

SURGEON GENERAL HUNTER is to be made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

DR. JAMES B. HUNTER has resigned his position on the staff of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital.

M. TARNIER succeeds the late Professor Depaul, as professor of obstetrics and diseases of women and children.

SURGEON GUNNELL has been appointed Surgeon General of the United States Navy, to succeed Surgeon General Wales.

DR. LUNSFORD P. YANDELL, senior editor of the *Louisville Medical News*, died suddenly at his residence on the 12th ult.

CANADIANS ABROAD—R. K. C. G. McCorkill, Canada; D. A. McCrimmon, Ontario; were admitted L.R.C.P. & S., Edin., in February.

DR. KRAUSS has been elected to represent the Woman's Medical College upon the corporation of the University of Trinity College.

CHEVREUL, the celebrated chemist, who for over fifty years has been director of the Gobelin's factory at Paris, has been placed on the retired list, on full pay. Although ninety-eight years of age, he claims that his forced retirement is premature.

Miscellaneous.

TALMAGE ON DOCTORS. — Encourage all physicians. You thank him when he brings you up out of an awful crisis of disease; but do you thank him for treating the incipient stages of disease so skilfully that you do not sink as far down as an awful crisis? There is much cheap and heartless wit about the physician; but get sick, and how quickly you send for him. Some say doctors are of more harm than good, and there is a book written, entitled "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book and entitle it "Every Man His Own Undertaker." Do you think physicians are hard-hearted because they see so much pain? Ah, no! The most eminent surgeon of the last generation in New York came into the clinical department of the New York Medical College when there was a severe operation to be performed upon a little child. The great surgeon said to the students gathered around him: "Gentlemen, there are surgeons here who can do

this just as well as I can. You will excuse me, therefore, if I retire. I cannot endure the sight of suffering as well as I once could." There are so many trials, so many interruptions, so many exhaustions in a physician's life that I rejoice he gets so many encouragements. Before him open all circles of society. He is welcomed in cot and mansion. Children shout when they see his gig coming, and old men, recognizing his step, look up and say, "Doctor, is that you?" He stands between our families and the grave, fighting back the disorders that troop up from their encampments by the cold river. No one ever hears such hearty thanks as the doctor. Under God he makes the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk. The path of such is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended. Perhaps there was in our house an evil hour of foreboding. We thought all hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put aside their toys. We walked on tip-toe and whispered, and at every sound said, "hush!" How loud the clock ticked, and, with all our care, the banister creaked. The doctor stayed all night and concentrated all his skill. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided into a sweet, calm slumber, and the doctor looked around to us and whispered, "The crisis is past." When, propped up with pillows, the sick one sat in the easy chair, and through the lattice the soft south wind tried hard to blow a rose-leaf into the faded cheek, and we were all glad, and each of the children brought a violet or a clover-top from the lawn to the lap of the convalescent, and little Bertha stood on a high chair with the brush smoothing her mother's hair, and it was decided that the restored one might soon ride out for a mile or two, our house was bright again. And as we helped our medical adviser into the gig we saw not that the step was broken or his horse sprung in the knees. For the first time in our life we realized what doctors are worth. In some of our minds among the tenderest of our memories is that of the old family physician.—*Louis. Med. News.*

During the Russo-Turkish war, 1877-78, the combined force of the Russian army numbered 933,000. Of this number 88,166 perished by disease, and 36,455 by wounds received in battle. These results indicate a very inefficient medical service.—*Maryland Med. Journal.*