

the hours which I have spent in accomplishing the little of which I am capable, as a member of the Field Naturalists' Club, of the City of Ottawa, an organization which, I am happy to say, numbers within its circle of membership, many able and scientific men. It seems to me that we have been placed upon this earth for the purpose of doing all the good we can to our fellow-beings in our day and generation. The public benefactor, whoever he may be, and whatever may be his talents, his powers or his influence for good, will always find his most gratifying reward in the contemplation of the progress, prosperity, enlightenment or happiness, which he has been directly or indirectly, instrumental in promoting. He may be gifted with genius—he may be endowed with talent, yet he is deserving of no personal credit for the possession of either. But, if he has cherished, guarded and nurtured the celestial spark committed to his charge, until it has grown and expanded into a living flame, which has developed and brightened his own intelligence, and proved a beacon to guide the earnest searcher after truth, he is entitled to every honour and commendation for having at least endeavoured to accomplish the manifest behests of his own destiny.

That we have had in the past, and that we now have, amongst the throbbing millions of this vast world, great and gifted men in every branch of human industry, and in every avenue of human thought and human action, is due alone to the wonder-working power of that Omnipotent Hand that planted the firmament with the sun, the moon, the stars and the planets—that studded the arched equator of the blue ocean of the heavens with the glittering islands of the Milky Way; that clothed the earth with verdure and beauty; that laid the foundations of the mountains and fashioned “the Everlasting Hills;” that intersected terrestrial space with rivers and streams, and capped the towering climax of immeasurable might by infusing the resistless spirit of limitless aspiration into that mysteriously sublime something called the human soul. Here the finite is lost in the magnitude of the infinite! The most gifted, the most learned one of human kind, when he seeks to unravel the mystery of his own nature, pauses when he is confronted by God, and shrinks abashed before the majesty of the Incomprehensible!