

his history too sacred for the gaze of vulgar eyes. He longed for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. His life was fed from invisible sources, and he held constant communion with Him who never forsakes, and loves even unto the end. In this mood and manner of life he performed amongst us several years of valuable labor. He rendered no prefatory service, but gave himself to his work with a zeal and an enthusiasm which insured success and won our confidence. Let us give a few of his characteristics as a teacher.

He was thorough in his work of preparation. With him it was not a question of hours, of time, but of mastery. The problem must be solved, the principle must be grasped. Nor was he satisfied with a mere solution and a feeble grasp. The whole process must be concatenated and the whole concatenation shine in the pure light of reason. In his views the rational was the life of the process, be the subject metaphysics, morals, or mathematics. Professor Stuart was not brilliant, nor even quick of apprehension. He did think rapidly. But when the light dawned, the mental illumination flashed his whole countenance. He seemed to have mental grappling irons that never lost their hold, a power of analysis and exegesis that revealed the secrets of many deep things. In the silence of his study these mental processes went on. The pale student's lamp burned until midnight. The next day you could see that he was the strong man because he had entered into the purchased possession.

With the spell and conviction of the process upon him, he entered the class-room. What Professor Stuart knew he could impart—most emphatically he could. Clear in his thinking, lucid in expression, it would be a strange mind into which he could throw no light. The living knowledge within him must be transmitted. By that intuition which marks the teacher, he saw clearly the student's difficulty. If there was any weak link, or any link wanting in the chain of reasoning, he refused to proceed until the one was strengthened and the other supplied. Who of his students does not remember the thrill and ring of Professor Stuart's "Don't you see it?" From the beginning, slowly but surely on through all the mazes was the process conducted, till the plenitude of the demonstration flooded the soul. I verily believe he could read in the countenance whether

one was going through a verbal, memorized, operation, or acting the part of an intelligent being, so closely did he read the soul's condition in the facial expression. The power to see the student's need, to impart knowledge not more by skill, by language, than by mental flash-telepathy is it?—is a rare endowment. There have been and are a few teachers endowed with this power, and Professor Stuart was, in my judgment, one of them.

Another marked feature of Prof. Stuart, as a teacher, was his enthusiasm. The literal meaning of this word will convey our idea best,—full of the god, a god within, inspired. Even from this ever-glowing inspiration there would emanate at times what might be termed mental spasms. This spasm was always caused by some brain density on the part of some student. When the afflatus was full upon the professor, environment became a myth, with a fearful and startling instantaneousness he cast his gown behind him as slough, seized the chalk, and lo! formulae took shape upon the black-board as if at the touch of a conjurer's hand. Between the waves, so to speak, of this spasm the chalked hand used to pass with amazing rapidity through the hair, rendering the original color of it strangely ambiguous. This violent agitation of the mind ended only when the point in the lesson was made clear. At such times the professor's face, always intellectual, was positively beautiful. The tinge of the cheek, the flash of the eye, the play of light upon the whole features I see now as of yore. As classes we got a glimpse of the spiritual character of mathematics. I, came to us as a revelation that even abstruse subjects, under the guidance of an inspired, born, teacher, might become as attractive and fascinating as the poet's song, or the novelist's romance. This inspiration in a teacher that fuses and sets in a blaze the whole structure of our conceptions is simply priceless.

Much more might be said of the man who for many years filled such a large place in our institutions. He was intensely popular. We students loved and venerated him. We caught, it is hoped, some of his inspiration and enthusiasm; at all events we admired his virtues. His deep interest in us, and his profound sympathy with student life, bound us to him in very tender ties. And yet what is strange to tell, Professor Stuart lived in the confidence and affections of his students without his being apparently conscious