

attention to the disease which I, alas! have so vainly endeavoured to combat. Then everyone can have the disease all to themselves, and *stick to it.*"

And this, gentlemen, is the story of "The Habitant."

In the analysis of everything that is human, the medical man is indeed a *specialist*; therefore, in if painting types, in delineating human weaknesses, passions, and foibles, I have gained *your* applause: I am more than satisfied that my work has at least been *fairly* well done."

After Dr. Drummond's speech, a very pleasant time was spent, contributions in the shape of song, speech or story being furnished by each one present. It is impossible to refer to these in detail, yet it will not be invidious to single out two or three for special mention. Dr. Wilson's recitations of selections from "The Habitant" were a great treat. They were rendered in a most sympathetic spirit and with rare artistic finish. There is no doubt, as the Chairman stated, that a considerable proportion of the interest which has been taken in Dr. Drummond's poems, in Montreal at least, has resulted from Dr. Wilson's masterly presentation of them during the past few years.

Dr. Drummond's reading for the first time of a new poem, entitled "*Phil-O-Rum's Canoe*," was listened to with keen interest.

Another feature of the evening was Dr. Craik's closing speech, which focused the attention of all present. In a few well-chosen sentences, the Dean spoke weighty words of wisdom regarding the importance of literary studies to the medical man, who, too often, owing to the pressure of his work, allowed his mind to be cramped within the purely professional limits of his life. He urged upon his hearers the value of continual attention to "*Belles Lettres*," not merely as a pleasant recreation in itself, but also as a means of opening new avenues of interest, of keeping the mind in a sympathetic attitude towards the whole world of thought—in a word, of enabling them to attain the highest ideal of the cultured physician.

We congratulate Dr. Drummond on the success of the supper given in his honour; still more on the triumphal progress which his book has made.

We doubt if any poet has ever known ten thousand copies of his first volume to be bought by a ravenous public within a few weeks of publication. Yet this has been Dr. Drummond's good fortune.

We do not know what his future literary ventures may be, but we feel sure that they will be worthy of the man,—worthy of his first success. Modern literature has too many examples of men who, having achieved fame by their early strenuous labours, thereafter pour forth their drivelling, slovenly stuff upon the credulous public.