

a tense nerve, a square jaw, a stiff back and an iron resolution, and he no doubt may succeed and he deserves applause. It is hard work, it is pumping up results from some lower depth with infinite labour and perspiration and even pain; but let love animate him and his life is changed, and instead of a laborious uplift his life product pours down as from a crystal fountain, freely, fully and joyfully. And joy is so much better than pain. Tennyson puts it thus:

Love took up the harp of life, and all its chords it struck with might,
Struck the cord of self, which trembling passed in music out of sight.

Gill loved his profession and the whole world loves a lover, he worshipped his science and the whole world revered a worshipper, even indeed if they do not agree with him or even understand him. Moreover, like most men of truly scientific mind, he was an earnest Christian, which characteristic was no doubt helped by his Scottish ancestry and education. General Gordon, known as "Chinese Gordon", bore his own testimony to him for he found a responsive chord to his own heart in Gill's character. On a certain occasion after leaving Gill with a friend he said quietly, as he jerked his thumb towards Gill, "of such is the salt of the earth". Could any man say more?

Following such men as Newton, Kelvin, and Clerk Maxwell, he had, to use Maxwell's words, "a contempt for that pseudo-science which seeks for the applause of the ignorant by professing to reduce the whole system of the Universe to a fortuitous sequence of uncaused events." To such men God was not "a majestic bundle of abstract nouns loosely tied up in impersonality." In his study of Nature he rose from Nature up to Nature's God.

In illustration of his religious character it is recorded that—A dear friend, writing to him in great trouble, received the following reply:

"I have the very deepest sympathy with what you tell me of your inner life—and am thankful that you have found the only solace and guide in all such troubles. We, however, never can have by instinct or by any other way a knowledge of God's purposes towards us—we can only try to do what we believe He would wish us to do.

"In our affections and the closest and dearest relations of life, instinct, if not rendered unreliable by passion or self-interest, is