

but by a few of our medical brethren in Canada; and in his own land the United States, he rarely came before the medical public. He was, too unassuming in his character, too earnest and diligent at his post-of duty to often appear outside of his round of professional work. But he was known throughout the civilized world wherever a ship ploughs the ocean waters, or a sail whitens the salt seas, and among the weather-worn seamen of almost every nation and clime he had his thankful friends. Dr. Moffat was no ordinary man, and might have made a name in mostly any sphere of life. Especially was he endowed with a keen taste, well cultivated, for literature. But having adopted the medical profession, his great talents were exclusively given to it. Born in Orange Co. New York, and brought up surrounded by the quietness of a pastoral home, he possessed none but an artless nature. And although he received his medical education in New York city, surrounded by much that is false and vicious, he kept himself unspotted.

Immediately after completing his studies, and receiving his diploma, he obtained the appointment of Assistant Physician at the Seamen's Retreat Hospital. The duties belonging to this position were congenial to him, and with singular attention he discharged them. Not long after, his senior in office was smitten with fever, and Dr. Moffatt advanced to his place undaunted by the silent arrows of death. Some time after this the writer became his co-worker, and saw him elevated to the responsible position of Physician-in-chief of the Institution, the duties of which he undertook with characteristic modesty, but with great enthusiasm; quietly but still ever facing the foe. Death met him in various forms. We have seen him by night as well as by day passing from ward to ward, and from bed to bed, anxiously regarding the sick. It made no difference that ship fever, and cholera of the most malignant type, and yellow fever had their victims in the wards, that the air was poisoned by distemper, loathsome with mid-summer heat. In every year he laboured in that hospital, he encountered as many dangers as any one of the heroes who fought his country's battles in the late civil war. But at last he, too, has been cut down; at the early age of 45 he has met a fate as honorable as that of any warrior. But he has lived long, inasmuch as he accomplished a great end; and he will continue to live in the memory of all who had the good fortune to know him. We consider it one of the greatest blessings that for a time we enjoyed his companionship, we owed him much for all he taught us, and—need we conceal it—he gave a nobler bent to our life.

No words of ours can lessen the grief of the bereaved family; but it is our privilege to let them know that we mourn, although afar off.