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An Address.

(Delivered before the Aesculapian Society, Feb. 4th, 1910.)

WITH feelings of thankfulness and gratification, I appear before you, sons of Aesculapius, this afternoon, for I look upon your society as a child of my own creation, in whose welfare and prosperity I take a deep and abiding interest.

In the success that has attended our labors in the seat of learning, who is there that has any part therein, but must feel a pardonable pride; and though possessed of no master hand, laying claim to be nothing but an humble laborer in the boundless field of Aesculapian lore, it is something of joy to me to have even a small part in shaping, year after year, the lives of those who will take our place when for us the day of labor shall have passed, and "the night cometh wherein no man shall work." You are more to us, believe me, than you ever dream. To behold your lives, expanding day by day, as with clear, true vision the hidden recesses of your work are revealed to you, is well worth all the energy expended. The pleasure of life, the satisfaction of accomplishment, is not all selfish. It is more, far more that in feeling you can give to others all the best that is in you, that through you humanity may be benefited, and the world may be left a little better for the life you have lived.

In that paternal solicitude I entertain for you, may I be permitted this afternoon to turn aside from the daily routine of your college work and say to you, from some of whom I soon must part as a teacher though not as a friend, a few words on those "Ideals in Medicine" that should light your journey and make pleasant your path. Need I say that study and research, in so far as you can indulge, is quite inseparable from a successful career. No man has ever yet risen above the ordinary, or left his mark, or made a name, who did not bring to his avocation not only a well ordered mind but a life of patient, unremitting study in his chosen field. And in no domain is this quality more important than in Medicine. The triumphs of Sydenham were due to the fact that hour after hour he would sit by his patient's bedside observing every detail of the trend in each particular case. Thus it was that, without any previous knowledge, he was able to leave us those beautiful clinical histories that, in their originality of thought, in their thoroughness and finish, have stood the test of all the critical years that have since passed.

The life of Pasteur was one of well ordered beauty and simplicity, of close and patient study. The glory of his work came not from inspiration or from chance, it came from well directed constant work. For fourteen hours a day in a small attic, in his Roman laboratory, Grassi pursued his studies on malaria only to find at the end of that time he was experimenting on the culex instead of