

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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This day was selected as the day to pay tribute to Doctor G. Brown Goode, as it is his natal day. On my return to Boston from the maritime provinces last summer, I heard with deep regret of the death, a few days before, of Doctor George Brown Goode. To me he had been a friend; to me his death was a deep personal loss and sorrow. To him I have turned for counsel, for advice, for sympathy, and his response was prompt, earnest, and cordial. Do I not express the feeling of all who knew him? Never was there a truer and more intelligent counselor, a more sympathetic friend, a more ready helper, a more kindly nature.

None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise.

It was at Twin Oaks, one of the last Sundays in June, that he spent the last morning with us. He walked with us through the grounds' twining ways, pointing out the beauties of the flowers, which he was so quick to see, and showing a knowledge of the habits and needs of every tree and shrub. He passed through the grounds to the library and looked over a portfolio of recent Japanese prints. He showed a perfect familiarity with them, selecting the good, rejecting the poor, and knowing the value of each. With books he was equally familiar, and more than once suggested some rare book that I should like to obtain. Books were his friends and companions. His reading was extensive and varied. He knew my pedigree better than I, and corrected mistakes that I had made in preparing my genealogy for the Society of Colonial Wars, in which organization he was deeply interested. His mind was versatile, his interests widespread, his tastes refined, his judgment correct. He was a true lover of nature, of art, of beauty everywhere. He heralded to us the first coming of the birds, he knew their notes, and welcomed the opening of the spring blossoms. He was alive to every bit of earth and sky. With all the pressure of numerous and varied cares and responsibilities, he lent a ready ear, a helping hand, to all who asked his aid. He would read and correct a manuscript for a friend, conduct another

through the Museum and open to him its treasures, or prepare a scheme for an exposition at Chicago or Atlanta. Into the work of the Museum he threw his whole heart and life. He knew it in all its strength and weakness, its deficiencies, its wealth, its possibilities, and therefore believed in its glorious future. He knew it in all its different departments—in its minute details. He welcomed every new object that was brought into the Museum and directed its disposition. He refused the appointment of Commissioner of Fisheries and remained in charge of the Museum at a smaller salary, because he felt his services were more needed there. He was urged last summer to go to the Seal Islands, a trip he would gladly have taken, but he was reluctant to leave his work. He remained to die at his post.

Others will speak of him in his public relations; others can estimate his scientific attainments and the debt of gratitude the Museum owes to his faithful and skillful administration; others will weave and lay upon his tomb wreaths and garlands. I bring but a few violets, the expression of my personal love and esteem. He was a friend whom I loved and whom I miss from my daily life.