

great pleasure in the company of grown-up young people, unless he detected in any of the latter a tendency to self-assertion or dandyism, qualities to which his aversion was very marked. His attachments were strong, and he would neither say himself, nor permit others to say in his hearing, a word against those who were on his list of friends. He had few enemies, and perhaps no man so long in public life was ever more generally respected.

Modesty was one of his most characteristic qualities—he made no pretensions to encyclopædic knowledge—never hesitated to confess his ignorance, and was in this respect a model for many—for many, indeed, not half so well informed.

A most remarkable feature was his disposition to accept and adopt new, if apparently well-founded, scientific and theological theories, even long after he was in the “sere and yellow leaf.” In the light of modern discovery he had no respect for moss-grown beliefs.

His memory was a marvellously retentive one. Names, facts, incidents and dates it may truly be said he had at his fingers’ ends by the thousand. Poetry he could quote extensively, even to within a few minutes of his death, his favorite authors being Shakespeare, Moore, Burns and Pope. Only an hour or so before he died he assisted in completing a quotation from Scotia’s bard, which had been commenced by one of the two last friends who saw him alive.

As a parent, physician, scholar, gentleman, and friend he will be sadly missed by the surviving members of his family, and by all whose privilege it was to have formed his acquaintance.

It would be easy to write much in praise of the late Dr. Joseph Workman, though contrary to all his well-known tastes and wishes, but this may be safely said, and to this, he himself, were he living, would take no exception, any more than he would claim a particle of credit for the fact, namely, that throughout a long life-time, acting in many capacities, both private and public, *he strove to do his duty*, and he invariably did it well.