

a better man or a worse one. He is not perfect. To be perfect, an ideal doctor, he would need to have the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the strength of Samson, the bravery of Joshua, the eloquence of Paul, the meekness of Moses, the faithfulness of Abraham, the charity of Dorcas, and the executive ability of Jezebel. He would have to hunt like Nimrod, fish like Peter, climb like Zaccheus, and drive like Jehu. He would have to keep clear of the gout of Asa, the melancholia of Saul, the gastric infelicity of Timothy, and would still fall short of perfection if he had not the tireless perseverance of the devil himself. Still, he is worth our study, for in scattered settlements over all this greater half of the continent you will find his counterpart, and to some of you gentlemen it will soon be given to live a life like his, and work out a similar destiny.

What of that life, its mirth and its misery, its hopes and its aspirations, its disappointments and its rewards? First, above all, it is a life of unconscious bravery, of devotion to duty, and of the sacrifice of self for the good of others. On what higher plane can any life be lived? "It is only," wrote Goethe, "with self-renunciation that we begin to live." He may not preach the truth, but he lives it, and that is a thousand times better. Perhaps he is not the most regular of church-goers, but

"He who serves his brother's needs,
Whose prayers are spelled in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count his beads
As well as human fingers."

The very nature of his work lifts him towards the ideal. Do I claim too much for it in saying that it is the real spirit of Christianity in action?

"It knows no meaner strife,
Than art's long conflict with the foes of life."

Ruskin teaches us the dignity of service, Dickens the divinity of kindness, George Eliot the supremacy of duty, Browning the splendid optimism that comes from unfaltering trust in God, and Lowell the need to give ourselves to others if we would truly help them. All these we find mingled in and making up the life of the ideal country doctor.

If to live and labor and suffer for others, rising above self and selfish ends, is to live truly, then, reverently be it said, he is following with a guidance that he dares not claim, in the footsteps of that one Physician who knew all the truth, and who was and is our Lord, and our Divine Exemplar. "Ever since from lips that spake as never man spake came the blessed words that gave to sightless eyes a vision of the blessed sunlight, to ears that had known no sound, the music of birds and of the human voice, that restored strength to withered limbs, and brought back life itself to a frame it had for-