

EDITORIAL NOTES.

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THERE is nothing so empty as popular or professional applause. One may work and wish for the respect and good will of his contemporaries, and sacrifice his own interests for those of posterity. But no man ever labored long and escaped the calumniator. The man who writes one article or makes one speech, does not expose himself to the criticism which is sure to follow the man who writes and speaks often. It matters not, too, whether his duties are sacred or secular, there are envious critics who wilfully misrepresent, or treacherously undermine all his good motives, and who justify the saying of Goethe that "if a man does one good thing in this world, society forms a league to prevent him doing another." Sometimes the very best and wisest have to bear the injustice of others, who are not constitutional mischief-makers, but dullards to whom their defects are an immense consolation. These "niggards of praise" are "prodigals of censure," and are never at peace until they assassinate the records and the reputations of their predecessors. It is a cheap way to establish a reputation for a time for themselves. But have you not noticed how the curses, like chickens, come home to roost, and the irony of fate convicts them of meaner and more immoral actions than those they were so eager to condemn? We present this cap for the heads of any of our critics whom it may fit. It is a great pleasure to know that a very small stock is needed.

A WELL conspired but poorly concocted plan has existed for some time in the Province of Quebec to belittle the efforts and the effects of the pioneers of the profession. When a similar venture was made in Ontario there was an explosion of indignant protests from the contemporaries of the fathers, and the class of younger men who had learned enough to know how valuable the services were for all time that were performed by the Days, the Ralyeas, the Clements, the Nelles. The "two-penny nobodies" of Quebec, having no self-respect, could have no respect for those who made the profession possible of respect. They knew little or nothing of the struggles of the fathers; they did not want to know either. They collected a great heap of incense, which they have busily burned before their own personal experiences and history, neither of which was even worthy the illumination of an ancient *rush*. But in their estimation it eclipsed the sun. The trouble is that all the strain upon imagination will make it no more brilliant than a simple rush-light.

AN old and successful practitioner once gave a young beginner a bit of advice, which has always seemed to us rude and unwise; but really there are patients to whom it has most pointed applica-