

"The boy who teaches himself natural history by actual bird nesting is healthier and happier, better equipped in body and mind for the battle of life than the nervous, interesting, feverish boy with the big head and thin legs—the wonder of his class." It is well to have a pursuit as well as a study.

The doctor should marry, but his wife should be kept out of his work. Goldsmith said, "I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population." By marriage a man's sympathies are extended and his views of life are broadened. A touching picture of the refining influence of sorrow has been given us by Dr. Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," in speaking of his father. He says, "a child, the image of himself, lovely, pensive, and yet ready for any fun, with a keenness of affection that perilled everything on being loved, who must cling to someone and be clasped, made for a garden not for the rough world, the child of his old age. This peculiar meeting of opposites was very marked. She was stricken with sudden illness. Her mother was gone, and so she was to her father the flower he had the sole keeping of, and his joy in her wild mirth, watching her childish moods of sadness, as if a shadow came over her young heaven, were themselves something to watch. She sunk at once and without much pain, her soul quick and unclouded and her little forefinger playing to the last with her father's curls, her eyes trying in vain to brighten his. The anguish, the distress was intense, in its essence permanent. He went mourning and looking for her all his days." But the affection, we learn, softened and refined him, and made him better fitted for his work. His son tells us further that "his affectionate ways with his students were often very curious. He contrived to get at their hearts and find out all their family and local specialities in a sort of shorthand way, and he never forgot them in after life."

And such attentions are valued throughout life, and the clay is moulded and figured and ornamented and enriched and burned in the fire, and fitted for the battle of life. And the defective articles must be rejected and the broken articles may, perhaps, be mended, but they are never the same again, and, perhaps, we would be better without them. Our ranks must be kept clean. We must have a good, healthy professional growth, and in Ontario I am glad to say that such exists. The regular who adopts the methods of a quack is a much more dangerous individual than the quack himself. But we have others who are by no means quacks, who unfortunately lack discernment, and who do not