

It was only when his soul was fired by wrong-doing that he was angry, and did battle for the weak or the oppressed. As Professor Forbes put it, "I never saw in any man such fearlessness in the path of duty. The one question with him was, 'Is it right?' No dread of consequences, and consequences often bitterly felt by him, and wounding his sensitive nature, ever prevented him from doing that to which his conscience prompted. His sense of right amounted to chivalry." He was a nervous, forcible writer, who aimed directly at the point, regardless of whether he provoked hostility or no. When the crusade, if it may so be called, of natural science against religion, and *vice versâ*, began, he immediately endeavoured to equip himself for a thorough understanding of the bearings of the controversy, by study. He had no notion, as he himself said, of "subterfuges instead of fact, or of resorting to the *odium theologicum*;" he therefore corresponded with Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, instead of pelting them with stones, or with hard names which are often harder to bear. Yet occasionally that delicate humour of his sometimes broke loose, when some scientific men left the limits and wandered in conjecture. His speech of Lord Dundreary on the Hippocampus is excellent, and yet there is not a spice of ill humour about it. How he contrived to do so much work, to write so much, including some beautiful lyrics which will live, and yet carry on so humorous a correspondence, it is difficult to guess; and yet all was thoroughly and conscientiously done until the end. No book more effective to stir up young men to active exertion, as well as kindle in them love for God, for mankind, and for the lower creatures, could be named than this loving tribute to the memory of Charles Kingsley.

He finally laid down to rest on the 23rd of January, 1875, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Nothing could have been more simple in its calm dignity than his death. There was no agony, there was no perturbation of mind, no fear. The last words uttered to his fellows was a whispered message to his nurse as the twilight was shaking loose the garments of the night—his last on earth: "Ah, dear nurse, and I too am come to an end; it is all right—all as it should be." His last audible words were those solemn petitions in the English burial service on behalf of those who stand about the grave. His body rests where he desired it should lie, in Eversley churchyard, and a bust has been erected in the great abbey of which he died a Canon. As his intimate friend Max Müller finely says:—"Fame, for which he cared so little, has come to him. His bust stands in Westminster Abbey, by the side of his friend Frederick Maurice, and in the temple of fame, which will be consecrated to the period of Victoria and Albert, there will be a niche for Charles Kingsley, the author of 'Alton Locke' and 'Hypatia.'"

Mr. C. D. Warner has written some pleasant books of travel, including "Saunterings," principally devoted to Germany and Italy, and "Mummies and Moslems," the record of a Nile voyage. The one before us, "In the Levant," completes the Orient by adding the entire Levantine coast to the Egyptian voyage.\* Now, in the first place, something must be said in dispraise of the writer, and that it goes somewhat against the grain to do so will

\* In the *Levant*, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, author of "Mummies and Moslems;" "My Summer in a Garden," &c., &c. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.