

Dr. Bucke was an ideal superintendent, loved both by his patients and employees, and had a deep sympathy for the old and infirm, a sympathy becoming rarer and rarer in these days of hurry and rush, and his warm heart won him lifelong friends wherever he went. His library was one of the most extensive in Canada, and the Doctor was an untiring student, reading widely and deeply, particularly along the lines suggested by his remarkable books on Man's Moral Nature and Cosmic Consciousness. How these books must rank as probable solutions of questions which have worried the greatest minds since the world began, time alone can tell. It is too soon to sit in formal judgment on them.

Dr. Bucke's friendship for Walt Whitman, his doughty championship of the Good Grey Poet's right to recognition as one of the remarkable men of the nineteenth century, was an admirable thing, and the fact that some of the best minds of the day agree with this estimate of Whitman, is significant. When Dr. Bucke was elected President of the Medico-Psychological Association in 1898, all Canadians felt the compliment, and were pleased that the honor had been conferred on one so worthy and so well able to assume the duties of the position.

In person Dr. Bucke was of striking appearance, of splendid physique, and carrying the stamp of intellectual force in his face. He dressed much after the style of Whitman, and would be remarked in any assemblage as a man of originality. In daily life he was simple, direct and honest, and loved nature as such a man is likely to do. The happiest days of each year were those spent at his summer retreat at Gloucester Pool in Muskoka. This good man is deeply mourned by a large circle of friends, who loved him for his sturdy honesty, his warm heart, his intellectual force, but most of all for his noble qualities as a man.