

gentleman of the British Empire ascended its throne. Yours is the first class to go hence after three decades in the growth of this college. Hence, if it were practicable within the limits of my address, it would be fitting to revive the memories and review for your imitation the lives of that long procession of our revered predecessors who adorned the century which has gone and lived to add honour and dignity to its work. It would be profitable to summarize the incomparable progress in the healing art during the era of our late lamented sovereign, who, despite "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," must ever be enshrined in memory as "Victoria the good." Nor would it be inopportune at this peculiar time to recount the annals of your Alma Mater, and tell of the deeds of the children born of her during the past thirty years, who are with us to-day in spirit if not in person.

Favoured as we are to behold the dawn of a new century, of a king's reign and of a fourth decade, alluring and inspiring as is the theme, I shall leave it to those riper in years and professional experience to indulge in such a retrospect. I will leave it to them to rehearse the stupendous achievements of the nineteenth century, and tell of its innumerable discoveries whose consequences are of such moment in the alleviation of human suffering.

I pass over the revolution begun by Pinel and Tuke, on which I might be pardoned for lingering, whereby the insane are now regarded as patients instead of persons possessed, with hospitals to shelter them in lieu of reeking dungeons, their keepers replaced by nurses, science assuming control of the mind dethroned, aided by Christian benevolence and pity.

I forego sketching the reform brought about in one generation in the nursing of the sick, both of mind and body, the greatest marvel being that the world waited so long for Florence Nightingale to show the need of such a blessing. Nor shall I dwell on the astonishing advances in methods, the introduction of instruments and remedies undreamt of 100 years ago, the delineation of which would sound like some fairy tale.

I will leave it to the silver-haired fathers to tell of the heroes we worship who lent lustre to the reign of our late Queen. Many of whom, who like her were faithful to the end, now rest. Ours is the loss if we do not cherish the memories of such men, who oft amidst trial and hardship kept our profession in the van of the progress that marked the Victorian era. Our highest inspiration is to be found in "the touch divine of noble natures gone."

I will leave our worthy Dean to narrate the infant struggles of this institution in whose stalwart maturity we all rejoice. Perhaps I may be suffered to tarry a moment to laud its breadth of view and cosmopolitan character. Not only does Bishop's welcome students from all climes, but its teaching staff hail from at least five universities. Though fostered by the church of England, all creeds seek its lecture-rooms, and it may point with pride to its having in succession as professorial valedictorians an Anglican, a Presbyterian and a Methodist.