

were the difficulties he encountered only two others beside myself will ever know. These others are Dr. Hamilton, hon. secretary at the time of amalgamation, and my co-trustee, Dr. Reeve.

When the new and beautiful home in which you meet to-night was handed over to the academy he said to me: "We have made a good beginning. What we want next is a large auditorium, a membership of 500, and double the number of books which we now have." Had he been spared to us these would have come in the near future.

Can we better show how we honored and loved him than by carrying forward the torch dropped in the tragedy that took him from us.

His untiring zeal in making the trails easier for the feet of those who are to follow us should inspire every fellow to more earnest effort for mutual helpfulness.

Dr. Ross had full records of 1842 abdominal sections. Each one of these was in greater or less degree a fight for a life. By this part of his work alone it may fairly be estimated that he added to the lives of his patients not less than 18,000 years. How much of suffering he relieved only one above can compute.

A private soldier of France fell in his hundredth battle. By Imperial decree his name remains on the muster roll of his regiment, and when it is called a sergeant steps from the ranks and answers, "Dead on the field of honor."

Our comrade belonged to the army whose mission it is to save and not to destroy life. He fell while doing his duty, and no soldier ever left a record more worthy of loving remembrance.

May I be pardoned for giving you in conclusion one personal incident? Once we sat late into the night and talked with naked hearts together. I spoke of the art treasures accumulating in his home. By chance it came out that when we visited distant cities we each went first to the rooms where our friends were operating, and then to the art galleries. By chance also we learned that each of us had for years been specially attracted by the attempts which great artists had made to perfectly portray the Madonna and her child Jesus. I remember saying to him: What is it that holds us so and brings us back again and again to these pictures? The deeper nature of the man came out, it seems to me, in his reply: "It must be the wonderful mingling of emotions—first, the tender love of the woman for her child, and then the awe and reverence of the maiden mother, who knows that she nestles in her arms her Lord and Him who was sent to be the Savior of all mankind."

Only to one whose own home life had been ideal, one who as touch-