

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 predecessors 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