

patient against the antagonist whose name is Death—and a physician who would not pump up tears or anything else if he thought that he would thus win his fight would not be worth much; and the arguments of a counsel could not be more fallacious than the *placebo* treatment with colored water and bread pills.”

Indeed, the thought that both are often engaged in a struggle for another is one which should bind the professions together. I am not sure which has the easier task.

The doctor is ever in fight with that dread antagonist who must conquer some day—that antagonist sits at the other side of the chess-board and watches every move; he is in no haste, but while he plays fair, he never makes a mistake himself, and he relentlessly exacts the full penalty for every mistake of his opponent—and unfortunately that opponent does not know all the rules of the game. The lawyer has an antagonist fallible as himself and one who does not always pursue his advantage; but all the rules of the game are known. Which contest do you prefer?

Do you prefer an antagonist, invisible, without haste, rigidly fair, absolutely infallible, who knows (what you do not) all the results of every act, or him who is visible, mayhap hurried, seeking advantage, but making mistakes like yourself and with the same knowledge as you?

Whether it is from their lives being lives of conflict or for some other reason, the two professions have always fraternized with each other more than with the sister profession of theology. I say *the* sister profession—for many years, and, indeed, until within our own day, there were only the three professions in civil life. Now sisters, then unborn, are crowding round the family table and claiming as of right a seat at the family board on an equality with the three older sisters. Dentistry, civil engineering, mining and electrical engineering, and the like have ceased to be trades and become professions—like the debutante who adds to the train of her gown, while she shortens it above and “comes out,” these have laid aside the child, and claim to be full grown. And there are others coming.

I can see no reason why that fellow feeling between your profession and mine should not continue; and, on one side at least, increase.

You all know the old story of the Scotswoman who said to her friend, “It’s nae wonner we lickit the French at Waterloo—oor men prayed.” The friend asked, “But dinna ye think the French prayed too?” Her ready reply was, “Nae doo’t—but