

their example the leaven which leavens the mass of selfishness about us. These 'mystics' and 'chosen' are often not happy men, often not the successful men. They see of the travail of their souls and are not satisfied, and, in the bitterness of the thought that they are not better than their fathers, are ready, with Elijah, to lie down and die.

To-night I wish to tell you the story of a man of whom you have never heard, whose name is not written on the scroll of fame, but of one who heard the call and forsook all and followed his ideal.

When looking over the literature of malarial fevers in the South, chance threw in my way Fenner's *Southern Medical Reports*, vols. i and ii, which were issued in 1849-50 and 1850-51. Among many articles of interest, I was particularly impressed with two by Dr. John Y. Bassett, of Huntsville, Alabama, in whom I seemed to recognize a 'likeness to the wise below', a 'kindred with the great of old'. I wrote to Huntsville to ascertain what had become of Dr. Bassett, and my correspondent referred me to his daughter, from whom I received a packet of letters written from Paris in 1836. I have her permission to make the extracts which are here given.

There are a few men in every community who, from temperament or conviction, cannot bow to the Baals of the society about them, and who stand aloof, in thought at least, from the common herd. Such men tread a steep and thorny road, and of such in all ages has the race delighted to make its martyrs. The letters indicate in Dr. Bassett a restless, nonconforming spirit, which turned aside from the hollowness and deceit of much of the life about him. As a student he had doubtless felt a glow of enthusiasm at the rapid de-