

sense he stood not *before* but *among* kings and was the friend and confidant of prophets, priests, princes and kings of Science, divinely endowed with the very highest intellectual power. For he inhabited a world where dwelt such a galaxy as Lord Kelvin, Clerk Maxwell, Knobel, Darwin, Christie, Lockyer, Hale, J. Couch Adams, the discoverer of Neptune, Lord Lindsay, Newcomb, Airy, Huggins, Struve, Dollen and many more. These were kings indeed. He also not only touched but entered into the very Canaan of a social and aristocratic kingdom where dwelt such men as Sir Bartle Frere, Cecil Rhodes, Earl Grey, once Governor-General of our Dominion, the Khedive of Egypt, Lord Crawford and many more. He also fully illustrated in his life and work the Carlylean maxim, for he was indeed a producer in the realm of Astronomical Science; his work with the Cape heliometer, determination of the solar parallax from observations of Mars, geodetic survey of Rhodesia, his measurement of the arc of a meridian, observations on the comets of 1880, 1882, 1884, 1892, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1904 were but a few stars in the crown of his success. These were indeed far more than the "piti-fullest infinitesimal fraction of a product." A: He verily found his work, and he therefore needed no other blessedness, although he rejoiced in many more. With David Gill astronomy was almost a religion. But in the words of Professor George Forbes his biographer "the reverence for his chosen science was tempered by human sympathies"; and we have a most interesting record of his delightful social and democratic life, his humour, his enjoyment of the world and his varied employments, among which even deer stalking occupied a special place. Not only was he skilled in shooting stars, but was an expert in shooting deer, and thus the range of his life was large and varied. He looked at it from so many angles that he was indeed a human polygon. He was not an astronomer for gain, or even for professional renown, or self advancement. He was an astronomer because he could not help it. He sang the song of his life just "as the linnets sing". In a word he did not live by astronomy but he lived for astronomy. To him it was not only a sentiment but a sacrifice, not only a feeling but a fact, not only an emotion but an energy. Duty is a word very much exalted in general estimation: it is cold, metallic, and hard, although admirable. A man for duty only goes at his work with