

"Life is real! Life is earnest! and the grave is not its goal." As long as such people live, so long only will such papers as the *Family Herald*, *New York Weekly* and *Saturday Night*, have an existence. Such heroes! Such heroines! It is a shame to use noble terms to designate characters so low. Year in and year out the same old story, Love! Murder! and no body killed! When will the people assert their power and put this down with a strong hand? Is it not high time that such trash should cease to waste the time and corrupt the morals of the young and old of our Fair Dominion?

But we leave this and pass on to a pleasanter subject. It is difficult to imagine the progress that has been made, even in the last two years, by the higher order of periodicals. The amount of money needed to publish these serials in their present form is enormous, while the style of literary productions to be found in them is above question. Especially is this remarkable and delightful when we remember that a corresponding progress must have been made in the taste of the people. We venture to say that no nation has advanced so rapidly in science, literature and art as those nations in which, during the last half century, literature has had free circulation among all classes of society. In no part of the world has the press such perfect liberty as in Great Britain and America and the blessings accruing from it are on every hand. A few years ago the style of reading now found in the *London* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, in *Scribner*, and *Harper* of America, would have claimed the attention of comparatively few. Now they number thousands of readers, and it is true that, to keep up with the best current literature of the day we must always be students. Who, for instance, would have thought that the lectures of Joseph Cook could have been appreciated by so many. One would almost think they would have benefitted the learned few only, but witness the immense publication that they have had both in the States and Canada.

Canada has, at present, no really first-class secular periodicals, nor is there a very good prospect of any. It can hardly be expected that she should compete with English and American journals which have gained a world wide celebrity. Even in our church serials,

which are improving greatly, we find most of the illustrations borrowed from *Harper* or *St. Nicholas*. However, we live in hopes of some day having periodicals of which we may have reason to be proud, and no longer be indebted to either the Mother Country or Brother Jonathan for literary sustenance.

AN Italian priest and philologist, Bernardino Peyron, has discovered in the binding of a Greek manuscript from the library of St. Ambrose, on Mount Ablioss, two fragments of St. Paul's Epistles, in the Greek text. Similar fragments in Paris have long been highly valued.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD has accepted an offer from M. B. Leavitt to write a one-act satire on the satire of the "Pirates of Penzance," for \$500. The piece will be called, "Penn's Aunts among the Pirates," and will be entirely original both in text and music.

A WORK on "The Philosophy of Hand-writing," by Don Felix di Salamanca, and which recently appeared in London, finds in Lord Beaconsfield's writings signs of "flashiness," in Carlyle's "originality and causticity," and in Mr. Bright's a "straightforward and decided temperament." Rosa Bonheur's hand is "bold and defiant," and Charles Reade's, at the start, "clear, vigorous and apparently legible, but full of difficulties and confusions as one reads further on."

MR. BUCKLAND tells a curious story about the naming of the animal we know as the kangaroo. When Captain Cook discovered Australia, he saw some of the natives on the shore with a dead animal of some sort in their possession, and sent sailors in a little boat to buy it of them. When it came on board, he saw that it was something quite new, so he sent the sailors back to inquire its name. The sailors asked, but not being able to make the natives understand, received the answer, "I don't know," or, in the Australian language, "Kan-ga-roo." The sailors supposed this was the name of the animal, and so reported it. Thus the name of that curious animal is the "I-don't-know," which is almost equal to the name given to one of the monstrosities in Barnum's museum, the "What-is-it."