

Thirdly, *its progressive character*.—Based on science, medicine has followed and partaken of its fortunes, so that in the great awakening which has made the nineteenth memorable among centuries, the profession received a quickening impulse more powerful than at any period in its history. With the sole exception of the mechanical sciences, no other department of human knowledge has undergone such a profound change—a change so profound that we who have grown up in it have but slight appreciation of its momentous character. And not only in what has been actually accomplished in unravelling the causes of disease, in perfecting methods of prevention and in wholesale relief of suffering, but also in the unloading of old formulæ and in the substitution of the scientific spirit of free enquiry for cast-iron dogmas we see a promise of still greater achievement and of a more glorious future.

And lastly, the profession of medicine is distinguished from all others by *its singular beneficence*. It alone does the work of charity in a Jovian or God-like way, dispensing with free hand truly Promethean gifts. There are those who listen to me who have seen three of the most benign endowments granted to the race since the great Titan stole fire from the heavens. Search the scriptures of human achievement and you cannot parallel in beneficence Anæsthesia, Sanitation, with all that it includes, and Asepsis—a short half-century's contribution towards the practical solution of the problems of human suffering, regarded as eternal and insoluble. We form almost a monopoly or trust in this business. Nobody else comes into active competition with us, certainly not the other learned professions which continue along the old lines. Every few years sees some new conquest, so that we have ceased to wonder. The work of half-a-dozen men, headed by Laveran, has made waste places of the earth habitable and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. The work of Walter Reed and his associates will probably make Yellow Fever as scarce in the Spanish Main as is typhus fever with us. There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of scientific medicine, and while philanthropists are turning to it as to the hope of humanity, philosophers see, as in some far-off vision, a science from which may come in the prophetic words of the Son of Sirach, "Peace over all the earth."

Never has the outlook for the profession been brighter. Everywhere the physician is better trained and better equipped than he was twenty-five years ago. Disease is understood more thoroughly, studied more carefully and treated more skilfully. The average sum of human suffering has been reduced in a way to make the angels rejoice. Diseases familiar to our fathers and grandfathers have disappeared, the death rate from others is falling to the vanishing point, and public health measures have lessened the sorrows and brightened the lives of millions. The