equal ability and fame, led by a Thomson, a Rayleigh, a Temple or a Roscoe? These men were brought over to see our people and our country. Some of us have seen and heard them, and these far-off celebrated thinkers have before us taken the form of real, living men. Canadians will be well repaid if they remember, "What men have done men can do."

THERE is no visitor more unexpected, more unwelcome, yet more regular, than Death. Just as we have completed our month's work and are about to lay by our pen with the satisfaction of work completed, a jarred note breaks in upon the harmony and proclaims another chord of life is snapped asunder. For the third time since the inauguration of our Journal have we to dip the pen in darker ink to record the absence of another friend. After seven months' illness Joseph Adam Clarke, M.A.. B.Sc., died at Smith's Falls August 26th, 1884, aged thirty-five. He graduated some years ago at Victoria University as a Bachelor of Arts, since which time he has been most of the time engaged in high school teaching. Being an ardent and zealous lover of natural science he afterwards returned to college and completed the science course. It was at this time that we became intimately acquainted with him. He then was appointed head master of Smith's Falls high school, afterwards married, and through ill-health was compelled to resign his position in the early part of the present year. He was a man deeply respected wherever he was known, and in him we have lost a warm friend, and the cause of education an earnest and energetic worker.

Good works of Nature—beautiful, symmetrical, harmonious, and withal perfectly adapted to their uses—are strewn around our daily paths, and are as accessible to the poorest country child as to the millionaire.—Dawson.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.—Owen Meredith.