

easily the finest and most admired lecturer in the Faculty. It was a pleasure to listen to him in the class-room, as he presented the dry details of Chemistry with an attractiveness that commanded the unflagging attention and admiration of his hearers. Not only did he excel as a speaker; he was as well an elegant and forcible writer, and a formidable controversialist. One of the most admirable lectures I have met with is his lecture introductory to the second session of the "School of Medicine and Surgery." As an example of his eloquent diction, and particularly as an evidence of his having been imbued with deep religious feeling, and with a firm belief in the great fundamental truths of religion, with the possession of which many of his friends during his lifetime probably did not credit him, I shall give the following quotation from this lecture:—"The physician as well as the astronomer, but more particularly the anatomist, has been accused by many of being more prone to atheism than any other class of men, simply, I believe, because it has been imagined that the beautiful mechanism of the frame was nothing more to him than a mere machine—the intellect than a physical elaboration of the brain! Than this imputation, I need scarcely say, none can be more gross. If the unerring and undeviating course of the planetary system, if the good everywhere visible around us, cause us to admire and wonder, will not even a slight acquaintance with the structure of man prompt us to adore and bless? To no class of men can the philosopher's words be more justly applied than to physicians—*qui studet orat*. He who reads the book of nature must worship Him who impressed it with this character and type. We feel, aye, and equally with his peculiar apostles on earth, that the Almighty is everywhere present at all times; that His past years are countless; that His future days are unnumbered; we inwardly know from our daily occupations, amidst pain and disease and death, that His life is eternity—a never-ceasing youth without the helplessness of infancy or the decay of old age, an entity, a Being, without birth or death. And is this not so? Has the inbred monitor ever whispered in vain? Are not the living letters written on all the infinity of space above, on all the earth around, and in his own resemblance on the features of his own creature—man? What can account for those 'longings after immortality' which elevate our aspirations to conditions more lasting, more holy than the present—to another and to a better world? Is it a physical terrene fear, which,