

tions had entwined himself in the affections of his countrymen by the loftiness of his character, his solicitude for the well-being of his humblest comrade in arms—the highest attributes covered with the mantle of unaffected modesty.

THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD ELLICE is dead—a scholar and a politician—one of the few remaining votaries of the old Whig School—a high toned English country gentleman—vigorous in thought and speech—and who was looked up to as one who had been the companion of some of the great ones of the earth. of Byron, Moore, Rogers, Grey and a host of others—who had hobnobbed with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith—a litterateur, a critic and an Edinburgh Reviewer. Of this once mighty and intellectual phalanx, Brougham now alone remains, and though 85 years of age, gave but the other day an address before the Social Science Association—worthy of his best days. May he long be spared to us!

GRIMM, the great German critic, philologist and author is no more. For many years his name has occupied a large space in European scholarship, and his death leaves a void which no man now living can adequately fill.

The name of ALFRED DE VIGNY has long held a high if not the highest place in the literature of France. ALFRED DE VIGNY, who might be called the modern Chateaubriand, is dead.

WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, after a long life of usefulness, has paid the debt of nature. DR. WHATELY has long been known as a voluminous and able writer on a great variety of subjects. His best known works are his famous Historic Doubts—intended as an answer to Hume's argument against miracles, in which he seemed to prove that by the direct laws of reasoning, we have really no proof that such a person as the Emperor Napoleon the First ever existed. His elements of Logic and Rhetoric are universally known. It is not many months since some slight but interesting articles from his pen appeared in the pages of *Good Words*. He was emphatically a large-hearted, able and liberal-minded Churchman, and has done much good in the large and important sphere in which he was called to labor.

LORD SINCLAIR, the father of the House

of Peers—a Scottish nobleman of ancient line, although not particularly distinguished as a public man, deserves mention, from the fact of the wonderful age to which he lived—having been born in 1768—a year before the Duke of Wellington or Sir Walter Scott.

LORD LYNDBURST, whose name for the last half century almost has been something like a household word in England, is no more. A great lawyer, an eloquent orator, a first-rate debater, a profound scholar and statesman, who had risen to the highest rank a subject can reach by the force of his genius and character. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all very distinguished lawyers have reached a great age—at least in modern times; and when we consider the literally Herculean nature of their labours, the fact seems unaccountable. Sir William Follett is the only very eminent lawyer of the present generation we can call to mind who died young.

MRS. TROLLOPE, the once brilliant writer of fiction, who has written as many books as there are weeks in the year—all popular in their time, though now mostly forgotten—has, like less gifted mortals, paid the debt of nature. Her "America and the Americans," which for merciless humour and broad caricature of our sensitive cousins will long be read and relished by those who feel within them a grudge at the people of the United States—is a clever, immensely clever, but not very wise or edifying book.

That restless and mischievous Oriental, DOST MAHOMED, is dead.

Death has thus been unwontedly busy among some of earth's brightest ones. We pause a moment, we utter a regret, we read or write a paragraph about them, and, in common with the rest of mankind, are soon again engaged in the din and whirl of life's activities. The great, the eminently good, and the eminently bad, leave the stage, as it were, before our eyes—but how little does it affect us? Our turn must come, and our little circle may miss us for a time—or our names may occupy a line or two in the papers of the day—and is this all? If it were, in the words of Paul, surely we would be of all men the most miserable. But we have no space to moralize—dust to dust is the sentence alike of the wise man and the fool; the difference comes hereafter. Let us never forget that.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH

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1863	SYNOD FUND.	
Oct.—Cash Saltspring's Congregation, Pictou, Oct. 30th, 1863.		£1 2 6
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