

run of the burr pasture, but by intuition, that is, by the working of the unconscious mind, he grasps the essential facts that success in gaining and holding practice is less a matter of therapeutics than of fact; that the patient has a right to his whole-hearted attention, and that whenever it is at all possible, he must thoroughly understand the case and take a hopeful view of it.

Such the work. Now, what of its rewards? In ten years of hard work a very large sum can be accumulated—on one's ledger. What shall it profit a man if he has an account against every man in the country and cannot collect a cent? For your encouragement, let me tell you that from 75 to 90 per cent. of money earned in the country is good, or will be some day—after threshing, perhaps, or in the spring. While with health a modest competency is assured, there is absolute security from any sudden attack of affluence.

But there are rewards which come in daily and are not to be expressed with the dollar sign before them.

"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be helped by every sense of service which thou renderest."

It may be yours to feel the happiness of the patriarch of old. "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Having tried to outline the campaign of this undecorated soldier from the time when first the *Reveille* aroused him to action, now, before the bugle note of the last call "Lights Out!" is heard, let us ask as to his final reward. Our question goes to those who have attained the prize. List while they speak:

"In life's uneven road
Our willing hands have eased our brother's load;
One forehead smoothed, one pang of torture less,
One peaceful hour a sufferer's couch to bless;
The smile brought back to fever's parching lips,
The light restored to reason in eclipse,
Life's treasure rescued like a burning brand
Snatched from the dread destroyer's wasteful hand—

"Such were our simple records, day by day
For gains like these we wore our lives away.
In toilsome paths our daily bread we sought,
But bread from heaven attending angels brought.
Pain was our teacher speaking to the heart,
Mother of pity, nurse of pitying art;
Our lesson learned, we reached the peaceful shore
Where the pale sufferer asks our aid no more—
These gracious words our welcome, our reward—
'Ye served your brothers, ye have served your Lord.'"