

and did not question the eyes. But a little country doctor did, and a tendon or two clipped put that woman back in a state of health. I was one of those who made the mistake, and yet I have written, was perhaps the first to write, on the eye as a cause of headaches of varied type. But to be constantly complete and exact in all examinations is, I admit, hard; nevertheless in that way lies success.

And the like axiom applies to treatment. You are taught in acute disease to write your directions and to leave no possibility of change unprovided for. And the acutely ill are prisoners of our will. But how many men think it needful to write out a schedule of life, medicine, diet, exercise, rest for cases of chronic disorder—I do not say disease. I never tire of urging that in attention to minutiae lies the most certain success. A large practice is self-destructive. I mean that no over-busy man can continue to give always, unflinching, the kind of care patients ought to have. But that is, as I said in my first lecture, a question of enduring energy, and of the firmly made habit of dissatisfaction with the incomplete. If medicine consisted only in mere intellectual endeavour; if to see, hear, feel, weigh, measure, in a word, know all there is to know of a case, were really all; if, then, we only had to say do this or that, one's life might be sufficiently easy.

In time of peril, or under stress of pain, any one and always the great consultant, can secure absolute obedience. In the daily current of practice, fancy and unbelief, indolence, prejudice and what-not, stand in our way. Busy men, indulged children, hysterical women are your worst difficulties. Then come into play the moral qualities which, in union with educated intellect, make for the triumphs of the great healers of their kind. Are you gentle and yet firm? Have you the power of statement, which is so priceless a gift, the capacity to make the weak, the silly, the obstinate feel as you speak that your earnestness rests on foundations of kindness, and of thoughtful investigation of their needs? Can you, in a word, make people do what you want? Have you the patience to wait untroubled by the follies of the sick, to bide the hour when you can carry your point? Have you the art to convince the mother that the sick child is the last of all who should be left to the misery of self-indulgence? Can you sit by the

bedside and gently satisfy some hysterical fool of her capacity to take up anew the reins of self-government? It demands earnestness. It means honest beliefs. It exacts such rule over your own temper: such good manners as few possess in their highest degrees of quality and quantity. Above all, it means that dislike of defeat which makes the great soldier.

A fine thing in our profession that mere hatred of defeat. As I came once out of a consultation with Prof. Gross, he said: "Don't you hate it, sir?" "Hate it: what?" I said. "Hate what?" "Oh, to spend a life like yours or mine, and be beaten—puzzled—licked, sir—by a miserable lump in a woman's breast." I always liked what General Sheridan said to me years ago. I asked how he accounted for his constant success in war. He hesitated, and then replied: "It was because I did so hate to be licked." No matter whence comes this feeling, it is valuable. Cherish it: never lose it. Find reason for disaster, but learn to loathe the result. I never see a death or a grave failure to cure that I am not personally hurt by it. I say, then, "A century hence this will be otherwise," for as I am proud of the past of this great guild, so am I full of glad hope for its future, when it shall have learned the conquest of cancer and tubercle.

I have come again half unexpectedly, as I draw to a close, upon this grave question of the moral qualities needed for the noblest success in medicine. It would lead me, and easily, to talk of the code, of your relations to the secrets of households, to the criminal law as to witnesses, of insurance cases, and the like: but all of this I must leave unsaid, and reject the pages in which I had said something of the ethics of our profession.

You have chosen a life inexorably hard in what it asks of soul and mind and body; but be that as it may, you have taken upon you, I surely think, the most entirely satisfactory of earthly pursuits. I have seen much of men and their ways, but nothing I have seen entitles me to think there is any truer, better way of serving God and man, and in this service making yourself what you ought to be.—*From Univ. Medical Magazine.*

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The urethritis caused by bicycles bears a close family resemblance to gonorrhœas contracted in water-closets or bad beds.—*Medical Fortnightly.*