

He was strong in body, of active mind, industrious and doggedly persevering, painstaking, a lover of truth, generous, possessed of the keenest knowledge of human nature, sound in judgment, but always cautious in expressing an opinion.

He belonged to that school of geologists—unfortunately not so numerously represented as it ought to be—whose motto is, "Facts, then theories," and was wholly above rasing down facts to make them fit theories. As a consequence, he rarely had to un-say what was once said; and this is why he so thoroughly gained the public confidence. So long as he felt that he was in the right, he held to his own views as tenaciously as did ever any true Scot; but if shewn to be in the wrong, he knew how to surrender gracefully.

Those who have clambered with him over our log-strewn Laurentian hills know well what were his powers of endurance. He never seemed to tire, never found the days long enough. His field-books are models of carefulness, replete with details, and serve as an example of the painstaking way in which he did all his work. They were written in pencil, but regularly inked in at night, when the camp fire was often his only light. In addition to his field-book proper, he frequently kept a diary, and delighted to jot down little every-day occurrences, or sketch objects of interest—for the hand that could so well wield a hammer, could also guide a pencil and produce drawings of no mean artistic skill. His descriptions of his backwoods experiences are often very amusing, and we cannot resist giving a specimen. He had been travelling through the forest for two months and had suddenly come upon the house of a settler called Barton, whose good wife was justly alarmed when Sir William and party entered her dwelling. Sir William describes his appearance, on this occasion, as follows:—"We are all pretty-looking figures. I fancy I cut the nearest resemblance to a scarecrow. What with hair matted with spruce gum, a beard three months old, red, with two patches of white on one side, a pair of cracked spectacles, a red flannel shirt, a waistcoat with patches on the left pocket,—where some sulphuric acid, which I carry in a small vial to try for the presence of lime in the rocks, had leaked through,—a jacket of moleskin, shining with grease, and trowsers patched on one knee in four places, and with a burnt hole in the other; with beef boots—Canada boots, as they are called—torn and roughened all over with scraping on the stumps