

and gives some authentic instances of important dream communications in modern days. It is written, of course, with all the charm of style which Mrs. Sangster knows so well how to throw around her productions, contains several appropriate, well-selected lyrics, and concludes with a suggestive chapter on "Every-Day Angels."

**When Angels Came to Men.** By Margaret E. Sangster. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1, net.

**Overtones. A Book of Verse.** By Joseph Cook. The Knickerbocker Press: New York.

Dedicated to "The Dear Memory of my Mother," and prepared in fulfillment of a promise made to that mother when she was near her end, this little volume is a comfort book especially suited to bereaved ones. It follows out the few hints given in the Bible of angel ministrations to mortals,

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On the title-page is the motto, "Poets are all who love, who feel, great truths, and tell them." If this be allowed, then Joseph Cook was undoubtedly a poet. But it cannot be allowed without important qualification. The mode of telling has certainly something to do with it; and Mr. Cook's oracular, majestic, downright, weighty style of utterance, while excellent for lectures, is hardly suited for poems. He lacks the light touch, the easy flow, the sensitive ear. His heavy strokes are well suited to drive the truth into the mind, but not to adorn it. This stanza, which begins one of his best Boston Hymns (forty-three of which are in the book), illustrates his method:

"Choose I must, and soon must choose  
Holiness, or heaven love.  
While what heaven loves I hate,  
Shut for me is heaven's gate."

This is a great truth tersely expressed, in rhyme and metre, but it is not poetry. We find nothing in the book that is likely to live in the mind, or be quoted as a gem of expression. But the volume is a pleasing memento of a great man who did a splendid work for God in his generation. His friends will highly prize it.