

Year." A large number of distinguished clergymen and lay men were present at the funeral, among whom were the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Pusey, and Sir William Heathcote, Bart. The coffin was a plain oak one, with the name and age of the deceased upon it, and the words "*In Jesu obdormivit*," an assurance which none can doubt.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

#### No. 33.—THE REV DR. WHEWELL.

We learn by the last arrival from England that the distinguished Professor and Scholar, Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, died on the 6th inst. He was distinguished for his wide and varied attainments, and his published works contain valuable treatises on Moral Philosophy, Political Economy and Mathematics, as well as the Natural Sciences, though he will be best known as the author of the "*History of the Inductive Sciences*," published in 1841, and "*The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*," published a few years after. He endowed Trinity College with almost royal munificence. Some seven or eight years since he built, at his own expense, a hall for the reception of some of the overflowing students of Trinity, who had been compelled to live in lodgings for want of rooms in College; and at the time of his death, he had commenced still larger works by way of addition to the former building.

#### No. 34.—MISS FREDRICA BREMER.

The Stockholm papers announce the death of Miss Fredrica Bremer the celebrated Swedish novelist. Miss Bremer was born in Abo, in Finland, in 1802. After spending several years in Norway and Stockholm as a teacher, she devoted herself entirely to literary pursuits. Her first novels, *The President's Daughters* and *The Neighbours*, had a great success, and were translated into most of the European languages. Miss Bremer travelled extensively, and visited France, Germany, England, America, Italy, and the East. She has left many warm friends in this country.

#### No. 35.—THE HON. JARED SPARKS.

This eminent historian died at his residence at Boston, on Tuesday of last week. He was born at Willington, Conn., May 10, 1787. In his early manhood he worked at the carpenter's trade until he acquired sufficient means to educate himself at Harvard University. After graduating, he studied theology at Cambridge; and in May, 1819, was ordained minister of a Unitarian congregation in Baltimore. He then purchased the *North American Review*, and edited that publication for seven years with marked ability. Subsequently he became McLean Professor of History at his *Alma Mater*, and in 1849 President, which latter office he resigned in 1852. Mr. Sparks was a voluminous writer, especially of works of history and biography—all of which are characterized by thorough research, candid and dispassionate criticism, and accuracy and simplicity of style. Among his numerous works may be mentioned "*The Writings and Life of George Washington*" (12 vols. 8vo.); "*The Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*" (12 vols. 8vo.); and the "*Works of Benjamin Franklin, with Notes, and a Life of the Author*" (10 vols. 8vo.). President Sparks retained to the last, the freshness and feelings of youth, in a remarkable degree. He was active in benevolent enterprises; and, having a vivid remembrance of his early life struggles, was ever solicitous to aid, with kindly words of encouragement and advice, all worthy young aspirants for literary fame.—*New York Observer*.

## VII. Miscellaneous.

### 1. THE DYING GIRL.

I am dying, gentle mother;  
Lay me where the lilies grow—  
On the margin of the river,  
Where the waters gently flow.

I am dying, dearest father;  
You will grieve for me awhile,  
With the faith of a believer,  
You will soon look up and smile.

I am dying, dearest sister;  
Ere another morn shall come,  
I shall greet my sainted brother  
In his far off happy home.

I am dying, dearest brother;  
For my sight is growing dim;

Tell my brave true-hearted lover,  
That his Annie prayed for him.

I am dying, dearest mother;  
Cut a ringlet off my hair,  
Give it to my absent brother,  
Bid him strive to meet me there.

I am dying, dearest father;  
Place implicit faith in God,  
You, with my dear grieving  
mother,  
Bow submissive to his rod.

I am dying, gentle sister;  
Jesus bids my spirit come,

In his arms I'll cross the river  
To my fair eternal home.

I am dying, noble brother;  
Life hath many joys for thee,  
But I know that my Redeemer  
Hath a home prepared for me.

I am dying, gentle mother;  
Oh! what ecstasy is mine,  
I shall see my dear Redeemer,  
On his breast I may recline.

I am dying, dearest father;  
I shall dwell with God above,

With the angel throng I'll gather  
Chanting joyful songs of love.

I am dying, sister, brother;  
Give to me your last fond kiss;  
We shall yet meet one another  
In that realm of sacred bliss.

I am dying, father, mother;  
Do not bid your darling stay;  
Hark! I hear my heavenly father  
Calling me from earth away.

BY ANNIE E. T.

Goderich, Jan. 20, 1866.  
—*Clinton New Era*.

### 1. ANECDOTES OF THE QUEEN—HOW SHE SPENDS HER TIME.

The Duke of Argyle, Lord Privy Seal, in proposing the toast of "the Queen" lately in Scotland, said:—

"It is a remarkable thing, as it has often appeared to me, how ill-informed many persons are on the practical working of that constitutional government under which we live. Many of you may, perhaps, recollect that, some years ago, in consequence, of a remarkable political incident, some explanations were made in the house of Commons upon this subject, and it really appeared almost as if many persons in this country then learned for the first time that the Sovereign of England is not, and never has been, a mere puppet, a mere nominal Sovereign; that the sovereigns, of this country do take, and are expected to take, an active personal share in that government which is conducted in their name. Now, gentlemen, I think it a circumstance worthy of observation, and which ought to be known to all the people of this country, that during all the years of the Queen's affliction, during which she has lived necessarily in comparative retirement, she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as Sovereign of this country; that on no occasion during her grief has she struck work, so to speak, in those public duties which belong to her exalted position; and although we may hope and earnestly trust that time may yet enable the Queen to do many things which hitherto she has not been able to do, yet I am sure, that when she re-appears again, as I trust she may some day do, on more public occasions, the people of this country will regard her only with increased affection, from the recollection they will have that, during all the time of her care and sorrow she has devoted herself, without one day's intermission, to those cares of government which belong to her position as Sovereign of this country."

The Dundee *Advertiser* gives an account of the Queen's late visit to the Duchess of Athole at Dunkeld:—The Queen terminated what must of been to her a very pleasant sojourn at Dunkeld, and the inhabitants of the picturesque little town appreciated the honor which her Majesty conferred on them by obedience to her commands that no noisy demonstration should take place during her stay: The last morning her Majesty remained at Dunkeld was, however, in many respects the most interesting she had passed since her arrival. The Queen went through the town, made calls on several merchants, favoring them with many small orders, and having purchases packed up and taken away with her; but her goodness of heart could not have been better manifested than when she stated she would plant a tree at Dunkeld house before she left as a memorial of her visit. Mackie, the head gardener, was commissioned to procure a plant. A fine specimen of cedar atlantica, about two feet high was obtained. Her Majesty, about a quarter to 10 o'clock, accompanied by the Princess Helena, came out to the grounds, and having had a spade handed to her, placed the plant in the earth, and placed the soil around it. Handing back the spade to Mr. Mackie, Her Majesty said, "I think that will do." She then retired to the house again. On Thursday night a general order was issued in the town, by the direction of Her Majesty, that the whole of the inhabitants would be admitted within the grounds to witness her departure. Long before the hour appointed for the royal guests to leave, the walks leading to the house were densely thronged, and the main entrance of the north end of the town was literally besieged. There could not have been less than three thousand persons present, and the decorum and loyal spirits which prevailed were very becoming.

"On Friday morning, about ten o'clock, the duchess's own phaeton—a very fine carriage, drawn by four grays, with outriders—was brought up to the entrance to the house. The Queen afterwards made her appearance, dressed in a black riding habit, and the Princess Helena, who was with her, was similarly attired. The whole guard who had watched the house, which consisted of eight men, was drawn up in front of the principal doorway; and when Her Majesty made her appearance, she bowed in recognition of their services.