

regard. She is, as you well know, most firmly attached to the parent State; she glories in your past, she is deeply interested in your future; your glory is her glory; your future is her future; and she is grateful for any thought of her in your councils, especially where science is concerned, and where the common good of mankind is the object.

It was the desire, on our part, to be in closer touch with you, which made it possible, last year, for that able and indefatigable worker, Mr. Ernest Hart, to successfully establish those more intimate relations which now so happily exist between members of our profession in the parent State and in the Canadian Dominion. Mr. Hart passed quickly from Vancouver to Quebec, and at his touch branches sprang as quickly into existence as beacon fires were once lit on the summits of your Welsh hills.

Coming, as I do, to the very apex of surgical art from the wide circumference of its base beyond the seas; it might appear bold were I to attempt, as we sometimes do in Canada, to pass in review the advances in our art during a certain period. There we are accustomed to glean from the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and other countries, the best fruits of their workers, and to place them before the profession, stamped, for the most part already, with the mark of your and of their approbation. But that would here be dangerous, for an address of that nature, however carefully prepared, nicely adjusted, thoroughly combed down, complete and fashioned in all its parts, when leaving the western hemisphere, might, on its arrival here, be found to be wanting in the most recent of its important features—features with which you, in the meantime, might have become familiar—for the advances in our art excel in speed, sometimes, the swiftness of ocean travel.

It has been found by some of my pre-

decessors in this rostrum that the advances in surgery have been so great and so important, that to follow them at all closely in their many ramifications would be impossible. This difficulty seems to have occurred to my immediate predecessor—the learned Edinburgh surgeon—and, in his admirable address, he turned at once, and for relief as it were, to surgical rest. But the rest, aptly termed surgical, for which Professor Chiene, following Mr. Hilton, had secured so much attention was objective. It seems to me that with this much needed surgical rest there runs *pari passu* a surgical unrest which is subjective, and which will be my text for a moment.

On this the eastern side of the Atlantic, where, in every branch of commerce, in every trade and handicraft, in every liberal art, in every learned profession, the lines which divide the work to be done by each are, for the most part, clearly and distinctly traced, the ceaseless agitation of life is marvelous, and would seem to favor the view long ago expressed by DeQuincey, that solitude was, even in his time, becoming a visionary idea in this country. Yet to me, a visitor, it appears life here is calm, quiet, placid when compared with that on the western continent. Here there is time for easy and familiar intercourse; there it is grudgingly given. Here you leisurely perform the functions necessary for the repair of wasted tissue, and the reception of food, recreation and sleep have each their due time allotted to them; there they are unduly curtailed as things which might be realized and converted into currency. This state of unrest everywhere—but especially in the western world—is not favorable to the surgeon, the full capabilities of whose intellect are not unfolded without sufficient occasional leisure and thought and retirement, all of which are in some measure denied to him in our new and overactive world. With you, as with us—but, as it seems to me, not so much with you as with