

## The Civil Years

records are merely a chronicle of work. Outdoor clinics, laboratory tasks, post-mortems, demonstrating, teaching, lecturing, attendance upon the sick in wards and homes, meetings, conventions, papers, addresses, editing, reviewing,—the very remembrance of such a career is enough to appall the stoutest heart.

But John McCrae was never appalled. He went about his work gaily, never busy, never idle. Each minute was pressed into the service, and every hour was made to count. In the first eight months of practice he claims to have made ninety dollars. It is many years before we hear him complain of the drudgery of sending out accounts, and sighing for the services of a bookkeeper. This is the only complaint that appears in his letters.

There were at the time in Montreal two rival schools, and are yet two rival hospitals. But John McCrae was of no party. He was the friend of all men, and the confidant of many. He sought nothing for himself and by seeking not he found what he most desired. His mind was single and his intention pure; his acts unsullied by selfish thought; his aim was true because it was steady and high. His aid was never sought for any cause that was unworthy, and those humorous eyes could see through the bones to the marrow of a scheme. In spite of