

much energy for other things. One day's work very closely resembles the next, and the next, and though I would not be understood to say that there is not more of variety, and more scope for the exercise of sound judgment than any outsider might suppose, nevertheless, it is all exercised upon a strictly limited class of subjects, and so has its special mental dangers. The dentist in large practice may be compared to a man who daily journeys along a deep lane, shut in with hedgerows on either side. In such a lane there will be much for him who has eyes to see it, more, perhaps, than in a lifetime he can possibly exhaust, if he observes its geology, its fauna and flora, and the phenomena of human life and its ways that unfold themselves there; but for all that, our wayfarer will never understand even his little world if he never looks outside it. I came across a passage in one of Stevenson's novels the other day which illustrates what I mean: 'The dull man is made, not by the nature, but by the degree of his immersion in a single business. And all the more if that be sedentary, uneventful, and ingloriously safe. More than one-half of him will then remain unexercised and undeveloped; the rest will be distended and deformed by over-nutrition, over-cerebration, and the heat of rooms.' And, inasmuch as it is easy to see the mote in our brother's eye, I often fancy that I can trace the cramping and narrowing effect of our necessarily limited horizons, which prevents our even seeing what is really well within their limits. There are countless problems lying before us; the etiology of the diseases we have to treat, problems of heredity laid out before us—a rich and varied field for observation, yet how many cultivate it, even making due allowance for the fatigues of our routine work. By all means, then, let the dentist who would keep his mind fresh cultivate a hobby. A hobby is more restful than idleness, and is a joy forever, if it be well chosen. I recollect being struck with the sadness of the end of the life of one of the greatest physicians of recent days, who had no hobbies. He broke down in health, so that he could not practise, and then time hung heavy, even on the hands of a bright intellect, because, with failing health and declining years, it was too late to take up a fresh pursuit. And, as a contrast, the end of the life of a great surgeon, who, when he retired from practice, eagerly turned to the pursuit of art, which he had cultivated with a great measure of success throughout a long and busy life. And I think I can trace the same cramping effect in our relations to outside matters.

“Important to the well-being of the individual are his teeth; yet man is not wholly a complex organism constructed for the purpose of carrying about thirty-two (or fewer) teeth. Useful as I hope we are, we are only a small section of a great community, and while we hope that any legislation which we may be able at any future time to influence, will be upon the lines on which we have