

in written style, only indicative of the graver loss to the mind of a fine and delicate artistic feeling, and of a generous sympathy with all the shades and subtleties of sentiment that is anything rather than practical. It does not follow that because a man has his fine and bright feeling—it is one of the last and most delightful results of wise culture—therefore he should be indifferent to the practical side of things or inactive in the current of public affairs.—*Saturday Review*.

IV. Biographical Sketches.

1. SIR WILLIAM SHEA.

The death of this eminent jurist and magistrate might be made very properly, at home and in the Colonies, a text for some seasonable words, to those of Her Majesty's Irish Roman Catholic subjects who, in these days, are only too often reminded by false guides and foolish advisers of the enmities and errors of the past. Judge Shea was born, lived, and educated solely among his own religionists; from Kilkenny to the English bar, he took St. Cutbert's College in his way, entering on the practice of his profession in his 24th year, at the moment the Roman Catholic Relief Bill became law, in 1828. Before passed middle age, he became one of Her Majesty's Sergeants-at-law, and the recognized leader of the Home Circuit. From 1822 to '57 inclusive, he sat in the House of Commons for his native County, Kilkenny; in '58 he became Queen's Sergeant, and in '64, one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench. This life of distinguished professional successes this Irish Catholic gentleman led, in our own times, at the bar of England exclusively. Without any unworthy compromise of his creed or nationality, with no other influence than that created by his own talents, learning and industry, he rose by regular gradation, at an age not unusually protracted for professional success in England, to administer the laws of the land, in the country in which he was born disfranchised and proscribed. It was rather a novel sight, (the first time since the Reformation), to see in an English Assize town, one of the Queen's Justices, who during week days represented to all the lieges the awful majesty of the civil power, making his modest way on Sunday to some withdrawn and inconspicuous chapel of his own faith, there to acknowledge, as he habitually did, his dependence on that still more awful Majesty, before whose tribunal he has been now so suddenly summoned.—*Montreal Gazette*.

2. SAMUEL CLARK, ESQ.

Our obituary column this week announces the death of Mr. Samuel Clark, at the age of 65 years. We know little of the early life of the departed. He first came under our notice while Warden of the District Council of the old Gore district, comprising the Counties of Brant, Wentworth and Halton. From a bound volume of the journal of the proceedings of that Council before us, we find that the deceased filled the office of Warden during the years 1847, '48 and '49. During his incumbency he succeeded in earning for himself the respect of the members of the Council then composed of the best and most talented men in the community. While Warden he was also a most energetic and faithful friend of the Common Schools, and in those days rendered the cause essential service. Subsequently Mr. Clark, in the County of Halton, entered the arena of politics as a journalist, and in the interest of John White, Esq., now M. P. for Halton. Inexperienced in the profession, he did not succeed financially, and after a time removed to this County, and settled on a farm adjoining Port Robinson, where he breathed his last on Thursday. He represented the Township of Crowland for several years in the County Council, and journals of the body to-day give evidence of the industry and energy with which he was possessed. Mr. Clark was highly respected, and while at times of political excitement he always took a firm and prominent stand, he succeeded in securing the personal friendship of his opponents.—*Welland Telegraph*.

3. HENRY LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

The venerable Lord Brougham has just died at his Villa near Cannes, in the South of France, in his 90th year. It is said he fell into a pleasant slumber, and died, quietly. The deceased, was certainly one of the most remarkable men that England has produced. In his early days Mr. Brougham was one of the most active of the staff of the *Edinburgh Review*, forming one of a brilliant group, for which Sidney Smith and Francis Jeffrey were members. His triumphs as an advocate were numerous: perhaps the greatest of them all was that achieved in the defence of Queen Caroline. He filled the offices of Attorney-General, Judge in Chancery, and Lord Chancellor. His speeches and labors in behalf of Reform, and on the question of Slavery, are well-known portions of English history and literature. In his latter days he presided over the deliberation of the Social Science Congress, and only eighteen months ago

delivered an address at Manchester as President of this Congress, which evidenced the vigour of his powers even then. Although Lord Brougham's death could not have been unexpected, it will cause universal grief in England, the scene of his many great triumphs in so many walks of life.—*Leader*.

V. Miscellaneous.

1. ONLY THE CHILDREN.

Beneath an ancient, wide-spread tree,
Which cast a pleasant shade,
Five children, full of mirth and glee,
One sunny morning played.
Loud were the sounds of merriment
Which o'er that daisied field they sent;
For theirs were hearts untouched by care,
And eyes that seldom owned a tear.
"What are those sounds," asked one, "I hear?"
"Only the children playing there."

Only the children! Years have flown
Since that bright summer day,
And those hoar men and women grown,
Who then were at their play.
The eldest of that little band,
Who threw the ball with skilful hand,
And rolled the hoop by far the best,
His country now attempts to guide,
And fashions laws, which, when applied,
Shall aid and succour the distressed.

The next—a gay and laughing girl,
With blue and sparkling eye,
Whose hair was always out of curl,
Whose frock was oft awry—
Is now a lady full of grace.
In whom you scarcely now can trace
The want of care that marked her youth;
And to whose gifted pen we owe
Some sweet and simple tales, which show
How lovely is the way of truth.

The youngest—gentle as a dove,
As sweet as she was fair,
Who gave her doll such words of love.
And nursed it with such care,—
Far from the scenes of early life,
Is now a missionary's wife,
And oft her wearied husband cheers.
Together patiently they toil;
And hope to reap, on Indian soil,
The seed which they have sown in tears.

Only the children! Yes, they seem
But ciphers unto some;
But I, who often sit and dream
Of things that are to come,
In children full of healthful glee,
Our future generations see,
Mighty for good, or else for ill!
God bless and guide them so that they
May scatter blessings o'er life's way.
And all His wise behests fulfil!

—*Edinburgh Christian Treasury*.

2. BISHOP GREGG'S APPEAL TO MOTHERS.

"Mothers! what a glorious field of labor you now possess; sow good seed in the morning of life, and God will grant you corresponding results. Childhood is the spring-time of humanity, and it is very interesting to contemplate that at the time the birds and animals are with their young, then is the balmy and beautiful season, the flowers are budding and blowing, the woods and groves are vocal, the air is ringing with strains of melody and song. Does this not teach parents that everything pleasant and cheerful should be associated with the education and instruction of their children in their tender years? Take care of the spring-time of your children; the gorgeous summer of manhood will soon arrive, when you cannot do much; the mellow autumn will succeed, you can do still less; and the wild and wailing winds of their wintry age will follow, and then it will be too late to work. Labor diligently in the mild dawning of reason, in the morning of humanity, and you may expect that God will give you a lovely, perhaps a gorgeous day..... What a delightful thing would it be, on the morning of the resurrection, for a mother to be able to say, 'Oh! there is one son, and there is another; that is my daughter; all my children are safe!'"