

its eminent historians and philosophers, some of the foremost have already passed away. Its most distinguished men of science are among the honored dead.

Browning now mingles his dust with the elder chiefs of song in the poet's corner of the great abbey, and there, too, a fitting place has been found for the memorial bust of New England's graceful lyrical poet, Longfellow. In the preparations already in progress for the fitting commemoration of a grander cycle, completing the revolving centuries since Columbus—400 years ago,—braved the mysterious terrors of ocean and revealed to Europe another world, the Poet Laureate has been invited to pen the ode that shall voice America's celebration of her new birth. But the veteran poet pleads the privilege of age. He has laid aside his singing robes. His lyre is unstrung. It seems in all ways as if another great era had run its course, and

“As in a theatre the eyes of men
After a well graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next.”

So we, not idly, but in anxious expectancy, watch for the promise of the new dawn.”

In the compass of this sketch, which, owing to want of space, must be considerably abbreviated, it will not be necessary to dwell further on Dr. Wilson's university life, nor will it be deemed necessary to deal at length with his writings. He wrote many books. He was a true and melodious poet, and though “Spring Wild Flowers,” was, as he used to say, a youthful production, it contained many verses of striking power and originality. In later life, good fruit continued to drop from his muse. He loved poetry and poets. His life of Chatterton is a charming study of the “marvellous boy,” superior to David Masson's monograph on the same subject, more lovingly done, and richer in information. His essay on Caliban, or the missing link, is ingenious, critical, and full of lofty imagination. A curious volume, “The Right-hand; Left-handedness,” growing out of papers read before the Royal Society of Canada, and the Canadian Institute of Toronto, was the last volume from his pen. It contains eleven chapters of very interesting data about the “dishonoured hand,” for which history, the various sciences, literature and the scriptures, have been levied upon for allusions and exemplars. The great work of Dr. Wilson, however, is “Prehistoric man; researches into the origin

of civilization.” On that book, his fame as an investigator, and scientist, will rest. It has not a dull page, though the subject is deep and often abstruse. Light is thrown on the dark places with a power little short of the magical, while the splendid literary style of the author,—often poetic, and always luminous,—gives to the work an attractiveness which compels attention. When the Blacks of Edinburgh decided to issue the ninth edition of their *Encyclopædia Britannica*, they did not forget their old friend, living in Toronto. They entrusted him with the articles on Archæology, (pre-historic) Canada, Chatterton, Montreal, Ontario, Toronto, Robert Fergusson, Edinburgh, and several others. He was very proud at being asked to write the article on his native city, especially as he was living so far away from the scene. As he was the best authority on the subject, however, it was not singular that the publishers of the *Encyclopædia* demanded his pen.

When Lord Lorne founded, in 1882, the Royal Society of Canada, he called on Prof. Wilson to aid him in the task. He became the first president of section 11, which is concerned with English literature, history and archæology. In 1885 he was unanimously elected president of that important body. The Transactions contain many valuable papers from his hand, and at the last annual meeting, held in Ottawa in May and June last, he read a most interesting and valuable paper on the law of copyright. The society ordered it to be printed.

At this meeting he was particularly bright and cheerful, though his face bore traces of fatigue and hard work. He had a kindly word for everyone, and in the discussions which came up on Dr. Patterson's papers on the Language of the Beothicks or Red Indians of Newfoundland, and Sir William Alexander and the Scottish attempts at the colonization of Nova Scotia; Prof. George Bryce's Assiniboine river and its forts, and Mr. R. W. McLachlan's Annals of Nova Scotian currency, he had much to say of a helpful character. The centre of a little group consisting of Sir William Dawson, Principal Grant, Dr. Sandford Fleming, Dr. William Kingsford, the historian, and myself, Sir Daniel remarked in his quiet, quaint way, “I think I am really getting to be an old man, for the other day I was pointed out by some young ladies in the university as that ‘dear old man,’ Sir Daniel Wilson.” Now, when one arrives