

School Inspector for West Middlesex, which he so ably filled till the time of his death. The deceased was, in the truest sense of the word, a student. He loved knowledge for its own sake. In professional and educational acquirements he ranked high, having few equals in the Province. To those who did not know him he sometimes appeared distant, but in truth he had a most kind and genial disposition. He took a deep and consistent interest in all that tended to promote the welfare of the young. As an inspector he was one of the very best in the Province—thorough, efficient, and hard-working, as the schools in West Middlesex will testify.

By some he may have been considered arbitrary, but it must be said of him that he tried to do everything for the best. When duty led he fearlessly went forward, and at times met with opposition; but was always on the most cordial terms with the teachers in his inspectorate. He was recognized as a true friend of every worthy teacher. In 1880 the teach-

ers showed their regard for him by presenting him with a beautiful gold watch and chain, accompanied with a complimentary address. Mr. Carson was a man of indomitable energy and will-power. He was a deep thinker and a fluent speaker. His early death in the midst of his usefulness creates a blank that cannot soon be filled. Not only in West Middlesex, but throughout the Province, he will be missed in educational circles for many a year to come.

The *Strathroy Dispatch* concludes a well-written article on the death of our departed brother as follows:

"It was natural that such a mind as his, so strongly intellectual, so acutely logical, should find some difficulties in the great matter of religion. Not a sceptic or an infidel, he was yet a sincere inquirer, meeting in his path many perplexities, which he had the manliness to avow, but at last these all vanished, and in perfect resignation, and happy in the hope of heaven, he entered into his everlasting rest.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark!

For though from out our bourne of Time and
Place,
The flood may bear me far;
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Tennyson.*

GOOD-BYE, kind year, we walk no more
together,
But here in great happiness we part;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and
heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my
heart.

GIVE words, kind words, to those who err,
Remorse doth need a comforter;
With the sweet charity of speech,
Give words that heal and words that teach.

—*Sigourney.*