

not alone Montreal, but Canada, lost one of her ablest and most common sense practitioners—a man of sound judgment, careful observation, and reserved deliberation. He held with honor several chairs in McGill University, in all of which he discharged the duties and responsibilities devolving upon him with marked ability. Of the entire staff of my Alma Mater, McGill, of fifty years ago, not one is left. As a physician he was a trusted friend and counsellor, who always brought cheer and encouragement into every household in his rounds of professional duty.

Culture is an important factor in the life history of the physician, and cannot begin too soon. The brain like the stomach requires a change of diet to keep it strong, active and vigorous. In this progressive age, the profession should keep in touch, not only with the current literature of the day, but as well, be fortified by the intellectual friction of the older masters.

A western physician, travelling abroad, met the distinguished Charcot in Paris to whom he spoke in high terms of his preceptor. What has he done, I have not seen any of his writings. He never wrote anything I am aware of, but he had a most extensive practice. Said Charcot, is that the proper estimate of professional excellence?

Many are proud to be called practical with no spare time to write. Such men do not rise to the highest standard of the profession. Large incomes and bank books are of little account, when contrasted with the careful record of passing events, in the life history, and discharge of the honorable duty and responsibility of the trusted physician. Nothing leads more to establish a good reputation than method and system in defining disease and its manifestations, all of which I would most strongly recommend to my young friends. In conclusion let me ask you what were our great grand parents doing about one hundred years ago. In 1805 England feared a Napoleonic invasion. Pitt was then at the helm of affairs, and Prime Minister of England at 24 years of age. His rival, Fox flourished about the same time and died shortly afterwards. In the exact line of literature, seldom has there been a time, when so many master minds flourished. Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Lamb and Coleridge, had then established their intellectual power, and almost marvelous personality. The very schoolroom was then honored by Macaulay, Carlyle, and Shelly, who have since given the world a literature, the pride and admiration of all thinking people. Before resuming my seat, let me recall an event in the life of Michael Angelo. In Venice, he said, his mission was to take "The Angel" out of a large block of marble, placed in front of him, which he hoped to accomplish.

Our mission is to remove disease as far as possible, which is frequently like the angel of Michael Angelo, concealed from view, but gradually and steadily, through the advancement of science, is placed in clearer light.