

election. Neither do I ask you to follow the proverbial man from Cook's.

I am sure I voice the sentiments of the Faculty, and give expression to the feelings of the students of Bishop's College when I bid our guests welcome.

Coel mille faithe, a hundred thousand times welcome.

If there is one thing more than another for which Bishop's is noted, it is her hospitality.

Our guests are our friends, and as Sir John Lubbock beautifully puts it in his "Pleasures of Life," "if we choose our friends for what they are, and not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then are they always with us, preserved in absence and even after death in the amber of memory."

We are glad to have our guests with us; we want them to hear of our success, to know of our aspirations; we want them to see the Faculty, to meet our genial Dean, whom we all love and admire for his kindness of heart and his sound judgment and wise counsels.

"And still we gaze and still our wonder grows;
That one small head should carry all he knows."

Our wish is that he may be long spared to occupy his present position.

We want our guests to meet our students, of whom we are proud and before whom we are striving to lay down high ideals of practice.

I think we can say we are rivals of no Institution. We are co-workers in the earnest field of practical and scientific medicine.

Not all of us can claim Bishop's as our Alma Mater. Many of us are proud to claim old McGill as our kind good mother. And, although we teach in Bishop's, we have not forgotten the old love; we could not if we would, and we would not if we could.

We, all of us, are delighted at her ever-growing success. And I am quite sure she in her turn is glad to see her sons carrying on the good work she so ably began.

To our confrères in the profession, we extend a hearty welcome; a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind; we all belong to a profession whose creed is wide as humanity itself. The portals of the temple of Esculapius are shut to no creed, to no nationality; of all the professions there is none more liberal, and perhaps there is no more beautiful type of man than the general practitioner of high purpose and lofty ideals. No more beautiful compendium of