

minds of the profession, who are not compilers of such a style of literature, are unknown. Aware that the great test, which is ever rising its phantom proportions before him, is not of a demonstrative character, and that he is not required to evidence the possession of any practical knowledge, he rests contented with getting up first principles and becoming grounded in the refined abstrusities of specialities. But failure is certain—though it be not near: the great superstructure has not been built, and to him practice, when it comes, will turn out a matter of routine—he will be in the dark dealing heavily, with murderous weapons, incessant blows on all who approach him.

There is another class of motives at least as powerful and as prevalent as those now depicted, but they are not so destructive in their tendencies. They rest upon a principle of self-advancement, and can only prove to be influential when favored by more or less personal skill and compatible extraneous circumstances. A man, for instance, seeks to acquire a lofty reputation or an honorable position of distinction among his fellows, and in the eager struggle he puts forth the most strenuous exertions at his disposal to be successful. Yet conduct such as that implies diligence in study, continuance in well doing; it has talent at its command and is accumulating daily a fuller shew of acquirements. These elements in his progress necessarily make him clever, and give him insuperable advantages over the pressed-man or the groveller with whom he is now compared. In his treatment of the sick, far greater success must follow; he can give a reason for what he is doing, and does the best for his patient which the present resources of medicine will permit. Estimable, however, as such advantages are, the motive is positively as bad as with the former, for it is a sordid one, self only is at the bottom, and, if it were not for the complacency and congratulations he experiences and awards himself, he would not have been a laborer in the world's infirmary wherein he officiates. To his eye, his patients suggest no other consideration than what they will yield,—he views them as interesting cases, or delightful commentaries upon the work of pathological deterioration, or striking illustrations of the capacities of the human frame for physical sufferings,—his affability towards them is measured strictly by their activity in increasing the boundaries of his fold or attracting to him other customers with themselves. And, if he be also of a covetous turn of mind, then his value of the sick and dying, to whom he ministers, is accurately adjudged by the weight in current coin for which they will be good. Surely feelings and actions such as these are not right. The world may have been gained, but the counterbalancing loss before the individual is immeasurably greater.