

London, Hamilton, Guelph and Chatham, who could take charge of small groups of the senior students and make of them good practical doctors. I merely throw out the suggestion. There are difficulties in the way; but is there anything in this life worth struggling for which does not bristle with them?

Students of Medicine: May this day be to each one of you, as it was to me when I entered this school thirty-five years ago, the beginning of a happy life in a happy calling. Not one of you has come here with such a feeling of relief as that which I experienced at an escape from conic sections and logarithms and from Hooker and Pearson. The dry bones became clothed with interest, and I felt that I had at last got to work. Of the greater advantages with which you start I shall not speak. Why waste words on what you cannot understand. To those only of us who taught and studied in the dingy old building which stood near here is it given to feel to the full the change which the years have wrought, a change which my old teachers, whom I see here to-day—Dr. Richardson, Dr. Ogden, Dr. Thorburn and Dr. Oldright—must find hard to realize. One looks about in vain for some accustomed object on which to rest the eye in its backward glance—all, all are gone, the old familiar places. Even the landscape has altered, and the sense of loneliness and regret, the sort of homesickness one experiences on such occasions, is relieved by a feeling of thankfulness that at least some of the old familiar faces have been spared to see this day. To me at least the memory of those happy days is a perpetual benediction, and I look back upon the two years I spent at this school with the greatest delight. There were many things that might have been improved—and we can say the same of every medical school at that period—but I seem to have got much more out of it than our distinguished philosopher, J. Beattie Crozier, whose picture of the period seems rather hardly drawn. But, after all, as someone has remarked, instruction is often the least part of an education, and, as I recall them, our teachers in their life and doctrine set forth a true and lively word to the great enlightenment of our darkness. They stand out in the background of my memory as a group of men whose influence and example was most helpful. In William R. Beaumont and Edward Mulberry Hodder, we had before us the highest type of the cultivated English surgeon. In Henry H. Wright we saw the incarnation of faithful devotion to duty—too faithful, we thought, as we trudged up to the eight o'clock lecture in the morning. In W. T. Aikens a practical surgeon of remarkable skill and an ideal teacher for the general practitioner. How we wondered and delighted in the anatomical demonstrations of Dr. Richardson, whose infective enthu-