

## FACTORS WHICH MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

In the few remarks for which I would solicit your attention I should like to discuss the factors which appear to make for success in life, and I trust that I shall be pardoned if my illustrations are drawn largely from the only career with which I am intimately acquainted—the career of a medical man. That the pursuit of medicine should, by the way, seem fascinating to many is, I think, intelligible. I am disposed to believe that there have been more heroic men in this calling than in any other. The heroism may not be of a dramatic type nor of a thrilling character. It is a heroism based upon self-sacrifice which accomplished under obscure conditions, has more than once signified that a man has laid down his life not only for a friend but for the stranger beyond his gates. It is in the humbler walks of the profession that men who have thus borne themselves gallantly are to be found. I should not seek for such men at a great medical festival held in some lordly hall where ornate toasts are proposed amid every evidence of ease and luxury. I would rather think that on the very night of such a festival in some far-off part of the country, on a bleak moor perhaps, a solitary man in a gig is pushing through the dark, against wind and rain, to help another who is poorer than himself. Indeed, the true spirit of the profession of medicine is not to be illustrated by the brilliant surgeon who holds the operating theatre spell-bound nor by the learned teacher who can grasp the attention of a crowded audience, but rather by the lonely figure of the man in the gig.

## ROMANCE OF MODERN MEDICINE.

There is, moreover, a glamor of romance in modern medicine which draws hesitating steps as surely as did the notes of the piper of Hamelin. Never have boys tired in the reading of stories of adventure and discovery, no matter whether the valiant ship were the shadowy "Argo" or that bluff, weather-beaten brig the "Golden Hind," in the command of Sir Francis Drake. Now few lands are left on the earth to discover, but in the world of medical research are whole continents, whose beaches have been trodden by no human foot, whose mysterious capes no sail has weathered, and into whose silent bays has never broken the sound of a prying keel. The romance of discovery would perhaps be sought among the voyagings of some old explorer whose grey ship has drifted westwards for many a hopeless month until at last, upon eyes haggard with famine, there break the purple heights of a new world. The captain, as he stands in his rags on the poop, is a heroic figure enough, but I do not know that the picture is outdone by another I would call to your mind. In a prosaic room you will see a man worn by long and monotonous toil. He stands by the window, and his gaze is