

ning, Walker and Keate—his opponents, sent back answer. The quarrel in a short time was the general topic of conversation all over the city. Then Hunter addressed a letter to the governors of the hospital. A meeting of the Board took place, Wednesday, October 16. What happened there is best told in the words of the biographer: "On the Wednesday morning he saw one of his friends, who called at his house; he told him what was to happen at the meeting, and said that he was afraid there would be a dispute and was sure it would be the death of him. He went into the work-rooms and told his resident pupils some droll stories of how children counterfeit disease. He left his house to pay a visit before he drove to the hospital; he was in good spirits, whistling a Scotch air as he went out. He had forgotten his visiting list; William Clift took it after him to York Street, St. James', the first place on the list. Hunter came out of the house, took the list, and in an animated tone told the coachman to drive to the hospital. The meeting had already begun; he presented the memorial from the young men and spoke on their behalf. One of his colleagues flatly contradicted something he had said. Then came the end. Angina seized him; he turned toward another room to fight out his pain by himself, and Dr. Mathew Baillie followed him; he went a few steps, groaned, and fell into Dr. Robertson's arms—and died."

It was a sad ending to such a great life, but when the master fell it was before the very altar of Medicine—rapt devotee to the last.

Eleven years after Hunter's death his wife composed the following epitaph for a memorial tablet to him in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields:

"Here rests in awful silence, cold and still,
One whom no common sparks of genius fired;
Whose reach of thought Nature alone could fill,
Whose deep research the love of Truth inspired.

"Hunter! if years of toil and watchful care,
If vast labors of a powerful mind
To soothe the ills humanity must share,
Deserve the grateful plaudits of mankind—

"Then be each human weakness buried here
Envy would raise to dim a name so bright;
Those specks, which in the orb of day appear,
Take nothing from his warm and welcome light."

Waterloo, Ont.