wishes to be *aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis* will in the end have an incomparably narrower outlook than he who slowly climbs the steep and difficult peaks of accurate investigation. With the ascent the latter is constantly attaining to an ever broadening view, until finally he reaches a position where there is opened up before him a panorama of truth wider than can be gained by following any other path.

While nothing is more to be deprecated than the total absorption of an investigator in fragments or the burying of himself in minute details, we in this country are in far less danger of stranding upon such a shoal than of shipwreck upon the sea of superficiality. Granted a thorough preliminary training, a mind of the first order runs no danger from engaging in special study. On the contrary the fruitful contemplation of great ideals first becomes possible when the man possesses some real living knowledge obtained directly from nature by his own exertions. No better example, perhaps, of this fact could be given than a reference to the anatomical researches of Flechsig, some idea of which I have attempted to present to you in this communication.

THE STAGE SETTING OF THE NEUROLOGIST.

Dr. C. Fiessinger (*La Médecine Moderne*, Oct. 17th, 1896) in an article on psychical therapeutics describes the necessary moral and intellectual outfit of the successful neurologist: "He must indeed be a universally accomplished man, with the conviction of an apostle, the heart of a St. Vincent de Paul, the strength of a will of Napoleon, the patience of a confessor, the taste of an artist, the philosophic understanding of a Taine, the exquisite taste of a Parisian lady. All these the doctor must have, not to mention a solid learning and thorough education and the private virtues which serve as a basis for all the rest.

We have not mentioned as part of the psychical effect of the doctor on his patient, the stage-setting. Not that it represents an emotional factor which can be neglected, but only because the air of quackery about it is repugnant.

Charcot did not think so; theatrical in his clinic, he was still so at home. Patients coming to consult him did not pass at once from his waiting-room into the office; entrance to that sanctuary was not made with ease; a previous initiation must be gone through. This took place in a small, dark room, beautifully furnished, filled with elegant trifles and but feebly lighted. There he waited a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, time enough to think about himself in the dark. All at once a ray of light penetrated it, a large door began to open, erect upon the threshold, bathed in a dazzling illumination, the God Charcot awaited him."

MITCHELL.