

given in its stead Charon's boat and the *obolus*.

However, we can only add that the physician, seeing in man nothing more than a physical mechanism, with qualities capable of manifesting mental phenomena, "proportionate to the amount of molecular transformation that takes place in the vesicular substance affected," loses, in his endeavors toward the successful attainment of his ideal, the highest development of medical science as a panacea for the ills affecting mankind. Let him disregard the mental and moral element in his patient, and who shall say that failure will not oftentimes mark his efforts?

It now becomes our more pleasing duty to state some of the points, where the professions tend to converge. Already have we stated it to be the glorious privilege of both professions to have the *charity* of love ever inscribed on their banners as symbolic of their work. This, it has been, whence have flowed untold spiritual and physical blessings to men, and the undying splendor and fame of those who have been the most eminent and illustrious representatives of the two professions. It is this idea underlying the life-work of both which places them on a plane, high in proportion as the individual worker lives and acts up to it. From this spirit, lived in and acted upon by Thomas Lineacre, founder of the Royal College of Physicians, a physician and rector of Wigan, when, by bequest, he founded professorships at Oxford and Cambridge with the objects:—"The glory of God; the true art of medicine; the help of the fallen; and the increase of the realm," has developed what has become the glory of the present age, the founding of hospitals, asylums and prisons by public grant, church gift or private munificence. We have, too, the strangely associated facts of nations,

while building mighty armaments, supplying the kindly means for the succor and care of war's helpless victims—the phenomenon old, but ever new, of a Vishnu and a Siva struggling for the mastery. But, wherever it be, whether in hospital wards or within prison bars; whether upon battlefield or in the quiet round of everyday duties, are not the physicians, who so freely lend their services to make one drop less in the flood of human woe, and the ministers, who teach the passing soul to

"Whisper to the worlds of space,
In the deep night that all is well,"

bound together by the strong bonds of sympathy for a common humanity?

Do we not see developed to-day, what one had hardly dared hope to see, the man, burning with missionary zeal, going to far-off lands and isles of the sea, equipped not only with spiritual weapons but with the arts of the physician—gaining by the practical good of the latter, an entrance to men's souls, for the higher blessings of the Gospel?

That the objects of the two professions are the same, we have clearly seen; that they must ever be so, seems equally plain, when we look upon the strangest of all phenomena, human life. Choose whichever definition for it, physically considered, that we may, we have ever to admit the mournful truth of the philosopher's remark, who said:—"Life itself is a disease; a working incited by suffering; action from passion:" while we sadly reflect that there is no need of a seer's deep scrutiny to reveal to a diseased world, its own pangs. No wonder, is it, then, that helpless man, dimly feeling,—

"That in a boundless universe
Is an all less better, boundless worse,"

has instituted, as it were, interpleaders between the spiritual on the one hand, and the physical powers of the uni-