

new See by his old friend and preceptor, the late lamented Vicar General Gordon, whom he at once appointed his Vicar General, an office which the good old priest held to his death.

In March, 1862, he made his first official visit to Rome; and again in April, 1866, he left this city for Rome to take part in the ceremonies of the 18th centenary of the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul. His last visit to Rome was in the fall of 1869, where he went to attend the Vatican Council.

On the occasion of his return from Rome, in August, 1870, he was met at the railway station by the whole Catholic body of the city, old and young, male and female, and presented with an address of welcome, accompanied with a magnificent carriage and pair of horses.

As his Lordship was driven through the streets, followed by a large procession, many were the expressions of welcome which greeted him from our fellow-citizens of various denominations—thus testifying their appreciation of him as a citizen and a friend.

For our fellow-citizens who knew and appreciated his lordship, we need not attempt to draw a character of this truly good and—

we may even say—great priest and good loyal subject and citizen. Those who had the privilege of an intimate personal acquaintance with him will not need any words of ours to paint his character.

His whole life was devoted to his duties as Priest and Bishop, and, indeed, his devotion to the former in no inconsiderable degree shortened his days of usefulness, and left a blank not easily filled up. During his whole ministrations in Hamilton, and even when on tours of visitation through his diocese, he never shrunk from the most arduous duties of the simplest priest. And neither

pestilence, danger nor fatigue ever made him halt at the call of duty. A striking instance of this is within the recollection of the writer. When the Fenians made their raid into this Province in

1866, the 16th Regiment, then stationed in this city, was suddenly, as we all recollect, ordered to the Niagara frontier. In this regi-

ment were a large number of privates belonging to the Bishop's faith, and fearing that some of them had not complied with the rules of their Church, he started with them on the train, exhorted

them to make their peace with God, and be prepared to die, if need be, like true soldiers. He followed the regiment, prepared to do his duty as a priest in the field of battle, if so required. He was

made of the stuff of which good priests and good soldiers only can be made.

When his death was announced yesterday, a deep feeling of grief was expressed by all classes of our citizens, and, as a mark of respect for the remains of Bishop Farrell, flags were displayed at half-mast on the public buildings and wholesale warehouses in the city.

His manly form and genial smile will be welcomed no more on our streets; and many will say, in the language of the late lamented D'Arcy McGee, "Where shall we find his equal—where?"—*Hamilton Spectator*.

2. THOMAS SAUNDERS, ESQ.

The late Mr. Saunders was a native of England, having been born in Buckinghamshire on the 28th of February, 1795, being at the time of his death in his 79th year. Mr. Saunders married in 1829, and shortly after went to Bombay, India, where he was engaged in commerce, firstly as agent for a London house, and was afterwards offered partnerships by some of the best houses in India and London, who were well acquainted with his upright business habits. However, he decided on leaving India, and came to Canada in the year 1832, and, with many other gentlemen who came to this country at the same time, took up his residence in this neighbourhood. He purchased a farm in Puslinch, and devoted himself to agriculture. Many of the readers of this notice will look back with pleasant memories to happy days spent at "Woodlands," where the

hospitalities of a happy home were ever extended by the Colonel and Mrs. Saunders to a large circle of friends. Of that band of settlers who came to Guelph in 1832 we believe there is only one survivor, namely, Archdeacon Palmer.

Soon after his arrival in Canada he was gazetted Colonel of Militia for the Counties of Wellington, Waterloo and Grey, a position for which he was well qualified, and which he filled to the day of his death with unvarying zeal and attention, and greatly to the satisfaction of the authorities and to those who had the pleasure of serving under him. In the rebellion of 1837 he took a part as a loyal soldier and gentleman in the defence of his adopted country. In those early times Mr. Saunders filled the important position of Crown Prosecutor, now occupied by the County Crown Attorney, and he was also Chairman of the Court of Requests for some time. In 1840 he was appointed Clerk of the Peace, and was the oldest public official in the County. Both in his public and private life he was held in the highest esteem by those who knew him. Unswerving integrity and stern rectitude, with an utter con-

tempt of anything mean or dishonourable, were the characteristics of his life. Mr. Saunders was Inspector of Inland Revenue for many years, and occupied several places of trust in the County and under the Government, all of which his straightforward and upright character enabled him to discharge with credit to himself and advantage to the country.—*Guelph Herald*.

X. Miscellaneous.

1. AUTUMN DAYS.

Yellow, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating;
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating;
Winking at the blushing trees,
And the sombre, furrowed fallow;
Smiling at the airy ease
Of the southward-flying swallow:
Sweet and smiling are your ways,
Beauteous, golden Autumn days.

Shivering, quivering, tearful days,
Fretfully and sadly weeping;
Dreading still, with anxious gaze,
Icy fetters round you creeping;
O'er the cheerless, withered plain,
Wofully and hoarsely calling;
Pelting hail and drenching rain
On your scanty vestments falling:
Sad and mournful are your ways,
Grieving, wailing Autumn days.

2. AUTUMN DAYS.

It would be difficult to go back now and say just exactly when the first of the autumn days made its appearance. We know they are upon us now, but the Almanac is never absolutely true as to their advent. Thoreau tells us how, while camping out one night in August, he heard the wind begin to pipe through the woods in a new strain, while a great bustle and commotion arose among the trees, like a lady hastily turning over her bureau drawers. It was summer at twelve o'clock that night, but by one autumn had arrived. So there comes a day or night when nature seems suddenly to turn a new leaf, and the old summer's gone. Yet for weeks there comes back occasional breaths of the summer breeze to relieve the drearier autumn winds, and an occasional ray of the summer sun to lighten the chilly autumn days. It is this blending of the departing summer with the coming winter that makes the autumn season one of such surpassing loveliness and beauty. Some attractions have gone, but others take their place, and compensate us for our loss.

During the autumn the songs of the birds are nearly hushed. The grand concerts of spring and early summer, when the morning hours were rendered vocal with the myriad voices of feathered songsters, have drawn to their close. The performers are rusticated; some are busied with domestic cares; some are organizing troupes for a southern tour. But still the fields and woods resound with chirps, and shrill cries, and the lively whirr of wings. The reign of birds is over; but nature has replaced them with her insect choristers. Chiefly from the grasshoppers are those selected; not the grasshoppers of May and June, but the later tribes who have been in training all the summer for the autumn concerts. Those that come in spring and summer are musical failures. But by the first of September we hear the matured notes of those gifted artists, the oldest on record. Older than all the feathered tribe are they; for does not geology tell us that in the early days of the earth's history, in the carboniferous times, the forests of gigantic ferns resounded with the merry notes of the grasshoppers before ever a bird was created?

By-the-way, let us disgress here for a moment. An idea strikes us that may be interesting to musicians. Did you ever think that grasshoppers were fiddlers, or violinists, if you like that term better? But so it is. Entomologists tell us that the sound they make is produced by rubbing their legs over a resonant membrane forming the surface of the wing—the leg forms the bow and the wind the fiddle string. So that the violin may claim an ancestry running back myriads of ages ago, before ever a man trod the earth or the voice of a bird was heard.

Worthy successors of the birds, then, are these grasshoppers in nature's musical season. Then the crickets help to swell the chorus. Watch them playing on their banjos. The rough vein on the forewing is drawn back and forth over the tense hinder wing, and the resonant surfaces swell the volume of sound to a degree marvellous