

tual personality there are a hundredfold more reasons for believing in the existence of the father of lies than in that of the father of agnosticism.

Light literature has been patting infidels on the back lately, yet with a good intent. Edna Lyall, in *Donovan and We Two*, shews how the selfish, uncharitable, and generally un-Christlike spirit of professing Christians may drive souls filled with high and honourable impulses out of Christian communion and into the dreary waste of infidelity. This waste they seek to reclaim by working, generally as writers and speakers, yet often more practically and directly, for the good of humanity. There may be many such men and women among those who have lost their faith, I trust there are,—people like Donovan Farrant and the Raeburns, in whom the Giver of every good and perfect gift works by the Holy Spirit, even while in word they deny Him. I have known some such, even among personal friends, but as soon as they became earnest and humble, they sought and found God. True, Edna Lyall brings Farrant and Raeburn's daughter to the light of men, yet she fails to show the extent to which self sufficiency and pride go in constituting infidelity, and the destructive and, therefore, satanic tendency of the whole infidel movement. Agnosticism pretends it has given us science, when in reality it has employed the facts discovered by Christian scientific men as foundations of hypothesis by which to undermine the pillars of that godliness which is of more value than all physical science, being profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. Yet, better Edna Lyall's books than those that abuse the poor fellows who, even by pride of intellect, are all befogged regarding God and the spiritual world. They are our brethren and our suffering brethren, the more reason they should have our largest sympathy. It does no man any good to knock him down. But, on the other hand, it can hardly help the truth to set an infidel on a pinnacle unattainable by Christians and pay him hero worship. If he be a gentleman treat him as such and nothing more. If he is not, don't let him think that neither are you. *In mediis tutissimus ibis.*

Mr. W. P. McKenzie, B.A., has once more sent forth a treasury of verse entitled *Voices and Undertones*. I wish he had not allowed his friends to induce him to make his portrait the frontispiece. To people who do not know him it will give the appearance of conceit. Mr. McKenzie does not possess this property. If he ever had it, rough work in the North-West mission fields and in the Riel campaign must have taken it out of him. His last small volume was very much of an undertone and in a minor key. But the mournfully humming grub has burst his bonds and out comes a butterfly, although butterflies by the way don't sing, a butterfly that perfectly revels in a world once dark and dreary enough. Love makes