

The country doctor is no quitter. He plays the game, not simply while the light lasts, but through all the hours of darkness till the shadows flee away and hope revives.

He is the best friend a community can have. He is the confidant of lovers, and helps to make up their quarrels. He brings together again the husband and wife whom differences have separated. He is father confessor to half the country and keeps his trust with knightly honour. His sympathy is deep and genuine, and is not worn upon his coat sleeve. No one more than himself feels contempt for a "gusher" in or out of his profession. In every calling you find them.

After a consultation an old Quaker lady once said, "Thee will do me the favor not to bring that man again; thee knows I don't like to have my feelings poulticed." Legal persons

"Trained in every art
To make the worse appear the better part,"

use sympathy at \$100 per day to sway juries. Clergymen sometimes overuse it. An evangelist at one time got into the habit of calling his audiences "Dear souls." Laboring in Ireland, he used to say with effect, "Dear Belfast souls," "Dear Dublin souls," but when he said "Dear Cork souls" it did not seem quite so appropriate.

The sympathy of the physician is expressed, not in weeping with those who weep, but in devising relief for those who suffer in heart, or mind, or body. Far from being blunted by long contact with pain, his sympathy grows keener with each year of added experience.

The old farmer in the Gospel according to Whitcomb Riley says,

"Doc, you 'pear so spry, jes' write me that receipt
You have fer bein' happy by,—fer that'd shorely beat
Your medicine," says I. And quick as scat Doc turned and writ
And handed me, "Go he'p the sick, and put your heart in it."

The glory of optimism pervades his life. Tell him of Max Nordau's statement that our age is stamped with the stigmata of degeneration and he will laugh you to scorn. In his world he knows that this is not true, and he has no manner of doubt but that

"Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old."

Into every sickroom he carries the inspiration of a cheery, hopeful presence. Fortunately he finds lots and lots of the kindest humor even in that world of pain and sickness in which he dwells. He is apt to believe that if the good Lord had not meant we should be mirthful, He would never let so many funny things happen. Father Faber once said, "There is no greater help to a religious life than a keen sense of the ludicrous." Such a divine gift softens the