

of evolution have been. Thomas Henry Huxley had the Senate elected this young naturalist to a chair in this university in 1851? Only men of a certain metal rise superior to their surroundings, and while Dr. Bovell had that all important combination of boundless ambition with energy and industry, he had that fatal fault of diffuseness, in which even genius is strangled. With a quadrilateral mind, which he kept spinning like a tectotum, one side was never kept uppermost for long at a time. Caught in the storm which shook the scientific world with the publication of the *Origin of Species*, instead of sailing before the wind, even were it with bare pole, he put about and sought a harbor of refuge in writing a work on Natural Theology, which you will find on the shelves of second-hand book shops in a company made respectable at least by the presence of Paley. He was an omnivorous reader and transmutor, he could talk pleasantly, even at times transcendently, upon anything in the science of the day, from protoplasm to evolution; but he lacked concentration and that scientific accuracy which only comes with a long training (sometimes indeed never comes), and which is the ballast of the boat. But the bent of his mind was devotional, and early swept into the Tractarian movement, he became an advanced Churchman, a good Anglican Catholic. As he chaffingly remarked one day to his friend the Rev. Mr. Darling, he was like the waterman in *Pilgrim's Progress* rowing one way, towards Rome, but looking steadfastly in the other direction, towards Lambeth. His "Steps to the Altar" and his "Lectures on the Advent" attest the earnestness of his convictions; and later in life, following the example of Linacre, he took orders and became another illustration of what Cotton Mather calls the angelical conjunction of medicine with divinity. Then, how well I recall the keen love with which he would engage in metaphysical discussions, and the ardor with which he studied Kant, Hamilton, Reid and Mill. At that day to the Rev. Prof. Bevan was intrusted the rare privilege of directing the minds of the thinking youths at the Provincial University into proper philosophical channels. It was rumored that the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed. I thought so at least, for certain of them, led by T. Wesley Mills, came over daily after Dr. Bovell's four o'clock lecture to reason high and long with him.

" On Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate  
Fixed Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute."

Yet withal his main business in life was as a physician, much sought after for his skill in diagnosis, and much beloved for his loving heart. He had been brought up in the very best practical schools. A pupil of