

The Cavendish Lecture

ON

A DAY'S WORK

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—The Canadian Corps is ordered to take the Vimy Ridge: so ran the official order. Never was an order obeyed with greater alacrity or executed with more complete success. This task was set in January; it was performed on Easter Monday. It is of that day's work I propose to speak.

But, first, I take leave to assure you that I am fully sensible of this high honour—an honour which is shared by all who come from overseas: addressing an audience such as this from a foundation so famous as the Cavendish, made still more famous by the long line of my predecessors in this office.

As I scan the roll three persons arise before me with singular clearness: Jonathan Hutchinson, who first directed my young feet—they were young in those days, although they have since made many a weary step—towards the London Hospital, where I learned the master truth that nothing pertaining to humanity is alien to the practice of medicine. It was in his company on the hills of Surrey I first heard the lark sing as it sang that day over the trenches in Artois. Next on the roll is Frederick Treves, from whom I learned the purity of surgery—for in those days surgical cleanliness was quite new; and, last of all, William Osler, who gave to medicine in the New World a fresh direction and an upward turn.

There was a time when even in such company as this I should have felt no embarrassment, for the professor's gown had been familiar to me, and I was accustomed to the use and even the embroidery of words. But I have long