

I look upon this great assembly, I think of the years of study, the expensive education, the physical and intellectual toil, the laborious days and anxious nights, and when I consider the results I am tempted to ask—what is the good of it all? We toil to save, and how often it is that the valuable lives, the bread winners, the wise, the strong, the true, are taken, and we succeed in saving the idle, the dissolute, the degenerate. There is not only a sense of futility, there is horror in the thought that our art may in unworthy hands be degraded to be a servant of evil passions.

And have all these then—our brothers and our forebears—died in vain? Have their lives been wasted, and would it have been better had they had no part in aught that's done beneath the circuit of the sun?

Perish such thought! These dark imaginings are nothing but rank pessimism, and pessimism is fatal to us of all men. Of all men the medical man must be an optimist. If our work is to save and prolong life, we must believe that life is something worth having and worth keeping, or we are not true to ourselves, and are false to other men.

Now, what is the value of life? Character. And what makes life worth having and worth keeping?

The more we reflect upon human life in all its manifestations the more do we become convinced that its true criterion is character. To the unthinking it may seem that this subject is outside our province, and that health and character are in different categories. But we cannot dissociate the physical from the intellectual and moral elements of our nature. As anatomists we may study the physical framework of man, but as practitioners of medicine we must consider the living man as body, soul and spirit.

Our nature is threefold, and health and character pertain to each component, the Physical, the Intellectual, and the Moral. We may admit that so far as we can see perfect physical health may exist with feeble intelligence and degenerate morals, but the ideal condition for which we should aim is the balanced blend and perfect equilibrium of all these elements. And even though at first glance it may seem that one component may attain perfection while the others are defective, a close observation convinces us that it is not so. The brilliant intellect is hampered in its working by the diseased body which forms its transient tabernacle, the "eye sublime" subdued to that it works in by a vile spirit, loses its brightness, and

"Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again."