

partly because of the uncertainties of a *terra incognita*. But Mrs. Craik and her young friends had good courage and powers of endurance, and on the whole got on easily, and, except for the constant and tempestuous rains, comfortably. The trip was made in August and September. Crossing to Larne, just to the north of Belfast, the party skirted the bold and rugged Irish coast as far as the Giant's Causeway, where they spent some days. Thence, still following the shore around Lough Foyle, they reached Derry, or Londonderry, their next stopping place. From Derry they plunged fearlessly into County Donegal, and struck across to the extreme western coast, where the waves of the Atlantic roll angrily in. Here, especially at Gweedore, they found much to interest them. Turning southward they then went on as far as the abrupt headlands of Donegal Bay, looking across which they could see the Sligo steamer on its way to Londonderry; and the tour ends, so far as the reader is concerned, with scenes in the vicinity of Teelin or Malin Head, one of which is Glen Columbkille, with its memorials of St. Columba.

The earlier stages of this circuitous trip were made by rail, in one case — from Derry to Portrush — over an electric railway; but Irish railroading is far from first-class. The coaches are poor, the trains slow, the stations wretched. The ride from Larne to Giant's Causeway was made in a car, and that across the wild moors of Donegal in a wagonette and waterproofs. The inns were always simple, but as a rule surprisingly neat, and the pictures which Mrs. Craik draws of hospitality at such points as Cushendall and Cushenden, on the east coast, where they could look across to the Scottish Mull of Cantyre, and at Letterkenny, Gweedore, and Carrick in Donegal, are highly inviting to the tourist. Out of the larger towns their way led through Irish villages and peasants' farms, crowded with poor people, many of them in squalid condition. The line of demarkation between Protestant and Roman Catholic was everywhere to be noted, though not always drawn with bitterness. Mrs. Craik passed with a kind word and soothing manner among the folk she met, and it is easy to see how she must have won the confidence and regard of all.

The chief interest of her book lies in its descriptions of the scenery of the north of Ireland, always wild, sometimes desolate, and often sublime. The grandeur of the surf-beaten cliffs, the jagged outlines of the headlands, the dreary expanses of uninhabited moors, the somber weight of stormy skies, the meanness of many a cottage, the fertility of the soil in places, the quaintness of old churches and older ruins, the tone of domesticity which is imparted to many of the pictures of Irish life and manners, and an added flavor of antiquity by reason of relics of past civilization, traditions of almost pre-

historic times and remains of unknown occupants, make up a landscape and an experience which are indeed novel and striking. Over all lies the warm light of a genuine Christian sympathy and true catholic feeling; and the benignant figure of the revered and now sainted author is almost visible upon the page. The sweet and tender spirit of the book is the charm of it; the voice of it is intensely human. One of profound admiration for the works of God, and of yearning pity for the sufferings and sorrows of man.

Mrs. Craik was made by this pilgrimage to believe anew in the rugged north of Ireland as a haunt for the tourist, and her enthusiastic narrative will make converts.

More than a passing word is due to the illustrations, which are wood-engravings, Harper's best, after drawings made on the spot. They depict the strong and sullen features of the Irish coast with fidelity; all are good, but that of Malin Bay, facing p. 229, is extremely fine.

Perhaps this book is intended specifically for the holiday season, but in view of Mrs. Craik's death this notice of it must not be delayed.

#### AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY.\*

**B**ETWEEN the receiving of this book and the writing of this notice of it have come the sudden tidings of its author's death. She has entered "An Unknown Country" indeed! We open this story of her visit to Ireland with sadness and close it with affectionate remembrance. It is a typical book of her whole gentle character and all her literary career. Not a page has Mrs. Mulock-Craik ever written which is not, alone or in its connections, a guiding page to the "better country that is an heavenly." No longer an "unknown country" to her, would that she could send back to us from beyond its gates some rapt account of its scenes as they now unfold before her! This book is, as it were, her memorial; as we hold it we stand beside her fresh-made grave; it deepens the sorrow with which we mourn one of the gentlest, sweetest, purest spirits among the English authors of the century.

It was but a little while since (near the time of the Belfast riots) that Mrs. Craik and her three young companions, pleasantly disguised as "the Violet," "the Brown Bird," and "the Wild Irish Girl," with an artist for a body guard, made the excursion through the northern counties of Ireland so pleasantly described in this volume. It was rather an adventurous trip, from which many friends dissuaded them, partly because of the troubled condition of Ireland in general, and

\*An Unknown Country. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated by Frederick Noel Paton. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.