

occur I am of the opinion that it would be to the benefit of this Society to take advantage of the same.

In closing I have again to thank you for the honour you have done me, and for the consideration you have shown me during my term of office, and I ask for my successor, who I am sure will more worthily fill the position than I have done, the same kind treatment and consideration.

ADDRESS OF THE INCOMING PRESIDENT. DR. GRANT STEWART.

To be President of the Montreal Medico-Chirurgical Society is an honour indeed, and worthy the ambition of every member of this Society. Two decades have come and gone since I joined the ranks of this Society, and as I stand at this point and look back, what changes have taken place!—changes in the membership; changes in the science of medicine. The facts of those days are the fallacies of these days.

In those days none of these pictures hung upon our walls. Full of life and energy and enthusiasm the originals were with us and moved in our midst. They have left us, in body; although gone they are ever “cherished in the amber of memory.”

They were great men, all of them. To know them was to love them. It behoves us to maintain the traditions of these by-gone days and live up to the standards they set us, and to pray that their mantle may fall upon us.

Who can forget the dignity with which R. Palmer Howard filled this chair? Can we who were his students ever forget his magnetic enthusiasm, his cultured eloquence, his courtly presence? Who of us did not feel that we sat at the feet of a master?

I heard Dr. Osler refer to him at the British Medical Association in Belfast this summer as the busiest practitioner he ever knew. And yet notwithstanding this, he read every book, magazine and monograph on his subject, and did a great deal of his reading driving from one patient to another. This many of us can verify.

Who of us who had the honour of knowing George Ross can forget his cheery manner, his universal kindness to rich and poor alike. His kindness, his honesty, his dogmatism were well known. As a diagnostician he was a marvel. An epitaph I saw in Glasgow Cathedral would suit him well:

“And when his physics force oft failed,
His pleasant purpose then prevailed.
Heaven has his soul—His corpse this stone.
Sigh passenger and so begone.”