

A PANORAMIC SKETCH

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IN undertaking to present a paper this evening, I presumed it was simply to be an incident in the course of your usual entertaining series of events, and I much fear that if I am to provide the refecation for the entire session many will go away disappointed. It is impossible in writing in the vein I propose altogether to get rid of the "ego" that is bound to crop out prominently. Nevertheless, I wish it to be understood that this is in no sense an autobiography, but just a recounting of events in which I have been a participator, more or less. I am thankful to say I still retain the long life desire to work and to be active in professional channels, and I hesitate to be charged with that reminiscent faculty so appropriate to decrepitude.

I engaged in my class room and hospital work in the early seventies at a most interesting and decisive period when we were not yet even on the threshold of the truth as it applied to uncleanness, but I was fortunate in witnessing the struggles of extraordinarily able teachers and hospital workers who were even then able to distinguish gleams of light and some sunshine through the mists and fogs of ignorance. So much has been written and published in the years that have gone by in the way of addresses at scientific gatherings, most of which you are undoubtedly familiar with, that I forbear even to add a short quota.

It is the old familiar tale of wasted effort, disappointments and misgivings, trials unspeakable, when human life was considered, and a hopelessness of ever reaching the success due to unselfish and untiring devotion. To bring all this home to us now in 1915 would require the relating of specific examples and the introduction of the personal element of names and occasions that would exhaust the patience of even a well trained audience such as this. It will

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