Alfred Russel Wallace’s impatience of book-learning was undoubtedly one of the factors that operated to make him a leader in science and a conspicuously independent and original thinker and writer. Now that the voice and pen of this eminent nonagenarian have fallen silent, it is interesting to look back upon his schoolboy days in Monmouthshire and to see him chafing under the irksome restraints of the schoolroom and condemning as useless the antiquated methods of instruction there employed. To him, at least, the printed page could convey no lesson comparable in importance with that of the larger page of nature; and he was but seventeen years old when the love of botany and the collector’s passion seized him. Of his subsequent wanderings and explorations as a naturalist, the story is a long one, and may best be read in the autobiographic work, “My Life,” which came out a few years ago. Probably his best-known contribution to the literature of science in his volume on “Darwinism,” which many readers have found more easily mastered than the writings of the great evolutionist himself. Other and later works of importance are his “Studies, Scientific and Social,” “The Wonderful Century,” “Man’s Place in the Universe,” and “The World of Life.” A complete list of his writings, including those published in periodicals, would more than fill one of these pages.