

that we have one common mother country. Thank God, we are no longer strangers. There is a broad, well-beaten trail between your fair land and ours. You may build your prospective fleet of battleships, but the friendly invasions cannot be stayed.

In medicine, especially, we have a common interest, nor do we need to quote the well-known saying of Voltaire: "Il n'y a pour quiconque pense ni Francais, ni Anglais; celui qui nous instruit est nôtre compatriote."

I am especially desirous of emphasizing the progress of the obstetric and gynecic arts because, at the present day, one hears on every side that gynecology as a specialty is on the wane; that it has outlived its usefulness and will soon be merged in general surgery. It would hardly be necessary to deny this statement before an audience of medical teachers, for never before has greater attention been paid to these allied subjects in our colleges. Witness the recent report of the Committee on Obstetrics and Gynecology of the American Medical Association. But it is undeniable that such an impression does prevail among the profession. Before I sit down I hope to convince you that we have just begun to touch upon the mysteries of the pelvis, and that, so far from being moribund, gynecology has a future even more glorious than its past. If I were in the least disposed to be egotistical, such a feeling would always be dispelled when I call before my mental vision a quiet library in my native city, to me a shrine, where sits day after day in serene, beautiful old age, my (yes, *our*) dear friend and teacher, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, long past fourscore, with eye undimmed and mind as clear and vigorous as it was twenty-five years ago. Always studying and writing, always cheerful and optimistic, though long since retired from active practice, he is still a keen observer of current events. He is the old and the new, the spirit of eternal youth. "My work is done," he said to me not long ago, "and I am waiting for the call." As our poet-naturalist has beautifully expressed it:

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
For lo! my own shall come to me."

When we think of *his* half-century of work, and work that will endure long after our little ephemeral tasks are finished and forgotten, we of the younger generation must feel humble indeed.

"I know so little," said that great pioneer of abdominal surgery, Keith, when asked why he had made such infrequent