

The Church of Canada has lost, during the past year, one of her greatest and best men: on All Saints' Day, the Hon. and Right Rev. John, Lord Bishop of Toronto, departed from amongst us, in the 90th year of his age. His kindness, gentleness, and courtesy, and the thorough consistency of his conduct, had endeared him even to those to whom his earnestness in the cause of Christ and in the service of the Church of God was distasteful. His funeral is said to have been one of the most imposing events of the kind ever witnessed in Canada; all classes of the citizens united in paying a last tribute to one whose life had been so beneficial, not only to the spiritual but also to the temporal interests of the province. His body is placed under the altar of St. James' Church, Toronto, which was his Cathedral; the Church was dressed in black, and in the City of Toronto most of the members of the Church have put on mourning for six weeks. Most earnestly we trust that Almighty God may give to the Church in this new nation more of such men for her bishops: may we not admire only but imitate him in all his virtues and in his sincere love and labour for his country and his God.

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

UNDER the above head we purpose to give each month a small space to poetical translations from various languages,—especially from the Latin and Greek. We would respectfully invite the attention of Canadian Scholars to this feature of our Magazine.

ADRIAN'S DYING ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis
Que nunc abis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?

No. 1.

Darling, gentle, wandering soul,
Long this body's friend and guest,
Tell, what region is thy goal,
Pale and cold and all undrest,
Lost thy wonted play and jest!

No. 2.

Spirit, sweet, gentle thing,
Thou seemest taking wing
For some new place of rest;

So long this body's guest
And friend, dost thou forsake it?
And pallid, cold, and naked,

Thou wanderest,
Bereft of joy and jest,
Whither, ethereal thing?

No. 3.

Dear, pretty, fluttering, vital thing,
So long this body's guest and friend.
Ah! tell me, whither dost thou wend
Thy lonely way,
Pallid and nude and shivering,
Nor, as thy wont is, gently gay!

J. READE.