

than the life that you enjoy here, if the old way sometimes seems distasteful, enrich it all with joy of service; count it a privilege to give to your father's people the best that has come to you. Your lives will grow strong and noble if you live the life of service and find joy in sacrifice; they will grow narrow and base if you live in rebellion and think only of your selfish interests.

All that is good in the world has come from sacrifice and service, and the manger in Bethlehem has been the cradle of it all. Human life was cheap and mean before Jesus Christ came to teach how divine it was. He put a new value upon it and gave us new conceptions of its possibilities. Before he came the Roman armies went to war just to capture men and women to sell as slaves; and they found it a profitable business. The slaves were sold on the battlefield to the highest bidder for an average price of about \$75. Caesar, after one battle, sold 53,000 men and women. After the victories of Lucullus in Pontus the prisoners were so numerous that the market was over supplied, and the price dropped to 80c a head. We cannot estimate the debt we owe to Jesus Christ. We can begin to pay it only by giving ourselves to him and letting him enrich our lives with the same spirit of service.

A few years ago, before the use of anti-toxin for diphtheria, the London Spectator printed the following news item and comment: "The medical world has reason to be proud of one of its members who died this week in consequence of a really heroic act performed in the course of his professional duty. Dr. Samuel Roberth, a young man of 27 years of age, found on Friday that a child, four years of age, in the Royal Free Hospital, must die of diphtheria unless the suffocating membranes were sucked away through the tube. And he risked and lost his own life through diphtheria in the attempt to save the child's, which he did not succeed in saving after all. The risk is not one which professional etiquette in any way required him to run, but he ran it in his enthusiasm and love of service, and he ought to be remembered as one of the noblest of the martyrs of duty."

In the year 1900 three surgeons of the American army, in the barrack 102 miles from Havana, were trying to combat the ravages of yellow fever. Soldiers were sick and dying, and they were then to find the secrets of that disease that was carrying off thousands of people every year. Now they were trying to learn whether the bite of the mosquito carried the disease from the sick to the well. The insects were to be watched within screened rooms, and after biting a fever patient were allowed to bite a well man. Before they could ask for volunteers for such a dangerous experiment the doctors themselves must submit to it. Dr. James Carrol allowed one to bite him, was stricken with the disease and recovered. While he was sick Dr. Lagear sat by