

doctor against the ills common to all mankind ; nor does an intimate acquaintance with the vagaries of the sick enable a physician to pass through his own trials with equanimity. In fact, the doctor is far from appearing at his best in the rôle of patient ; he feels as much out of place on a sick bed as would a general officer if he were reduced to the ranks. He has been so long accustomed to command that he finds it very hard to obey, at least without some sort of a protest.

"During his student days he was led astray by his imagination, which made him suffer from the ills of which he studied. He probably, at that time, convinced himself of the ease with which one exaggerates his own sensations, and learned to disregard his own feelings for the most part. Only in such a way as this can we account for the neglect in himself of those beginnings of disease which a layman would suppose would infallibly arrest a doctor's attention, as they certainly would in a second person ; as it is, he usually disregards his early symptoms and goes about with a temperature higher than that of the patient whom he sends inexorably to bed. He hopes for the best in his own case, as in others, but he fails to prepare for the worst, as he advises his patients to do, for he uses up by continuing his work, the strength he ought to reserve to carry him through the sickness it needs no angel sent from heaven to foretell. Once fairly prostrate, it is usually the alarmed relatives who summon the doctor, rather than the patient himself.

"And it is no light task for the brother physician who presides over his sick bed to care for the prostrate individual, who insists on discussing the method of treatment, and, with a disordered imagination and weakened intellect, desires to sit in judgment on the conduct of his own case. The patient is apt to be skeptical as to the powers of the drug on which his friend and adviser relies. He suspects his friend of a want of candor in his bedside talk. The little talk outside his door, the ruses of his wife to gain a little private conversation with the doctor, excite his anger. He listens for the noise of the wheels after his friend has left the room, and, if the sound of his chariot is too long delayed, he feels sure that the long suffering man is delaying at the door to tell what he 'really thinks,' and he takes pains to interrupt the conversation by some abrupt message ; perhaps, if it happens to be evening, by saying that it is time to close the house for the night.

"But if he is critical and somewhat skeptical, he learns to know his physicians by their steps, and even the roll of their carriages on the street ; and no patient gives them a more cordial welcome, or parts with them more reluctantly. He feels sure that his memory of their kind attentions certainly must be longer than that of certain patients, who, according to the familiar lines, whose truth is too often confirmed by experience, forget even the doctor's face when they have recovered.

"He seldom escapes making himself disagreeable to his nurses. It is hard to convince him that it is his own fault that his food does not taste as it ought. He is indignant that his own kitchen can not produce broth as good as that of his neighbor : but the tales of his own peevishness, when he hears them after recovery, he can but believe are grossly exaggerated.

"Nothing is more surprising to the doctor, when reduced to the position of patient, then to find that he himself is subject to like weaknesses as other members of the human family. The nervousness, for which, in others, he has had too little sympathy shows itself in a thousand ways. The little noises impossible to avoid disturb him, and the children of his household seem most unruly. Most strange of all, and most humiliating in his remembrance afterward, he even calls his doctor for nothing. He wakes from sleep, sure he is going to have a chill, or some equally unpleasant manifestation, and when, with grave face and careful attention, his hastily summoned physician has felt the pulse, taken his temperature, and sought for the signs of any possible complication, to inform him at the end that there is nothing to justify his fears, he admires and is grateful for the patience that has borne with his apprehensions, but he feels great curiosity to know what his doctor says to himself as he goes home to renew his broken sleep ; and most of all, he wonders at himself and mutters, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should have needlessly disturbed a doctor's sleep ?'

"But especially trying to an invalid doctor is a tedious convalescence. His knowledge of the possible complications and sequelæ gives a wide field of possibilities, over which his imagination wanders uncontrolled, and he is fortunate if he does not become a hypochondriac. He is pretty apt to partake of the lay fondness for talking about the unusual features his case has shown. If he thinks about the matter at all, he finds how difficult it is to know at what length to detail his symptoms to inquiring friends. Unless he keeps his tongue in due subjection, he is apt to realize that few men are really good listeners, and his kind friends, when they are released from his story, may be excused if they say, 'Poor fellow, he needs bracing up.' But really there is some excuse for him if he is a little garrulous ; personal experience of pain is different from looking on, but, interested as he is in his own closer acquaintance with disease, his account of it differs little, in the ears of his medical brethren, from the story they have often heard before.

"But a little personal experience of the sick-bed teaches the doctor many things. He certainly learns that a sick man does not look upon things as a well man does, and his charity towards an invalid's whims is greatly increased. He cannot fail, too, to be touched and softened by the many kind inquiries and pleasant messages that come to him. Busy men come and sit down beside him as though the dearest object of their hearts was