

stantly felt as that of a friend rather than a teacher, and his friendliness was marked by some delicious traits of humor. In Baltimore, he will be very much missed for this as well as for his great teaching qualities. No more will Dr. Thayer come home at one in the morning from some medical meeting to find the placard on his door announcing that he does medical practice for fifty per cent. less than any one else in the neighborhood, and when Dr. Opie comes to town, there will be nobody to tell the reporter of his distinguished athletic prowess, the many medals that he holds for athletic events. Many a joke has Osler played on the reporters, but they have more than repaid him in recent times, although it was all unconsciously.

*Dr. Osler—The Author and Physician.*—Dr. Abram Jacobi, of New York, spoke to this toast. He said :

Years ago, on some public occasions, the subject of to-night's onslaughts commended me for having passed six years of my post-graduate existence without writing, or rather publishing a single line, and seemed to congratulate those whom it might concern, upon my discreet literary behavior then and ever afterward. Him, however, I praise for having written and not ceased to write these several decades ; for him art has certainly been long, and opportunities he has not allowed to be fleeting. Indeed, the better part of an afternoon I have spent at the library of the New York Academy of Medicine in the pleasurable occupation of copying the titles of his books, and lectures, and addresses, and pamphlets, and papers.

But lo ! and behold my disappointment. Part of his books, of which there are, after all, only a dozen or thereabout, in fifty or more editions, he has not even produced himself. For you will admit, and he must confess, that it is only the first editions that should be credited to the author ; all the subsequent ones are due not to him, but to the greediness of the public. There are even those who pretend to know that he is no better than a tyro in publishing, in that he never had title pages ready for binding, after every fifty sales, with the inscription : "second thousand," "twentieth," or "ninetieth thousand."

Of cyclopedias and translations he kept going or aided in keeping going, I counted only fifteen ; his shortcomings, however, are most surprising in connection with his sterility compared with the rest of the world's journalistic output. We take in the New York Academy's library one thousand medical (excuse the word, it does not always fit) magazines : the affliction of the Surgeon-General's library is still more deplorable. Now imagine, there are many hundreds of them to which Dr. Osler never contributed so much as a line or as a "how do you do." Indeed, I could not mention the names of more than forty (British and German included) that can boast of his name on their indexes.