

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."

While memory holds her seat in our distracted globes Harry Wright will never be forgotten; and the recollection of him will linger longer still, when our haunts of memory echo not, in the records of the hospital which he did so much to found and to foster, thanks to the munificence of that dear wife who was indeed "a helpmeet for him."

Of all these dead friends alike I take my leave in the time-honored words: "*Fratres, uvete atque valete!*"

"*Si quis piorum manibus locus, si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur animæ magnæ, placide quiescat!*"

One word of cheer and I have done. Amongst the recipients of the last "birthday honors" men noted with applause the names of Sir John Burdon Sanderson, Sir Michael Foster, and Sir William Mitchell Banks. These honors were not bestowed for political reasons, for special service to the Sovereign, or to the State as such, but simply in recognition of scientific labors conducted in the laboratory, the dissecting-room, and the ward. That two physiologists and a surgeon-anatomist should be selected for this distinction bodes well for the future of our art, the hope of whose progress and development is wholly based upon our science!

As your mouthpiece on this occasion let me offer to these gentlemen, our masters and teachers of old, our warmest and sincerest congratulations upon the recognition by the Fountain of Honor of their great merit, worthiness, and deserts. Let us wish them long life and happiness to enjoy these honors which were never won more worthily, and which none will wear more "lightly as a flower." "*Floreat Res Medica!*"