

which recently occurred in a village near Montreal were diagnosed as chicken-pox. In reality they were cases of smallpox, and, though of a mild character, produced some severe cases. The obstacles then in the way of bedside instruction makes this subject one of the most difficult departments of medicine in which it is possible to obtain a sufficient degree of familiarity.

The coloured plates and photo-engravings are simply superb. They could not be truer to nature. This book should be in the hands of every undergraduate and practitioner in medicine, for a careful study of the plates will enable a correct diagnosis to be made, even though a case has never been seen. The text is quite up to date.

F. W. C.

The Life of Pasteur. By René Vallery-Radot, translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire, in two volumes. Price, thirty-two shillings. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd., 2 Whitehall Gardens, 1902.

These two volumes are produced in beautiful style. Volume one has as a frontispiece a likeness of Pasteur, which is admitted by his friends to be an admirable one. The biographer traces Pasteur's career from his birth, on Dec. 27, 1822, down to his death. It can well be imagined that the life of a man so distinguished in the scientific world must contain much of great interest, and it certainly does. No one can read these two volumes without being struck with the simple home-like nature which Pasteur possessed, associated with an independence and perseverance which was little short of marvellous. His departure from Arbois to attend school in Paris (and travelling in those days was no small undertaking) was a home picture which illustrated strongly his devotion to his parents. Twenty times were farewells repeated while the horses were being harnessed. His arrival in Paris and sojourn there, although he was accompanied by his greatest boy friend, was not such as inspired him to his work. He became low-spirited and excessively homesick, and, his father being notified, came to Paris and took him home. There he became annoyed at his want of courage in giving way to his feelings. For a time he tried to bury these by occupying his time in pastel drawings, but a nature such as his could not live in the quiet of his old home, and his ambition to pursue his education induced him to consent to again go away from it. This time he did not go so far as Paris, but to the College at Besançon, which he entered to prepare for the Ecole Normale. This was the turning point in his life, for his progress afterwards was steadily onward and upward. "Onward" was his motto, from an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Many successes and honours, the result of his chemical research in the laboratory, reached him, but his first marked honour came to him in 1854 when he was made Professor and Dean in the new Faculté