

have carried the name of the University of Toronto around the world. I have had great pleasure in going through his new building with Prof. Ellis, and in recognizing that a chemist, whatever may be the fate of prophets, is not without honor in his own country.

I also rejoice in your splendid new Medical Building, and I envy the freshman of to-day, who comes filled with the earnest intention to do his work well, and who, under these favorable conditions, in the well-equipped modern laboratories, with such able masters to direct, begins the study of the beneficent science of medicine. I was greatly rejoiced on reading in the papers this morning of the munificent gifts that have been made for the new university hospital. Surely the people of Toronto are both wise and generous. He who aids in building a hospital, where human suffering may be relieved, is a practical Christian, whatever his theological dogma may be. We know not whence we came, nor can we name the country to which we journey, but we do know that the burdens placed upon the shoulders of those who travel along life's highway are not equally distributed, and he who helps his fellow-man who is growing faint serves his God. There is an old legend concerning the origin of the medical profession, which I may, I hope, be permitted to repeat. It runs thus: In the olden days when the world was yet young, a young Hindoo prince, who had all that the world could give, entered a temple and, prostrating himself before the image of Buddha, besought his god to instruct him in the ways of righteousness. His prayer ended, he felt upon his shoulder a hand as light as that of a child, and a voice as sweet as that of an angel asked, "Wouldst thou most acceptably serve thy god? If this be thy desire, go forth and serve thy fellow-men," and the prince went forth, the first physician to walk among men.

My visit is not without its tinge of sadness. I miss several faces that were familiar to this campus fifteen years ago. Of two of these I must be permitted to say a few words. There was a sweet-mannered man, gentle in voice and kind even in reprimand, an eminent ethnologist, an able historian, whose memory has always been to me a charming recollection. Such a man was Sir Daniel Wilson. The other was a professional brother, whose life was a help to those of his own generation and an inspiration to the young. Such a man was the late Dr. Graham, of this city and university.

I have decided to briefly discuss "Some New Conceptions of the Living Cell: Its Chemical Structure and Its Functions." No one can question the importance of this subject, involving, as it does, biological problems, which lie at the foundation of all our conceptions and theories concerning cellular life and cellular activity.