

during the days of the bodily-present Christ, he has been the subject of Pentecostal influence. We have, therefore, to look on this picture and on this; and upon the *change* discoverable between the two pictures you may find your estimate of the value of spiritual inspiration. I notice his *heroic eloquence*. He is not only a speaker, he is a *burning* speaker. This man is not only speaking words, he is speaking them with *unction*, with *fire*, with emphasis never heard in his tone before. It was not only eloquence, it was *reasoning* on fire. Notice Peter's grasp of biblical truth. Not only was he transformed into an orator, he was transformed into a profound *expositor* of the divine purpose in the creation and education of the Church. He sees that the ages are not unrelated days, broken and incohesive nights, but that the ages are ONE as a day is one, from its grey dawn to the time of the lighting of the evening star."

And so our modern expositor goes on, with not a little of Peter's force and fervour, and his "reasoning on fire." We heartily commend these volumes to the pastor or teacher who would get a broad view of this wonderful book, a new insight into its depths of meaning, and an apprehension of its spiritual power.

*Songs of the Human.* By WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE. Toronto: Hart & Co. Price \$1.25.

This is a dainty little volume in brown and white silk, fit for Queen Titania's hand. This is not Mr. McKenzie's first essay in verse; he has given to the world two other volumes, which elicited high commendation from critical journals. There is evidence in this volume of a fine vein of poetry, and of great facility of expression. The author's mastery of the technique of verse as exhibited in triolets, the villanelle and sonnet, is very complete. But more important than the form is the spirit of his verse. It is in the first place thoroughly Canadian, and has

a patriotic ring that is very gratifying in these days, when we hear so much of a contrary character. The "Dead March," in memory of Col. Williams, and the poem to "The Great West," and that to Canada, are evidences of this feeling.

There is also a deeply religious spirit. The poems on Nazareth, Capernaum and Sychar are instinct with religious feeling. From the latter we quote a single stanza:

Weary of travel the Master came,  
And rested by Jacob's well;  
And there to a woman whose life was  
shame,  
He scorned not of peace to tell—  
How the spring of her life might be  
pure for her,  
How truth life's anguish might cure  
for her,  
And life everlasting be sure for her;  
"Is not this the Christ?" she said.

"The Diary of a Lonely Soul" is a thoughtful psychological study. Mr. McKenzie strongly voices his protest against the wrong and oppression of the millions of Russia by the bureaucracy and despotism of that country. Of this his "Dream of a Nihilist," and the frontispiece to his volume of verses, give evidence.

A pensive vein, yet inwrought with threads of hope, appears in some of his verses, as in "Alone;" but a serene Christian faith is the final expression of his poems, as in the one entitled "Conclusion," which we quote in full:

I am only a child, who is lying  
On the bosom of Infinite Love;  
I speak not of living or dying,  
I know not of sorrow or crying,  
My thoughts are dwelling above.

The spring of the life that is flowing  
Is hidden with Christ in God;  
Not yet the mystery known,  
I feel that the peace is growing  
As the river grows deep and broad.

All I need without price I am buying  
By my trust in the Goodness above;  
There's an end to my yearning and  
sighing,  
For just like a child I am lying  
On the bosom of Infinite Love.