

code and creed separate the lawyer and clergyman of different lands, but we in all lands hold the same views, abide by the same moral law, have like ideas of duty and conduct. From Japan to London you may claim medical aid for self or wife or child, and find none willing to take a fee. There is something fine and gracious in this idea.

I once asked the care of a physician I never saw or heard of before, in a German town. As I was about to pay him, a card dropped from my pocket-book. He glanced at it, and said, "But you are a doctor; I can take nothing—nothing." I remonstrated in vain. "No," he said, "you will make it up to some other doctor." I believe that I have paid this debt and other like debts with interest. I hear now and then of men who break this beautiful rule which makes professional service given by one physician to another a friendly debt for which the whole brotherhood holds itself responsible. Doctors are said to differ, but these bonds of union and generous amity are mysteriously strong. Try to keep them so, and when you serve medical men, go about it as if they were laymen. Put away all thought of wasted time, of the commercial values of what you give. The little biscuit you cast on the waters will come back a cheerful loaf. I consider it a glad privilege to help thus my brothers in medicine, and let me assure you few are more heavily taxed than I.

And there is another privilege your profession brings. From the time you graduate until you cease to work; whether in town or country, hospital or wretched homes, the poor will claim from you help in time of sickness. They will do it, too, with tranquil certainty of gracious service on your part.

The greatest of moralists has said, "The poor ye have always with ye." I think He meant to speak of the poor as representing opportunities for self-sacrifice never absent. Of a certainty it applies to us. The poor we have always with us—the sick poor.

On every Friday I conduct the clinical out-service at the Infirmary for Nervous Disease. I never go through these long and tiresome hours of intense attention without feeling that it is needful to put some stress on myself that I be not negligent or hasty, vexed or impatient, or fail as to some of the yet finer qualities of social conduct. I want you also to feel that such self-watchfulness is needed. These early years among the poor, or the class of uncertain debtors, are apt to make some men rude, uncaredful and ill-tempered. Most honestly do I say that such work is what I may call an acute test of character.

A part of your life-work consists in giving of your best to those who cannot pay. A part consists in work for honest wages. I think you happy in that our work is not altogether paid

labor, and not wholly work without pay. In both are chances which, rightly used, make the good better, the wise wiser; and there are many sides to it all.

I do not like to leave this subject without a living illustration. It is strange and interesting to see what our life does with different kinds of men.

I once went through a hospital ward in France watching the work of a great clinical teacher, long gray in the service of the sick. It was as pretty and gracious a thing as one could see. The examinations were swift, the questions few and ready. Clearly, he liked his work. A kindly word fell now and then; faces lit up as he came near. Now and then he answered a patient gravely and simply where there was real reason to do so, and twice I observed that when he did this he sat down, as if in no haste—a nice trait of gentle manners. It was a ward of women, and he was very modest—a too rare thing in French hospitals in my student days. When he went away his interne told me that he had been very sharp with him for a piece of neglect, "but," said the doctor, "he never says a word of blame at the bedside." In fact, this great physician was a gentleman—a much abused word—but think what that may fully mean; a man in the highest sense of manhood—so gentle (good old English word) that every little or large act of duty or social conduct is made gracious and beautiful because of the way of doing it.

I saw, a week later, a great French surgeon in his clinic of women. The man was as swift and as skillful as could be. He was also ill-tempered, profane, abrupt and brutally immodest—a strong, rough, coarse machine; and this was what the medical life had done with two men. With less intellect this rude nature must have altogether failed of success in life. He did not fail being a man of overwhelming force and really admirable mental organization; and so when you read of Abernethy's roughness and the like, pray understand that such great men as he win despite bad manners, and not because of them. There is no place where good breeding and social tact—in a word, habitual good manners—are so much in place as at the bedside or in the ward. When Sir-Henry Sidney wrote a letter of advice to his son—the greater Sidney, Sir Philip—he said: "Have good manners for men of all ranks; there is no coin which buyeth so much at small cost."

A clever woman of the world once said to me: "I sent for Dr. A. yesterday, and by mistake the servant left the message with Dr. B. He came at once, and really he was so well-mannered and pleasant that I quite forgot what a fool he is."

I know men who have had large success in practice chiefly because of their gentleness and