

you only keep them separate. The worry comes from the attempt at mixture. As general practitioners you will need all the faith you can carry, and while it may not always be of the conventional pattern, when expressed in your lives rather than your lips, the variety is not a bad one from the standpoint of St. James, and may help to counteract the common scandal alluded to in the celebrated diary of that gossipy old parson-doctor, the Rev. John Ward: "One told the Bishop of Gloucester that he imagined physicians of all other men the most competent judges of all others affairs of religion; and his reason was because they were wholly unconcerned with it."

III.

Professional work of any sort tends to narrow the mind, to limit the point of view and to put a hall-mark on a man of a most unmistakable kind. On one hand are the intense, ardent natures, absorbed in their studies and quickly losing interest in everything but their profession, while other faculties and interests "rust" unused. On the other hand are the bovine brethren, who think of nothing but the treadmill and the corn. From very different causes, the one from concentration, the other from apathy, both are apt to neglect those outside studies that widen the sympathies and help a man to get the best there is out of life. Like art, medicine is an exacting mistress, and in the pursuit of one of the scientific branches, sometimes, too, in practice, not a portion of a man's spirit may be left free for other distractions, but this does not often happen. On account of the intimate personal nature of his work, the medical man, perhaps more than any other man, needs that higher education of which Plato speaks,—“that education in virtue from youth upwards, which enables a man eagerly to pursue the ideal perfection.” It is not for all, nor can all attain to it, but there is comfort and help in the pursuit, even though the end is never reached. For a large majority the daily round and the common task furnish more than enough to satisfy their heart's desire, and there seems no room left for anything else. Like the good, easy man whom Milton scores in the *Areopagitica*, whose religion was a “traffic so entangled that of all mysteries he could not skill to keep a stock going upon that trade” and handed it over with all the locks and keys to “a divine of note and estimation,” so is it with many of us in the matter of this higher education. No longer intrinsic, wrought in us and ingrained, it has become, in Milton phrase, a “dividual movable,” handed over nowadays to the daily press or to the hap-hazard instruction of the pulpit, the platform or the magazines. Like a good many other things, it comes in a better and more enduring form if not too consciously sought. The all-