

all praise—but to Lady Jane Franklin, the whole world has yielded a holier and more sacred tribute than mere words can express. Eighteen-fifty-nine has told us that Sir John Franklin died like a true Englishman at his post, in 1847—and that his brave, but unfortunate companions must have all perished, almost beyond the possibility of doubt. The fact is distressing; but there has, no doubt, been a large measure of consolation even to bereaved friends—that uncertainty on the point exists no longer.

Geographical discovery is being prosecuted with much vigor and success within Central Africa. In addition to the large stock of information afforded two years ago, by the celebrated Dr. Livingston, Captain Speke, an officer in the East India Company's service, has made known to us during the past year the existence of a vast lake which he calls the Victoria Nyanza, and which he supposes to be the true source of the Nile. His account of the natives and of the country is extremely favorable, the latter being capable of raising cotton and indeed every tropical production to an almost unlimited extent.

The latter part of 1859 will long be remembered in England, for the most fearful storm that has visited her shores for the last thirty years. Upwards of 100 large ships totally perished, besides some hundreds of smaller vessels. The loss of the "Royal Charter," an Australian steamer, with nearly five hundred souls, and half a million of gold, literally within a few yards of the shore is one of the most distressing of the many distressing tales of death by shipwreck. The loss of the Canadian mail steamer "Indian," on our own coast, with the sacrifice of many lives, was also a deplorable calamity, heightened by the conduct of the shore people which is said to have been such as would disgrace South Sea Islanders.

Death, during the past year, has removed from our midst not a few of the illustrious names which belonged to the world rather than to any particular nationality. Humboldt, the veteran philosopher, the illustrious man of science, the intrepid traveller, the great student of nature, the most distinguished geographer since the days of Ptolemy, the author of *Cosmos*, has paid the debt of nature. We ought not to repine; his years exceeded even four score and ten, and his fame dates from far back in the last century. He is one of the few who has left the impress of his character upon the age in which he lived, and a work, not for us, but for all time.

Brunel, the originator and architect of the "Great Eastern," has been struck down just at the completion of the greatest effort of his genius. The greatest mechanician of his age, he has left no one behind him who can pretend to take his place.

Stephenson too, the illustrious son of an illustrious father, has succumbed to the Destroyer, in the very prime of life. The good,

the genial, the generous Stephenson, the accomplished but unassuming man of science, the *facile princeps* among engineers, has been taken from us in the very zenith of his fame. But his works will preserve his name for many a long age to come. The Menai bridge, that wonder of engineering science has been eclipsed in the still more stupendous example of his genius on this side of the Atlantic, the Victoria bridge thrown across the St. Lawrence opposite Montreal, which in grandeur of conception, might rank with the pyramids of Egypt, while in nobility of purpose, of course, it far excels them.

Angel James, the an. ole and the good, after a long life spent in his Master's service, has left a world for which he has done much, by his example as a sincere and humble Christian, by his efforts, his life long labors, as a zealous disciple and minister of Jesus Christ; as a great teacher and preacher of the Word, few have been more successful, because few have been more laborious or sincere. But he being dead yet speaketh. His many works, pleasing and popular, full to running over, with the *perfidium ingenium* of evangelical truth, will preserve fresh for many ages the loved and loveable character of John Angel James.

In our own church we have lost Principal Lee—the learned, the accomplished, and elegant—the profound scholar, the erudite antiquarian and church historian. Dr. Lee's life has been one of accumulation and digestion rather than production, so that this, perhaps the greatest scholar of his age, has left no great work behind him. As Clerk of the General Assembly, his minutes are said to be perfect models of composition, but perhaps our readers will have a better idea of his accomplishments from the eulogy pronounced upon by his illustrious successor, Sir David Brewster, who said that in variety and extent of erudition, no one among his predecessors or contemporaries, came so near the character attributed to the admirable Crighton. Higher praise could not be given, and we feel a just pride that we can claim him as one of the fathers of our beloved church.

Our decreasing space warns us that we must hasten to other parts of our subject, but we cannot altogether pass over the loss of three rather distinguished names in literature. Rogers, the poet, the author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, &c., the graceful and elegant artist, rather than the man of great genius, Washington Irving, certainly the most pleasing, and in our opinion, by far the most classical of American writers, Leigh Hunt, the veteran literateur, the man of quaint and pleasing fancies, but perhaps one of the *Di minorum gentium*, have ceased to live.

We may now enquire what has last year done for the cause of Christ? Have there been the same activity, the same zeal, and the same amount of progress that have marked our efforts in purely secular matters? We