

3. REV. W. McCLURE, M. A.,

Was the oldest Minister in the New Connexion Methodist Church of this Province. Mr. McClure was a native of Ireland, and began his ministerial career as pastor in the town of Lisbourne, and continued to labour in his native land for 17 years. About the year 1847 he emigrated to Canada, and became pastor of the Temperance street congregation of Toronto. He continued to fill important positions in the church with which he was connected up to the time of his death, and, among others, the theological professorship of that body. Mr. McClure was the most genial and courteous of men, and his truly Christian spirit must have deeply endeared him to his congregation. He took a very deep interest in the Temperance cause and other popular movements; and he acted for a number of years as senator of the Toronto University.

4. MR. ROLLO CAMPBELL.

Mr Rollo Campbell was one of the oldest printers and publishers in Canada. For many years he was connected with the *Montreal Pilot*, which he made an excellent journal. He was a native of Dunning, Perthshire, Scotland, and was at the time of his death 67 years of age. "For some time past," says the *Montreal Gazette*, "he has been out of business, and at the time of his death occupied a position in the Custom House."—*Hamilton Spectator*.

5. MR. THOMAS RENWICK.

At the age of 17 he was a School teacher in England, and, whilst quite a young man, Mr. Renwick came to the United States, shortly after the American War, in the year 1816, and remained there for a period of two years, when he removed to Canada, settling in the Township of Ronney, then almost unsettled. He was appointed a Magistrate in the year 1827; he represented the Township in the old District Council at Sandwich, was also a Township Councillor for a number of years and was Postmaster.

6. THEOPHILE HAMEL, ESQ.

Theophile Hamel, a clever Quebec artist, died in that city on the 23rd inst. Mr. Hamel studied for his profession in Italy, and had extensive practice as a portrait painter. Among the persons who have sat to him for their portraits were the late Earl of Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, the Speakers of the House of Assembly and Legislative Council of Canada, Jacques Cartier, and others. Mr. Hamel also sent to the great Paris Exhibition a "Madonna and Child," and a "Portrait of the Artist," which were highly spoken of by connoisseurs.

7. THOMAS BRASSEY, ESQ.

Mr. Brassey was born in 1805, at Boughton, in Cheshire, and was articled to a local land agent and surveyor. The first railway contract signed by Mr. Brassey was in 1836, when he took ten miles on the Grand Junction Line, between Birmingham and Liverpool, now incorporated with the London and North-Western Railway. The Penkridge Viaduct, on the same line, was his next great work, and at this date Mr. Brassey accompanied the late Mr. Locke, the eminent engineer, into the southern districts of England, where he executed large portions of the main South-Western line and many of its branches. From the south-west district of England, Mr. Brassey was naturally led by the same engineer to the Continent, where, in the early days of improved locomotion, he constructed a large portion of the Western of France and the Paris and Rouen railways, which in turn led to his contracting for important works in Canada (Grand Trunk,) Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Spain, Savoy, Italy and Austria, with all of which countries his name will ever be intimately associated. A fair idea of the magnitude of Mr. Brassey's operations may be gathered from the fact that in the thirteen years from 1848 to 1861 inclusive, he made either by himself or in association with others, 2,374 miles of railway, at a contract price of £27,998,224.

8. REV. ALBERT BARNES.

He was a native of Rome, New York, graduated at Hamilton College in 1820, and after a theological course at Princeton was settled over the Presbyterian church at Morristown, New Jersey, in 1825. Five years later he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and has remained in active service in that capacity for forty years. He has been a most successful commen-

tator on the Scriptures, and it is estimated that the eleven volumes of his "Notes on the New Testament" have had an aggregate circulation of above half a million copies. Mr. Barnes was an indefatigable worker. His published works, which are many, were mostly written in the early morning, long before daylight, and he paid the penalty of over work in the almost total deprivation of sight. Up to the hour of his death he was actively engaged in his work. He had preached twice on Sunday before, and while on a visit of condolence at the residence of a member of his congregation he suddenly threw back his head and died. He has left behind him a record of good work and of earnest industry that will not soon be forgotten.

V. Miscellaneous.

1. THE SNOW-BUNTING.

"Captain Lyon, in the narrative of his voyage to Wager River, in 1834, states, that on one occasion, while walking on shore, he crossed an Esquimaux burial-place—a pile of stones heaped on the body of a child. A Snow-bunting had found its way through the loose stones which composed the little tomb, and its now forsaken, neatly-built nest was found placed on the neck of the child."

Where the ice-fraught swell of the Arctic wave
Sullenly beats on a foreign shore
With a low monotonous hollow roar,
Standeth a grave.

A few rough stones that were hastily piled
By a savage hand in an uncouth heap,
To curtain it in for its last long sleep,
Over a child.

Beside them, the pangs of a mother's breast,
And her yearnings through many a weary day,
And bitter hot tears that have dried away,
Hallow its rest;

And ever above its peaceful head,
Through the solemn hush of the winter nights,
The spirit-like forms of the Northern lights
Purple and red,

With glancing spears, and with monarch's crown,
Flame-colored, violet, many-shaped,
Jewelled with stars, and cloudlet-draped,
Press to look down,

As if in the little death-sealed face
They saw a beauty death could not mar,
Something akin that drew from afar
Heaven's own grace:

Then scattering wide apace, they rise
With silken rustle and flutter of wings
And tenderly-solemn whisperings
Into the skies.

And summer spreads o'er it the arctic moss,
And the quadruped sun ere his race be run
Glow in the sign of the Son of Man,
Like to a cross,

Till the saxifrage puts forth the tender bloom
She had long been treasuring under the snow,
And the buntings sing as they come and go
Out of the tomb.

Only, it might be, the yester morn,
The red-eyed, cavernous-mouthed white bear,
Famine hunted from out his lair,
Passed it in scorn;

But the buntings, weary with flight, and chill,
Found out a door betwixt earth and stone,
And, entering, saw the sleeper alone,
Silent and still.

No leaves were there to cover him o'er,
So, where the chin drooped down on the breast,
With withered grasses they made their nest;
That—and no more.

And the baby slumbered with fearless trust,
And motherly love, and joy, and peace,
Kept truest watch without let or cease,
Over its dust.