

month of June I paid and received all told seven visits, of which three were charity visits, two patients ran away and paid me nothing, and two paid me \$1.00 each.

Many years ago I was returning in the street cars, at six o'clock in the morning, from St. Mary's Hospital, where I had spent the entire night in attending to the victims of a terrible fire in a mill, and, seeing my case of instruments, a laborer, evidently an intelligent man, just starting for his summer day's work, accosted me, and wanted to know where I had been. Upon my telling him what I had been doing, he said to me, "I suppose you'll get a right good salary for working all night and doing a lot of operations;" and he was completely dumbfounded when he learned that not only had I gone to the hospital at my own expense, but had served the institution for years without charge, and that every hospital surgeon, and hospital physician, and hospital resident in the city gave his labor and the best work of his life for years, entirely free of charge to the patients under his care.

Yet time brings its rewards, and you will find if you do good work that your friends and neighbors will after a time surely recognize your merit. If you have genius you may gain a fortune, but even mediocrity is sure of a competence if you are faithful and honest in your work. No man need ever despair of making at least a decent living by the practice of medicine.

But pecuniary rewards are not the best that you will get, if you cultivate everything that ennobles the profession and discourage all that tends to make it merely a trade by which to make money. What, then, are the real rewards which the profession of medicine holds out to you? They may be sketched somewhat in the following manner: First, you will enjoy a sense of daily duty faithfully performed. This fills a noble heart with a glow, far beyond the satisfaction of an

expanding balance in bank or a growing hoard of stocks and bonds.

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done;"

if you do, you may be sure that no day will be lost, but will be counted among your great gains. Duty is often irksome drudgery, but put your heart into it and the lowest drudgery becomes the highest service and will not fail of its reward. As quaint old George Herbert says:—

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

Life for the most part is a matter of trivial details. The growth of character, like all other growth in nature, is the result of the steady multiplied activity of many small parts. The giant oak which resists the stoutest storm does so because in the many days of soft rain and bright sunshine its roots were spreading far and wide in the fertile soil by the growth of cell upon cell and fibre after fibre, its strength being tested and confirmed by summer breezes and occasional wintry winds, and at last when the storm comes in its fury, the mighty tree has so faithfully done its duty in its minute but constant growth, that it stands unmoved and unassailable. So the small daily duties of life, if faithfully performed, will gradually develop your character and fix your principles so firmly, that the storm of temptation, however violent, cannot bend or swerve you from the path of duty.

This daily duty may lead you into danger, which you must face with the coolness and courage of the soldier on the field of battle. True, for the soldier of science and of duty there is no blare of trumpets, no beating of drums, no shouts of the combatants, no public honors, no laurel wreath: for the young physician is in the lowly home of poverty, battling with the angel of death, exposed to the poison of diphtheria, of yellow fever, of cholera or of