members of the medical profession run every day. He was glad to have an opportunity of saying of his friend William Smith that more than one instance of what a medical man should be could be found. Of splendid physique, the best sailor in a district of fishermen, a fearless horseman, and an all-round athlete, as well as a man thoroughly grounded in the work of his profession, he was fully appreciated by the people among whom he lived.

Dr. Warnock (Donegal), who attended Dr. Smyth in his fatal illness, was called upon by the members. He said his heart was close to the close of that tragic and noble death, for him to say much; but he might say that Dr. Smyth, on his deathbed, had told him how, when left alone to minister to the poor fever-stricken people of that island, Dr. McCarthy had come to his aid, and enabled them to bring them safe to the mainland. Of Dr. Smyth he could only say he was one of the noblest of men:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward—

Never doubted clouds would break—

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph. 

Held he fell to rise, are baffled to fight better; 

Sleep to wake.

"The Health of the President" was proposed by Sir Thomas Myles; and Dr. Campbell having responded, the proceedings terminated with the National Anthem.

After the unveiling of the memorial window, Sir William Whitley read the following poem, which had been composed at his request by Professor Fred E. Boss:

The veil is drawn—and from the jewelled pane 
Flashes on straining eye and beating heart, 
Flames, like love's kisses, tend to last the art, 
A story fashioned in heroic strain. 

Yet this, no fabled feat in days of yore, 
Nor legend, nor legendary song; 
But all true tale of this our latter day, 
Amid the wastes and wilds of Arranmore. 

A lonely lair in the western wave, 
Lashed by Atlantic surge and winter storm, 
Through it came staking Fever's spectral form, 
Gathering her tribute for the yawning grave. 

And men fled shuddering from her path away— 
Men fast, save only one, a man of men, 
Who, lion-hearted, leapt into her den, 
And battied with her for her squashed prey. 

Alone across the strait his stiff he plied, 
And knelt beside the sufferer's bed alone, 
There, one, with heart undaunted as his own, 
Sprang to the place of peril at his side. 

And while the billows break on Arranmore, 
Men still are wondering, and wondering hear 
How in a wave-worn barque of yester-year, 
They piloted the sick from shore to shore. 

No lass, was theirs of home, of child, of wife, 
Of worldly guardon, or of worldly fame. 
But chose the Man of Arranmore, 
To render up, so others lived, their life. 

And life from one was called for, and laid down 
By him who first had brave the Fever's foe. 
His fellow wears the laurel here below; 
But his the martyr's palm, the martyr's crown. 

Alone he now hath voyaged forth again, 
And ferrying o'er the unfathomable tide, 
Beholds, encircled by the glorified, 
The Sovereign Healer of the whole world's pain.

PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.

INDIANA.

The Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health has recently stated that at least fifty of the consumptives who began the open-air treatment in the State Sanatorium during the summer will live and sleep out-of-doors throughout the winter. A few of them are having open-air houses built. Three outdoor houses consist of but one room, which is entirely open on one side. A short strip of canvas, used as an awning and not a covering for the open side, is arranged to keep out the snow and rain, but not the air. Some will spend the winter on open porches or in tents.

CORRECTION

The statement in the British Medical Journal, of November 24th, in reference to the Sanatorium for Consumption that Dr. Corbett, of Ipswich, had contributed £2,000 and had assured an income of £2,000 for five years was an error so far as the latter amount has been assured, not by Dr. Corbett, but from other sources.