

tion, patient perseverance, indomitable energy and pluck, personal probity and large *esprit de corps*, combined with ability and common sense, he showed the way, in spite of enervating influences within, to scale the rugged rocks of opposing difficulties and reach the heights of professional recognition and reward.

To refer to Harry Wright of Ottawa, as he was always affectionately called, in terms of moderation is no easy task. Save Osler alone, I know of no man ever in this Association who became in the same degree the personal friend of every one of us. His personal magnetism knew no bounds nor obstacles. Peculiarly situated in that he enjoyed the largest practice in the Capital, he became through the members of both Houses of Parliament intimately known throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, and from the highest to the lowest in the land, he was everywhere regarded as a true personal friend, a tried and trusted counsellor.

That without notice of his sailing, and free from "the sadness of farewell," he crossed the bar, was a great shock and grief to his innumerable friends, for Harry Wright was manifestly a favourite of the Gods,

"And him on whom, at the end
Of toil and dolour untold,
The Gods have said that repose
At last shall descend undisturb'd—
Him you expect to behold
In an easy old age, in a happy home ;
No end but this you praise.
But him on whom in the prime
Of life, with vigour undimmed,
With unspent mind, and a soul,
Unworn, undebased, undecayed,
Mournfully grating the gates
Of the City of Death have forever closed—
Him, I count him, well starr'd."

The last time the Association met in the City of Toronto (1889), H. P. Wright was President. But it was only a business meeting here, and the Association immediately adjourned to Banff. There it was his grievous task, very lovingly performed, to speak to the Association on the loss it had sustained through the premature death of his uncle, Dr. Robert Palmer Howard, of Montreal, one of the strongest minds ever associated with us, and *facile princeps* in Montreal's always strong contingent. That I am called upon to-day to do a similar office for himself fills me with grief, for "I owe more tears to this dead man than you shall see me pay."