

a brother's life, even at the expense of a few fleeting hours of a painful existence. His life is not ours, it does not belong to us, and we have no right to sacrifice it, even though we may flatter ourselves that it is for the good of the many.

May I say, too, do not drift into harshness and want of feeling for the poor patient. Many an eminent physician has owed his success in life to the lessons he has learned in the lonely garret of his poorest patient.

Look above the paltry fee, and remember that you are dealing with a brother, and a kindly word and a kindly deed will leave sunshine behind you that will help marvelously to effect the cure which your prescriptions aim at.

And, if you will bear with me, I will go a step further and say, do not drift into materialism. It is very popular now, especially perhaps among Médical men. Your studies, which for years you have been prosecuting, have necessitated the investigation of matter and its properties, and one is liable in this pursuit to fall into the error of thinking that matter is all that there is in man. And this, too, in the face of the fact that every practitioner admits that in numerous instances he recognizes the necessity for the treatment of mind (whatever he means by it) more than the treatment of the body. Schiller said "I abandoned surgery for philosophy and poetry, because I found the wounds of the spirit were so much more grave and numerous than those of the flesh."

You will soon stand in sick rooms where you will seem to stand to the sick man and his friend next to the eternal God, and your opinion will come with a weight second to none on many matters. It is a grave and responsible position to occupy, and I intreat you not to let fall crude conjectures on the ears of the dying.

There is such a thing as Theological and Psychological quackery as well as quackery in other lines. Remember that the phenomenon of cerebration is one of the most subtle and profound that we have to deal with. Localized cerebration has been advanced by materialists as an unanswerable argument in favor of their theories. The seat of intelligence, being in the convolutions of the cerebrum and memory has been located in the Fissure of Sylvius near the Island of Reil.

But as it is yet a disputed point whether the bacteria of tuberculosis is the cause or the effect of the disease, so it is certainly not yet proven that the Fissure of Sylvius is not merely that portion of

the brain where the mind receives, communicates and expresses the recollections of subjects and objects. If memory is merely the substance of the brain, how comes it that in old age when, since youth the grey and white matter have frequently been renewed, we retain most vividly the memory of childhood's years. Can the substance of the brain store up a life-time's experience and produce it at will?

If so, at the *will of what*. Surely the will of something superior to itself or it could not control it. Surely a force above itself is needed to throw this mind-cell shuttle back and forth to the Fissure of Sylvius in its proper time and place. I take it that it certainly is not yet proven that the brain is not like the hand—a mere instrument to do the will of the superior intelligence which acts upon it and through it. Don't let us be afraid of truth in whatever way it comes, and whatever hoary or modern notions it may overthrow,—but let us be sure it is truth; let us be sure it is not mere prejudice and imagination.

If I show a man my watch (to use that old illustration of Paley's) and he should say, "who made it?" and I answered, "no one—it made itself," he would reply, even if he were the most pronounced materialist: "Why, that is folly or madness." So if I point to Orion with his eighty-one stars, and show that they move with a regularity and precision that puts the finest watch to shame; if I point to the human body with its marvelous mechanism, to the human brain with its lofty and transcendent powers (the greatest of all creative achievements) and ask who made them, and he answers "they had no maker—they made themselves,"—though the popular voice to-day may applaud and say: "Behold an advanced scientist and mighty thinker,"—have I not just as good ground as he had before to say, why, that is folly or madness. Ignorance certainly has its dangers, and so I believe every study has its peculiar dangers, and this is one that will meet you every day. I therefore plead with you to be on your guard, and not drift into the utterance of unproven and ill-founded materialistic phrases. You may say perhaps: "these are trifles of which you speak." It is related of Michael Angelo that in explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit he said: I have retouched this part—polished that—softened this feature—brought out this muscle—given expression to this lip—and thrown more energy into that limb." "But these are trifles," said the visitor.