

soul, does Christianity begin. The dogma that God is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him, is of no more value than the resolution, that President Patton compasses the whole orb of truth, unless it becomes the life of God in the soul of man. There are some men in the world whose brains are as large, their learning as great, their hearts as warm, their opinion or dogma of themselves as humble, as those of President Patton ; and, with these men, I say that, adjuration and all, his statement is a lie, and a bad lie too ; that far away and above everything else that can be predicated of it, CHRISTIANITY IS A LIFE. If President Patton, or any other man, wants to fight on that issue, I am here, like Dr. Taylor of Hadley, "to fight in my Lord's quarrel." We have had enough of dead orthodoxy ; "the words that I speak unto you," said Christ, "they are spirit and they are life." Its very dogma is the dogma of life.

W. M. M. has published a tastefully got-up, 23 page, selection of Spenserian stanzas from a Spenserian poem yet unedited. Some of the verses of this now almost extinct measnre display poetic fancy and laudable execution, so that one naturally regrets the author's choice of a rhyme grown so unpopular since Byron's day. Among the specimens of Vacation Verse, those entitled "A Walk in Mount Royal Park," and "The Battle of Chateauguay" mingle the common-place and the hifalutin' with some good thoughts and expressions. Our poet wants naturalness ; his lyre is strung too high. But the following verse in "Rain for the Farmer" is worthy of notice and commendation.

" If gently falls the small soft lazy rain,
To indoor industries he shrewdly steals ;
And, in the barn, from some neglected grain
The choking chaff the clattering fanner reels :
Or, in the shed, the sapling ash he peels
For handles for the fork, with humor blithe,
Or haply lards the tumbrel's heavy wheels,
Or, of the harness, oils the leathers lithe,
Or turns the tuneless stone and grinds the gleaming scythe."

I was once capsized in some rapids on my back, with a big but fortunately not very heavy, biscuit barrel lying on my chest and threatening to put my head under water. My friends on shore cried, "Throw off the barrel, quick," which I did, and got safely to land. I would recommend W. M. M. to throw off the Spenserian barrel organ, for, if he does not, it will most assuredly sink him. Then, let him get into the heart of some good thing, and tell us simply what it is, without any affectation or bombast. He can do it if he tries.

The Transactions of the Celtic Society of Montreal, comprising some of the papers read before the Society during sessions 1884-85 to 1886-91, have just been issued, bearing the imprint of Messrs. Laysdale & Co. Ten articles make up this volume of 88 pages, one of which is an English poem on