

It is just twenty-five years since I came to McGill,—a boy full of hope and full of fear, and if I could lay claim to any virtues it was to an enthusiastic interest in my work and an admiration of my teachers. I can see before me now that worthy old Scotchman, William Fraser, lecturing on the Institutes of Medicine, and if he did *commoonicate* and talk to us of *guiñcum* he taught us Physiology to the best of his ability, and according to the light of that time; and Scott, whose handsome presence and rich voice made up, to a certain extent, for the rather strictly didactic method he observed in teaching Anatomy. How well I remember his perennial joke about the foramen magnum, and the equally familiar commentary on the thickness of the washer-woman's skull who tried to make a living by washing for medical students. Then the eloquent, detailed, somewhat lengthy and awe-inspiring lectures on Materia Medica, by my much respected namesake, can never be forgotten by any student of that period, when more time was devoted to this branch than to any other three.

I will complete this little sketch of the primary men by an allusion to the teacher in Chemistry. Though his experiments sometimes failed at the critical moment, his prompt and lucid explanation satisfied us the fault was not in him. His lectures were earnest and ample, his manner genial and *sympathetic*. He was known as the students' special friend (an honour I dare say he sometimes regretted). He is to-day, gentlemen, your Dean, and, I have no doubt, occupies the same place in your hearts as he did in ours a quarter of a century ago.

I might dwell a long time over these pleasant recollections, but I must pass on, only mentioning the honoured names of Campbell, Fenwick, Howard and MacCallum,—all good men and true, faithful to McGill at a time when she required loyal support, and faithful to their profession when so much depended on faith.

Great changes have indeed been wrought since then. Year by year, as if by a gradual process of evolution, things and methods have altered. The dingy brick building in Cotté street is supplanted by a bright, well-ventilated stone one in the College