

tions and additions in the Honour Classical course with respect to studies other than that of grammar and language are evidences of progress which meet with our hearty approval. The study of Greek and Roman literature is of great importance, not as being without faults, but, as De Tocqueville has said, in having the contrary faults to those of our own day. Not only do these literatures furnish examples of high finish and perfection of workmanship to correct the slovenly habit of modern hasty writing, but to quote the words of John Stuart Mill, they exhibit in the military and agricultural commonwealths of antiquity precisely that order of virtue in which a commercial society—such as Canada—is apt to be deficient. If the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, “this is but a confirmation of the need of them.” We trust that the Pass Classical man will not be overlooked when the contemplated revisions of the Classical course are made. THE REVIEW suggests that one paper at least on Literature be added to the Pass Course, the marks of which should be relatively high, or wholly a bonus as is the case with Problem papers in Mathematics. We respectfully commend this suggestion to the Board of Studies and especially to the Professor of Classics whose kindly sympathy with the humble Pass man, is ever conspicuous.

THE SINGLE TAX.

WHAT with the criticisms of Principal Grant on the relation of the Progress and the Poverty of the age we live in, and the addresses of the Rev. Father Huntington delivered shortly afterwards, more of which are to come, reflective people in Toronto have had strikingly brought home to them the great social problem of the present day, and have had mental food offered for digestion sufficient to last for some time. The apostle of the Single Tax theory, an eloquent clergyman and a leader of the Anti-Poverty Society, painted in vivid colours last Tuesday evening the wrongs of the labour classes of the present day, and answered in forcible and heart-stirring terms the adverse criticisms of the remedy proposed for these crying evils. Listened to as he was by an immense audience, including many of the most cultivated people in Toronto, who were captivated by his words, it is no wonder that there are many searchings of hearts as to whether society in general is doing what is right by the labouring classes, and whether, in particular, the Church is attempting in any adequate way to carry out one of the first principles for which it exists—that of the universal brotherhood of man. Far be it from us to endeavour to check those who are trying to carry out, to the best of their power, one of the chief doctrines of Christianity—love for their brethren—but we would have all these enthusiasts remember that it is never right to do evil that good may come, and that it is unfair, in order to benefit one of the limbs of the social organism, to cut off from another limb what may, after all, turn out to be an endowment necessary to the general well-being of the whole.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE distinguishing characteristics of the English and “American” peoples are nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the pages of *Punch* and New York *Life* the representative humorous journals of the respective nations. Though of somewhat similar character and aims the difference between the two papers is most marked. It is not only in the choice of subject for comment or caricature, but also in the point of view from which things are regarded, which constitutes the essential difference. It may be said that whilst *Punch* is occupied for the most part with matters of national concern and large affairs, *Life* is occupied for the most part with matters of

individual concern and small affairs. There is a wealth of wisdom and a healthiness of tone about *Punch* which we find delightfully invigorating and refreshing. In *Life* there is abundance of all that is clever and witty, but its tone is distinctly lower than its great London contemporary. It reflects to a large extent the lack of reverence for authority and for things sacred, which may be called, without much exaggeration, a marked feature of the American Republic. It is a very cheap kind of wit to turn into ridicule Biblical characters and incidents and one which is altogether unworthy so able a journal. We believe there are people who find *Punch* dull as there are people who find Shakespeare dull. So much the worse for these folk. What is vulgarly known as “spice” is not found in the pages of *Punch*. Its refinement is ever conspicuous. We extend our sympathy to our famous contemporary on the grievous loss it has sustained recently in the death of Charles Keen—a loss which will be deeply felt, says the *Saturday Review*, by the many thousands who have delighted in the admirable drawings which this genial humourist contributed to that journal during the last forty years.

IL PENNEROSO.

BRIGHT shines the sun, and with his genial ray
Illumines every corner of my room;
Flowers blow, birds sing, nature keeps holiday,
But over me a deep and thickening gloom
Is gathering, felt not seen, I know not why,
But sadly droop my weary head and sigh.

Athwart the gloom, and strangely blent with it,
Come momentary gleams of cheerful light;
I call on them to tarry, but they flit,
And all is black again as darkest night;
They come but to depart, I know not why,
But twirk with joy, and then with anguish cry.

And memories of pleasures come and go,
Dim as the visions of a troubled sleep,
For pleasure seems a friend in death laid low,
And I to kneel beside the grave and weep,
Bereaved and desolate, I know not why,
But moan the pain of some dissevered tie.

And sounds of gladness break upon my ear
But faintly, borne from regions far away:
It is a long, low moan that soundeth near,
And death and life seem met in fierce affray;
And death seems stronger far, I know not why,
But now, me thinks, how sweet it were to die!

And in some churchyard, near the hallowed wall
Of some tall fane, with clambering ivy dressed,
Where the broad yew trees' sombre shadows fall,
Slumber like infant on its mother's breast;
Thus pensively I muse, I know not why—
Perhaps I'd better never eat pork pie.

A.B.

A PREDICTION FULFILLED.

HIS LORDSHIP the Bishop of Montreal, whose Jubilee was recently celebrated with such enthusiasm throughout his diocese, at our request was graciously pleased to favour THE REVIEW with the following extract from his Jubilee sermon. A representative of this journal happened to be present on the occasion, which was a memorable one in the history of our Church in Canada:—

The other day a kind friend happened to see a passage in a speech, printed in a Church Society report of thirty-three years ago, and took the trouble to show it to me. It reads as follows: “And now as regards the field before us, do you think that this Canada is always to remain a mere province, exercising slight influence on the destinies of the world?”