

Lord Coleridge's volume of family history is pleasant reading. It is long enough, but not too long, and it bears testimony to family honours and family merits with modesty and admirable good sense. We cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from his *L'Envoi*, "*De Majoribus*."

Memorial Piety calls them from the past.

The quaint old Scholar at the College gate ;

The orphaned exile generous to the last,

So careful for his unknown sister's fate ;

The gallant stripling, scarce to manhood grown,

Fall'n in the breach for his dear land's renown ;

On deck the Sailor Boy beneath the Stars

Dreams of his home, his kin, his garden's breath,

Or rocked aloft amid the reeling spars

Clings, all unknowing of his coming death ;

The Judge both wise and humble, last appears

Crowned with the glory of our common Love !