

to brains; some from an easy-going thoughtlessness as to the true inwardness and inevitable tendency of the ill-shapen scheme, and some from that wasted love of charity that so strangely seems to grow faster in some doctors as they themselves grow hungrier. Charity, forsooth!—a charity unique, in that it curses both him that gives and him that receives.

And so it goes on, and the man who possesses houses, and lands, and stocks in the bank, and a mortgage on the physician's home, can command his services and claim his professional bondage for a year for the same money he would pay a dog-healer for the inspection of a hound with the mange. And the hireling going from door to door gathering mites from the rich and the poor, no greater often than the umbrella-mender gets, and with more feeling of contempt for himself than his fellow-practitioners have for him, slowly and quietly ousts the old family physician out of the home, and little by little makes of him an enemy. Or he sees the sick man recover and himself dismissed with as little ceremony as a beggar, and the day after sees another carriage at the door and another doctor caring for the family, and his own humiliation increased. Or he finds that the man who pays like a pauper commands like a king, and wants as much attention paid to a carbuncle as would be given to a garrison poisoned with cholera. And he comes and he comes, again and again, and goes into the house half sneaking, and comes out of it cursing the contract that gave him a pittance to put himself under obligations and be a slave to an unreasonable hog. And then he himself is sick of it all, and knows as he lives that there is no enjoyment or satisfaction and but little present or prospective profit in it, and that he and all his fellows around him know that there never was one righteous reason why he should have enlisted in the work, and in his sober moments now nothing this side of heaven but a native-born, constitutional meanness, that should have kept him out of the profession forever, can prevent him feeling assured, beyond all doubt, that the entire system is a crime against the dignity and harmony and prosperity of the profession. And with the patient really sick, and growing sicker every hour, the prospect of a con-

sultation with the family physician, and all that such a consultation implies and always will imply so long as man is human, there are moments then that no schedule of lodge fees ever yet fully provided for. And with the man in his grave, the recollections of the expression on the face of his wife as he first entered that home on his mission of woe come to him with a vividness that threaten to make them permanent; and as there looms up before him a picture of the place that same woman may occupy in his affairs during the next ten years, he will feel that there is an item of suspense also not provided for by either the constitution or by-laws of the great high and mighty muck-a-muck who laid the foundation for this wonderful bulwark of philanthropy. And when the grass is green again in the church-yard, and the widow and the heirs and administrators of the deceased have closed out their whole edition of their versions of the cause of death, and the annual meeting of the lodge has come around again, and a "put up" vote has put another physician in charge, it is then that he (the doctor I have been writing of) goes to his home in the dark, and goes away out behind the barn to swear that Scugog Lodge No. 784 will see his face no more forever, and to swear it alone, where no man may hear, and go away wondering whether the doctor's motives were manly or mercenary when he first stood at the door of Scugog 784, praying so earnestly for admission to all its rites and ceremonies.

And, finally, I need not linger long in referring to the moral of it all. That man is now, and ever was, and ever will be the best member of any profession who himself most highly esteems his membership. The physician who has learned to place a low estimate on the value of his services, will learn sooner or later that no one else's estimate is higher than his own. His charity should be charity pure and simple and undefiled, and all else should be business and business only. Those will be his most steadfast and abiding friends whom he has won by the most dignified, most manly and most skilful display of his real worth and his own individual pride in his profession. And his personal standing among his fellows will some day appear to him as they really are—matters of intense importance.