

perhaps, have some unpleasant reflections, because, unfortunately, some of the older men are unable to tolerate advance of the youths among us.

It ought to be pleasant for any of us, when our hands shake with age and our eyes are dimmed as a consequence of senile changes, to be able to point to one of the younger men and say: "This is one of my pupils. See what he has done. He is a credit to all who have been connected with him." And the young men should never fail to retain a certain amount of fatherly respect and reverence for those to whom they owe so much. Opinions of others demand respect; it is sometimes difficult to understand their meaning, because we put our own interpretation upon that meaning. Unfortunately for us, the men among us, the men of genius, are oftentimes unpleasant companions. They are oftentimes bumptious and arrogant, but still they are useful members of society, and must be tolerated with all their faults.

Ten years have passed since first we met. Time is moving ever onward; the throb of the human heart is just as it was hundreds of years ago, and we hear the same cry of anguish and observe the same thrill of joy as were observed by the ancients. To the family physician are entrusted the lives of the people. He owes his ability to fulfil this very sacred trust to his teachers. As the teacher moves on to "that mysterious realm where each shall have his chamber in the silent halls of death," his words are remembered and his writings read. All that he says should, therefore, be said with judgment; when he writes, he should write down facts. We are all of us teachers, we speak and we write. We have met again to compare our notes of another year of work and observation. We, as teachers, are gathered together to teach one another.

For ten years we have been meeting together. Nine records have been scattered to the four quarters of the earth, to guide and to teach the healers, and to assist and alleviate the suffering. These books are the milestones of our progress, and they have already become a living monument of the thrift and labor, order and literary attainments, of our indefatigable secretary, Dr. Potter. If I may be allowed to express myself in modest language I may surely say that our work has been creditable. We are none of us seeking personal renown or mercenary reward from the work that we do in this Association. When we meet we are like pebbles on the ocean beach, washed to and fro by the turbulent waves of thought, deprived of useless particles of mould and seaweed, burnished by friendly attrition with one another, and when the surface is highly polished each is shown in his true light of worth.

Our medical literature is in no respect different from general literature. In general literature we have our poets and our prose writers. Many prose writers write volumes that are soon forgotten, and our ablest poets, in the whole cycle of their lives, are only able "to spin one or two sunbeams into gold."