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Editorial.

VISIONS.

THE centenary celebrations of the Royal College of Surgeons of England were signalled by many interesting functions, but the most inspiring scene took place in the Theatre of the University of London on the afternoon of Thursday, 26th July, when the Honorary Fellowship of the College was bestowed upon the present, and a past, Premier of these realms, and also upon a long list of distinguished *savants* from the great medical centres of the world.

The scene was a most brilliant and imposing one. On the platform, the President, Sir William MacCormac, in his gorgeous robes of state; on either side, the office-holders of the Royal College, in academic gowns, and facing them, the distinguished guests from abroad in diplomatic and professional dress—in gold and scarlet and azure, starred and beribboned—each man in his turn erect and honoured, as he stepped forward amidst enthusiastic applause to receive at the hands of the President the coveted diploma, with the following simple words: "In the name and by the authority of the College of Surgeons of England I admit you to be an Honorary Fellow thereof."

The whole ceremony was restrained, full of dignity, and achievement, and those present who could appreciate the vast progress made in the science of surgery during the last hundred years, since which time only the Royal College of Surgeons has been incorporated by Royal Charter, were in no mood to criticise its limitations. Yet—the limitations were there—though perhaps, in the short hundred years, it is not strange that amongst the Officers and Council of the Royal College of Surgeons women have not yet won themselves a place. But to those who see visions a much more graceful and harmonious ceremony, representative of the race, and not of men alone, will acclaim the second century of the surgeons of England, and maybe enthroned even in the gorgeous Presidential Chair, we may find a woman seated, full of honours, if not of years, a sight to which the eyes of our great Ministers of State have become well accustomed, in attending our Sovereign Lady, Victoria, for the past sixty years of time.

And then more scenes float arily before our mental vision! How short a time it has taken to evolve the science of surgery out of "butchery" and "barbery"! And behold! who comes here? A milk-white maiden who has "dove's eyes," whose "speech is comely,"

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