

lumber-jack, the prospector, all come into contact with these great elemental forces and are in part their product. Mr. White gives us vivid pictures of the achievements of the river boss, the forest foreman, the rough-and-ready lumberman. We share the sensation of loosing the log jam, of floating the stranded timber to the boom, and the athletic feats of the river-man upon the logs spinning beneath his feet.

"The Upward Leading." Pulpit Talks Under Various Auspices. By James Henry Potts. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 131.

The author of this book and editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate, is one of the strongest thinkers and writers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In these chapters he gives a vigorous and original treatment of some of the important questions of the day. It will be found very stimulating and helpful to every reader. We are more interested in this book because its author is Canadian-born and retains a strong love for his native land.

"The Bible a Missionary Book." By Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 192. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

The subject of missions is more and more receiving the due prominence which it deserves in the thought and life and literature of our Churches. It is especially the burden of the New Testament, but in this admirable book it is shown to be the promise of the history of Israel. The law leads up to the Gospel, and the ministry to the Jews is the forerunner to the ministry to mankind.

"A Short History of the Westminster Assembly." By W. Beveridge, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-169.

One of the most august and important religious assemblies ever held was that which formulated the Westminster Confession, the symbol of faith of one of the great Churches of Christendom. A lucid and luminous account of that assembly is here given.

RUSSIA.

By R. BOAL.

I am she of the mighty hand and eyes that see not,
 My giant mouth athirst;
 Through the long night of years sure lights there be not
 To lands accurst:
 Even though the myriad stars gleam in the heaven,
 I grope my way,
 And treasure up the Sage's dole of leaven,
 And wait for day.
 My sons have shed their blood on earth like water,
 In valiant death,
 And cries are heard from many a mourning daughter,
 Whose wailing breath
 Proclaims the end of hope, 'neath bloody banner,
 Voicing our woe,
 Though neither word nor thought can fully span her
 Incognizable blow.

West Montrose, Ont.