

brought up in that great classic of the nursery, Rudyard Kipling's Mowgli cycle. I am old enough, I may add, to have been privileged to read those Jungle Books time and time again to my own youngsters. Thus, if your early education has not been painfully neglected, you will remember all about the Council Rock and how the cubs were brought to the Pack meeting that the other wolves might identify them, after which inspection the cubs were free to run as they pleased, until such time as they had shown their ability to kill their first buck. In this last matter possibly the metaphor is a little strained, I might even say unfortunate. It depends wholly upon what era in the student career you take as representing the killing of the first buck. Well, gentlemen, this is a Pack meeting. To-night you are presented to the whole pack, from Akela, the great grey lone wolf who leads by his strength and cunning, through the badger-colored veterans who can handle a buck alone, to the young black three-year-olds, some of whom already think that they could; others, also, yet younger are gambolling around. And, of course, as in the Cycle, the good old bear of a Baloo is omnipresent, ready to teach the Law of the Jungle. "Good hunting, brothers!" whether it be but cub hunting in these days or later the real grim strenuous work of the world!

For myself, I still remember my inaugural lecture, or rather the occasion thereof. I think it is Osler who somewhere remarks that looking back on his professional life he finds that he recalls not one steady unfolding of episode out of episode but a series of vignettes—episodes separated from one another by blankness of the forgotten. I know it is the same with me. I was talking the other day with a young minx of fifteen and she volunteered the observation that certain places and events at the ages of four, six, seven and so on, survived unconnected in her memory, and she wondered whether they too would in time follow their fellows into oblivion. Wherefore, I suppose, we are all constituted alike; though, by-the-by, I recall that Osler gives the exception of a distinguished graduate of Toronto—a medical man who has made his mark in literature—who seems to show, by the elaborate analysis of his mental attitude at different periods, that he remembers every little event in his career. It