

would be grateful for assistance from friends who may have copies of these periodicals. Ministers and others who have sets of theological or ecclesiastical magazines which are of little use in a private library, would do good service by communicating with the librarian—J. A. Macdonald—and arranging to have those not already there placed in the college library. There are several numbers of the *British and Foreign*, between '79 and '85, missing.

CANADA has done little in literature and has few literary men. It would be indeed an easy task to count the books that deserve to survive their authors. It is therefore the fashion in some quarters to speak contemptuously of what little work Canadians have done in the field of literature, and to say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Others again in their zeal praise all Canadian literary work simply because it is Canadian. A rehash in science or philosophy or political economy is pronounced masterly, original, profound. A birthday book or pocket diary always displays great ability. A sentimental youth writes verses that at once remind us of Browning or Tennyson. The idea is to make up in praise what is lacking in merit. We have only a nest egg, but we'll cackle anyhow.

THESE observations are a kind of preface to remarks this Department is called upon to make about a booklet that fell to its lot because of the review Department's failure to make connections with this number. (A Song of Trust, and other thoughts in verse, by W. P. McKenzie, Toronto: Hart & Company. 1887.) These poems are re-printed from THE MONTHLY and other periodicals, and have been very favorably reviewed in several literary journals. As there is less of poetry in "Here and Away" than there is of sunshine in a green cucumber our safest remark is that the concensus of opinion is strongly in favor of the poems. Because many of them appeared in this magazine we are not called upon to say that they take rank with Browning's best. But we do say that to the extent of our capacity we greatly appreciate them. W. P. has written yards of poetry but there are things he can do better. Therefore he is not a poet. Neither are ninety nine per cent. of the verse-writers. That is no reason, however, why verses such as "A Song of Trust" should not be published. We are beginning to lose our way in this criticism, and advise retreat. Of the mechanical part of the work we can speak in unqualified praise. It is one of the neatest of holiday booklets. W. P. deserves great credit which we give the more gladly because he has been for some time THE MONTHLY's "last minstrel."