

Gentlemen, I trust that these fragmentary sketches have not proved wearisome. Possibly they have not proved as interesting to you as to myself. It might have been better had I selected a single person, or an isolated event, and treated it fully, but this must be left for the future. The field is new, and the records of these days are scattered far and wide. My purpose has been to prepare a foundation to which others may add. Once begun, other sources of information will appear, and much stronger light will be thrown upon incidents and people of those days. Our Society should be the repository for such matters. We have not yet our faculty building, nor even our meeting room, but it is not too soon to begin a collection of likenesses of those that have passed away. I should like to see on our walls, alongside Christie and Van Courtlandt and Hill, the faces of Wright, Church and Klock.

We cannot but respect and think kindly of all who have worked before us. Medical knowledge is advancing year by year, and great changes take place in the treatment of disease; but the old practitioner visited daily as we do—he brought life into the world and watched it depart—his patients came and his patients went—he won their thanks or gained their frowns. Some were successful, others failed, and the same old story is repeated generation after generation.

“The same old work, the same old skoff, the same old dust
and sun;
The same old chance that laid us out, or winked an’ let us
through;
The same old life, the same old death. Good-bye, good luck
to you.”

