

student before him for trial, said, "Sir, your time is five minutes—your subject the immortality of the soul." How shall we begin the study of the country doctor? The painter, the poet and the novelist can aid us, and for a few minutes I may accept their aid, but in the main I must try to portray him for you as I have seen and known him, off guard and in his own environment.

We may ask the poet about our subject, and from England, with apologies to Kipling, comes this answer:

"As I was goin' 'ome to bed, through a muddy, country lane,
I seen a man in a oilskin cape, atrudgin' through the rain,
'E 'adn't a match, an' 's pipe was out, an' I ses to im, 'Oo are
you?'
An' 'e ses, 'I'm a doctor, the country doctor, surgeon an' midwife
too!"

Now 'e never gets paid for 'arf 'e does, an' 'e does the work of two,
An' 'e isn't one of the gentlefolks, an' 'e ain't like me nor you,
'E's a sort of a bloomin' chameleotype, surgeon an' midwife too.

"An' I seen 'im again with a knife an' things, and the sweat was on 'is
brow,
'E was trying to mend the cuts of a bloke as 'ad spiked 'isself in a
row;
'Twas late at night, an' 'e 'adn't no light, to see what 'e 'ad to do,
An' 'is pal was a doctor, a country doctor, surgeon an' midwife too.
'E 'adn't got far with 'is little job, 'e wasn't but 'alfway through,
When the bloke sits up and asks for a drink, the same as it might be
you;
Ho! they ain't no special anesthotutes, surgeon and midwife too."

Certain also of your own poets can tell us of him; none better than Dr. Drummond.

"But dere's one man got hees han's full
T'roo ev'ry kind of wedder,
An' he's never sure of not'ing but work and work away;
Dat's de man dey call de doctor, w'en you ketch him on the countree
An' he's only man I know me don't got no holiday."

The novelist will tell us of William Maclure, and as we read our heads are bowed in thankfulness to *der lieber Gott* for men of that heroic type whom here in our own land we know and love.

"The Guardian Angel" by Holmes, and "The Country Doctor" by Sarah Orne Jewett, give us splendid types, and not less worthy of study is the physician whose life history comes out in the series of books written by one who hides her identity behind the pen-name of "A Commuter's Wife."

You have all seen copies of Luke Fildes' noble picture, "The Doctor."

"On one side stands the world destroyer,—Death,
And on the other, oh most piteous strife!
An infant with a rosebud look and breath,
A baby fighting for its little life."