

typhus, and may himself fall in the encounter, a victim to his brave sense of duty to his patient; and the surgeon in the hospital exposes himself daily to the dangers of blood-poisoning, dangers which I have seen in more than one case cut short a life of promise and hide it in the grave. But he lives in grateful hearts, unknown though he may be to the pages of history, or even beyond a small circle of equally obscure friends. But their prayers and cries are heard of the good God, and the Recording Angel will enter every such unselfish deed in God's Book of Remembrances.

"They have no place in storied page,

No rest in marble shrine;

They are past and gone with a vanished age,

They died and 'made no sign.'

But work that shall find its wages yet,

And deeds that their God did not forget,

Done for their love divine—

These were the mourners, and these shall be

The crowns of their immortality."

O! seek them not where sleep the dead,

Ye shall not find their trace:

No graven stone is at their head,

No green grass hides their face;

But sad and unseen is their silent grave—

It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,

Or a lonely-desert place;

For they need no prayers and no mourning bell—

They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well."

No other calling has ever had such a multitude of brave, unselfish, unknown, silent martyrs, who have freely risked all that is dearest and best, even to life itself, as our own Profession. But their lives have not been lost, for, as Ruskin has well said, "Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world."

But not only will you have this sense of daily duty well done, but if you use your time well there will be a daily personal growth in knowledge. To this end, study after you have graduated, as you have never done in your so-called "student-life." Make even your failures a fertile soil for a

larger growth and better achievement, for

"The tree

Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched

By its own fallen leaves; and man is made,

In heart and spirit, from deciduous hopes,

And things that seem to perish."

You will have earned each day a certain modicum of money, but you will also have added to the store of knowledge in your mind, to be of use to your future patients; so that your gains cannot be measured merely in dollars and cents, but in wider knowledge, in pregnant ideas, in mental growth, in better judgment, in a better balanced mind, and in masterful ability to cope with dangers by reason of such larger knowledge.

More than this you promote the general welfare and add to the prosperity of the community in which you live, by directly diminishing the loss of time and money to the wage-earners of the community. You restore the sick mother to the charge of her household, the disabled father to his family—nay, in not a few cases you save life itself. And how much a single life may mean to a man's wife, his children, his business, his church, his community, his nation. Even if you cannot save life, you lessen suffering and bring cheer into the sick-room, and you smooth the pillow of death itself.

In Preventive Medicine you can do still more, and on a far larger scale, by educating the community as to personal and municipal health, by pointing out the evils of dirt, of filthy streets, of foul sewers, of impure water, of tuberculous meat and milk, of crowded tenements, of unwise clothing, of want of exercise, of want of the daily bath, of errors of food and drink, of vile habits, and a host of other enemies to human health and happiness. This, believe me, is to be the greatest function, the most splendid achievement of the coming years.

And lastly, in this brief sketch which I am giving you, you should do one thing