

by a pathway leading from a stone turn-stile at the street, through the park; and in one moment the whole world is left behind and forgotten. Here is a scene similar to the one from which Gray's *Elegy* was written. Here are the "nodding elms"; here is the "yew tree's shade"; here "heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap." All these graves seem very old. The long grass waves over them, and some of the stones that mark them are entirely shrouded with ivy. The lettering on many of the "frail memorials" has become almost obliterated by the passing of the seasons. None of them are neglected or forlorn, but all of them seem to have been scattered here in that sweet disorder which is the perfection of rural loveliness. There never, of course, could have been any thought of thus creating this effect; yet it remains to win the heart forever. And here, amid this mournful beauty, the old church itself nestles close to the ground, while every tree that waves its branches toward it, and every vine that clammers on its surface, seems to clasp it in the arms of love. Nothing breaks the silence but the sighing of the wind in the trees beneath which the visitor muses, and where the brown needles, falling through many an autumn, have made a dense carpet on the turf. Now and then there is a faint rustle in the ivy; a fitful bird-note serves but to deepen the stillness; and from a rose tree near at hand, a few rose leaves flutter down in soundless benediction on the dust beneath. There is no need here of "storied urn or animated bust." The whole place is his monument, and his original operation—giving health and happiness to "countless thousands" yet unborn gives to the soul of the place a form of seraphic beauty and a voice of celestial music—is his immortal epitaph.

"Here scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

McDowell's life is one of the best ever recorded in the history of medical literature. It was one of the best lives ever recorded in the history of medicine. It was a life singularly pure, noble and beautiful. In two qualities, namely, sincerity and reticence, it was exemplary almost beyond a parallel; and those are qualities which professional character in the present day has great need to acquire. McDowell was averse to publicity. He did not sway by the censure of other men; neither did he heed their admiration as his breath of life. Surgery, to him, was a great art; and he added nothing, or but little, to surgery until he had first made it as nearly perfect as it could be made by the thoughtful, laborious exertion of his best powers, superadded to the spontaneous impulse and flow of his genius. History tells us that the