

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. Mr. Mitchell Banks tells us that a few years ago the Marquis of Salisbury went down to Oxford to plead for the Radcliffe Infirmary, and said, “I believe that if you respond munificently to the appeal that is made to you, you will do something more than place this Infirmary in a position of which it need not be ashamed; you will be taking a long step towards introducing more closely the cultivation of one of the greatest of sciences—the science of medicine—in this ancient university. I always think that science has scarcely received among us all the tribute it ought to receive among the sciences which rest upon observation. It is the most sober, the most absolute, the most positive among all the sciences. Again, there is no other science—which is but another name for a work of mercy—there is no other science that is so closely linked with the relief of human suffering as a remedy for human calamity in its most overwhelming form.”

This, coming from a man who in his younger days was distinguished as a scientist, who in latter years kept himself fully in touch with every advancement in science, whose chief relaxation to-day is working in his chemical laboratory, is a magnificent tribute to our profession. Tell your parson, tell your lawyer, tell your funny friend when he gets off that old joke about doctors differing, that one of the most distinguished statesmen, who is at the same time one of the greatest scientists of the world, says positively that the science of medicine “is the most sober, the most absolute, the most positive among all the sciences”

The modern novelist delights to describe the doctor as Fildes has painted him. We all love such noble specimens of our order as George Ohnet's *Le Docteur Rameau* and Ian Maclaren's *Doctor MacLure*. I need go no further in this direction as I have given sufficient evidence to prove that