Four years in the post-mortem room of the general hospital, with clinical work during the smallpox epidemic, seemed to warrant the governors of the general hospital in appointing me, in 1878, full physician, over the heads—it seems scandalous to me now—of the assistant physicians. The day of the election I left (with my friend George Ross) for London to take my Membership of the College of Physicians and to work at clinical medicine. For three months we had a delightful experience. Murchison, whom I had seen before in 1873, was most kind, and I do not think we missed one of his hospital visits. He was a model bedside teacher—so clear in his expositions, so thorough and painstaking with the student. My old friend Luther Holden introduced us to Gee, in whom were combined the spirit of Hippocrates and the method of Sydenham. Fred Roberts, at University College Hospital, showed us how physical diagnosis could be taught. We rarely missed a visit with Bastian and Ringer, and at Queen Square I began a long friendship with that brilliant ornament of British medicine, Gowers. With that ormane or British medicine, Gowers. With my old comrade Stephen Mackenzie we went to Sutton's Sunday morning class at the London—his "Sunday School" as it was called—and we learned to have deep respect for his clinical and pathological skill. I mention these trivial details to indicate that before beginning work as clinic teacher I had at least seen some of the best men of the day.

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