

the great mass of the profession. We have been told by Cullingworth, that he was ridiculed and despised, and finally died insane, the victim of continued persecution.

It is much more satisfactory to consider the work of another hero in the latter half of the century—that grand man of our own time—Lister, who has reached so high a niche in the temple of Fame. It is pleasant to think of those “gifts of nature which gave him a happy combination,

The patient thought, the steadfast will,
Resolve and foresight, strength and skill,

which he has laid upon the altar of suffering humanity” (Mr John Wood), and through them the great work he has accomplished. We all rejoice that Lord Lister has received his reward; that all people of all nations of the civilized world have united to do him honor.

We have heard much in recent years about the advances made in medicine, and the greatly improved status of the profession; and yet it is difficult for the student of to-day to fully realize the truth of such statements. The following advertisement taken from a newspaper of Shakespeare’s time will give us an idea of the position, social and otherwise, of a physician of that era:

WANTED.

In a family who have had bad health, a sober, steady person in the capacity of doctor, surgeon and man-midwife. He must occasionally act as butler and dress hair and wigs. He will be required sometimes to read prayers and preach a sermon every Sunday. A good salary will be given.

In those days the physician was generally depicted by writers (dramatists and others) as a cunning knave or an ignorant charlatan. What a contrast is presented in considering the position of our profession to-day. The painter makes the physician a hero. For instance, take Mr. Luke Fildes’ picture, “The Doctor,” which you have probably all seen. Mr. Mitchell Banks speaks about the original painting as follows: “Of the hundreds of medical men who must have stood before that picture I am sure there was not one whose pulses it did not quicken with pleasurable pride, or who left it without thinking that it already had been, and again would be, his privilege to fight against pain and suffering and death like his colleague on the canvas. For to us he is a real living man like ourselves. We have acted like him and felt like him.

“Note where the scene of the picture is laid; not in some rich man’s mansion, where the doctor might reasonably expect a handsome fee for his trouble, but in the workingman’s cottage, where, most likely, the gratitude of the people and a consciousness of having done his duty by the poor will be his sole honorarium. With admirable skill the painter has pitched on the early hour of morning for the time. The light of the lamp in the room and the light of the dawn coming through the casement are struggling with each other. It is the cold, sad hour when human vitality is the lowest, and when statistics tell us most men die. The sick child, worn with the raging fever, that commonly burns from eight in the evening till one or two in the morning, lies spent and exhausted. Till then the parents have been fighting on with their nursing, soothing and caressing, encouraging their little one. But now