

the broad comprehension, the lofty impatience of all that is little, the disdain for the petty trivialities of verbal criticism, the insight that went at once to the very heart of his subject, the directness of his character, and the steadiness of his convictions, all fitted him to walk with unflinching step amid, to the minds of other men, the complexities of the Eucharistic controversy, and to unfold with singular lucidity of order and a most happy command of words, what was as clear as daylight to his own convictions. What his genial frankness and kindness of heart made him to his personal friends, belongs to another sphere than that in which this article moves. He is gone, and his like will not soon be seen again.

EDWARD GARBETT.

Review.

Sunshine and Storm in the East: Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople.

By Mrs. BRASSEY, Author of "A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*." With upwards of 100 Illustrations, chiefly from Drawings by the Hon. A. Y. BINGHAM. Pp. 450. Longmans, Green & Co. 1880.

A JOURNAL kept while cruising in the Mediterranean, though less novel than the story of a family yachting-voyage round the world, may yet be almost as attractive. Certainly, by the readers of that charming book "A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*, our Home on the Ocean for Eleven Months," Mrs. Brassey's letters from the shores of the Mediterranean will be eagerly welcomed. The letters, indeed, have many points of interest. In some respects, perhaps, the journal of the cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople possesses, at the present time, an interest even greater than that of the voyage round the world. Mrs. Brassey's style, graceful and unaffected, is well known. In a literary point of view, her letters, chatty, graphic, agreeable, and full of information, deserve unstinted praise.

The first cruise was undertaken in 1874, and it included a visit to the Ionian Islands. Four years later came the second cruise, and this included a visit to Cyprus, and a second visit to Constantinople. "Melancholy, indeed, seemed the change in the Turkish capital during the four years since our last visit—a change from all that was bright and glittering to all that was dark, and miserable, and wretched."

Two or three extracts from Mrs. Brassey's journal, without comment, will show the character of the book. First, of a narrow escape, while the *Sunbeam* was lying moored to a Government buoy in Portsmouth Harbour. Mrs. Brassey, recovering from a severe illness, was lying in bed: it was 8.30 in the morning, and the children were at breakfast:—

I heard some of the men shout, or rather scream, "She is into us! We shall be sunk! Fetch the children! Lower the boats! Get the missus on

deck!" Then I heard the rattle of the falls through the davits, and the splash of the boats in the water. Then two stewards rushed through the engine-room passage, each carrying a child, and followed by the affrighted maids, all saying, "She will cut us through by the fore-companion." Then two men came flying down to carry me up, and the nurse appeared with a quilt to wrap me in. There was a scare, a scurry, a terrible fright, a crash, but not so bad a one as we had anticipated, and then a cry of relief. She has not cut us below the water-line; we shall not sink after all. The *Assistance*, a troop-ship bringing soldiers from Ireland, in trying to avoid a sailing-barge, had been caught by the tide, and come stem on into us, but fortunately very far forward, where our over-hanging bow protected us. She had reversed her engines before she touched us; for had she not tried to alter her course, and been going astern at the time she ran into us, we should have been crushed like a walnut-shell, and sunk in a few seconds. It was a *mauvais quart d'heure* such as I hope never to experience again, especially when unable to move, or to do anything to help myself or any body else.

Shortly afterwards, while on the Barbary coast, they had another escape from collision. We read—

Tom and I had retired to rest, and were both fast asleep, when Mr. Bingham knocked at the door to tell us that Kindred wanted to see Tom on deck. This was by way of not alarming us, the fact being that we were in imminent risk of a collision, and that Kindred did not see his way of avoiding it. As there was no wind, I never thought of anything being amiss, and did not rouse myself till I heard Kindred say to Tom in an agonised voice, "She *won't* come round, and we must be into her." After our recent experience in Portsmouth Harbour, I lost no time in rushing up on deck, when I saw the huge black hull of a barque bearing slowly down upon us, with her red light showing, and her bowsprit pointed right amidships. As there was no breeze, we were both quite helpless, and, in spite of all we could do in the way of shifting sails, nothing seemed to succeed. Whether we tried to get ahead or astern of her, there appeared to be some force of attraction between the two ships that drove them slowly but surely towards each other, as they rose and sank on the heavy swell. After about half-an-hour's suspense, a breath of wind came, and we managed to draw slowly ahead, so as to allow her to pass astern of us. I never thought I should have been so glad to see any green light as I was to catch sight of hers. By the time midnight had arrived we were at a really safe distance, and retired to rest again. At breakfast this morning we not unnaturally discussed the events of the night, and I asked Tom what would have happened had we really come into contact with the barque. "Oh! we should have been bumped against, or have scrunched up and down against one another, till we went to the bottom."

The account of the run through Cyprus is bright and full of interest. Sir Garnet Wolseley and the higher officials of the island, Turkish, Greek, and English, showed Mr. and Mrs. Brassey all that was best worth seeing. Here is a specimen of the many pretty pictures. At Nikosia—

After breakfast we strolled through the camp to the Greek monastery from which it takes its name, a large ancient building, containing a church and many cells, some of which are now used by Sir Garnet for office purposes during the day-time, when the tents are unbearably hot. The pretty little garden attached is full of jasmine, verbenas, and oleander, and we were invited to take a stroll

in it till the Archimandrite, or Archbishop of Cyprus, was ready to receive us himself, with all his attendant priests, and to show us the church. He is a fine-looking old man, about seventy years of age, with piercing black eyes, a long grey beard, and a polite but dignified manner—altogether quite one's *beau idéal* of a Greek patriarch. In the church, to which he conducted us, there is a fine-gilt, carved wood screen, containing three pictures in the Byzantine style, of considerable merit, and surmounted by some life-size figures of the Apostles. The pulpit is most curiously arranged. A little carved and gilt lantern is fixed against the wall, close to an arch, on the opposite side of which is suspended a ladder by means of ropes, which, when lowered, forms the only means of communication between the pulpit and the floor of the church; so that when once the priest has ascended, and the ladder has been removed, he cannot get down again without assistance. After our visit to the church, the Archimandrite invited us to his own apartments, where we were entertained with sweetmeats, cold water, and Turkish coffee.

The following is a description of a terrible gale when the yacht was off Milo, in the Greek Archipelago. With the glass at 29°80, on December 17th, they made a start for Old England under sail:—

Dec. 18th was indeed an eventful day, and if our friends in England could only have seen us, they would have felt much anxiety on our account and have given us much pity. It was terribly rough when I first awoke and groped my way on deck in the dark, and by 8 A.M. we hove-to in a fearful gale under a trysail and reefed canvas. Three times did we try to get the yacht round under her mizen, but she utterly refused. The stays and rigging that support her masts will have to be seen to as soon as we get into port, or they will be getting us into trouble.

The wind blew harder even than on last Friday, I think, or else we were more fully exposed to its fury. It howled and roared, and really seemed to scream in the rigging, as the sudden blasts rushed wildly by. A tremendous sea was running, and there appeared to be every prospect of the weather getting worse. I therefore tried hard to persuade Tom to run back to Milo, but he was loth to lose twenty miles of the distance we had gained with so much trouble yesterday. The glass kept falling, falling, till at last, about 12.30 P.M., he consented to put the yacht round, and then we had a dusting. Although we shipped only one really big sea just as we were going about, it was quite enough to make everything very wet and uncomfortable. Once round, she rode the waves like a cork, though the water poured over her lee rail—which must be at least ten feet above the level of the sea—like a cascade, and the boats, three or four feet above that again, were frequently full of water, and in imminent danger of being torn, or rather lifted, from their davits. It was indeed an anxious time, before a gale like this, almost under bare poles, close to a lee shore. I cannot recollect ever in my life seeing Tom more anxious. It was a grand sight, though, to see the huge waves tearing alongside of us, threatening every moment to engulf us altogether; rushing along the channels, dashing up the rigging, pouring over the lee rail like a fountain, while still we went rushing along faster and faster before it and with it. Sometimes we seemed to fly before the gale, and sometimes the gale seemed to tear past us. It was a great relief to everybody on board when at last the order was given to jib. No sooner was it carried out than we were in comparative shelter from the fury of the sea round the point of Milo.

But the strength of the gale still seemed to increase; the wind blew harder

than ever. All the morning it had been impossible to light the fires, either for steaming or cooking; but as soon as we had begun to run, and it was possible to do so, fires had been lighted in case steam might be wanted. Very fortunate it was that this had been done, for just as we thought we were safe inside the long harbour of Milo, we found the yacht would not fetch it. Oh! the disappointment of that moment, when we thought our miseries and dangers were over! We had to wait three long quarters of an hour hove-to at the mouth of the harbour till steam was up.

And here we must take leave of this fascinating volume. Open it where we will—and we confess we have only “dipped into it,” from sheer lack of time, a treat is in store for us,—we read its pages with pleasure. Mr. Bingham’s illustrations must not be forgotten; they are really charming. The book is beautifully printed, and “got up” in admirable taste.

Short Notices.

Is the Papacy predicted by St. Paul? (2 Thess. ii. 1-13.) An Inquiry. By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. With a few words in reply to Dr. Farrar. Pp. 34. Rivington.

This timely and vigorous pamphlet deserves to become widely known. All earnest and reverent students of prophecy, whether or no they agree with the learned Bishop on every point, will read the pamphlet, we believe, with deep interest. As a reply to the rash remarks of Dr. Farrar, it has a peculiar value at the present moment. In support of the statement that idolatrous worship is now claimed by the Papacy, according to the prediction of St. Paul, Bishop Wordsworth quotes from modern Roman Catholics. Montalembert, for instance, in 1870, wrote that these favoured votaries of the Papacy, the Ultramontanes, “trample under foot all our liberties to sacrifice truth, justice, reason, and history, to the idol they have set up in the Vatican”—“pour venir ensuite immoler la vérité et la justice, la raison et l’histoire, a l’idole qu’ils se sont erigée au Vatican.” Bishop Wordsworth concludes his able inquiry in these words:—

In this solemn question we have now appealed, not to uninspired men, but to St. Paul; we have inquired of the Holy Ghost; we have heard the verdict of God. Thence we may conclude as follows:—If the *Mystery of iniquity* is the same thing as the *Mystery of godliness*; if the Man of Sin is a man of God; if the Son of Perdition is an heir of Salvation; if *deceivableness of unrighteousness* is the same thing as godly sincerity; if *strong delusion* is the same thing as sound persuasion; if to *believe the Lie* is the same thing as to hold the Truth; if to be in peril of condemnation is the same thing as to be saved; if to be consumed with the *spirit of Christ’s mouth* is the same thing as to hear from Christ’s lips the joyful words, *Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you*; then Romanism is a safe religion; then it is not sinful to encourage it; then it is a matter of little moment whether you belong to the Church of England or fall away to the Church of Rome—but not otherwise.

The Two Paths; or, Canon Farrar’s “Eternal Hope” briefly examined. By the Rev. J. BENNETT, M.A., Incumbent of Park Chapel, Chelsea. Pp. 128. New Edition. J. F. Shaw & Co.

We have read several pages in this book, here and there, with satisfaction; the argument appears to be not only sound, but clear and vigorous. The last chapter, however, headed “Evangelical Truth,” especially