

desire—to know the construction of the beautiful, intricate and truly wonderful machinery of the human body; whilst others, again, with a courage and self-devotion that cannot be too highly lauded, have quietly faced the grim king of terrors in his most favorite haunts, for the sole purpose of becoming acquainted with those dread diseases, which, in their visitations, so scourge vex and decimate the human race. In the confined and filthy chamber, where a few straggling rays of heaven's sun may occasionally penetrate, the abode and hiding-place of want and wretchedness: in the densely crowded boarding-house of the homeless and poverty stricken wanderer, the Ishmaelite of modern and civilized times: in the dank and noisome alley or court, full of garbage and excrement, the receptacle of the accumulated filth of years: in the Lazar house or hospital ward, with their atmosphere laden with the emanations arising from the prostrate victims of disease, and charged with a miasm of the most subtle and deadly nature: in such places, have these heroic souls, worked a short but glorious space of time, in singleness of heart and nobleness of purpose, for the benefit of humanity, and then died martyrs in the purest sense of the term, leaving behind them a bright example to their followers in their deeds of love and mercy, and a valuable legacy to all generations in the knowledge patiently accumulated by them at every moment, even while the shadow of death with gradually deepening gloom stole o'er their senses, obscuring and rendering more and more indistinct the subjects of their observation and study.

What for, gentlemen, are you in this lecture room? Why have you left your homes for a period of six months, and congregated in the halls of this college? When you left those homes how full of soul yearnings and aspirations were you! Yearnings incomprehensible mayhap to many of you, but which are innate to us all; which constitute a feature of the mind of man, stamped indelibly there, and to be transmitted to his offspring through all time, at the period when thoughtless mother Eve turned a too willing ear to the voice of the tempter and, at his suggestion, put forth her hand, plucked and ate of that forbidden fruit, which, in its ingestion, was to make her like unto the Gods and give her a knowledge of good and evil. It is not because your parents or friends have selected medicine as a profession for you, nor, I firmly believe, from any purely sordid or interested motives that you have experienced those stirrings within you. Were you to remain without any well defined course of life open before you, still would you feel a gnawing unsatisfied desire to know the other, and still the other. The mind is active and will not rest. It will seek knowledge, although perdition be the result. Well has it been observed by Montesquieu in his "*Essai sur la gout.*" "*Notre âme est faite pour penser, c'est-à-dire pour apercevoir: or un tel être doit avoir de la curiosité; car, comme toutes les choses sont dans une chaîne où chaque idée en précède une et en suit une autre, on ne peut aimer à voir une chose sans désirer d'en voir une autre. C'est donc le plaisir que nous donne un objet qui nous porte vers un autre; c'est pour cela que l'âme cherche toujours les choses nouvelles, et ne se repose jamais.*" Oh! this insatiable thirst, these measureless longings for what to us are the regions of the unknown. How they whip and goad and spur the panting soul from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age; and yet, after the