

lencies and defects of "A Song of Trust," published two years ago. It is a much more pretentious book of 160 pages, neatly printed on highly calendered paper, and tastefully bound in cloth. The verse, too, is, on the whole, of a distinctly higher quality. The quality of Mr. McKenzie's poetry is already known to readers of this magazine, and need not be here critically examined. Besides; it is extremely difficult for us to estimate the poetry of this volume at its real value, to distinguish the genuine from the spurious, the excellent from the inferior, the true from the untrue. Knowing the author so intimately, his habits of mind and his theories of life, the personal estimate is apt to bias critical judgment. But a stranger would not hesitate to pronounce "Voices and Undertones" a work of a high order of excellence, not strong and rugged, but tender, pathetic, earnest, the outcome of a truly poetic soul. The author, in his Apologia, after craving kindly treatment from his critics, because his heart-song gushes forth with flight as eager as the rushing breeze which no rhythmic law can bind, says:—

"The voice may quaver, call it not the fault
Of perfect music singing in the mind ;"

and at times the voice is rather uncertain or a little reedy, but behind it, we know, there is a poetic soul striving to utter itself in song.

The poems are arranged according to their dominant thought:—"Spoken in His Name," "Undertones," "Friendship," "Speech of a Lover," "Nature-Speech," "Love-Letters." The first of these are deeply religious in their substance and spirit, truly Christian, but plainly the work of one who has been in revolt against what he regards as the narrowness and bigotry of traditionalism, to whom "not all is food the schools would give," who found the way of faith "more than belief in God, fidelity," and who has learned that

"Man is born to work his upward way
To God, by seeking the eternal things."

Sometimes the tone of chastened sorrow which is seldom absent is shot through with bitterness because "the scorn-hurtled stone is their share" who seek from the world the bread of life. But everywhere Faith and Love are supreme, and in "A Song of the Dawning" "the note of Hope is heard," and the sometimes dimmed eye of the poet brightens, for "behold the morning breaketh of the day ye said would be," when

"The hell of creed-born hatreds shall no longer fume and smoke,
Nor the wolfish-eyed self-seeker hide him with religion's cloak."

Mr. McKenzie is neither a critic nor a theologian, but a poet, and we must not quarrel with him if, seeing with the eye of the poet, he cares not for what we call facts, which can be known and systematized, but for ideas, which are everything to poetry.

Among the "Undertones" are some of the echoes of that pathetic voice which none but the poet hears, or, hearing, could understand.

"Tis his to know what meanings interblend
With words and cadence of the song of life."