

The Belgian doctors are driven from their homes. In many instances the members of their families are separated, and their whereabouts is unknown to each other. All this has come upon them because the Belgian people resisted the robber that entered their homes. Just the other day Van Gehuchten, the noted Belgian doctor and scientist, of Louvain, died at Cambridge, where he came to carry on his work. A few days before his death he was informed that both his town and country homes had been utterly destroyed. With great fortitude he tried to conceal his emotions.

He helps twice who helps promptly. The medical profession throughout the world should be one grand brotherhood. In times of peace each shares with the other the benefit of his discoveries. There are no secrets of progress held back. In times like these there should be a sharing with those in distress. The old cry of the Macedonian is heard in the land—"Come over and help us."

The lot of the Canadian doctor is often hard enough. He has to toil in lonely places and at lonely hours, and his rewards financially may be meagre enough. But compared with that of the Belgian doctor at the present moment, it is a veritable paradise. Our own lot will be made all the happier for having taken a part in lifting some of the present crushing sorrow and distress from the shoulders of our confrères in Belgium. Recall a case such as this: A doctor is practically bare-foot in the winter, his wife is taken ill by the roadside, and his children are scattered to the four winds; And this is not fancy, but truth.

What one, or two, or three could not do, the whole profession of Canada can do. Already Britain is at work and the medical men in the United States, too. The hundred thousand medical men in the United States, the sixty thousand in Britain, and the ten thousand in Canada have now the greatest opportunity that has ever been vouchsafed the sons of Asclepius to show that they belong to a *noble profession*.

In the speech of Portia we have these words:

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Few conceptions of the true gift is finer than that found in Lowell's vision of Sir Launfal:

Not what you give, but what you share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three:
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

We feel that, in proportion to its numbers, the medical men of Canada will not fall behind those of the United States or Britain.