

Book Notices.

The Last Voyage to India and Australia, in the "Sunbeam." By the late LADY BRASSEY. 8vo. Pp. xxiv. 490. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price \$7.35.

"The Last Voyage" possesses a pathetic interest, as indeed the last work of Lady Brassey's graceful pen, which slipped from her fingers ere her task was completed. The book is marked by the same fascinating interest which made her former volumes read with such keen zest—alike in the cottage of the poor and in the abodes of wealth and culture, by Bismarck in his palace and by the backwoodsman in his hut—and which have been translated into nearly all the languages of the civilized world.

Lady Brassey had a widely sympathetic nature, which she manifested by the active interest she took in all classes, especially in the poor and lowly. It is characteristic of this sympathy that the very last words she penned had reference to the establishment of an Ambulance Association, of which organization she was for several years an active and bountiful patron.

The volume before us is marked by even more than the sumptuousness of illustration of the former products of her pen. Indeed, it is one of the most magnificent specimens of book-making we have seen. No expense has been spared in its preparation, and it is in some sense a beautiful monument to the graceful writer and the noble-hearted woman, whose last work it enshrines. The monotone engravings and headings of many of the chapters are printed by E. Nister, of Nuremberg, and the wood cuts are in the highest style of the art.

Of very touching interest is the introductory chapter of Lord Brassey, entitled, "For my children; a brief memoir of their dear mother." With loving pen he describes her many

virtues, and sets forth the plans of usefulness, by means of Working Men's Clubs and the like, which she so generously promoted. We quote the following golden words, "Your mother was always doing good to those from whom she had no hope to receive. She did not do her alms before men: when she prayed she entered into her closet and shut the door. Her life was passed in the spirit of the apostle's exhortation, 'Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.' Her praise to God was sung in her work of practical good. Her psalm was the generous sacrifice of self to works that she believed would be of advantage to others. Your mother's heart was as large as it was tender. She was devoted as a wife to her husband, as a mother to her children. She was kind to dependents, ever thoughtful of the poor, and there was a large place in her heart for her dumb companions. In all my remembrance of her I can recall no period of life when her face was so dear to look upon as in the days of her last illness. . . . With not a murmur from her lips, nor a shade of unrest on her serene countenance, the peculiar sweetness of her expression seemed a foretaste of the peace of heaven. My dear children, I might write more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me."

Truly this is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the virtuous woman of Scripture, "The heart of her husband shall trust in her, her children shall rise up and call her blessed." We hope to give at an early date an ampler sketch of this beautiful life. We think it safe to say that no woman in the world ever before had such opportunities to see many lands and many peoples under such favourable auspices. The official position of her husband as a Lord of the Admiralty gave him