

national medical gatherings that one had to forcibly recall one's self every now and then to the fact that one was in a 'foreign' assemblage. In the general sessions there was an unaccustomed halo of titled grandeur around the president's chair, and the addresses were a trifle less encyclopedic, less strenuous to bring the history of the branch up to a late hour of the night before, but in all other respects the atmosphere was most familiar. At the dinner, however, the two ways parted. Every one knows what a serious matter the function is of itself to an Englishman. It is one of the most cherished institutions, older than the Magna Charta and almost as memorable. It is one of the laws of the Medes and Persians that it shall open with prayer, and the toast list begin with 'The Queen,' and continue through 'The Houses of Parliament' and 'The Army and Navy' down to 'Our Host.' It has two solemn chants peculiar to it—one, For He is a Jolly Good Fellow, which may be sung as often as is desired during the proceedings, the other, God Save the Queen, which may be sung but once, at the close. And the whole noble ritual was performed at Montreal. There were six hundred guests, thirty-three speakers, a military band to lead the choral responses, and a bugler of a Highland regiment in full uniform to signal 'Order!' for the toasts. So rigid a form, although impressive, has of course the drawback of making all dinners rather similar, and except for the last half-dozen speeches and the titles of two or three of the other speakers, one would hardly have recognized it as a distinctively medical occasion. It also makes it extremely difficult to say anything either unusual or interesting in responding to the toasts. Indeed, the average Briton gives up all hope of this, rises at the call of the chair in the spirit of Nelson's dictum, 'England expects that every man this day will do his duty,' buttons up his coat, clears his throat, and plunges, or, more accurately, wades painfully in. One hardly knows which to admire most, the dogged and self-sacrificing bravery of the half-choking speaker or the noble endurance of the audience. There were several notable exceptions, such as the touching words of dear old Lord Lister, the witty epigrams of the representative of the clergy, the brilliant speech of Dr. Keen, which, even at two o'clock in the morning, roused and fired the whole audience; but the general impression from the whole six hours of ceremonial was that the English still, as in the days of Froissart, 'love to take their pleasures sadly.'—*New York Medical Journal*.