

lectures at any opportunity, and found myself evenings in the dissecting room with a lot of rude, profane, yes, dissipated medical students. My friend Dr. Root was a Christian, an honest man. He died about thirty years since. After graduating he married; went to New York and commenced practice on Bond Street, where I always found a home when I went to the city. His influence over me at that time of life was most salutary. How many of the students then in that college went to bad; indeed, in looking over my life, how many of my former friends in the profession are alive? Indeed, few of *my* students are living. Few have escaped the snares of the tempter. I can count them by the score with whom I was so intimately connected, besides others who were young, bright, and with whom I had such friendly intercourse, who felt conscious of their strength to overcome temptations, and who used to laugh at my temperance principles; indeed, used to tell me that I did not know how to enjoy myself, that I was a fanatic, yes, a fool. Perhaps I was, but I was rewarded for the stand I took, and elected to the highest gift of the temperance people in Canada, viz., Grand Worthy Chief of the Good Templars of Canada, while my wiser friends, many, many of them are filling dishonored graves. I prefer being a temperance fool rather than a drunken one. But it was the mark of a "gentleman" to get drunk, and the standard of comparison was "drunk as a lord."

Profane swearing was fashionable. Even "ladies" (?) were allowed to sprinkle their conversation with oaths. All these customs are rapidly changing, not by the development of culture, however, but by the triumphant march of the spirit of Christ Jesus. Alas, alas, where am I wandering?

In one year I came out a full-fledged dentist; and with a fair outfit, a book of gold foil and of tin foil, a few teeth and colossal cheek, I started out. My objective point was St. Louis, Mo. First I had to make some money, and meeting a newly-made M.D., with whom I had spent many hours at the college that winter, he prevailed upon me to stop off at Rome, N.Y. There I made some money, and was invited into the country about twelve miles, to a place called Remson, the birthplace of President Cleveland, where I had a glorious time for three months; made about \$100; was rich.

I went from town to village, and finally brought up at Watertown, and next move was to Kingston, and finally to Belleville, where I met my first wife, and became engaged to get married. I then started to look for a location. I went to Kingston, Prescott, Ottawa, Cornwall and finally to Montreal, where I spent a week. It was in February. I found the cold too much for me and went back west. I went to Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Chatham, London and back to Belleville.