

Class History, Medicine '99.

"Here is the moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past
First freedom and then glory."

The above is apt in a sense, in a large sense, moreover in its widest sense, but it is not so when we go into detail; for when we are specific, as the teacher advises us to be, do we find that all is not freedom in the medical world but rather the contrary. The man devoting his life and best energies to the study and practice of the healing art is a veritable slave to public interests, yet free from prejudice, error of thoughts, narrowness of opinion and many other ills. In both these conditions of service and of freedom consists the future glory of a medical student's career.

The month of September, 1895, ushered into the hallowed precincts of the Medical Faculty of Old McGill a hundred odd characters, odd in more ways than one, subjects alike of pity and respect. On each face was an expression of admiration and of eager expectancy regarding the scholastic career about to commence. Our verdant, shy, retiring natures were at once evident for C-k, the ever thoughtful and ever kind, initiated us in our first efforts in standing alone with the cordial greeting of "Well my juvenile acquaintance," accompanied by the customary tap on the shoulder. His early pointers on "How to become famous" and "Methods in Managing University Affairs," secured decidedly more confidence in regard to the existence of our, up to the present, unexposed talents.



The "Introductory Lecture" was full of wisdom interspersed with snatches of brilliant wit. Dr. Lafleur's remarks produced a decided impression upon our youthful minds, and the many excellent qualities which we now possess are doubtless the result of his friendly advice given on this occasion.

Our first regular lecture—Anatomy—although somewhat dry as regards subject matter (bones) became decidedly fresh to our young and verdant minds, when, at a later date the action of the "Serratus Magnus" was portrayed. Pappa MacD—we noticed was visibly affected and has meanwhile reduced that motion to a fine art.

The dissecting room, the entrance of which seems to be the goal of every embryo med's ambition, was now open. George V. of England and I. of McGill was receiving and formally introduced us to the work set before us. George is a sphinx-like character, whose remarks consist for the most part of "Time Gentlemen please." Though one might infer from the above that George is a referee to a prize fight, I may state that such is not the case, but he certainly is a diplomat and an artist in his particular line of work. His system of banking is unique, but might I suggest that the hour for "Cashing" cheques be slightly before that for making deposits. The two characters most noted in the dissecting room were the "Sparring Partners," Brother B-l-s and the Rev. A. P-t-s-n. The Rev. Andrew was given to indulge in friendly intercourse on strictly scientific subjects with his fellow students, but he was generally brought to time by his austere associate who scoffed at such frivolity.

Our first lecture in Physiology, how shall I describe it, how can I record the variety set before us? The every detail of the work, the darkness of the past, the dimness of the present, and the brilliant prospects of the future; the unlimited extent of the subject—which moreover we have realized) the indivi-