

Subtle

I am sure that if any of you have tried to follow me in my zig-zags in pleading for a combination of breadth and intensity of knowledge as a means of attaining wisdom, you cannot fail to have thought of that Master in Medicine whom we lost all too soon. William Osler was in a class by himself. In our day, such a balance of so many qualities, each so highly, consistently, persistently, harmoniously developed through seventy years of life, is unparalleled, in medicine at least. In the lives of so many great men there is this or that failing to be passed over or excused. Is there anyone in our profession who, personally and through his writings, has come into close contact with so many as did Osler? His life is an open book. In the nearly half century since, in Vienna, I first looked upon that swarthy, intellectual face, with the dark, steady, kindly eyes and winning smile; upon his lithe, symmetrical body, as alert as his mind; and first listened to the charm of his voice, the thought and spirit which it expressed, I can remember but one criticism of him, - that it was his habit to strew flowers in the path. The chloroform babble is so silly that I am almost ashamed to allude to it. His life was a rare blend of "sweetness and light, " strength and beauty. To how many has he been an inspiration, an inspiration which cannot fail to act far into the future! His life may be regarded in one respect as a protest against the narrowing tendencies of specialism which permeate life today in all its branches, tendencies to which it is my main purpose, this evening, to call your attention. We all read and refer to his "Practice of Medicine." Do we read and re-read as much as would be for random, I mention "Equanimity," "Man's Redemption of Man, " "A Way of Life," etc., etc. *

*Shattuck, F. C.: Address made to the
Aesculapian Society, January, 1920.
Boston J. & S. J., 1921, clxxxv, 103-107.

Med.