

hundreds of medical men who must have stood before that picture I am sure there was not one whose pulses it did not quicken with pleasurable pride, or who left it without thinking that it already had been, and again would be, his privilege to fight against pain and suffering and death like his colleague on the canvas. For to us he is a real living man like ourselves. We have acted like him and felt like him.

“ Note where the scene of the picture is laid; not in some rich man’s mansion, where the doctor might reasonably expect a handsome fee for his trouble, but in the workingman’s cottage, where, most likely, the gratitude of the people and a consciousness of having done his duty by the poor will be his sole honorarium. With admirable skill the painter has pitched on the early hour of morning for the time. The light of the lamp in the room and the light of the dawn coming through the casement are struggling with each other. It is the cold, sad hour when human vitality is the lowest and when statistics tell us most men die. The sick child, worn with the raging fever, that commonly burns from eight in the evening till one or two in the morning, lies spent and exhausted. Till then the parents have been fighting on with their nursing, soothing, caressing, encouraging their little one. But now, they too are exhausted and depressed, and hoping against hope seems all that is left to them. And there sits their friend—the gentle doctor—watching with them, and still puzzling his brains to think what more he can devise to stay the lamp of life from flickering out. He is no courtly physician, no London specialist, that man, thank God. He is only a country doctor. But his somewhat rugged face tells of honesty and common-sense, self-reliance and gentleness. What more do you want? The men that look like that man, whatever be their business, or trade, or profession, whatever be their wealth or their social position, I say, of such men is the kingdom of heaven.”

Mr. Gladstone, some years before his death, spoke as follows about our profession: “ And speaking of the body of the profession it is impossible for us not to notice the change, it is impossible for us not to see how far more strongly now than of old, the medical man of to-day conforms to those general laws of common-sense and prudence which are, after all, universal laws of human life in every one of its departments. It is impossible not to see his greater and more sustained earnestness of purpose, that elevated sense of the professional dignity, that desire to make it subservient to humanity, that general exaltation of his aim in the exercise of his profession.”

This is a generous tribute to our profession from a personal point of view. From another distinguished British statesman we get kindly words as to the scientific side of the profession.