

In no other profession is a man called upon to use his mental powers of perception and reason as unexpectedly, and no other profession is there so much dependent upon correct observation and speedy judgment. Men have graduated from Medical Schools and although apparently observant occupants of the seats in the operating theatre for three years could not tell the difference between a needle holder and artery forceps; they have read text-books on Surgery and Medicine and yet spell *technique*—*teckneach*. If a man's powers of observation are so dull while in College, how *can* he be expected to diagnose small-pox from chicken-pox. One can easily understand how such a man could send a patient to a hospital to be operated on for cataract, when suffering from ptyrignum. And herein lies the value of an Arts course in classics. It trains the mind to work in a way no other course does. Mathematics is so exact that there is no chance of developing individuality. An English course merely makes you familiar with the entrancing forms with which master minds have clothed their thoughts, and you unconsciously repeat them, they are yours and yet not you. Now turn to the classics. Here men in other lands and other tongues spoke their thoughts; you are taught to understand their thought, and interpreting it clothe it with your own language, a task requiring the exactness of mathematics and the correctness of the linguist.

One thing is certain, the science of medicine, depending as it does for its practice on a foundation composed of the results of so many investigators, demands in its followers more than our matriculation standard requires, and we would be glad to see some steps taken to raise the standard of entrance, so as to secure the best trained and most brilliant minds of our land.

* * *

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

During the Spanish-American war last summer much of the success of American arms was attributed to the character of the man behind the gun. That is, the personality of the men composing the troops was acknowledged to be the most important factor in determining the issue

of the struggle, and most of us so far forgot our prejudices against brother Jonathan as to rejoice in his prowess because he represented the Saxon race, and in praising him we were praising ourselves. Be this as it may, the truth is manifest that moral fibre counts for much, is in fact paramount in any struggle. In all the warfare of life the ultimate result depends upon the character of the man behind the gun.

Last week our Alma Mater placed her imprimatur upon twenty-two students and sent them forth into the ranks of medical practitioners. Within a fortnight three score or more of students in other faculties will be "mustered in" and sent to the front. For all of these the College has been in one sense an arsenal from which they have drawn the intellectual weapons and ammunition with which they begin their warfare. The guns and ammunition are, on the whole, of the most modern and approved pattern, but what of the men behind the guns? Has the University been merely an arsenal, or has it been a spiritual power as well, disciplining the raw recruit and strengthening his character, until now as he takes his place in the ranks of those enlisted in the cause of humanity he does so as a vital force and not as a mere machine? Has he, in other words, developed those elements of character or personality which shall make most potent the knowledge with which his course here has equipped him?

It is not easy to analyse personality, but there are a few strands of moral fibre which college life and discipline tends especially to foster, and a glance at them may be helpful to any of us who feel inclined to take stock and submit ourselves to a rigorous self-examination. Chief among these is a quickened sympathy with our fellow-men, and a more genial outlook upon the common struggle of the race. Have we imbibed any of the spirit of the old pagan, who could say, "I am a man, nothing is alien to me which affects humanity?" Unless we can out of sympathy for our fellows, and with all humility and sincerity inscribe on our shield *Ich dien*, we have not risen to the exalted position which is our birthright as College men.

Closely entwined with this is a robust opti-