

bers of the profession, there were present Dr. William Osler, of Baltimore, and the late Dr. James B. Hunter, of New York, who delivered interesting and admirable addresses. Dr. R. A. Reeve, who was master of ceremonies, did his work very gracefully, delivering at the same time a happy and appropriate address. Dr. Workman was deeply affected, and returned thanks in his own inimitable style for the honor which had been conferred on him by the society. The portrait now hangs in one of the society's rooms in the Medical Council chambers.

The doctor retained his mental faculties unimpaired until the end. During the last two or three years he was comparatively feeble, and since a slight stroke of apoplexy, a few months ago, was confined to bed. He contracted what appeared to be a slight cold, April 13, but on Sunday, the 15th, appeared to be doing well, and chatted cheerfully with a couple of friends who called on him. He grew worse, however, in the evening, sank rapidly, and died about nine o'clock. His funeral, April 17, was attended by his relatives and friends, including a large number of physicians.

A grand and good old man has departed. The records of his labors, which are at the disposal of his friends, fall far short of furnishing anything like an indication of the great and meritorious work which he accomplished. Fortunately, however, there remains for the many who loved and respected him something inexpressibly sacred—a memory of the spotless purity of his life, of the lofty nobility of his character, and of the wondrous kindness of his generous heart.

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