

ing of suffering humanity. We prize infinitely less the fact that history, among almost all people, presents the immortal gods as the authors of medical art than that it teaches how mortal men have struggled continually after god-like aims,—the prevention, the cure, or at least the alleviation of the unavoidable heritage of woe and suffering imposed in so many ways upon us as created beings—even though to-day these aims have been imperfectly attained. The history of medicine shows how many noble men have served humanity, devoting strength and life to the sick, the feeble, the persecuted, the poor, the insane, and have led their fellow-men to lofty ideals in thought and action. Yet for most of these men one could but say that even had their life been glorious it would have been but labor and sorrow.

Millions on millions of individuals have perished without contributing to the progress of humanity; they have no history. Thousands have promoted at least the foundations of knowledge; history records their names, for they labored. But only a few chosen spirits have performed the highest service allotted to man. These summed up the past and discovered new and great truths, leading humanity onward. To study their lives and work should give a more ideal direction to our conception of our profession, showing us that duties and rewards are not to be found exclusively in daily labor.

The purpose of this paper is to direct your attention to Aesculapius, whose followers we still profess to be, even though we may know very little about him.

A distinguished French historian (Littre) writes as follows: When one searches into the history of medicine and the commencement of the science, the first body of doctrine that one meets with is the collection of writings known under the name of the works of Hippocrates. The science mounts up directly to that origin and there stops. Not that it had not been cultivated earlier, and had not given rise to even numerous productions; but everything that had been made before the physician of Cos has perished. We have remaining of them only scattered and unconnected fragments. The works of Hippocrates have alone escaped destruction; and by a singular circumstance