

luxuries he can educate his sons, and if wise in younger days he has secured a few old line life insurance policies, the widow and family will see more cash than has ever dazzled their eyes. The most rigid frugality and exactness in collections on the part of the country doctor—who wholly depends on his labor—are demanded if old age sees not want or an absence of the usual comforts of life. It is an old saying: "Once a Freemason always a Freemason." As regards the truth of this there are not many proofs, but it is a truth that a doctor never retires—if so, the novelist only is acquainted with him, but it retired ministers of the Gospel are to be named I can, and you can, give a long list. I never knew a retired doctor, unless he was an invalid, but I do know several village blacksmiths who have abandoned their trade and are sufficiently wealthy to live their full allowance of years in fair luxury, and in these several instances I know full well these men had no side shows or interests in accumulating their wealth. Yet wealth is not all there is worth acquiring. Pleasant memories of deeds done, in which self was not considered, are cheering. Happy, indeed, is he who has "Deposited upon the silent shores of memory images and precious thoughts that shall not die and cannot be destroyed." "Had I in my reminiscences those so happily possessed by Doctor —," said the multi-millionaire, "I would most readily part with the greater part of my wealth," another proof of "If I lose myself, I save myself." To return to *Religio Medici*, I must admit its many virtues, especially its style of composition—its *felicitas curiosa*—worth study by the philomath, and by him who wishes to be a vexillary among men of letters. As a "soul intoxicated with God," evidently his masterpiece is a successful thrust at atheism, with which then the profession was charged—and even so in our days. Yet he takes no delight—nor either do we—in the study of those "wingy mysteries in divinity and airy subtleties in religion that have unhinged the brain."

"A man is sane morally at thirty, rich mentally at forty, wise spiritually at fifty—if ever," and to study *Religio Medici* (for such must be a study) various reflections arise. However, his definitions, his paradoxes, "the dignity of sentiment, the multitude of abstruse allusions," and his style—the equal of that of Milton or Dryden—are commended, for no better study awaits us than the study of such masters of art and the noble researches of kindred spirits whose investigations were directed in contemplating the grandeur, and the heaven-born attributes, qualities and possibilities of ordinary man. No richer study awaits the classical scholar among us than *Religio Medici*. To him and to those who are ignorant of the great works of the *fathers*—and believe medicine was but of yesterday—and its only *masters* those of the last century, let them read and be convinced that although all is not in "the