

rank within a period altogether too short to justify a prediction that she has reached the zenith. She will probably reverse the history of Hellas, in which the mental superiority was at first with the colonies. At the end of the next century, ardent old-world students may come to this side "as o'er a brook," seeking inspiration from great masters, perhaps in this very city; or the current may turn towards the schools of the great nations of the south. Under new and previously unknown conditions, the Africander, the Australian, or the New Zealander may reach a development before which even "the glory that was Greece" may pale. Visionary as this may appear, it is not one whit more improbable to-day than would have been a prophecy made in 1797 that such a gathering as the present would be possible within a century on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Meanwhile, to the throbbing vitality of modern medicine the two great meetings held this month, in lands so widely distant, bear eloquent testimony. Free, cosmopolitan, no longer hampered by the dogmas of schools, we may feel a just pride in a profession almost totally emancipated from the bondage of error and prejudice. Distinctions of race, nationality, color and creed are unknown within the portals of the temple of *Æsculapius*. Dare we dream that this harmony and cohesion so rapidly developing in medicine, obliterating the strongest lines of division, knowing no tie of loyalty but loyalty to truth—dare we hope, I say, that in the wider range of human affairs a similar solidarity might ultimately be reached? Who can say that the forges of time will weld no links between man and man stronger than those of religion or of country? Some Son of Beor, touched with prophetic vision, piercing the clouds which now veil the eternal sunshine of the mountain top—some spectator of all time and all existence (to use Plato's expression)—might see in this gathering of men of one blood and one tongue a gleam of hope for the future, of hope at least that the great race so dominant on the earth to-day may progress in the bonds of peace—a faint glimmer perhaps of the larger hope of humanity, of the day when "the common sense of most shall hold a fretful world in awe." There remains for us, Greater Britons of whatsoever land, the bounden duty to cherish the best traditions of our fathers, and particularly of the men who gave to British medicine its most distinctive features, of the men, too, who found for us the light and liberty of Greek thought—Linacre, Harvey, and Sydenham, those ancient founts of inspiration and models for all time in Literature, Science, and Practice.