Dr. Pulsford's discourses can hardly be termed "expository" in the technical, or indeed in any accurate, sense of the word. They are rather meditations suggested by the words of St. Paul than a careful and logical explication of the order and flow of his thoughts. But these meditations are such as might be expected from the author of "Quiet Hours"—thoughtful and provocative of thought, pitched in a high spiritual key, and now and then, if not "wonderful," at least "mystic." Here and there, however, the author's high meditative tone is marred, not by colloquialisms—for nothing is more effective than a good colloquialism wisely used—but by vulgar and jarring colloquialisms; and indeed the great fault of the book is an air of pretence, an affectation of singularity, which comes out not only in the selection and collocation of his words, but even in the very shape of the volume, in its quite unnecessary marginal annotations, in its immoderate use of capital letters, and in its peculiar and lawless punctuation.