

stand-point outside the charmed circle of Science and Art, so worthily occupied by our more distinguished members. I may be reproached for my deficiencies by the well-known saying of Finch, "The sparks of all the Sciences may be raked from the ashes of the Law," but we have few amongst us here to whom we can point as an illustration of this tribute to a profession—which first merited the compliment in Francis Bacon, and still claims it for Henry Breugham.

In a retrospect of the past year in any Institute for the Promotion of Science or Art throughout the vast domains of Britain, an earnest sorrow must find an early utterance for the unexpected calamity which has darkened the happy circle of our beloved Sovereign's home, and thrown a shadow over the light of Christmas hearths alike in the stately and the lowly "homes of England."

It seems as it were but a few short months since we saw the very manly and noble form of him who is departed, standing at the right hand of the Royal Presence, in the rich summer of life, surrounded by a pleasant band of children—or heard his voice in well-chosen, happily turned, if not eloquent, words, opening the proceedings of some gathering of educated minds for the advancement of the Arts and Sciences, or possibly with loftier aim, for the spread of education amongst the masses, to elevate the tone or ameliorate the condition of his fellow-men. Royalty has never given to the cultivated intellect of our country one so choicely adapted to preside over its councils—and it may be long, indeed, before its gatherings will be so gracefully honoured by the leadership of one so near the throne. And long will the memory of his calm and stately presence live in the minds of Englishmen, associated, possibly, with thoughts like these suggested by the portrait of one as prematurely lost :

"Yes; such as these the well-known lineaments—

Such the capacious front,

The comprehensive eye—

The open brow serene.

Such was the gentle countenance which bore

Of generous feeling, and of golden truth;

Sure Nature's sterling impress—never there

Unruly passion left

Its ominous marks infixed;

Nor the worst dye of evil habit set

An inward stain engrained.

Such were the lips whose genial playfulness

Enlivened peaceful hours of private life—

Whose gracious voice held thousands open-eared,

As from the heart it flowed, a living stream

Of Christian wisdom, pure and undefiled!"—*Southey.*