

de Krüdener, of both of whom portraits are given. Madam de Krüdener, the widow of Baron von Krüdener, in her youth was a devotee of fashion, but realized its emptiness and inability to satisfy the soul. A Moravian shoemaker, "a German Methodist," our author calls him, by his cheerful piety arrested her attention, and in all sincerity and simplicity preached Christ unto her. Soon, with all the fervour of the forgiven soul, she loved Him who first loved her. She forthwith travelled throughout Europe preaching Jesus, in cabins of poverty and castles of the great. She brought her divine message to the Emperor Alexander, sated and sickened with the festivities at Vienna after his victory over Napoleon. For three hours she probed his conscience to the quick and explained the way of salvation. The news of the battle of Waterloo reached them as they were reading the Psalms. They fell upon their knees, and after prayer and thanksgiving the Emperor exclaimed, "How happy I am! I am a great sinner, but God will employ me to give peace to the nations!" Madam Krüdener shortly afterwards died, with the words upon her lips, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The impression made upon the mind of Alexander was never effaced.

The personal and political history of the successive Emperors of Russia are succinctly given, and the tale of the intrusion of the Ottoman power into Europe, of the heroic defence and cruel conquest and sack of Constantinople are briefly told. Of greater interest, however, are the accounts of the more recent Crimean war. The occasion, though not the cause, of this war was the rivalry of the Greek and Latin monks at Bethlehem concerning the custody of the keys of the Grotto of the Nativity. Louis Napoleon, "the eldest son of the Church," undertook to champion the Latin against the Greek monks.

We cannot help thinking that England was made the cat's-paw of the astute and unscrupulous Napoleon. The British bore the brunt of battle by sea and land, while the

French shirked much of the danger and claimed much of the glory. Mrs. Latimer, on the authority of Kinglake, says, "Napoleon III. egged on the war which brought to the grave fully half a million of workmen and soldiers." The sad story of departmental mismanagement and unavailing valour, of blunders like the charge of Balacava and at the hospitals of Scutari, of the deadly work of cholera and typhus, of crowded ships and deadly trenches, the tales of the battles of Alma, Balacava, and Inkerman, and of the capture of the fatal fortress of Sebastopol, fill many stirring pages.

A gleam of light is thrown across the sadness of the scene by the moral heroism of Florence Nightingale, the English Santa Philomela, whose memory gilds with the spell of goodness the horrors of war. This gentle lady exhibited the spirit of a crusader. On her own responsibility she commanded the soldiers to break open the storehouse and take possession of the medical stores, blankets, and food needed for the sick soldiers.

A greater glory than that of arms was the emancipation of 53,000,000 serfs by the Emperor Alexander II. His cruel assassination was a poor reward for one of the noblest deeds ever done by man.

The story of the Turkish war of 1877 is succinctly told, when the Russian cavalry swept up to the very gates of Constantinople, Turkey's best provinces were wrested from her, and the map of south-eastern Europe was forever changed. The sinister side of the Russian administration in Siberia, in Asia, and the persecution of the Jews, are frankly described. The wane of the Turkish empire and growth of the Danubian kingdoms of Servia and Roumania, and the emancipation of the Baltic Provinces, form the closing chapters of the volume.

The mechanical execution of the book is a credit to the city of the World's Fair. A special feature is its more than score of excellent portraits of emperors, sultans, generals, and of the beautiful Empress of Russia, Queen Natalie, Elizabeth of