen ground, close to the immense pitch-pine fire; and I feel pretty sure he had the best of it; for the wind certainly did come up through the chinks and cracks of that mean old waggon, and mighty cold I was before the morning broke.

The animals which supply material for hunting adventures are the bison (or buffalo), the moose (largest of the deer tribe), the wapiti, the caribou, the black-tailed deer, the bear (black and grizzly), the puma, or "mountain lion," the lynx, the wolverine, or "skunk bear," a ferocious little animal, with formidable claws, the mountain-sheep, and the antelope. The American moose (*Alces americanus*, or *Malchis*), Mr. Vivian thinks, is identical with the elk of Northern Europe. The male is of great size, weighing frequently when "gralloched" from 600 lbs. to 700 lbs. Notwithstanding their great size, their movements are surprisingly rapid, and the pace at which they can get through the thickest growth is most astonishing. Their senses of sight, smell, and hearing are all very acute; it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to get near them. This grand deer is becoming rapidly extinct. The Legislature of Nova Scotia have, indeed, passed preserving measures, but probably they have moved too late. Large caribou, also, are getting scarce in Canada. The caribou (*Tarandus rangifer*) is the reindeer of America, as the wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*) is the red-deer. In point of size the caribou comes about third of the American deer kind; its flesh, even smoked, is very superior to salt pork and bacon.

The big grey "timber" or "buffalo" wolf (*Canis lupus occidentalis*) stands as high as a deer-hound, but is heavier in build. This wolf is a very cowardly but powerful animal; no dog, however large or fierce, has any chance in a fight with him, his jaws being immensely strong, and armed with fearful fangs. He is found in close attendance wherever buffalo-hunting is going on, ready to attack the wounded, and feed on forsaken carcasses. The coyoté or "prairie wolf" (*Canis latrans*) is not above two feet in height, and resembles the Eastern jackal. The fur of the coyoté is not so valuable as that of his cousin, the grey wolf.

The big horn (*Ovis montana*), corresponding to the *Ovis ammon* of India, and the *mouflon* of Sardinia, inhabit the rocks and ledges of elevated regions. They seem to be a sort of connecting link between deer and sheep. Their heads are furnished with horns, those of the male attaining a magnificent size. The skin is covered with a very fine deer's hair; in size they run up to a red-deer; but from their head, shape, and movements they are properly termed "mountain sheep."

The American buffalo is, strictly speaking, no buffalo at all, but a bison, one of the great distinctions being that the latter is invariably covered with a woolly hair. Of the wasteful and sinful slaughter of bison Mr. Vivian writes in strong terms.

Several passages relate to the Indians. For instance, when passing near the scene of a massacre of miners, a trapper told the following story:—

He (Herridge), with a man named Bill Wales, and another, was "packing" through the Sioux country, when two warriors of that tribe suddenly appeared galloping towards them. Herridge thought they might be the advance guard of a party, and counselled taking up a position behind some big rocks where they could defend themselves to advantage. Bill Wales, who was a sort of desperado, was, on the contrary, for fighting, and said, at any rate he meant to have some fun. Herridge and the other man having vainly endeavoured to dissuade him, ensconced themselves behind the rocks and watched the issue. Bill was an experienced hand, was well mounted and well armed with an American Henri rifle and two six-shooters. His right game was to sit still, and to await quietly the attack of the Indians, shooting them down as soon as they came within sure range. But when the critical moment arrived, his nerve apparently forsook him, and he wheeled his horse round and galloped away. The leading Sioux quickly and easily rode alongside, and shot him dead without the slightest trouble. He then scalped him and rode away with the ghastly trophy, and Wales's horse and firearms. Edd and his partner were so struck by the easy way in which the Indian overtook Bill Wales that they measured the next day the strides of the respective horses, and found that of the Sioux to be 22 ft., against 21 ft. covered by Bill Wales's, which was a remarkably fine animal.

On the Indian question, so far as regards the United States, our author gives some painfully interesting information. There is, undoubtedly, a very sore feeling on the part of the white settlers, in many districts, towards the Redskins; and although the intentions of Congress may be just and fair, there is great corruption among the officials who have to deal with the Indians. The race, he fears, is doomed. At present, there are now 320,000 Indians in the territory of the United States. In Canada, where a large number are settled, their prospects are hopeful.

From the narrative of his becoming "lost" we extract the following:—

At a very early hour G. Evans and I left camp, anxious to make our last day's hunt as long as possible. . . . . About three o'clock we turned towards the place where it had been arranged that Macdonald should meet me. On coming in sight of the spot, there was the waggon with Macdonald and Edd Herridge moving slowly onwards, being then about a couple of miles away. In order to make it clear that I was on my way to join them, Griff suggested that I should fire a shot, which apparently had the desired effect, for the waggon instantly stopped. As Griff Evans was not going with me, but was to stay behind with Lee and Hank to search for the missing stock, and as my direction now was straight away from our old camp, neither he nor I thought it was of any use for him to come out of his way any further, so I sent him and my old dog "Ned" back to camp, and I then started off alone as direct as I could for the waggon.

In descending the steep hill-side after parting with Griff, the formation of the ground soon hid the waggon; but as I had got my marks I felt no uneasiness on this score. The two miles or so were quickly covered, but when I got to the spot where the waggon had been, nothing was to be seen of it or the men. I soon, however, got the track; and as the ground was undulating, I thought they must be waiting for me in one of the hollows near. At any rate, I argued, let the worst come to the worst, it is not more than fifteen miles or so to Sand Creek; I am still fresh—although I had been walking all day and had only had a "biscuit" (*Angl.*, a roll) since a very early breakfast—and I think I shall be able to "make" the distance in the three and a half hours still remaining of daylight.

On I pushed therefore, making, I thought, five miles an hour. The ground was hard and elastic, the air fine and bracing, and the track of the waggon easy enough to follow. I felt pretty comfortable as long as the light lasted, but when it began to wane—at about half-past six o'clock—my troubles commenced

in earnest. About then, too, the character of the surface of the country seemed to undergo a change, the herbage became more and more sparse, and there were large patches of light, loose sand, which under the influence of a smart breeze had partially filled up the wheel tracks, making them very difficult to follow. Then came the quickly fleeting twilight of those regions, and with what regrets I saw the dear old sun go down that evening perhaps few have experienced. The difficulty of keeping the track increased every minute, until at last I spent most of the time on my hands and knees, groping for the very shallow ruts. A quarter of an hour or so more, and this failed me, and I found myself off the track, and *lost!*

It soon got pitch dark, so dark that I could not recover a white handkerchief which I had laid down close to me as a mark, around which I might grope on hands and knees for the lost wheel ruts.

What was now to be done?

Fearful stories of freezing to death and of the accompanying agonies came across me; amongst others, of a poor young trapper who, meeting with an accident whilst hunting last year in this vicinity, was no longer able to endure his sufferings from freezing, and took the strychnine which he had in his pocket for the wolves. Then I thought that possibly, and even probably, starvation awaited me. Truly, at first Ihad as much as I could do to keep my head; I felt inclined to give it up and lie down; if I did this I knew my fate was sealed, and that probably I should never wake again. I realised fully that my life depended on keeping my head, and I prayed for help to do so. And it was granted to me throughout that fearful night.

It was now a little past seven o'clock; I knew the moon would rise about half-past nine, and that possibly I might be able to recover the track in the bright moonlight, if I could only stay here till then. But a cutting wind was driving down from the snow-covered mountains, and *I soon began to freeze!* I had no extra clothes, only those which I had walked in all day, and there was no possibility of building a fire, for there was no fuel, not even a sage bush as big as a cabbage, anywhere within reach. I attempted walking about, but I soon felt that in the darkness I was getting further away from where the track lay. If I remained here, freezing stared me in the face. What then could I do? The only other course open to me was to try and make my old camp on the "Sweet-water," which I thought would be about twenty miles from here.

He began his journey:—

At last I was all but "played out," and for other reasons, too, felt that I must have rest and a fire. Fuel was now a necessity, and I therefore made for the mountains, on the side of which there would most likely be some trees or shrubs. Mercifully, I soon came across a dead pitch-pine tree, and having matches in my pocket, and having luckily learnt the art of building a fire, I soon had a blazing one. I sat down before it, and had my first real rest since early morning. It was now past midnight; all was strange and weird around me; the very trees and rocks took uncanny forms; the only noises which broke the silence of the night were the wild howlings of the prairie wolves and the sighing of the wind through the pine-trees. I could not rest long here; I began to be uneasy abont the Arrapah oeIndians, who, I knew, were encamped not far below our old camp on the Sweet-water, and I did not know how near I might be getting to them.

He set out again:—

By three o'clock my strength was again failing me; I had had nothing to eat, except the one biscuit, since the early breakfast of the previous day, and I had been walking hard almost ever since. I was forced again to rest, and Indians or no Indians, I *must* have a fire. To add to my uneasiness, I felt too I might be going further and further away from all my known haunts and landmarks.

Here I sat with my rifle across my knees—not daring to let myself fall asleep—until the first streak of early dawn appeared in the east, a little before seven o'clock. How rejoiced I was to see it, an end at last to that miserable night, if not to my difficulties. With the daylight I hoped to be able to make out some known landmark, and with this object I toiled up the steep hill

immediately behind the spot where I had been resting. Broad daylight soon reigned; *but not an outline, not a feature, in the whole landscape, could I recognise!*

Broken down, disheartened, exhausted physically and mentally, I again almost gave up; but I had mercifully got through the awful night, and I felt I must hold on.

Pulling myself together, I started at once in the supposed direction of the rock, and at last reached it about eleven o'clock. I need not be ashamed to confess that I was completely exhausted. I had eaten hardly anything since early the previous morning, and had walked since parting with Evans over sixty miles—at least so said one of Macdonald's ranchemen, who the next day happened to pass over a portion of my track—and this, too, after a long day's hunting.

The distance from the hill, from which I had taken my last survey, to the rock was fourteen miles in an "air line."

Of Mr. Vivian's journey to the far-famed Yosemité valley,

> Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
> Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
> Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem,

the description is well written. Some of the mining narratives, again, are interesting. A shrewd Irishman was asked about a gentleman who was in the habit of holding forth learnedly on mining matters, "Mr. —— knows a good deal about mines, doesn't he?" "Ah, faith, he knows just enough to lose his money," was the brief but telling response. In nearly all the mining districts of the Western States, we regret to read, "there is no observance of the Sabbath." Here are fields for Missionary work. Many of the miners come from Cornwall and other parts of England; they find no places of worship, and many of their fellow-workmen are hardened in profanity.

Agamemnon. Translated from Æschylus by the Earl of Carnarvon. London: Murray. 1879.

OF all the Greek dramatists, none felt as deeply as Æschylus felt that the dramatist was a minister of religion, that the drama was a holy ceremony and a sanctified service, and that the theatre was a temple consecrated to the teaching of the highest religious duty and the purest morality. It is only as seen in this light that the dramas of Æschylus cease to be dark mysterious problems, and their plots become at once simple and intelligible; and the poet "the vates" in its double sense, is thus revealed to us as the prophet as well as the poet of Grecian antiquity. Every act throughout the dramas of Æschylus has a reference, direct or indirect, to the providence of God as the moral Governor of the world He has created, thus teaching that the divine retribution, which executes the righteous indignation of Heaven, cannot be averted by soft and easy ritual of forms and sacrifices. When to all this we add the awful significance assigned by Æschylus to a father's blessing and a child's curse, and to the virtue of humility in prosperity, and the magisterial authority of conscience, speaking as if with the voice of God within men, we can the more fully understand that the dramatic spirit of Æschylus is of all ancient dramatists most congenial and similar to the spirit of true religion. No poetry has reached a higher exaltation than is attained in this poet's conception of Prometheus, which shadows forth, albeit in a legendary form, that sacrifice of a suffering God for mankind which reaches through all time, and fills all thought. Surely in the Prometheus of Æschylus, as the Divine Self-Sacrificer, the Divine

Deliverer, and the Divine Avenger of Man, we come upon the most Scriptural of all conceptions of Grecian genius,—a conception beyond which it has never since passed, and to which it never again returned.

> Meanwhile the glory man attains in me
> Seeing true love wrought out in martyrdom.
> Here on this crag, as on an altar, I
> Midway between the Heaven and the earth
> In the great gaze of nature, am stretched out
> An unconsumed sacrifice, and plead
> Through centuries, the cause of truth and love,
> Ever embodying in my human part
> The heavenward instincts of the race of man,
> And his sublimest longing after God.

What, too, does Æschylus preach in the *Agamemnon* but unwavering trust in Divine Providence? In Æschylus, as in Holy Writ, the dealings of God in the natural world are made to illustrate his dealings in the moral, as in the following passages from Lord Carnarvon's beautiful version of the *Agamemnon*:—

> So when the nest has lost its young,
> The parent vultures rend the air;
> And borne on pinions fierce and strong
> Circle above the plundered lair.
> But far away and far above,
> Touch'd with compassion's greatest love,
> Jove or Pan or just Apollo
> Hearkens to their wailing cry
> For these outcasts of the sky,
> And sends the avenging fate;
> Which, however slow or late,
> Fails not upon guilt to follow.

> So Jove, the sovereign guardian of the household hearth and shrine,
> Hath sent the two Atreidæ upon guilty Paris' line,
> And many a knee shall dusty be in the struggle and the strife,
> And many a spear shall shivered be for that unfaithful wife.

The very plot of the Agamemnon carries back the imagination at once to the terrible crimes of kingly houses, and their terrible punishment as recorded in Holy Writ. Thyestes, the uncle of Agamemnon, had in the previous generation seduced the wife of his brother Atreus, the father of Agamemnon, who banished him for a season, but soon recalled him, to inflict upon her the horrible retribution of eating at a banquet the flesh of his own children. In revenge for this anti-natural cruelty perpetrated on his father, Ægistheus, the cousin of Agamemnon, seduced his wife Clytemnestra, during his ten years' absence at the famous siege of Troy, and murders him by his own hand on his return to Argos. It is this divine retribution which thus overtakes the double sin of murder and adultery in the kingly house of Argos that reminds us of the avenging anger of Jehovah which fell so swiftly on the double sin of King David, when he murdered Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and seduced his wife Bathsheba. In both cases sin was punished by like sin, murder by murder, adultery by adultery,

Lord Carnarvon's view of this magnificent and sublime tragedy, which we have some right to call moral in its spirit and tendency, can be best estimated by a comparison with the work of rival translators. He has not combined all the excellencies and avoided all the faults of his predecessors, such as Symonds, Dean Milman, Professor Plumptre, and, the latest of all, the poet, Mr. Robert Browning; but of all translations his is certainly the closest approach to the spirit of the original, and most worthy

of the great original, and reads rather like an original than a translation. Let us compare his with Mr. Browning in the speech of Cassandra.

LORD CARNARVON.

Woe's me! Once more the spirit of my art,
My true and dreadful art, comes over me,
And racks and rends me as I strive to speak.
Lo! where they crouch, like phantoms of a dream,
The forms of children foully done to death
By their own kindred, holding in their hands
Their own flesh and their entrails—piteous sight—
On which their sire himself must feast anon.
And now in retribution for these deeds,
There plotteth one against my master's life—
My master? Yes, for am I not a slave?
There plotteth, wallowing in another's lair,
A treacherous craven lion in the house;
And little dreams the conqueror of Troy,
The ruler of the fleet, how she forsooth,
With tongue of hateful dog, and fawning mien,
Like some sad secret Destiny, shall bring
These woeful fortunes to their fatal end.
She dares it all—the woman dares to be
The slayer of the man. But how shall I
Rightly declare her? Amphisbæna dire?
As some rock-hunting Scylla, fatal curse
Of mariner? or raging dam of hell,
Breathing fierce war on kith and kin and friends?
Hark! how she shouted o'er him as men shout
When turns the battle! Yet she feigns to feel
Joy in his safe return!

These lines are a powerful presentation of the original, full of its vigour, dignity, and spirit. We miss, however, any equivalent for δυσφελες δάκος "*the unwelcome monster;*" nor can we accept "fierce war" as in any sense an equivalent for ἄσπονδον ἄραν, "*the inexpiable curse.*" It is this curse on enacted crime—that no sacrifices, bloody or unbloody, can expiate—which is the very key-note of the whole play, and comes again and again before us, opening the door to every chamber of horror revealed to our sight. As a safe rule, too, it will be found that the literal interpretation of words is by far truest to the mind and meaning of the poet,

MR. BROWNING.

Halloo, Halloo, all evils!
Again, straightforward foresight's fearful labour
Whirls me, distracting with prelusive last lays!
Behold ye those there, in the household seated,—
Young ones,—of dreams approaching to the figures?
Children, as if they died by their beloveds—
Hands they have filled with flesh, the meal domestic.
Entrails and vitals both, most piteous burthen,
Plain they are holding!—which their father tasted!
For this, I say, plans punishment a certain
Lion ignoble, on the bed that wallows
House guard (ah, me!) to the returning master.
—Mine, since to bear the slavish yoke behoves me!
The ships' commander, Ilion's desolator,
Knows not what things the tongue of the lewd she-dog
Speaking, outspreading, strong-souled, in fashion
Of Até hid, will reach to, by ill-fortune!
Such things she dares—the female, the male's slayer!
She is . . . . how calling her the hateful bite-beast

May I hit the mark? Some Amphisbæna—Skulla
Housing in rocks, of mariners the mischief,
Revelling Hades' mother—curse, no truce with,
Breathing at friends! How piously she shouted,
The all-courageous, as at turn of battle!
She seems to joy at the back-bringing safety!

Few can read this rendering of Mr. Browning without feeling that it is hideous in its naked literalness. It is everywhere true to etymology and collocation of the literal words, but everywhere false to the mind and meaning of the poet, and to the spirit embodied in his words, and which shining through the embodiment gives them their splendour, their power, and their dramatic significance. The rendering of δάκος by "*bite-beast*" may be taken fairly as typical of hundreds of cases in which Mr. Browning falls into error as the victim of his own etymological basis of translation. Throughout assuming that δάκος is derived from δακνω, "to bite," and most unwarrantably assuming that Æschylus meant the *biting* of the beast here to be a prominent notion, Mr. Browning does a double violence to the original—first, by rendering a *simple* word as a *compound;* secondly, by giving it a connotation *not countenanced* by Æschylus, who actually uses δακὸς in this very play of the *Wooden Trojan Horse*—which certainly had not either the will or power "to bite."

Before bringing these remarks to a close, we must notice the extremely difficult line which has puzzled all commentaries at the ending of the picturesque account of the Fire-Signals. Here Lord Carnarvon renders

And the first and last is deemed victorious,

and Mr. Browning renders by

He beats that's first and also last in running,

where Dr. Kennedy has

And the first winneth, though hindmost in the race,

Professor Plumptre renders it

But here the winner is both first and last;

or alternatively,

He wins who is first in, though starting last.

May not the sense here be, he conquers, as having run ahead from first to last—*i.e., all through* the race; not like the runners in the games, who succeeded each other?

To this we have something of a parallel passage in Shakspeare's *Macbeth*—

At first, and last, the hearty welcome,

—*i.e.,* all through the banquet.

We venture to think that Dr. Kennedy's rendering reminds us of the story told of the Irishman, who, after winning the race, exclaimed—

Well, I am first at last, but I was behind before.

The Mystery of Miracles. By the Author of "The Supernatural in Nature." London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

THAT Truth is great and will prevail is held as an article of common faith; and that it is thus held is good; but it is also profitable to see and own that error has often, for a time, an advantage, in that the false can be presented so as to look truer than truth, just as plated ware

can outshine solid silver. What may be termed electro-plate scientism has had a start among the half-educated, and, by the aid of much crying-up, has succeeded in passing for genuine, not many being able to tell, at once, the counterfeit from the real. But, though the Birmingham articles may be never so well got up, a little rubbing on well-chosen spots, and a drop or two of acid, will expose the base metal; and a corresponding process is now making manifest to those who have been too long deceived by teachers of Materialism the spurious nature of statements, assumptions, and claims, which have been audaciously asserted, and credulously accepted, as science and philosophy.

It is astonishing and humiliating to see how little even men of good average intelligence are able to discern between facts and fancies, allowing themselves to be almost persuaded that what the wisest and best of mankind have built upon is fog-bank, and that the ever-changing clouds afford the only sure foundation. Meanwhile, both Religion and Science suffer, and numberless unstable minds are perverted from the matter and from the method of sound knowledge.

This year's President of the British Association has given a much-needed and very valuable check to the pretensions of quasi-scientific teachers by showing that it is altogether unreasonable to attempt an explanation of things mental and moral in the terms proper to physical phenomena.

The author of the book before us is doing good service, even as he has already done in a former work, by his reasoning on the great subjects indicated by the words Nature, Supernatural, Mystery, Miracles. His purpose and main proposition may be easily gathered from his own words:—

> I respectfully present these Thoughts as helpful towards the scientific and philosophical solution of a problem which has long perplexed many minds. I endeavour to show that mystery and miracle are the source and foundation of nature, underlie all science, are everywhere, and interpenetrate all things; that the abnormal and eccentric are not only possible but probable and actual, having counterparts in marvels of human consciousness, being represented by many natural symbols, and exhibited day by day in the interactions, co-operations, and counteractions of cosmic energies.

The author has taken, and will keep, a front-rank place with those minds at once reverent and reasonable, devout and scientific, who refuse to allow any facts of nature, and particularly of human nature, to be kept out of court; who fear nothing so much as that narrowness of mind which, seeing only a part, insists on that part being treated as the whole. He is one who cannot be pushed aside as unfit to argue with men of the laboratory and the class-room, he makes good his right to speak, and proves himself at home in many and various subjects which require deep thought. His matter is well ordered; the style is clear, lively, and even entertaining by its freshness. The following may be taken as a fair sample:—

> It is really too bad that Necessarians, Positivists, Materialists, who cannot write down with proof the scientific expression of any three different laws continuously at work from point to point, from moment to moment, in the universe, should disgust us with their sickening pretences to universality of knowledge. We will not say with Thomas Penyngton Kirkman that their variety of expressions and decorations of sophisms move in "a donkey's circle;" but we adopt his words as to the theories—"They are merely the rays that hang, not sweetly, on the shivering flanks of ignorance." . . . . The natural is, indeed, a continual miracle, but being prolonged hides its supernaturalism from the common observer. It represents the truth—God is so wise that He can make all things; and, much wiser than that, He enables all things to make themselves. Supernaturalism—as opposed to atheistic naturalism, maintains that

even the atoms march in tune—as if the music had been set, and that the commonest substances in nature, moving to the music of law, are a miracle of beauty by some Wonder Worker.

One who has read Joseph Cook's lectures will notice much that reminds of them, but put in a more concise form, as, for instance, the following :—

Take the germs of life. They are all the same, whether of Newton, or his dog Diamond; of the great whale, or tiny moss. First invisible, always mysterious, and in their early visible stages without structure or characteristic difference. Out of that invisibility, of that nothingness as to difference, of that death, God raises manifold life, marvellous intelligence, sacred emotion, glorious beings, with everlasting splendour for destiny. . . . . Two cells are alike to human eye, and to the microscope reveal no inequality, yet one contains the life of John, beloved of Christ; the other of Judas, who became a devil.

In many forms the one great argument is presented again and again that miracle and mystery surround us, that the Materialist hypotheses offer no escape from them, that the path of wisdom and of safety is to be found in that fuller knowledge of the universe and of man which Revelation gives, and which true science confirms, while the facts of consciousness illustrate by example the truth of that Divinely-given knowledge. Like Butler and Mansel our author rests on the foundations of consciousness, the primary facts of our nature, lower than which no mind can go, and apart from which no structure of reasoning can be raised. If this ground is of small surface, it is sure, it is indisputable, it is acknowledged, and beyond its limits man's wisdom will be to say, "We do not know." Unhappily for their own and for other minds there are some who desire to know at once too little and too much, who scorn the narrowness of the certain, and, venturing too far, lose themselves in the wilderness. It is refreshing to turn from such to the pages before us, and there we find the feet firmly planted on what is known, and carefully restrained from the slippery verge of that which is beyond. With a wide outlook, the author sees all that his opponents see, and sees many things, and much better worth looking on, which they do not allow themselves to see. He writes as one who breathes fresh air, he fills his lungs with it, and utters words of freedom and hope; reading has made him full, writing and controversy have made him wary, and the Gospel has made him joyful.

Exception might be taken at some passages, and in arguing that in nature all is miraculous, he has not taken care enough to maintain that in another sense, equally true, a miracle is supernatural; but we would rather acknowledge the merits and motives of the book as a whole.

The new comes back to the old, the first thought of an inquiring mind is that God is in all things, that His glory shines through all His works; no finer examples of this can be found than in the Psalms, which express faith and science in the language of poetry. Then came a second thought in which we see the mind over-weighted with details, perceiving orderly sequences and calling them laws, looking down at matter so long that the inner eyes become short-sighted, and cannot see Him who sitteth on high. But now comes the third thought which is, in essence, a return to the first, yet enriched with more knowledge of particulars, steadied and erect under the weight of the added collection of facts, combining faith, information, reason, poetry, awe, and gladness, and seeing, as those older men saw, that God hideth Himself, yet so as to be seen through the veil of creation. The book we have here reviewed will, we hope, be of real service to many minds who have been too ready to think that they cannot be both religious and scientific; it may, by the Divine blessing, enlarge

their conceptions of knowledge and of liberty, and help them to use as the expression of their own feelings the words—"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!"

Short Notices.

The Ecclesiastical Crisis in the Church of England. An Examination of an Address by the Hon. C. L. Wood, President of the E.C.U., with References and Appendices. By the Rev. WILLIAM ANDERSON, M.A., formerly Rector of Upper Cumber and Prebendary of Derry, Minister of the Octagon Chapel, Bath. Pp. 116. Hatchards.

THE President of the English Church Union delivered an Address in Bath on the 29th of February, 1879, explaining and defending the principles and the policy of the Union. The Bishop of Bath and Wells in his Charge on May 1st referred to this Address. The English Church Union, his Lordship said, "had seen fit to select Bath, one of the chief cities of the diocese, for a great demonstration, and for the enunciation by its President of sentiments utterly subversive to the Church of England as by law established, and no less destructive to the episcopal government in the Church." The Bishop further pointed out certain "fallacies and errors," "and the extreme peril to the Church and religion which resulted from them." In the publication before us, which we gladly recommend, Mr. Anderson gives an able examination of Mr. Wood's Address. It is very telling and very timely. The second chapter, which treats of the legal aspects of the important questions at issue, is contributed by Mr. Valpy.

Lady Sybil's Choice. A Tale of the Crusades. By EMILY SARAH HOLT, author of "Mistress Margery," &c. Pp. 342. John F. Shaw & Co.

Miss Holt has done well in choosing the Crusade period for her new story. The interesting series of historical tales for which we are indebted to her is greatly valued in a wide circle, and takes a high rank on literary as well as on religious grounds. "The Maiden's Lodge," a Tale of the Reign of Queen Anne, "Clare Avery," a Story of the Spanish Armada, "Imogen," a Story of the Mission of Augustine, with a fifteenth-century Tale of the Court of Scotland, and a Tale of the Marian Persecution, are well known as among the best books of the kind. In some respects, indeed, Miss Holt's stories are unrivalled. The present volume will not diminish, to say the least, her richly merited reputation; it is a high-class, carefully-written work, with an interest of its own. We are inclined to agree with the remark of the gifted authoress that scant justice has been done in modern times to Guy de Lusignan and Sybil his wife. We may add that the book before us, like other volumes of this series, is got up with great taste, and will make an attractive as well as an instructive prize or present.

Pictures from Bible Lands, drawn with Pen and Pencil. Edited by SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. The Illustrations from Whymper and other eminent artists, principally from photographs. Pp. 200. Religious Tract Society.

The series of "pen and pencil" pictures published by the Religious Tract Society is well known. Among the most pleasing and most valued illustrated volumes on our shelves are "Spanish Pictures," "Swiss Pictures," "American and English," "The Land of the Pharaohs," and