

saken, the healing art has been Christlike and holy." Its charities many and often are, of that diviner quality taught by Him who gave himself for others.

The bravery his calling develops is that rare quality which Napoleon called "Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." It is an easy thing to be brave before a cloud of witnesses, but not so easy when the fight is a losing one and God alone is watching the struggle. Fire broke out one night in a city tenement, and in an upper window a child was seen. Quickly the ladders were run up, and a fireman mounted to save her, but before he reached the top the flames and smoke were upon him. He hesitated and began to drop back. Then one in the crowd cried, "Cheer him!" and from the multitude went up a shout that told of sympathy with him and the life to be saved or lost. Once more he dashed at the flame, went through it, and came back with the little one safe in his arms. No such encouragement comes to the physician, when in some lonely tenement at night he receives his baptism of fire; but from that trial he comes forth in stronger, purer manhood, and never after doubts but that he is divinely ordained to be a minister of help, of comfort, and of consolation unto those who are appointed to suffer. It will be his to "scatter the charities that soothe and bless and save." The devotion to duty that guides him now is the selfsame principle that moved the ten thousand at Marathon, and the three hundred at Thermopylae, that steadied the thin, red line at Inkerman, that rode into the valley with the Light Brigade, that rushed the trenches of Cronje at Paardeberg, and that gave to us Canadians the heroic memories of Wolfe, of Brock, and of the Jesuit martyrs at the North Shore Huron missions. I could tell you of one who with a lung half solid with pneumonia struggled through night and sleet to be with a patient and guard her from the dangers that threatened in the hour of her motherhood's advent, and of others who charged the banks of snow on blocked and drifted roads, as a soldier might charge a rampart, and whom nothing could stop or even stay when duty called. But why should I? We all know that Canada has many Grenfells and MacLures, but so far few Ian MacLarens to tell of their deeds of quiet heroism. Perhaps it is best so! Our profession would be the last to claim any monopoly of the manly qualities developed upon the campus.

"The sands of the desert are sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke,
The Maxims jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke;
The river of death has brimmed its banks,
And England far and Honor,—a name.
But the voice of a school-boy rallies the ranks,
'Play up! Play up! and play the game.'"