

Contrast these facts with the time in the history of the library when Dr. H. J. Hamilton, one of our past-presidents of the Academy, called upon a number of us for a small donation that urgent needs might be met and the work of the library be carried on. But "Hope, like the gleaming taper's light," led us on.

The grim reaper, Death, has claimed his quota of our Fellows. Dr. H. C. Burritt, a life Fellow, was full of years and honors, and had occupied a number of important offices as an expression of the goodwill of his professional brethren. Dr. Bruce Smith was one of our active Fellows, and always welcome at our social and scientific gatherings. He gave many of his most useful years to the bettering of the conditions in the asylums, hospitals, orphanages, charities and prisons of this province. His annual reports reveal what a keen interest he took in these institutions, and what a wide and hopeful view he held for the future. To his work the profession and the public owe much. And then his presence among us was like a benediction. Dr. Norman Yellowlees was but on the threshold of a promising career. He took a lively interest in the Academy's affairs, and offered his services to the army, going with the University of Toronto Base Hospital to Saloniki, where he met death by accidental drowning. To know Dr. Yellowlees was to admire his many good qualities. Still another able practitioner and upright associate was taken from our ranks by the death of Dr. Bartholomew E. McKenzie. Dr. B. E. McKenzie was favorably known throughout the country, and, indeed, was widely known in the United States as a specialist in the field of orthopedic surgery. Often have we heard his voice in clear and forceful tones enunciating his views on the topics of debate. The deaths of these Fellows bring to our minds the words of Horace: *Pallida mors aequa pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regnumque turres*; pale death comes with impartial footsteps to the homes of all. Emerson tells us that "the death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius to stimulate us in our way of life." We may well associate with the memories of these deceased Fellows the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Take them, O Father, in immortal trust!
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last angel rolls the stone away,
And a new morn brings eternal day!

It is always a pleasure to learn of our Fellows receiving recognition for their services, and having honors conferred upon