

visitations of the emigrant fever, gained for him the admiration of the entire community. Placed in the midst of a wide sphere of usefulness, he did not confine his exertions to the town alone, but zealously improved every opportunity of extending the ministrations of the church to the surrounding townships. His vigorous constitution and active habits enabled him to accomplish much himself, and by pressing into the work those of his brethren who were not fully occupied, he kept up a supply of services at several stations around Kingston, where churches have been subsequently built, and missionaries stationed. His exertions in this respect were the more commendable, inasmuch as he was actuated by a disinterested zeal for his master's cause, for shortly after his return to Canada, the advantageous sale of a portion of his paternal estate placed him in independent circumstances. This good fortune seemed to add vigor to his exertions, and to increase his liberality. Among his benefactions we may mention the donation of £1,000 towards the completion of St. George's Church; a large contribution (said to be between three and four hundred pounds) towards providing a parochial school-house in a neglected district in the town of Kingston, £250 to Trinity College, besides liberal subscriptions to the Church and other Societies; indeed he set an excellent example in this respect to those who like himself have been favored with a liberal share of this world's goods.

Of his kindness of heart and right feeling, the following incident speaks for itself. An uncle of his, engaged in the Indian trade, like many others similarly circumstanced, married a native woman. This gentleman was unfortunately lost on Lake Ontario several years before our late lamented friend was born, leaving a family of several children to be brought up by his widow—which of course was after the Indian custom. The youngest son, a promising young man, became a convert to Methodism, and subsequently a preacher in that Society. On visiting Kingston in that capacity, Mr. Herchmer readily claimed him as his kinsman, received him into his family, and subsequently showed him every attention.

The leading features in Mr. Herchmer's character were, earnestness of purpose, and an unostentatious activity in the performance of his duties; his ministrations were highly acceptable to his hearers, while his kindness of heart rendered him popular among all classes, and among his brethren of the clergy he was held in highest esteem.

No. 14.—JOHN BOSTON, ESQ.

Died, on the 7th ult., at Montreal, John Boston, Esq., for many years Sheriff of Montreal. For many years a lawyer in this city, he was appointed Sheriff of the very extensive district of Montreal, about the time of our civil troubles, and has filled that responsible office with ability, integrity and credit for nearly a quarter of a century. On many occasions Sheriff Boston has shewn himself a public-spirited citizen, and his vigor of body and mind lasted for the three-score and ten years allotted to man.

No. 15.—MR. JOHN W. AUDUBON.

The last of the sons of the celebrated naturalist, Audubon, died at Audubon Park, Washington Heights, near the city of New York, a few days ago. The widow of the elder Audubon survives at the age of 87 years, and still resides on the spot, surrounded by the city, which was a wilderness when she and her husband settled there only as far back as 1833. This last son inherited much of the taste and talent of his father, and was engaged in bringing out a new edition of the Birds of America when arrested by the hand of death.

No. 16.—EX-PRESIDENT JOHN TYLER.

The Hon. John Tyler, whose death is announced, was born in Virginia, in 1790. At the age of twenty-one, he was elected to the Legislature of that State. In 1836, he was chosen Governor: in 1846, he was elected Vice-President as the nominee of the Whig party, and the death of the President, Gen. Harrison, soon after, made him executive head of the nation for the remainder of the term. He has lately lived on his plantation in privacy. He came out of his retirement at the commencement of the present contest, and strove to compromise the disputes but failing, he gave his sympathy and support to the Southerners.

MORTALITY FROM ILL VENTILATION OF SCHOOLS.

In consequence of the ill construction and bad ventilation of the school-houses in and about the city of London, England, seven thousand children, between the ages of five and fifteen years, annually lose their lives.

VII. Miscellaneous.

1. A BOAT SONG FOR THE NAVAL RESERVE.

Lift her along—
Stout hearts and strong!
Let our hearts fall in time
To the rhyme
Of our song.

Old England's mighty seamen,
The masters of the deep,
Have left to us—their sons, my lads—
Their ancient sway to keep;
To make our bright flag honoured
Alike by friend and foe,
As far as Ocean's waters roll—
As far as breezes blow!

Then three cheers for our Queen:
And three cheers for our land:
And three cheers for the hearts that love us—
And three times three
For the British flag,
That floats in the breeze above us!

Give her good way—
Light hearts and gay!
And our oars in their beat
Shall repeat
The old lay!

Old England's mighty vessels
But wait the voice of war,
To spread their grand wings on the gale,
And wake their thunder's roar;
And England's foes again should find,
Amid the battle's smoke,
The same staunch English wooden walls—
The same stout hearts of oak.

Then three cheers for our Queen:
And three cheers for our Land:
And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
And three times three
For the British flag,
That floats in the breeze above us!

Old England's mighty Charter,
It still remains the same:
Oppression still her standard hates—
Still Freedom loves her name!
And calmly still her people
In God repose their trust,
Nor change the Peace they love for War,
Save when that War is just!

Then three cheers for our Queen:
And three cheers for our Land:
And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
And three times three
For the British flag,
That floats in the breeze above us!

Lift her along—
Stout hearts and strong!
While our oars in their beat
Still repeat
The old song!

Three cheers for our Queen:
Three cheers for our Land:
Three cheers for the hearts that love us!
And three times three
For the dear old flag,
That floats in the breeze above us!