

is to be written is embraced by a certain poet in two short lines:

“Urge and urge and urge  
Always the procreant urge of the world.”

Dr. Campbell, professor of surgery, succeeded Dr. Holmes as Dean. The medical students of McGill have probably never looked up to any other man with quite the same reverence that they bestowed freely upon him. Noble in stature, face, manner and speech, he was a typical leader of men, and especially of young men. It did us more good simply to see him and to hear his voice than the whole teaching of a lesser man would have done. I was fortunate enough upon graduating to receive some prize books, which to-day are among my most precious possessions, because they are inscribed in the bold handwriting of grand old George Campbell.

I do not know how the students of to-day like their lectures on chemistry, but in my time, at all events to me, the lectures given by Dr. Sutherland were a source of constant pleasure. I can see his keen eye and handsome, kindly face, and hear his ready, eloquent words, uttered indifferently in French or English, as plainly now as I could in that far-back time while watching and listening to him, myself sitting all eyes and ears on a bench well toward the front of the room so that no detail might escape me. Dr. Sutherland was enthusiastically admired and most highly respected by the students who, in my time, were not as a rule especially guarded in their language, and what they thought was pretty apt to be said; it is all the more significant on that account that all the time I was at college, and all the time since, I have never heard a word spoken by one of them of either Dr. Campbell or Dr. Sutherland which, if known to them, would have displeased them. These three men, Drs. Holmes, Campbell and Sutherland, had our respect, our admiration and our gratitude, but the affection of the medical student of my day was given to Dr. Howard. Even now as I speak I see his tender, thoughtful eyes and hear his wise and gentle words. As a physician, as a friend, as a man, R. Palmer Howard lives to-day in my loving remembrance as among the wisest, truest, most kindly and best of all the men whom I have known.

Before I close this part of my discourse permit me to speak