

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love."

Alfred Austin, now his successor in wearing the laureate's wreath, in 1894 took the last words, "The Garden that I love," and wrote a book of prose of 170 large octavo pages and many illustrations, the fourth edition of which, published by the Macmillans, has been sent to the JOURNAL by Messrs. Drysdale & Co. Its characters are the author and his sister Veronica, Lamia, and the Poet, who babble about green fields and botany, till the poet weds Veronica, and Lamia has compassion on the gardener. The book is not very brilliant, but it is restful, and a restful book is sometimes a great boon. It is strange how oftentimes man's or woman's descriptions of the littlenesses of God's creation and man's care draws the mind away from the great world's great sins and worries and ignoble ambitions, to a nearer prospect of the Paradise of God. I have had great joy in my garden of souls this winter, but, though my love for these trees planted in the courts of our God is not one jot abated, I shall rejoice to see once more the garden of my island summer home, and delve among the promise of flowers and fruit to be, so far as my tyrannical gardener, like Cato, fond of cabbage gardens, will allow me.

McCrie remarks that justice was never so impartially administered in Scotland as under Cromwell, which led an old Scotch judge to say of those of the Commonwealth: "No thanks to them! they had neither kith nor kin in the country: take that out of the way, and I think I could be a good judge myself." As regards the anonymous author of *Adrift in the Breakers*, or *The Present Dangers to Religion*, I am a Cromwellian judge. The author is unknown to me, as is his previous book, *Mind in Matter*. There are 268 octavo pages in the work under review, which is published by Messrs. Drysdale & Co. The first impression the book makes is that its author is a good man, without family ties, who has nothing to do but carp. He says occasionally smart things in a disorderly way. At first one might be tempted to think he was not a man, as when he remarks: "Repeatedly in the ages men have failed in their public duties, and generally, for a season, to put them to shame, Providence has sent females to the front. That so many brave women have come forward in the present age, and made their shrill voices heard, is a suggestive fact." But surely no brave woman would say, "The pipe is a siphon establishing connection between the human organism and the whiskey barrel." A writer who, under the plea of re-establishing the majesty of God and the heinousness of sin, insists upon reading all the Old Testament into the New, and embellishing Christ's life from the Messianic psalms, is a very unsafe theological guide. The infinite condescension of the Divine Servant is a truth that lies beyond him, and his attitude