

the bowel, or sudden heart failure—and that young life is snatched hence, surely the death is as tragic in that family as death by drowning, even in a great disaster like the Titanic.

Upon any night in mid-winter, when disease is most prevalent throughout the land, it has been conservatively estimated that one in one hundred of the population lies ill of some communicable yet preventable disease. Humanity can well afford to ponder and reflect upon this statement. Does not ill-health, sickness and disease entail untold misery, trouble, expense, inconvenience—to the poor especially?

Public medicine, with all its subsidiary branches, preventive medicine, sanitation, pure water supplies, proper sewage disposal, pure and clean foods, infant mortality, clean milk, the medical supervision and inspection of school children, hygiene, all offer the best there is in life, and more especially to the poorer classes.

The clerical profession and the medical profession, with the intelligent and undivided support and co-operation of the public generally, must join hands to uplift and ameliorate the sufferings of the poor. There must be a strong union, offensive and defensive, and the hand, once to the plow, must not turn back.

It is the part and duty of religion to collect men together. It is within its sphere of life to inculcate honesty and integrity, to promote morality, to foster truth and offset tyranny, grinding taxation and superstition.

The two professions of medicine and religion get nearer to all classes of the community than any other callings. They see life exactly as it is. They see the felon in his cell, the tatterdemalion in his garret or cellar, the millionaire in his mansion, the king in his palace.

“Go, and do the best you can!” was the mandate given by nature to man when our species was created. Equipped with instinct, endowed with reason, love and benevolence implanted in our bosoms, we have evolved a democracy which is not based upon the terms of equality. The rich are getting richer, while the poor are getting poorer.

The aesthetic mind contemplates with agony the misery and squalor of the poor. The wretched are burnt up with envy toward the rich.

It is needful for civilization, however, that there must always be some class of man to do the rough work of the world; and the man who goes down into the ditch and does this rough work of the world is entitled to be well paid for it. And, to put a new suit on an old adage—every man is entitled to the dollar which he earns.