

Expiring Vitalists fade away into shadows! Phlogiston has become a thing of the past! Leeuwenhoek turns in his grave for Amici has got his lenses to working at last and we are face to face with modern medicine! Into this splendid realm may we on the present occasion, like Moses, discreetly die rather than enter.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." Here we have an art which is older than all others. The graduate of the vernal equinox now approaching will be able to look back through forty centuries, and find before him the same difficult duties that perplexed the followers of the Memphian Imhotep, the identical problems that drew the lines of care on the brow of Hippocrates. Surely with the more pride he will claim membership in a profession less open to the charge of mercenary cunning or petty selfishness or vulgar hypocrisy than any other; a profession which with venerable dignity towers far above the extraneous farcical elements with which all professions are inevitably surrounded; a profession which, as it is assailed now on all sides by discordant cries and ludicrous pretensions and pseudo-sciences and multiform impostures, has ever been so surrounded by a similar Circean rabble from century to century, and has outlived the menaces of them all, for these are but the ephemeral gnats that hover about a statue of stone.

And this the history of medicine teaches: the unity of aim, the singleness of purpose, the undeviating allegiance to an unchanging ideal through long ages, that can be claimed by no other art, no other fraternity. The spirit is always the same—a note not without a quaint yet despairing touch of humor.

"Medicine is of all the arts," the Coan practitioner observes in his Law or gnomon, by which true physicians are to be distinguished from the false, "of all arts the most noble; but, owing to the ignorance of those who practise it, and of those who inconsiderately form a judgment of them, it is at present far behind all the other arts. Their mistake appears to me to arise principally from this: that in the cities there is no punishment connected with the practice of medicine except disgrace, and that does not hurt those who are used to it. Such persons are like the figures which are introduced in tragedies, for as they have the shape and dress and personal appearance of an actor, but are not actors, so also physicians are many in title, but very few in reality."

In the Oath also, for Francis Adams' translation of which, in a richly embellished, and, in spite of one or two anachronisms, most artistic illumination, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. R. L. Gibson of this city, the same dignified spirit is manifested.

Nor in their ethics alone, but in the actual practice of their art also the early physicians display the same qualities of mind with which one associates the best physicians of the present day. In this manner, for example, Aretæus, the Cappadocian, sets down (in his work on Therapeutics) various prescriptions by which the comfort of patients afflicted with cardiac disease may be ensured, letting slip, in his earnest admonishments, a quotation from the