

versal Happiness" might have been sketched by a Round Table pen or some youthful secretary to the League of Nations. That such hope persists is a witness to the power of ideals to captivate the mind; and the reality may be nearer than any of us dare dream. If survived, a terrible infection, such as confluent smallpox, seems to benefit the general health. Perhaps such an attack through which we have passed may benefit the body cosmic. After discussing the various forms of Government, Plato concludes that "States are as the men are, they grow out of human characters" (*Rep.* VIII), and then, as the dream-republic approached completion, he realized that after all the true State is within, of which each one of us is the founder, and patterned on an ideal the existence of which matters not a whit. Is not the need of this individual reconstruction the Greek message to modern democracy? and with it is blended the note of individual service to the community on which Professor Gilbert Murray has so wisely dwelt.

With the hot blasts of hate still on our cheeks, it may seem a mockery to speak of this as the saving asset in our future; but is it not the very marrow of the teaching in which we have been brought up? At last the gospel of the right to live, and the right to live healthy, happy lives, has sunk deep into the hearts of the people; and before the war, so great was the work of science in preventing untimely death that the day of Isaiah seemed at hand "when a man's life should be more precious than fine gold, even a man than the gold of Ophir." There is a sentence in the writings of the Father of Medicine upon which all commentators have lingered, "ἦν γὰρ παρῆ φιλανθρωπία, πάρεστι καὶ φιλοτεχνία"¹—the love of humanity associated with the love of his craft!—philanthropia and philotechnia—the joy of working joined in each one to a true love of his brother.

¹ *Œuvres complètes d'Hippocrate*. Par E. Littré, t. ix, 258.