

grass, but browsed on the shrubs, leaving unhurt only one great elm, which still stands as the "founder's tree," and a few old oaks and butternut trees."\* Surroundings of this kind were not ideal from a university point of view, but made a delightful environment for an intelligent boy. The numerous wild flowers, the birds' nests, the fossil shells in the blue clay, the waste waterway, where leaves and twigs became "petrifications," the lively brook where mimic fleets could be navigated and dams constructed—these and many other objects of interest were there, and with the guidance and encouragement of an ever-ready father, the boy's inborn love of nature was daily stimulated and increased.

At ten years of age, Dawson entered the Montreal High School, remaining there for one year, and taking a high place in his classes. Subsequently, however, owing to ill-health, his education was carried on for the most part under tutors; and while this system no doubt cut him off from some advantages, it gave him on the other hand wider opportunities for pursuing and mastering subjects which had special attractions for him. Surrounded by books, chemical apparatus, paints and pencils, the days were never too long, and photography, book-binding, painting magic lantern slides, and even cheese-making, afforded him fascinating occupation and amusement. One who knew him well at that time says: "He seemed to absorb knowledge rather than to study, and every new fact or idea acquired was at once put into its place and proper relations in his orderly mind. He was always cheerful, amusing and popular, other boys flocking round him and invariably submitting to his unconscious leadership"