

may, therefore, be that Torontonians as a body are differently constituted. But I remember vividly that inaugural lecture, just as I remember my first morning in the dissecting room and the colossal appetite I had for lunch after it. That stands out as one of the greatest appetites of my life. I wonder if you will have the same experience. And of my first year in medicine I recall very little else. I do not recall anything that was said by the lecturer on that occasion. It is indeed given to very few men in a generation to enunciate thoughts in words that remain engraved upon the minds of their hearers, and as a class medical men, even if they be college professors, do not shine as orators. Most of us are amply satisfied if we can talk clear common-sense without frills, save it may be for an occasional aside, or anecdote, to flick up the attention of our hearers. You must not expect too much of us, or of me. But I have a vivid mental picture of the chemical theatre of the school in which, because of its size, the lecture was held, with medallions of the great chemists on the walls, of the array of the staff, with the Principal in the chair; of the dense crowd of students on the benches; a vivid memory of my attitude of mind; the unaccustomedness of it all; the wonderment what friends I should find in that crowd of strange faces; the wonderment that the new life would lead to. And so I imagine it will be with you. You to-night are taking part in an event which will remain with you through life. Wherefore I would that my remarks, if they cannot be memorable, be at least attuned to the state of mind of you who to-night enter upon your medical career.

And here, Mr. Dean, and more particularly gentlemen of the final year, perchance I owe you an apology. There are two orders of inaugural lectures. The one order strives after that supreme sensation that may come to the mountain climber who, starting at early dawn deep down in the valley, still so folded in shadow and filled with clinging mist that even the immediate path is scarced to be traced, experiences a sudden rift in that mist and through the rift is vouchsafed a transient view of the topmost pinnacle he would attain unto, poised in the upper air, its cold pure snow flushed and glowing in the generous sunlight—a revelation that with invincible attraction calls him onwards and