

life would crush their every hope, and you stand there entrusted with their full confidence. They will watch your every movement—they will listen eagerly for some words of hope from you; their gaze will seem to penetrate through and through you and to read your inmost thoughts. Upon your decisive action, your skill, the balance is turned, the life is snatched from the grave, the joy and light of that household is once more restored, and you have the unbounded satisfaction of knowing that you contributed in no small measure to that happiness. Do you not think that this is a responsible moment in a man's life? Is it not sad to think, on the other hand, that through ignorance, neglect and carelessness, you may have helped to sever the tender cord that bound that precious life to the bereaved family? We cannot save every life, nor can we expect to; but we are expected most assuredly by our patients at least to commit no gross blunders. To avoid such mistakes can only be done by constant study. The more busy you become the more study is called for; the more constant must be your observation of disease in all its forms. It is then you will learn the value of your attention to your clinical work in your student days. Your teachers have had to learn all this before you. Take every advantage of their well-earned and rich knowledge. They are only too willing to impart it to you; but you should realize that they have acquired that knowledge by hard work and untiring devotion to their studies.

The practice of medicine demands of us the greatest devotion and self-denial—and not unfrequently true heroism. How seldom does the medical man receive proper recognition for acts of the truest bravery performed in the discharge of his duties? It is not in the din of battle, or the excitement amid the roar of cannon and shouts of the victors, that he is called upon to do some act of bravery, but in the harrowing hush of some dread disease or epidemic, that the physician daily takes his life in his hands, and goes in amongst the sick and dying even where the nearest relatives shrink from going. There he is to be found, ministering to the suffering, soothing their last moments with his presence, never thinking of himself or the danger he is exposing himself to, but only of the faithful discharge of his sacred duty. How many noble men in the past have, under such circumstances, sacrificed their lives in their endeavors to stem some dread epidemic, to find out some mystery about the disease that is rushing over the land. History tells us of many such noble sacrifices, but they are soon forgotten; no monument is raised