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### THE MONTH.

THE death of Dr. George Dawson, so many years of whose useful and busy life was devoted to faithful service to Canada in connection with the work of the Geological Survey, of which he was executive chief, is lamented not only by the scientific world, but by a host of warm, personal friends. The following verse is a tribute from one who was proud to thus number himself. In our opinion these lines of Mr. Phillips-Wolley are among the strongest he has ever written. They worthily "epitomize the life and pronounce an authentic epitaph" on a truly good and great man:

TO "DR. GEORGE."\*

BY CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

Grey and ghostly willow fringes, flame to crimson at the tips,  
Where a sun that has some heart in, through the waking forest slips.  
High above us, on Mount Sicker, I can hear the blue grouse hoot;  
Birds are calling, rivers glitter; buds are bursting, grasses shoot.

On the pine stump, by our shanty, Dawson's tattered map lies spread,  
And my partner with his finger, marks the footsteps of the dead.  
"Spring!" he says, mate, time to quit it, for the barren lands and hoar,  
Where the Earth's heart freezes solid and the mighty bull moose roar:  
Where through silent spaces, silent, reckless bands of hardfists hold,  
By this here map and the compass, their course to the northern gold,  
With a laugh and a curse at the danger, while down the Arctic Slope  
Are two of the best ahead of the boys, Doctor George and Hope—

\* \* \* \* \*

Hope she has fooled us often, but we follow her Spring call yet,  
And we'd risk our lives on his say so and steer the course he set,  
Down the Dease and the lonely Liard, from Yukon to Stikine,  
There's always a point to swear by, where the little doctor's been  
Who made no show of his learning, but Lord! what he didn't know  
Hadn't the worth of country rock; the substance of summer snow—  
I guess had he chosen, may be, he'd have quit the noise and fuss  
Of cities and high palavers to throw in his lot with us.  
He'd crept so close to Nature, he could hear what the Big Things say,  
Our Arctic Nights, and our Northern Lights, our winds and pines at play.  
He loved his work and his workmates, and all as he took for wage  
Was the name his brave feet traced him, on Northlands newest page—  
That, and the hearts of the hardfists, though I reckon for work well done,  
He who set the stars for guide lights, will keep him the place he won,  
Will lead him safe through the Passes and over The Last Divide,  
To the Camp of Honest Workers, of men who never lied—  
And tell him the boys he worked for, say, judging as best they can,  
That in lands which try manhood hardest, he was tested and proved A Man.

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