

While living laborious days, happy in his work, happy in the growing recognition which he is receiving from his colleagues, no shadow of doubt haunts the mind of the young physician, other than the fear of failure; but I warn him to cherish the days of his freedom, the days when he can follow his bent, untrammelled, undisturbed, and not as yet in the coils of the octopus. In a play of Oscar Wilde's one of the characters remarks, "there are only two great tragedies in life, not getting what you want—and getting it!" and I have known consultants whose treadmill life illustrated the bitterness of this *mot*, and whose great success at sixty did not bring the comfort they had anticipated at forty. The mournful echo of the words of the preacher rings in their ears, words which I not long ago heard quoted with deep feeling by a distinguished physician, "Better is a handful with quietness than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit."

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