

eight in the morning? (I am sure it is to me!) With half an hour's reading in bed every night as a steady practice, the busiest man can get a fair education before the plasma sets in the periganglionic spaces of his grey cortex.

But there is another side of the question of books and libraries—man does not live by bread alone, and while getting his medical education and making his calling and election sure by hard work, the young doctor should look about early for an avocation, a pastime, that will take him away from patients, pills and potions. One of the best features I find in my "old country" colleagues is the frequency with which they have hobbies. No man is really happy or safe without one, and it makes precious little difference what the outside interest may be—botany, beetles or butterflies, roses, tulips or irises, fishing, mountaineering or antiquities—anything will do so long as he straddles a hobby and rides it hard. I would like to make a plea for the book, for the pleasant paths of bibliography, in which many of us stray to our great delight. Upon this how charming is old Burton (really one of us, "by profession a divine, by inclination a physician," he says), whose *Anatomy of Melancholy* is the only great medical work ever written by a layman. "For what a world of books offers itself, in all subjects, arts, and sciences, to the sweet content and capacity of the reader! In arithmetic, geometry, perspective, optics, astronomy, architecture, sculpture, painting, of which so many and such elaborate treatises are written; in mechanics and their mysteries, military matters, navigation, riding of horses, fencing, swimming, gardening, planting, great tomes of husbandry, cookery, falconry, hunting, fishing, fowling, etc., with exquisite pictures of all sports, games, and what not! In music, metaphysics, natural and moral philosophy, philology, in policy, heraldry, genealogy, chronology, etc., they afford great tomes, or those studies of antiquity, etc., *et quid subtilius Arithmeticis inventionibus, quid jucundius Musicis rationibus, quid divinius Astronomicis, quid rectius Geometricis demonstrationibus!* What so sure, what so pleasant?"

Our society will, I am sure, be very helpful to men who take up this study. We hope to have two groups, mutually helpful—the professional bibliographers, the men in charge of our libraries, who have to do with the book, as such, and who care little or nothing about its contents; and amateurs, like myself. As Professor Ferguson says in his charming essay¹:

He (the bibliographer) has to do with editions and their peculiarities, with places, printers, and dates, with types and illustrations, with sizes and collation, with binding and owners, with classifications, collections and catalogues.

There are scores of book collectors whose hobby also takes them in this direction, but we should have a large amateur group who will be happier in following other lines. Personally, I collect on two principles—first, interest in an author, which is a good guide, as the book