

read a paper before you to-night I was at first puzzled, and then a feeling of actual helplessness began to overcome me as I took in the full force of the situation. In order to read a paper one must have a subject. The subject upon an occasion such as this should be fresh and entertaining, for if I understand properly the object of these reunions—these open meetings of your society, we are not here to listen to the dull technicalities of science or philosophy, nor to have exhibited to us the awful niceties of the surgeon's blade, nor to endure panegyrics upon the virtues of Gossypium or Jaborandi. All these delicacies are, no doubt, done full justice to at your regular meetings. But upon occasions such as the present, whether as friends, medical students, or practitioners, we are for a time to throw aside the cares of everyday life, and banish from our minds all thought of the morrow's burdens, and while this hall resounds with the inspiring strains of old "Litoria," the physician is to fancy himself once more, as in "Auld Lang Syne," sacrilegiously carving his name in undying letters upon the furniture of his alma mater. And those friends who have honored us by their presence to-night are to wish that they, too, had been medical students. No wonder, then, that I was puzzled to select a subject suitable for such an occasion. In my despair I appealed to your worthy President, and he blandly suggested that in my paper I should attempt a solution of the conundrum of the nineteenth century. Fellow students you will perceive at once the inappropriateness of such a subject, for, while we all concur in the determination never to give up that conundrum, we are all equally agreed that its solution, like many other grand mysterious dispensations of Providence, is completely beyond our powers. Thus thrown upon my resources I thought of writing an essay on "How to prevent the cholera invasion," but, as my remarks would probably never have been even heard of by the International Convention, fortunately for you I abandoned that idea. Then the idea of writing up the trials of medical students suggested itself to me. The medical student! The professor's pride and the policeman's pet—that anomalous being so little understood by those among whom he lives,—accused of all the misdeeds in the calendar of crime,—persecuted, frowned upon and laughed at by those who may some day invoke the aid of his

skill to rescue them from an untimely grave (and it is needless for me to state that assistance will be magnanimously, I may say even cheerfully, extended at the maximum rate of two dollars per bottle). And yet, Mr. President, anyone who is thoroughly acquainted with the actual condition of affairs must acknowledge that we have no class of students who labor more assiduously to prepare themselves for future usefulness;—none who so honestly strive to master the details of that mighty principle which underlies the alleviation of human misery; and none, when occasion calls, who so willingly brave contagious disease and death for the benefit of their fellow-beings. Speaking of medical students one is naturally brought to the consideration of a subject which, did time and your kind patience permit, I should have liked more particularly to dwell upon—I mean the preparation of the medical student for his life work, and what share literary education should have therein." I have no doubt many will exclaim, "The science of medicine is of itself sufficiently extensive to occupy our whole attention." I thoroughly agree with you, my friend. My recollections are too painfully vivid for me to forget the midnight toil and the early hours of the medical student. I cannot yet obliterate from my memory the total absorption of one's mental faculties in the mighty volume of "*Gray's Anatomy*," until one's very hair threatened to partake of the nature of the subject and turn—*Grey*.

Nor do I forget the painful delvings for grains of diagnostic truth in the stony bosom of "*Flint*,"—and the steadily increasing burden of work as the session approached its close, until one had not even time for those devotions at the shrines of Bacchus and of Venus, which some well-meaning but misinformed people consider so essential to every properly constituted medical student.

Notwithstanding these facts I cannot but believe that, if the preliminary education of a medical student possessed more of a literary character, it would not only enhance his future usefulness, but would increase his facilities for attaining to prominence in the pursuit of his medical course.

We have, to-day, medical men occupying some very high positions in this country of ours. The legislative halls of Canada contain many representatives of our profession. We are all proud to know that a former graduate of our beloved Alma Mater now occupies a position in the cabinet of