

to take the view expressed in the report. But while I am a Professor of Pathology and while my home was not that of a medical man, I have in my veins the blood of five successive generations of country doctors, and I feel it in my bones that the view is mistaken, or at least must be received in a modified form. It is inevitable in a hospital so conducted that the staff from the heads of the departments downward regard the patients not as human beings to be cured but as cases to be investigated. The inevitable tendency must be that the students trained in such a hospital go out into the world with the conception that their duty is to treat the disease. Now I say straight out that this training does not make the complete physician. It makes the relative failure.

Let me read you a parable from my own experience. When I passed from Cambridge to the hospital I became acquainted with two men. The one had already for two years been house physician. He had passed through a distinguished course in Arts, had carried everything before him in the medical school, had obtained, if my memory does not fail me, the gold medal in medicine at the London University—which in many respects may be regarded as the blue ribbon of the English medical student. But he was poor and had to make his own way, could not afford to hold on longer connection with the hospital or to announce himself as a consultant and wait for others to send him patients. At the end of this year, therefore, he mounted his brass plate in one of the artisan suburbs of the great city, in the hopes that even if individual cases did not afford high fees, the teeming population would afford abundant work and opportunities for practice. I may add that his morals were irreproachable: he was of the “unco’ guid,” a leader in the prayer meeting movement. Now there was in the final year another man, a very different character. He had entered the school at the same time as the former. That he had ability there was no question. The way in which he kept the students’ common room lively was in itself evidence of that. He was not, however, what might be termed a model student. The fact that he had taken three more years to get his license rather enforced this conclusion. In fact, although somehow one could not help liking him, he was more than a little bit disreputable. We may put it that he enjoyed the society of his fellows more than that of his books. One heard of him attending race meetings, one heard of his exploits in sundry bar-rooms, one saw him very cheerful and distinctly prominent at the annual dinner. If you paid one of your rare visits to the theatre you came across him there so much at his ease, hail fellow well met with everyone, that it looked as though he had perpetual