

that I came to the conclusion that I would adhere to the idea of this Society, that each item of its transactions should be as brief as possible and not presume on your good-nature. The explorations in territory hitherto practically dark and unknown regions of surgery and pathology are amazing. Great highways have been driven through completely new country, and yet plenty remains for the ambitious explorer to clear up. I sometimes think how astonished some of the old surgeons, or even those of not so long ago, would be if they could see the present day operating theatre and its modus operandi. Fancy Astley Cooper, or Liston, or even Syme, who used to amputate a limb in the simplest and speediest fashion, rapidity in those days counting for so much that often students wrangled over the number of seconds their favorite surgeon required for any given amputation—fancy Syme looking at the surgeon of to-day in his flowing white apron sleeves rolled up above the elbows, head bound up in a napkin, the sterilizer with the instruments hissing near by, the antiseptic fluids, and lastly, the binding up the stump in a complicated dressing. How non-plussed they would be if you asked them if they preferred 1-20, 1-40, or sterilized water.

While talking in this strain it calls to mind an address many years ago of my old friend and master, Dr. George W. Balfour, in which he endeavored to picture to himself how the Father of Medicine, Hippocrates, would feel if he paid a visit to the side room and ward of the present-day hospital. His delineation, to my mind, was so correct and yet so amusing that I possessed myself of a copy, and at the risk of trying your patience shall briefly give it to you.

Could we recall to earth one of those skin-clad savages whose graphic remains are still visible in the caves on the shores of our neighboring firth, who 2,000 years or more ago got their precarious living by hunting the stag and the boar in those trackless forests which then occupied the hills whereon our fair city now rests; or by catching the fish or the wild fowl of those lochs which now as beauteous gardens and fair meadows surround and adorn our dwellings, we could hardly imagine the wonder and awe with which he would survey the changed scene. But the awestruck amazement of this ignorant savage at all the wondrous civilization of this nineteenth century would be as nothing compared with the admiring astonishment with which Hippocrates, the father of our art, could we rouse him from his long slumber, would regard the present state of medicine. A denizen of Greece, in the palmy days of Pericles and Phidias, we must forgive the scornful smile with which he would glance at our paltry architectural imitations, especially at the