

The death of Dr. Stewart leaves an obvious break in the ranks of the medical profession, a keen sense of want in the affections of his friends, and amongst the public at large a feeling of loss.

When he fell ill the younger members of the profession went about in perplexity. Men of his own age wondered to whom they would turn for a fresh perception of an intricate case. Persons who were sick were unwilling to die without the formality of a consultation with a physician upon whom the profession appeared to depend. It is worth enquiring for our own instruction why these things are so.

Dr. Stewart was devoid of exterior grace in manner or in speech. His manner was simple almost to rudeness. His disinclination to talk went nearly to the point of silence. Nor did he find an outlet in writing for the expression of those inward graces which all who came in contact with him felt that he possessed.

The truth in this enigma is that Dr. Stewart achieved his high position in the hearts and minds of his fellow men not so much by what he did as by what he was. In virtue of his inherent quality, simplicity of manner was redeemed from awkwardness, and became gracious; his reticence had nothing of taciturnity, nor had his silence anything of reserve. It was as if a subtle sympathy went out from him, which did not require speech for its expression.

There is something more. Dr. Stewart was learned in medicine. But he had transmuted learning into knowledge, knowledge into wisdom. Learning was his raw material, and when, through experience, he had converted learning into sagacity, it faded into the texture of his mind, and had no longer an independent existence. Facts and theories were to him the mere tools with which he worked in the secrecy of his own mind.

This acquaintance with the best which had been said and thought and done in medicine came to him as only it comes to the man who scorns delights and lives laborious days. He was the first in Canada, we believe, who systematically went to headquarters, and persistently enquired what men knew.