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SIR WILLIAM OSLER Writes:

re. Chas. a. Mercier.

May I bring the tribute of a few words to the memory of Dr. Mercier? Though not of Oxford, and a sharp critic of her methods, the university had a great fascination for him, and of late years he not infrequently would spend a few days at the Randolph seeing old friends. It was a rare treat to have him dine in Hall and afterwards in Common Room, start a discussion on the need of reform in our methods of education. He had very clear and sound views, and argued with great ability upon the uselessness of logic as at present taught. He delighted to shock the classical don by unmeasured abuse of Aristotle, whose methods, he claimed, had done irreparable damage to the human mind. With a rich vocabulary and a keen wit, he had no equal among us as a conversationalist He was best with a few friends after dinner, with enough port, as he would say, to quiet his gout. When last with me, a few months ago, he was in fine form I never saw such a triumph of mind over matter and entertained us with stories of his student days and anecdotes of Hugh lings Jackson and Jonathon Hutchinson. Maitre Francois must have been a man of this type, and Mercier's trick of tongue was racial. Controversy he loved, and, strange to say, it brought him friends; despite the caustic pen he had a warm, generous heart. The courage with which he bore his many infirmaties is a lesson to us all. Never complaining he worked on to the end, and went down, as he promised, "with all the flags flying." We shall miss the brilliant critic of our ways and words.