

I didn't use, and in twa hoors she was deid. Eh man I was terrible glad I had na ta'en it mysel!"

These are a few excerpts from the most interesting biography written by Professor Forbes, to which work I have been much indebted in preparing this sketch. These are only a few illustrations of this many-sided man's character,—a few pictures, so to speak, taken from the wall of his social life which to some degree reflect the charm of his private character. What would life be without humour? It is the slackening of the bow string, it is the mind's vacation which rests and thereby strengthens the mind's vocation. There are no great books, nor any great forces in human life which are devoid of it. As Sidney Smith says: "Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit and flavour and brightness and laughter and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."

Sir David Gill's death followed not long after that of another famous astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, whose funeral he attended and there caught a chill, which eventually carried him off, and on the 24th of January, 1914, he bade goodbye to this proud world and went home. Thus did this great star computer rest from his earthly work and went hence where "the stars wander with golden feet", but yet are all shepherded by Almighty power and guided in their courses by Divine wisdom. And now we for a moment revert to our opening sentence for here was a "man diligent in his business". Astronomy does not suggest repose. It does not say to its votaries "Sleep on now and take your rest." On the contrary it calls us to industry, struggle and achievement. The never ending rush of the spheres rebukes man's idleness, it stimulates action and then energy is contagious. In these ever-circling orbs the Divine being has declared His own forcefulness and made proclamation that whatever man finds to do he should do it with all his might. Nature abhors a vacuum of matter, and these Scriptures of the Sky bid us abhor a vacuum of energy in our lives, and present to us an object lesson of ceaseless activity. Let such a lesson permeate and inspire each life, and let no one hide his talent, even if it be only one, but let it "produce something even if it be but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product". And thus we end where we began.