

To many there is the hope of making a good income by following the medical profession. This is as a rule true. We have asked reputable bankers in various places how the doctors compare with other citizens in the matter of material success. The answer has always been to the effect that the comparison is a very favorable one. This is so far very well, and is some prospect ahead of the student. He will have his waiting years, but so must always those who follow any calling, unless it be the odd lucky speculator.

Then, there is an attractiveness about the medical profession in that its disciples are not tied to the same sort of hours as most trades or businesses. The doctor can direct his movements with a freedom that few enjoy. He can arrange for an hour or a day off when it suits his convenience. There is in one way a peculiar sort of freedom about the medical profession. Sir Henry Holland, the eminent London physician, declared that he would never work more than ten months in any year, and never make more than £12,000 a year. He succeeded.

The thought that doctors are agents for the relief of suffering appeals to not a few. While the mind is youthful and the emotional side at its highest, there is some attractiveness in the thought of easing pain and saving life. This is true, and one of the noblest assets in the profession. It should be cultivated all the way through life. We once heard a great scholar in an after-dinner speech state that there were no persecutions and bloodsheds to mar the history of the medical profession. It had journeyed its way down through the long centuries wearing the white wings of peace and bearing in its hands the olive branch.

But with all these advantages, and as long as death, in the language of the Roman poet, beats with impartial tread at the door of the cottage and the palace gate, the doctor will find his way into all homes among all conditions of men. There will ever be present great responsibilities. Often alone and far away from assistance or the advice of a brother practitioner he will be called upon to act on his own initiative.—

To every man and nation comes a moment to decide,

Then it is the brave man chooses and the coward stands aside.

Carlyle said once that he saw no reason why he should pay any special respect to a king or a mitred bishop; but to the doctor, making his lonely and remote midnight calls for the relief of suffering, he would gladly take off his hat.

The doctor's life is no sinecure. He must cultivate the best qualities of both head and heart; and we would say, also of body. A clear mind well stored with learning, a kind heart backed with courage for any