

success. With two other pieces of work Horsley's name will always be associated—the functions of the Thyroid Gland, and the nature and control of Hydrophobia, but they are not in the same class as the studies just referred to.

Though absorbed in hospital and private practice, Horsley never lost touch with experimental work, and was never happier than directing the researches of his students. The pity is that a man of his type and talents should have had to leave the laboratory to gain a living; but an unparalleled success seemed to justify it. There is a tragedy in Horsley's life—so full, so complete, so satisfactory. For a man to have an avocation is wise, but to get mixed up as he did with politics, in such a way as to alienate his friends, was a sad ending in a great career. And it was so unnecessary. With this aspect of his life Mr. Paget deals fully and most discreetly, but it is not pleasant reading. I have received a letter from one of Horsley's oldest pupils writing about this book, and from it I must quote a paragraph:—

. . . A pathfinder, who unravelled difficulties in most various branches, a European—or, indeed, a world-wide celebrity at an age when other young medical men are hardly ever heard of, the most generous collaborator and friend to all young scientific workers, most unselfish, animated by none but the noblest feelings, a protagonist of all oppressed, chaperoning their causes without the least regard to his own career. . . .

Such was Victor Horsley, as many of us knew him, and as we love to think of him.

Mr. Stephen Paget has performed a very difficult task with rare ability. As Lady Horsley says in a prefatory note, it would be hard to find two men more widely separated in their mental attitude—differing in religious convictions, in politics, in social ideas; and it was both courageous and gracious on her part not to attempt to suppress or to soften in any way the critical attitude of the author.

The peace which would have been denied him at home he finds in a soldier's grave in Mesopotamia—and perhaps better so:—

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain.

WILLIAM OSLER.