

Many thousands of readers through the English-speaking world will feel a sense of more than passing sorrow for the death of this amiable, accomplished, and generous lady, who made the world richer by her life, the poorer by her death.

Of very touching interest is the introductory chapter to Lady Brassey's last volume, by 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 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 everywhere the *entrée* in the highest official circles, and everything that wealth and love could lavish upon her was given to make her many journeys pleasant and instructive. Her last book, for instance, describes her progress through the great cities of India, like a royal princess, with her private train, and with troops of elephants and camels, &c., placed at her service. Her journeys through the Eastern Seas in her elegant yacht, surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, have never been paralleled. There seems a sort of fitness that she should find her last resting-place in the deep, wide, wandering sea she loved so well.

In the next volume, for 1891, we will give Lord Brassey's graphic account of the return voyage, calling at Darnley Island, Port Darwin, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Port Louis, Algoa Bay, Port Elizabeth, Teneriffe, Cape Town, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, St. Antonio, Fayal, Ferceira, etc.

BE prayerful ; ask and thou shalt have strength equal to thy day ;
 Prayer clasps the Hand that guides the world—O make it then thy stay !
 Ask largely, and thy God will be
 A kingly giver unto thee.