

lished, which, besides accomplishing its object, has accumulated a fund of about \$5,000. His sermon on the office of Bishop, preached Dec. 29, 1842, at the consecration of Dr. Eastburn as Bishop of Massachusetts, was widely circulated and esteemed. In 1846, at a meeting of the trustees of the General Theological Seminary of New York city, he made a proposition for the dissolution of that school as a general institution of the church, with a view of counteracting the distrust and hostility of which it was the object, and also of preparing the way for the realization of his own scheme of Diocesan schools. Though this measure was not adopted, in 1855 he brought forward his plan for a Diocesan "training school," to be supported by a charity foundation, and to afford the requisite education to all persons qualified and disposed to enter upon the work of the ministry. In 1852 he visited England as a delegate from the Episcopal Bishops of the United States. Under the care and supervision of Bishop DeLancey, the Diocese of Western New York has acquired the title of "The Model Diocese." It is the prevailing sentiment, both of clergy and laity, that in the Providence of God, the deceased was raised up to do precisely the work which has been done, and for which he was peculiarly fitted; and that now, in his successor, Bishop Coxe, there is, by the same Providence, raised up another, possessing in a high degree, the qualifications necessary to enable him to carry on prosperously the work, which, at the summons of death, Bishop DeLancey has laid aside.—*Churchman*.

#### No. 34.—LEWIS BURWELL, ESQ.

Died suddenly, at his residence in Brantford, on the 20th ult., Lewis Burwell, Esq., P.L.S., aged 71 years. Deceased was born in Bertie, in the Niagara District, and was for many years a useful member of the Wesleyan Methodist church, being a local preacher in that body for a number of years. Having resided in Brantford nearly 40 years, and followed his profession as Surveyor, Draftsman, and Conveyancer, the public will sustain a loss which will not be easily replaced. Mr. Burwell surveyed the town and township of Brantford, and many of the adjoining townships west.—He was a faithful adherent to the Crown of Great Britain, being a true lover of his Queen and country, and was a thoroughly consistent loyal man. Mr. B. was a son of an old U. E. Loyalist, and was brother of the late Colonel Burwell and brother of Colonel John Burwell, of Port Burwell, and uncle of Leonidas Burwell, M.P.P., for East Elgin.—*Brantford Courier*.—[The deceased was well known in Simcoe, and by his urbanity and gentlemanly bearing had endeared himself to all who had the pleasure and privilege of his friendship. His loss, as our contemporary justly remarks, will long be felt, and we desire to express our sympathy with those who are more immediately bereaved by his sudden exit to his eternal home.—*Norfolk Messenger*.

### VIII. Miscellaneous.

#### 1. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By the three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

#### 2. THE QUEEN AS A SCRIPTURAL READER.

The picture by M. Gourlay Steel, R. S. A., painted for a Newcastle publisher, representing the Queen reading the Scriptures at the bedside of an aged fisherman, is at present on view in Mr. Hills Gallery, Princes Street. We had the opportunity of seeing the picture some time ago in the artist's studio, and noticing the ability and success with which the incident is commemorated by him on the canvas. The story now well known was originally told at a meeting of the Army Scripture Reader's Society by the Rev. H. Hullcat, one of the chaplains of Aldershot. It is as follows:—"The incumbent of Osborne had occasion to visit an aged parishoner. Upon his arrival at the cottage as he entered the door where the invalid was, he saw sitting by the bedside, a lady in deep mourning reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked, "Pray remain. I should not wish the the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford." The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick; and he found that out of that book portions of Scripture had been read by the lady in black. That lady was the Queen of England." This beautiful incident in the widowed life of the Royal lady speaks more than volumes of eulogy.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

#### 3. THE QUEEN ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

Some time ago a beautifully executed address, the work of the pupils of the Queen's Institute, Dublin, was presented to her Majesty, who has now been graciously pleased to convey her approval of this specimen of educated labour in the following letter to Lord Talbot de Malahide, the vice-president of the Queen's Institute, by whom it was presented to her Majesty at Windsor:—"Windsor Castle, March 7th, 1865. My dear Lord Talbot,—The Queen has commanded me to assure you of the pleasure with which she has learned, from the address which you have presented to her Majesty, the increased success of the Queen's Institute for the Training and Employment of Educated Women. There could be no object more in harmony with the feelings of her Majesty than to provide employment, such as is peculiarly suited to them, for those women whose early education has qualified them to cultivate other fields of action than those usually open to female industry; nor is it less desirable that such instruction should be available for those that are younger as may contribute to extend as widely as possibly the limits of profitable and honourable exertion. The Queen was much pleased to remark the peculiarly appropriate mode that had been adopted of proving to her Majesty that talent and ability were not wanting (where a fitting opening could be found), by the very beautiful and tasteful illustrations and adornments of the address presented to her. The illuminations, the water-colour views, and the embroidery were all much admired by her Majesty. Believe me, very sincerely yours, C. B. PHIPPS."

#### 4. A FAMILY SCENE AT ST. CLOUD.

The Empress was close before us on the upper terrace, which is connected with her apartments by a light iron bridge. This bridge was entirely concealed by a wild vine, whose splendid dark red leaves were the sole thing that reminded us of autumn. The terrace was still covered with the gayest flowers, and orange and pomegranate flowers stood in the open air. In the centre, near a perfect mound of flowers the Empress was seated in one of those pretty wire-work chairs, which are elegantly made in Paris; in front of her lay, on a similar table, a book and some needlework in a plain basket. The