

by adding your name to the list of my subscribers. . . .

Believe me always truly yours,

RICHARD OWEN.

Agassiz had promised himself that the first volume of his new work should be finished in time for his fiftieth birthday, — a milestone along the road, as it were, to mark his half century. Upon this self-appointed task he spent himself with the passion dominated by patience, which characterized him when his whole heart was bent toward an end. For weeks he wrote many hours of the day and a great part of the night, going out sometimes into the darkness and the open air to cool the fever of work, and then returning to his desk again. He felt himself that the excitement was too great, and in proportion to the strain was the relief when he set the seal of *finis* on his last page within the appointed time.

His special students, young men who fully shared his scientific life and rewarded his generosity by an affectionate devotion, knowing, perhaps, that he himself associated the completion of his book with his birthday, celebrated both events by a serenade on the eve of his anniversary. They took into their con-