

physicians. He was also one of the board of governors. It was mainly by his advice and owing to his influence, that the Training School for Nurses in connection with the hospital was established. The success of the school has amply justified all he said in advocating the scheme.

When the late Mr. Doran bequeathed to the hospital a share of his estate, the board of governors decided to erect a building for the care of women afflicted with those diseases peculiar to their sex. In the planning and equipping of this building, Dr. Fenwick's experience and knowledge of similar institutions in other cities was of great advantage to the board. The building was formally opened in February, 1894, and Dr. Fenwick was placed in charge. During the past two years many difficult and critical operations were there successfully performed by Dr. Fenwick. His death will be acutely felt by all connected with the hospital.

Such was Dr. Fenwick's professional life. In it there was much to admire and much which must have afforded him satisfaction and pleasure. No life, however, is all sunshine. Into his private life dark sorrows came. Married in early life to Miss Sterling, there were born to him two children, who survive him. After a few years of happy married life Mrs. Fenwick succumbed to a lingering disease, and thus his home was desolate. After five years he married the second daughter of Mr. Clark Hamilton, of this city. This union was broken by the death of his wife within a year. From this marriage there survives one daughter. In June last he married the eldest daughter of Col. MacPherson, of Ottawa. Dr. Fenwick thus leaves a widow and three children to mourn his loss. Nothing that can be said or done, can console them for the untimely demise of the husband and father. But sorrow for the dead is not confined to them alone. His colleagues, his students, his patients and the public claim the right of sharing with his immediate relatives the grief which all irresistibly feel when they think of the life which was so tragically and so heroically ended.

THE PRINCIPAL'S TRIBUTE.

Every step in the progress of our race is gained by the sacrifice of those who lead the advance: and the men who are unwilling to be sacrificed are unfit to be leaders. This applies to progress in every department: in religion, morals, science, literature, and in material things. In the death of our colleague, Professor Fenwick, we have an illustration of this universal law. He led the advance in aseptic surgery in Kingston, and developed it to its present state of completeness. To him, we are indebted for triumphs of successful operations never before

attempted here. And now our exultation is turned into mourning because the leader has fallen a victim to those minute deadly poisons, to fight which he devoted his life and over which he gained so many beneficent victories. It is the old, old story renewed: humanity in crushing the head of some concrete form of evil, suffers in that very member through which it gained the victory.

We are sometimes told that it is hard to reconcile vicarious suffering or punishment with our sense of justice. It is not only hard but impossible to those whose conceptions of the life of humanity are dominated by the thought that each individual is a separate unit unrelated to the whole. They forget that such a conception is the purest abstraction. To those who realize the unity, the grandeur, and the destiny of the race from which the individual derives everything that makes life worth living, the difficulty vanishes. The leader has the joy of conflict and the joy of victory. That is his share and he counts it sufficient. At this point, lest he should use for selfish purposes what he has attained, lest he should be tempted to say, "Soul, henceforth take thine ease," he is made a sacrifice, for his own sake, for the sake of the truth he has gained, and for the sake of humanity. Better for himself that it should be so. His true self is fitted for the larger commerce of Heaven. Better for the truth, one grain of which is worth thousands of human lives. Better for the Temple of Humanity, the cement of whose stones is the blood of those who have laboured in the good cause of the redemption of man from every form of evil.

Fellow Professors and Fellow Students! Let us consecrate ourselves here anew to high aims and lives redeemed from all that is low, base, selfish and sinful. All of us are members of noble professions, or looking forward to membership. Let us not think it enough to live by our professions. Let the lower life be swallowed up in that which the profession symbolizes and stands for. Let us never be satisfied with that to which we have attained; but at every cost—and no step in advance is gained without cost,—let us struggle forward to the high places of the field where the Unseen Shining Ones shall crown and enroll us among the Immortals.

FROM THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

When the news spread that Dr. K. N. Fenwick lay dangerously ill, an unusual anxiety marked the countenance of every medical student. During the days he battled with our common enemy, death, this anxious look on each student's face seemed to ask the question his voice was fain to speak. When we realized that the bonds which bound us to the