

Evan MacColl, F.R.S.C., has just published his *English Poetical Works*, dedicated by permission to the Marquis of Lorne, and prefaced by a sketch of the poet's life written by A. Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot. Mr MacColl has long been before the world as a poet equally competent to express the thoughts of his Muse in Gaelic and in English. A Scot to the backbone, he champions his native land on all occasions, pouring out the vials of his poetic wrath upon Lord Macaulay and other traducers of his people. A genuine love of liberty and fair play runs through his poems, and a reverence for true religion is characteristic of them. Many of his productions are local and temporary, and will therefore perish, but his patriotic songs and descriptions of scenery deserve to live in the future. Naturally a Canadian's interest centres in the poems written in Canada, and which celebrate the charms of our Dominion. A gem among these is "The Lake of the Thousand Isles." The Canadian fisherman's song called "My Wherry Brunette," has a pleasant musical flow. Two poems on Robert Burns are generous as well as well written tributes to the poet's memory. More serious pieces are: "Let us do the best we can," "The World as it Goes," and "Christmas Time," which reveal the earnestness of the poet's nature. Mr. MacColl's book is, for a Canadian publication, very tastefully got up, and is highly creditable to its publisher.

A batch of light literature, left over from last month, remains to be noticed in this issue, leaving the review pages of the rest of the session open for the criticism of more solid literary pabulum.

A wholesome novel for the reading of all whose prejudices against people of color lead them to treat their dark-skinned brethren with contempt, apart altogether from character, is Grant Allen's *In All Shades*. The scenes are laid in London and Trinidad. In the latter island live two planters, the rough Dupuy, coarse and brutal, but of pure white descent, and the gentlemanly Hawthorne, refined, kindly and intelligent, in whose veins flows a mere trace of African blood. Yet neither Hawthorne or his son Edward show the slightest outward indication of the so-called negro taint, both being of a large, fair, Anglo-Saxon type of beauty. To Dupuy, his even rougher nephew, and their friends, however, they are niggers. Young Hawthorne is sent to England, goes through Cambridge with honors, picking up an Arabic fellowship that is afterwards useful to him, and then, at his chambers in the Temple, purposes to practice at the bar. His father would fain have him remain in England that he may there escape the social disabilities of Trinidad. To London also goes for her education the daughter of Dupuy. Hawthorne of the Temple is married to a lady of excellent social position and accomplishments, and then, unknown at first to his father, accepts a judgeship in Trinidad, whither he sails in the same ship that carries Dupuy's daughter, who is a friend of his bride. The