

ber of ordinary dwellings being obtained and overhauled, and a common dining-room being arranged), Mr. Paget was made Warden. The duties consisted of being a sort of registrar and general advisor, and in maintaining a certain amount of discipline, such as breaking up noisy late parties, and seeing that no one was spending time in absolute dissipation. Bitter complaints had been made previously by medical men that their sons had come up to London and gone completely to ruin entirely unobserved by college authorities. It is interesting to note that this scheme proved to be a great success.

During these years the lectureship in physiology and pathology was held by the Warden, and later, after a keen contest, the position of assistant surgeon to the hospital. Much attention had always been devoted by him to pathology, special use being made of the microscope, an instrument at the time but little understood. So assiduously did he work at it that at the close of eight years of residence in college, it was said of him by an eminent scientist that he had his choice, to be the foremost physiologist and pathologist in Europe or to have the largest surgical practice in London.

Honors began to flow in, and at last after sixteen years of post-graduate work it was decided that for the sake of the fairly large family, private practice must be entered upon.

Paget had now been married for eight years, and during this time had lived a life of toil indeed, his home life being of the simplest, and the only social life he had. It is remarkable to think a life of such austerity possible to a man whose heart was as tender to all suffering as a woman's, whose sympathy with the pleasures of life, such as music, art and literature was of the keenest, and whose physical strength had more than once been taxed by severe pneumonia.

And now what were the rewards for such long years of waiting? In the first place there was the great satisfaction of having the largest number of, and the most difficult surgical cases of any man in London. The honor always paid to him, as being one of the world's best surgeons, was a constant source of real pleasure.

Travel was now possible at regular intervals, and the letters to friends describing the keen enjoyment of father and family, exploring together new scenes, all day long, present a picture of perfect human happiness.

His sincere love of his profession made him the object of friendship and admiration of the greatest minds of Europe. Thus, outside of science, he had the greatest enjoyment from associations with George Eliot, whose gold watch chain he wore and who always sent him the first