

possible—to Pasteur, to Koch, to Laveran, to Reed and his fellows, to Ross, Manson, and Bruce. And let us not forget that they built upon foundations laid by thousands of silent workers whose names we have forgotten. A great literature exists in the contributions published during the past century by the members of the medical department of the old East India Company service and of the army in both the East and West Indies. I should like to awaken in your memories the names of Lind, Annesley, Moorehead, Pringle, Ballingall, MacGregor, Hillary, Waring, Cheevers, Parkes, Malcolmson, and Fayrer. Many did work of the very first quality with very little recognition at home or abroad. I sometimes think of the pathetic letters received from that splendid investigator Vandyke Carter of Bombay, the first in India to confirm the modern studies upon malaria in the early days when we were both working at the subject, how he spoke of his isolation, the difficulties under which he struggled, the impossibility of arousing the apathy of the officials, and the scepticism as to the utility of science.

No one has expressed more deeply this sentiment of lonely isolation in the tropics than Ronald Ross in his poem *In Exile*:—

Long, long the barren years;
Long, long, O God, hast Thou
Appointed for our tears
This term of exile.

Few have been able to sing with him the paean of victory when he discovered the mode of dissemination of malaria through the mosquito—

Seeking His secret deeds
With tears and toiling breath,
I find thy cunning seeds,
O million-murdering death.

And the pathway of victory is strewn with the bodies of men who have cheerfully laid down their lives in the search for the secrets of these deadly diseases—true