

when pathology was not the living subject it now is, first made their mark as pathologists and investigators. The greatness of these men one and all was founded upon pathology, the post mortem room, the laboratory and the museum and herein lay the secret of their power. In their knowledge of the actual appearances and relationships of diseased organs, they possessed a veritable X-Ray apparatus; recognising the outward and visible signs of disease, they had an immediate inward and spiritual vision of the diseased organs; they looked beyond the surface and from their experience they were able to form a correct mental picture of the lesions present; they knew surely from that same experience what associated lesions were likely to be present or to be developed, and armed with this knowledge, they fought, not with a hidden and distant, but with an unmasked and present foe, and in these days I need not advise you of all the greatness of the advantage that thus was theirs.

There is, I must confess, a considerable mixture of metaphors in these last few sentences of mine. However, you will grasp my meaning so let them stand. It is the fashion by-the-bye on the part of the purists to decry mixture of metaphors. I doubt though whether within certain limits the purists are not foolish in this matter. The object of language—of good language spoken or written—is not, save in the case of a diplomatist, to conceal thought, but on the contrary to translate vividly to the audience the ideas and sentiments present in the mind of the author. When Sir Boyle Roche of immortal memory rose in his seat and in his wrath in the Irish House of Commons to expose as he imagined a nefarious plot, had he been a purist and not an Irishman he might have stated—“Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat, I see him emerging out of the obscurity of his hole, but mark you, Mr. Speaker, I will exterminate the vermin,” or “Mr. Speaker, I smell a smell, see the mephitic fumes beginning to ascend beneath our very noses, but mark you, Mr. Speaker, ere they rise further I will disperse them and ventilate this House,” or again, “Mr. Speaker, it is a baneful flower that I smell, it is growing that I see it; see Mr. Speaker, it is about to open; but mark you, Mr. Speaker, I will yet nip it in the bud.” Had he used any of these metaphors he would have been as correct as a purist could desire and almost as unimpressive as the ordinary every day parliamentarian, for he would only feebly have conveyed his main idea to his audience. Who hesitates for a moment to understand, and be impressed by what he did say—“Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat, I see it floating in the air, but mark you, Mr. Speaker, I will nip it in the bud.”

Although, gentlemen, as you may infer from my lectures, I regard pathology as of singularly great importance to the medical student, nevertheless it has to be recognized that the success of our school and of