

Surgery from its foundation until the time of his death, and his admirably lucid, well-ordered and emphatic style made him one of the best lecturers whom I have ever heard. He was surgeon to the Victoria General Hospital for thirty years. He took a keen interest in the subject of tuberculosis, especially in the organization of methods to prevent the dissemination of the disease, and was appointed by the Dominion Government to represent us at the Congress on Tuberculosis in Berlin. And it was in the discharge of his duty as a member of a commission appointed by our own local government, to select a site for a sanitarium, that he contracted his fatal illness, through exposure to cold and wet when driving in the country; and on the first day of this new century he passed away from among us, but the brave and cheerful spirit, the ready wit, the warm, kind heart are memories that remain.

And what can I say of Dr. Wm. Scott Muir? I may say, I believe, that no member of this Association was better loved or more heartily welcomed to its meetings. He had been a Vice-President, and upon at least one occasion he was nominated for the Presidentship, but generously insisted on giving way to others. He was a very regular attendant at our meetings, and his stalwart figure and cheery voice had become familiar to the profession throughout Canada. His business ability and his knowledge of affairs made him invaluable in committees, and his contributions to the scientific work of the Association were marked by keen observation and practical common-sense. He was my own dear friend, and I shall not trust myself to say more of what his loss has been to us.

And so one by one, just as we learned to value them more, our comrades fall, and what can we say but

"Fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."

It is perhaps a weighty sense of the responsible position in which you have placed me that gives to my thoughts to-day a somewhat serious turn.

I look upon this great assembly, I think of the years of study, the expensive education, the physical and intellectual toil, the laborious days and anxious nights, and when I consider the results I am tempted to ask—what is the good of it all? We toil to save, and how often it is that the valuable lives, the bread-winners, the wise, the strong, the true, are taken, and we succeed in saving the idle, the dissolute, the degenerate. There is only a sense of futility, there is horror in the thought that our art may in unworthy hands be degraded to be a servant of evil passions.