

As I look at it every day, I can find no words to describe the central figure more fitting than those of the Quaker poet:

“A face that a child would climb to kiss,
Strong and manly, and brave, and just,
That men may honor, and women trust.”

Well might Sir Mitchell Banks exclaim, “The men that look like that man, whatever be their business or trade or profession, whatever be their wealth or their social position, I say of such men is the kingdom of Heaven.”

A country doctor is a perfected and evolved medical student. Now you know just what a medical student is—at least you think you do, and from your standpoint perhaps you do. From the standpoint of your teachers, he is a rough, warm-hearted, generous, brainy fellow, with energies to be directed, and with boundless possibilities for future usefulness. From the standpoint of a city policeman he is one shade darker than a Nihilist, while from that of a little girl out home—well, you gentlemen who come here with mortgaged affections, know what he is to her. On two points regarding him all will agree. He quickly sees through sham and pretence, and (outside the class-room) he is never at a loss for a timely answer. Let me illustrate this point:

In the earlier history of our College, there were students here, who, being the sons of ministers, felt it their duty to be a little wild in order to restore the balance. It is told of one of these gentlemen that once when “his jag was heavy upon him” he dropped to sleep in a barber’s chair. When the knight of the razor said to him, “If you don’t hold up your head, I can’t shave you,” the reply came quickly, “Then cut my hair.”

And you remember when that church down street took fire and the students all turned out to see it, one of them stated the case in two words, “Holy smoke.”

From raw material such as this the country doctor in our day and generation is evolved. Like the millers, we manufacture some for home consumption, and “grind” the rest in bond for export.

Probably the first physician, surgeon and accoucheur who ever engaged in country practice was the father of our race, Adam Primus. A photograph, the negative of which has unfortunately been lost, represents him giving catnip tea to little Abel, while his wife, Eve, suffering from a sick headache, binds up her throbbing temples with a fig-leaf handkerchief. Ever since Eden was lost the three most constant and universal demands of humanity have been water, food, a doctor.

Now, all who are graduated from our Colleges cannot be surgeons and live in cities. It takes ten thousand people to support