

insects. His work at the Museum was most congenial to him, and gave him a happy occupation when his age prohibited him from carrying on his ordinary work.

A remarkable feature about him was his mental activity; his mind seemed always active and keenly so. Though an omnivorous reader, he was entirely free from the fault so common among great readers—that of reading mechanically; and his power of assimilating what he read was extraordinary, as was his memory for verse; he could recite hundreds of Scotch ballads, or the lyrics of a long succession of the greater English poets. With his friends he loved to discuss questions of general interest in science and art or the books he was reading, and many a feast of reason and flow of soul took place at his home on Parliament Street, for his doors were always open to congenial spirits. These included not only men of science and contemporaries, but many another whose outlook on life was earnest, whether the chief interest lay in letters, in art, or elsewhere. He died at the good old age of seventy-eight years, and will be very much missed, not only by the members of his family, but by a large circle of friends. Of his family of six children, three daughters alone survive. To them we extend our deepest sympathy.

### A MASTER MIND.

["Guide, philosopher and friend."]

#### I.

Ah! you who own the sovereign sway  
Of commerce and the busy mart,  
You knew him not, he lived apart,  
The king who passed in state to-day.

A king who recked not worldly gear,  
A pauper—you who rate by gold,  
But rich in knowledge manifold,  
In Nature's lore without a peer.

He lived his threescore years and ten;  
He had his court of liegemen true;  
They loved him, like that chosen few  
Who served the Master scorned of men.