

DR. ROSS AS A MAN.

BY JOHN L. DAVISON, TORONTO.

MR. President and Gentlemen,—I esteem myself particularly happy in having been asked by you, sir, to make some remarks upon our late much lamented Dr. Ross as a man. After Dr. Temple's kindly address on Dr. Ross' characteristics as a member of the profession, my task should be easy, but I find a difficulty, not in lack of material, but in the very *embarrass des richesses*, which the subject offers me.

For many years it was my good fortune to be very intimately connected with Dr. Ross in a social way, and I felt and still feel that I knew him thoroughly. To say that to know him was to love him may sound like a platitude of platitudes, but in this case it is a simple statement of fact.

Perhaps no calamity has occurred in my lifetime which so shocked me, and this to a great extent, because of the, humanly speaking, needlessness of the catastrophe. Nature's laws are, however, inexorable. The law of gravity is not more certain than the law of accidents. What to our finite minds looks purely accidental is as much a part of the law, the great one and eternal law, as is the rolling of the suns in their course. We are forced to look upon nature as supreme. The race progresses, the onward march of evolution is never stayed, but the individual is a vanishing quantity. Human distinction, matters not; the scientist and the yokel, the prince and the peasant are all equal under this universal law of nature. As has been well said by someone, "So careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life."

"Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres."

Such considerations may bring us comfort when we reflect in our calm moments about our own taking off, but to the crushed hearts of loving relatives and friends, they bring little solace.

The versatility of Dr. Ross' character makes it impossible to speak of him under all the phases of his active and useful life, and I shall very briefly attempt only a few. First allow me to give those of you who never were his companions in the wilds, some idea of his character in the field of sport. He was an ardent lover of the rifle, the gun, and the rod. There is no place in the world, so far as I know, where one gets so close to a man, where one finds out what kind of timber he is made of so well as on the trail, in the canoe, and around the camp fire. It is pleasant to think of the many glorious hours and days we spent together on the blue waters of the lakes of Algonquin Park and of