

ideal, that in him more fully than in any other are combined the claims of religion, of philosophy, of science and of literature, those strands in the rope of education, which constantly tend to become untwisted, but on whose essential inter-connection there was never more need to insist than to-day.

Of this you have an instance in St. Luke the Evangelist, a medical man and a keen observer, a religious man, and a follower of his Master through storm and sea-wreck, a philosopher and a great artist in words. . . . . Down the ages the masters of the profession have been the same. I might speak of that great Spanish physician, the ardent scientist who first discovered the lesser or pulmonary circulation of the blood, and its purification in its passage through the lungs, and having discovered it thought its chief value was as an illustration of the nature of the Trinity, that physician, mystic, and controversialist who at last paid his life the penalty of daring to assert the freedom of religious discussion, Michael Servetus. In England you have the quaint old physician of Norwich, the man over whose book the iniquity of oblivion shall never prevail, how blindly so ever she scatter her poppy, the author of the "Religio Medici," Sir Thomas Browne. On the walls of the reading room in the British Museum are illumined the names of the ten greatest masters of the English tongue, and there, beside Milton and Shakespeare you find the name of John Locke, exile in the cause of religious toleration, enlightened reformer of education, man of letters, and member of the great medical fraternity.

I pass to our own day, and I say deliberately that the best educated man I know, in whom are combined the scientist and philosopher, the man of religious enquiry and the artist in words, is a Canadian doctor, William Osler, author of the standard work on the practice of medicine, author also of essays on *Aequanimitas*, which are the best guides to the conduct of life, not only for the young practitioner, but also for the young man of every calling; author also of an essay on immortality, in which that high theme is treated with the fine gravity and philosophic breadth which is its due.

And of such fellowship we have an honourable member here to-night in Dr. Andrew Macphail. This wise man from the East is not only a skilled student of medicine and of the history of medicine; he is editor alike of the Canadian Medical Journal and of our foremost literary magazine; his "Essays in Politics" have been well-called by an English reviewer "A Canadian *Religio Medici*"; he is equally at home in discussing Higher Criticism, the culture of the American woman, and the culture of the potato, of all which subjects I may say that his knowledge is at once experimental and profound. I do not think that any man can be the perfect physician unless he has in him a touch of the philosopher, a touch of the psychologist, and a touch of the mystic. You will find in Dr. Macphail all three; in him literature, philosophy, religion and medical skill combine to make a man of whom the Canadian medical profession may well be proud.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I give you the toast of the Medical Profession, the noblest fellowship on earth, and I couple with the toast the name of Dr. Andrew Macphail.