

before members of our profession is medicine for medicine's sake, apart from business advantage. We find it hard to appreciate any-one of our number in whom keen business instincts show themselves prominently. Had Ernest Hart been an ideal medical man he never could have brought his *Journal* to its present powerful position. Because he was not such there was always, it must be confessed, an undercurrent of doubt, not to say fear, about him and his methods—a feeling that the man who was the mouthpiece of our profession did not in himself truly represent our body—and this in some few passed to hostility. Characteristically he knew himself, and went his way despite the feeling. A strong man, he was prepared to make, and made enemies, but that same active business capacity rendered him absolutely essential not only to the *Journal*, but to the leaders of the profession in England, whenever any project bearing upon the interests of the profession had to be brought to a successful head. When we call to mind the many reforms he either initiated or was the means of accomplishing, it is a small matter and trivial, if, also, he ventured to have a pecuniary interest in sundry reforms, which, to be gained, necessitated the establishment of commercial undertakings—supply of pure milk, coffee taverns, pure aerated waters, and so on.

In my old university for long years one of the familiar figures was a snuffy oriental scholar, a Polish Jew, if I remember aright, with more than one sneeze in his name, stumpy and as broad as he was long, whose portentous paunch could be seen day after day on the road to or from the University Library, followed immediately by an armful of books on the one side, a faded gingham on the other. He was learned in the Torah and all the colossal casuistic literature of his religion: no one in England more learned; hence scholars came from all sides to consult him. Add to this that his piety was profound and notorious; he kept scrupulously all the fasts and all the feasts, and on the Sabbath would not so much as trim his lamp—and his lamp was always smoking,—but must call in some next-door Gentile to perform the office. So great was his known piety that the other oriental scholars of the university, simple, good men, were affected by it, albeit they were Gentiles. This I know, that when it was reported that being aggrieved he had cast his eye upon sundry of them, uttering appropriate Talmudic exorcisms, they were distinctly most uneasy, and, true it is, that one after another they sickened and died. Parenthetically it may be mentioned that he, also, died about the same time. I remember the brightest and best of these orientalists, himself a chronic invalid, destined to pass away a few months later, referring to the episode after the Talmudist's death, and expressing, half in jest, his