

during the course of professional study or practice; and in whom the moral sentiments do not flow from but long precede, all ethical systems, as claimed by Mr. Lecky? Everything; for never was materialism more general in the ranks of the profession, introduced by scientists on its outskirts than at present. Beginning in Germany, at the bidding of a French infidel, it has spread over that country, and back to that which gave him birth; and now it is more openly proclaimed in France than ever it was since the time of Broussais. But a few months ago, a teacher of clinics at the Hotel Dieu in Paris, when treating a painful malady, which gave no hope of relief, said to the students, in presence of the patient, (I quote from "*La Revue Canadienne*"): :

"Dans ces conditions, la vie devient insupportable, et on ne peut qu'en souhaiter la fin. Néanmoins, nous ne pouvons pas, nous, médecins, travailler à l'abrégé, ce n'est pas notre rôle, mais la maladie, c'est différent, et, quoiqu'en puisse dire la liturgie (sic) je soutiens qu'il a le droit de ce tuer!"

Can it be wondered that many of the enthusiastic among his youthful auditors should respond, with the cry of "*vive le materialisme*." That it is the belief of many in the profession in England, that the functions of life—sensation, thought; or the disturbance of those functions—disease and death—arise out of the modifications of matter, may be gathered from what has, from time to time, appeared in the periodical press of that country. It has been asserted by advanced scientists, more than once, that "prayer is never heard!"

O star-eyed science! hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair?

They are prepared, moreover, to furnish statistics in support of that doctrine! Some of the brightest luminaries in our profession have seriously recommended the separation of the patients in the wards of the several metropolitan hospitals, so that certain wards should be the counterparts of the others, quo ad the nature and gravity of the disease, and quo ad the treatment; and that one set of cases should have the advantages of prayer, while the other half should be deprived of all spiritual assistance. Of course Mr. Huxley would superintend the operations, and with some subtle meter, yet to be discovered, measure the force, the zeal, the earnestness, the amount and quality of the supplications; while Mr. Tyndall would be

actively engaged in preventing even the faintest aspiration from ascending in favor of the prayerless set and with some antidote "cleanse the bosom of that perilous stuff;" (why not—a la Tyndall—call it prayer germs?) which would interfere with his calculations.

This disposition to evolve matter, life, being, God Himself, out of nonentity, (though Bently quaintly taught that "nothing cannot bring its no self out of nonentity into something")—and to regard the Creator, as John Stuart Mill does, as of "limited power, and perhaps limited intelligence also," has not extended—and may it never extend—to this beautiful land of lake and forest. We have not yet permitted the archplagiarist, Tyndall—a respectable authority, I grant, on heat, and light, and water, and, perhaps, on "germinating disease seeds"—to guide us into regions beyond the ken of even his own intellect, stupendous as he conceives it to be; nor a Stuart Mill to rob us of a warm living *belief* "with regard to the government of the universe by a Divine Being," and substitute for it a cold, faint, languid *hope*—unless it be a hope founded on belief, that

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile!"

Gentlemen.—I have been unconsciously betrayed into addressing you at greater length than I intended, and in vacating the presidential chair which, with my successor, will not be a vacuum, I thank you most sincerely for your kind partiality in elevating me to the honorable position of presiding over so learned and respectable a body, and for the uniform courtesy exhibited towards me. And I fervently hope you, Gentlemen, members of the Medico Chirurgical Society of Montreal, will long continue in your career of usefulness.

The late Dr. Fletcher was preaching an evening sermon to a crowded audience in Edinburgh, when a note was handed up to him to intimate that if Dr. So-and-so was in church he was urgently wanted. Having read the note, and seeing the doctor move off he immediately added, with great fervor, "And may the Lord have mercy on his patient."