

benefit from the exercise and cold bathing. The summer passed, and my final session began. I found that I was utterly unable to go on with the honor work, or, indeed, to do any reading at all, and as my slender stock of cash was about at an end, I could not afford to lay off for a year. I was thus reluctantly compelled to say farewell to the gold medal, and gave up all hope of winning Florence. I had accustomed myself to the idea that my only hope of winning her regard was in distinguishing myself at the final examination. So I said in my disappointment and sorrow, 'God's will be done,' and resigned myself to a pass course. This I easily succeeded in, standing next to the honor men, although during the whole final session I never turned a page of either text-book or note-book. I had to depend entirely on what I had picked up in the hospital and what I remembered of the lectures at the school.

"Having graduated and passed the Council and become a legally qualified medical practitioner, I began to brighten up a little, but found the neurasthenia cloud dissolving very slowly. I began to look about for a remedy for what I believed to be the cause of my malady, and made the fatal mistake of seeking relief in illicit sexual intercourse, thus adding sin to sin, and making recovery all the more difficult. After leaving the hospital in July, 187—, I spent a few comparatively happy weeks at home before entering upon private practice. Being too conscientious to continue to indulge in unlawful intercourse, I concluded that matrimony was the proper remedy, and after several failures I was happily married in November, 1878. I entered into the holy estate of matrimony with no other idea than as a therapeutic measure, trusting not in the all-wise Creator, but trusting rather in the so-called *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*, which I had been taught by the learned Faculty resides inherently in the human body. I said nothing to my wife of my motives in contracting an early marriage. She loved, and still loves me, very dearly, unworthy as I have been of her esteem. Twenty years passed away, and ten healthy children had been born, but the dark cloud of moral leprosy still hung over me like a pall. I was still in a condition of partial neurasthenia. The heathen goddess, *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*, had failed to cure me. I have paid a good deal of attention to gynecology, finding it as useful as well as profitable line of practice; here again the erotic demon met me. I found it impossible 'to look upon a woman' without 'lusting after her,' and thus committing 'adultery with her already in my heart.' In this way, no doubt, my mental malady was unduly prolonged. In the winter of 1877 I had a fall from horseback on the vertex of the cranium, but felt no ill effects at the time.

"During the past twenty-one years, as well as during my whole life, the *Vis Medicatrix Spiritus Sancti* has been striving with