

must have on, as Dr. Chalmers has said, "Power and promptitude." "Has he wecht, he has promptitude, has he power? He has power, has he promptitude, and, moreover, has he a discerning spirit?" The doctor must be as a general in the field or the pilot in the storm. I often think he belongs to no one in particular, but is a public property. His time is never his own. His children see little of him, and he leads a sort of Bohemian life, restless, active, thoughtful, worried, much beloved and occasionally cordially hated. He should be Bohemian in his tastes if he wishes for refinement to soften his manners and make him less of a wild beast. Art and literature, however, help to make noble only what is already noble, but such hobbies elevate and improve the mind and lift it above the run of every-day life. A good education is a first essential. It is not necessary that everybody should know everything, but it is more to the purpose that every man, when his turn comes, should be able to do some one thing. "The boy who teaches himself natural history by actual bird nesting is healthier and happier, better equipped in body and mind for the battle of life than the nervous, interesting, feverish boy with the big head and thin legs—the wonder of his class." It is well to have a pursuit as well as a study.

The doctor should marry, but his wife should be kept out of his work. Goldsmith said, "I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population." By marriage a man's sympathies are extended and his views of life are broadened. A touching picture of the refining influence of sorrow has been given us by Dr. Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," in speaking of his father. He says, "A child, the image of himself, lovely, pensive, and yet ready for any fun, with a keenness of affection that perilled everything on being loved, who must cling to someone and be clasped, made for a garden, not for the rough world, the child of his old age. This peculiar meeting of opposites was very marked. She was stricken with sucklen illness. Her mother was gone, and so she was to her father the flower he had the sole keeping of, and his joy in her wild mirth, watching her childish moods of sadness, as if a shadow came over her young heaven, were themselves something to watch. She sunk at once and without much pain, her soul quick and unclouded, and her little forefinger playing to the last with her father's curls, her eyes trying in vain to brighten his. The anguish, the