

in such a volume, but that remains to be seen, and nobody doubts his fitness in other respects. We hope that it will come soon.

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An excellent example of the authors, who, after enjoying great popularity, are slowly passing away into oblivion, is William Edmondstoune Aytoun. "Edinburgh after Flodden," and "The Island of the Scots," are still fairly well known, but the rest of the "Lays of the Scottish Cavalier," are almost forgotten; "Bothwell" completely so. Ward does not even name him in his "English Poets," though this may possibly be because the Lays do not lend themselves to selection. The metre he employs is against him, the regular succession of eights and sixes being equal neither to Scott's octosyllabic couplet, nor his irregular metres. Still, in spite of this and in spite of his being a follower of Scott, Aytoun has a vigour and freshness all his own. He was the last of the Jacobites, and his fervid admiration for Montrose and Claverhouse breathes through almost every line. Read, for example, his description of the death of the Great Marquis:

"There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.

There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!"

"Bothwell" is inferior to the "Lays," being less fresh, and occasionally becoming almost hysterical instead of vigorous. In places, too, it is grotesque where it attempts to be grim, as when, speaking of his sickness, Bothwell says:

—, that hateful sound,
The leeches stealthy tread—
Aha! when I had strength to stir,
How swift the villain fled!

Much of it, however, is filled with vigour and fire scarcely inferior to Sir Walter's. It is best where he abandons the regular eight, six metre, and goes on in Scott's irregular style. It is somewhat difficult to find a short, representative passage, but the following may serve:

"Yet would the Duke of Orkney deign
To meet me yonder on the plain
And there his fortune try,

I cannot think that any stain
Upon his name would lie.
It has been mine, ere now, to ride
In battle front by Princes' side;
With Egmont I have broke a lance,
Charged with the Constable of France,
And sat at council and at board
With many a famous chief and lord—
Then Ormison broke in:—

* * *

Grant Allen's last novel, "What's bred in the Bone," is, like all his others, absurd as to matter, excellent as to manner. We wish that he would give up writing what are avowedly pot-boilers, and produce something that would do him justice. The pot surely does not require four or five novels yearly at a thousand pounds apiece, and while it is certainly tempting to take advantage of the years of plenty, we think that one novel, carefully written, even if it took ten times as long as his present ones, would in the end be worth it. If in three or four months Mr. Allen can write such a book as "Dumaresq's Daughter," we may reasonably suppose that time and care would give us something worthy to go down to posterity. He has an excellent style, so witty and vivacious that it keeps up the interest to the last, and almost blinds us to the absurdities of the matter, a considerable talent for pungent, yet good natured social satire, and considerable knowledge of, and insight into character. We hope that he will think it over—if he ever sees this, which is rather more than doubtful.

EXCHANGES.

The Collegiate is new arrival from the Toronto Collegiate Institute. While rather too much of it is taken from outside papers and magazines, what is taken is well chosen, and as none of us would ever see the others, it really does not matter. The two translations it gives of the school motto, *Nil decet invita Minerva*, remind us of the two translations of our own K. C. I. motto, *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*; the greatest reverence is due to boys, and the greatest reverence is due from boys. The latter may not be grammatically correct, but "there is a higher law than grammar," and on the whole we prefer it. What with *The Collegiate*, *'Varsity*, *Trinity University Review* and *College Times*, Toronto is well supplied with