

schools, pass one, two, and sometimes many years in Europe before commencing the practice of their profession in Canada. London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, Vienna, Berlin are never without a contingent of young Canadian graduates, and, as you well know, many of our medical practitioners periodically visit Europe to add to their stock of acquirements and to renew the zest and relish of professional labor.

The medical schools of the country are modelled after your own. Their reputation for honest work is not unknown to you. The curriculum of medical studies is uniform and uniformly thorough.

In our universities, while the Chancellor is invested with jurisdiction over the members of the university, he has not the power to confer degrees in course upon anyone whose name is not furnished to him by one of the Faculties. Degrees in medicine are conferred upon certificate of the Dean or Master of the Faculty, stating that the candidate has been examined and found to be qualified.

In this respect our universities—Protestant as well as Catholic—are formed much on the model of the ancient University of Dublin, for which Clement V. gave a brief in the beginning of the fourteenth century. In all our medical schools clinical instruction holds a most important place. Hospitals are numerous, and the material at the disposal of the teacher is abundant.

The erection of hospitals has in later years been, with us, the work of individual effort and of private subscription. Hospitals are met with in all large cities in Canada, and sometimes even in the smaller towns. The last hospital erected in Montreal—the Victoria—is the munificent gift of two of her citizens. The first hospital—the Hotel Dieu—is the outcome of female love and heroism. The history of the latter is so strange, so unique, that I may be pardoned if I allude to it at length. When Jacques Cartier returned to France,

after his discovery of Canada, the news of his exploit travelled over France as quickly as was then possible. A French girl, described as young and beautiful, became impressed with the thought that the newly-found country should be the scene of her labors. She succeeded after a time in fitting out a small barque, with money furnished by a Madame Bullion, and, with twelve sailors, crossed the Atlantic in the spring of 1641. The sea voyage to Quebec occupied three months—it can now be accomplished in one-fifteenth of that time. The journey from Quebec to Montreal by the St. Lawrence, which can now be performed in a night, then occupied eight days. Miss Mance's barque came to anchor at a projecting point off the island of Montreal, then called Hochelaga. Hochelaga was, at that time, the *chef-lieu* of the war-like Hurons. They looked with amazement at the advent of pale-faced men and one pale-faced woman—for she was alone of her sex. They soon recovered from their surprise, however, and it was necessary for the colonists to throw up for their protection, as quickly as possible, wooden palisades on the land or rear approach; the big canoe, as the barque was styled, was a sufficiently imposing defence in front. If a colonist ventured beyond the palisades to gather fruit or berries, or to cut wood, he ran the risk of being pierced with arrows. Half of the first colonists perished in this manner, and Miss Mance was obliged to return to France in 1649, bringing back with her other recruits; and again in 1658, leaving France with twenty male and female recruits, half of whom died on the voyage of a form of plague. In their attacks on this small force some of the red men were wounded in return, and, when deserted by their comrades, they were brought within the palisades to what they and their tribe considered certain death—according to their own custom in warfare. They soon found the hospital to be a place of