INAUGURAL ADDRESS ON STANDARDS AND METHODS IN MEDICAL TEACHING.

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GENTLEMEN,—Were I to insist upon my unworthiness in the high place to which I have been called I might seem to impugn the authority of my calling; casting then no glance behind, I devote such abilities as I may possess, and such learning as I may have gained, to the service of our common mother. In two virtues, one of the heart and one of the understanding, I will yield to no man. To no man will I give place in my love for this ancient and glorious University, to which I am bound by imperishable associations; nor to any in my apprehension of the preciousness of her tradition.

It is well that from life to life all principles should be called in question, and we shall not pretend to regret that the rights of other men, and the health of our society, claim the fullest inquiry into the value and vitality not of our tradition only, but of all traditions. Nay, we shall not querulously denounce the conduct even of those who, without knowledge, harshly or even fiercely resist tradition of whatever kind, and wound us by their disdain or their defiance of ideas which we cherish and sustain. For we, as naturalists, should of all students best know that the mind of men sways this way and that, not without estimable cause, not independently of conditions for which we have our responsibility.

For if our tradition has not carried all men captive, our tradition has so far lacked that universality which is the quality of a university; if our tradition has been a yoke, not of freedom but of bondage, our tradition has become rigid and lifeless. For those who most clearly see the fruitfulness of tradition and have been strengthened by the discipline of a great school best know how soon its teaching may harden into dogmatism, its precepts into formulas, and its system into routine. Then may men well cry out: "Away with these outworn doctrines, away with these antiquated methods and these obsolete observances. These traditions are now no longer a life-giving current, but have dwindled to feeble streams in indurated arteries." Thus, be it more or be it less, be it mild or be it furious, comes revolution, and revolution means destruction, perhaps desolation, according to the strength of the chains to be broken. When those who lead and rule use ascendancy with moderation and wisdom, when they temper power with large and imaginative sympathy and keep their eyes open to new things and to new ideas, then men will not forget that a university, if true to its function, is universal, and then will changes come no more with jolts and collisions, but succeeding each other in an orderly and sleepless activity.

In this day our temper is prone, indeed, to seek rather for new things than to hearken to tradition; we are restless, and driven by a discontent not always divine. All restraint is burdensome to us, and liberty is sought for its own sake, not as a means to higher service; we will work out each our own good, and will not suck even such nutriment as may still flow latent in the channels which come from the past. But let me earnestly remind you that these channels, once forgotten, dry up and flow no more; other channels may be made, or may not be made, but we may lose meanwhile that water from ancient springs which flowed therein.

I repeat that continuity may be achieved again by other ways, but where we have once cast ourselves off there we cannot easily hook ourselves on again. Archaicism is not a tradition, nor a school, but an affectation or a fashion; a tradition broken is a tradition lost. Well, and what of that? What is tradition, then, but a tie, a bond, a grasp of the dead hand?

It is my purpose to-day to try to answer that question, for the consequences of the neglect of it may come home to roost,

and bring their pains with them. Happily tradition is not confined within the walls of a university. A man whom school and academy have never known may become a good citizen, as may a man who has known neither father nor mother. There are traditional sources and methods of good not our own, and, were it otherwise, the few who have lacked a mother's blessing might yet live in the example and society of men of better fortune.

What, then, is the value of a tradition such as ours? Why do we love our University? Where do we find its treasures? Our love springs from the pathos of man's life which blows not again, as the parsley and the anise of the garden, but is a brief tale once told; and the need of treasure lies in the poverty and nakedness of our birth. Many and evil are the days of man, and hard would it be for each one of us to work out his destiny alone: *ἑσθλὸν μὲν γὰρ ἀπλῶς, παντοδαπὸς δὲ κακόν*. Weak, naked, and ignorant we commit ourselves to our *Alma Mater* to find a way for us; she has seen the evil and the good, the wise and the foolish; she will lead us to knowledge and beauty, and endow us with the treasures of the past labours of her children. Were it not so, where we not led into this inheritance, we should have less than skins for our clothing, less than shellfish for our food, less than potsherds to scrape ourselves withal. Forgive me if I repeat the monumental words of the first and greatest physician of Western civilisation: "Life is short, and art long, occasion fleeting, experiment fallacious, and judgment difficult." Our love, then, has its birth in our sense of dependence, our industry, in the need of wealth, and in the cravings of our nature for the higher life.

Tradition is not mere accumulation; we may look to a hand which grasps and indiscriminately gives, but we do not love it. What would be the position of a young man endowed with capacity and purpose—trained, if you please, in an alien civilisation—if put down in the library of our University where he would be surrounded by the records of nations and ages, but of which he would know neither the relative values nor the paths of research? His years would be spent in hopeless and almost fruitless toil. Were we in our own study of these accumulated records to be thus without guide and without perspective, we should be not only ourselves bewildered, but, in adding to them, we should be handing down no blessing, but an increasing curse upon generations to come. Are we not then like children of the forest running between two dangers, who dread to lose touch of their mother, but who would fail in courage and enterprise did they not, as they learned their ways, adventure alone?

By no means is our *Alma Mater* always wise; were it so we should love her perhaps less: wiser than her children, yet she is not always true to herself. The time is not far off when in Cambridge, as also in Oxford, there was a lack of spontaneity and adaptiveness, a narrow range of sympathy, a timidity in the face of new orders of things, a dread lest her children should look upon any other face than her own. To-day, as I grow older—and herein are older men sorely tempted—I learn to fear rather the opposite danger, the danger of losing touch of traditions which may not be recovered. Oxford and Cambridge, stimulated and supported by brilliant and hopeful younger universities—as yet too few in number—are developing methods, are holding up high standards, and living for ideas in an age which is full of energy and not devoid of aspiration, but which is dragged down by the commercial spirit, by laxity, selfishness and the enormous increase of the average man, both in his numbers and his self-confidence.

I have no fear for the result. Every generation has its own dangers, and the danger of our day is lest the trading man and the idle man encourage their neighbours to be content with the pleasures which do not abide, to multiply things which are less than the best, and to wander in ways which lead nowhither. Against these evils, against an acquiescence in vulgar approbations, against the loss of that hand of tradition which guides us and which forms and distinguishes the best, let us in this University find it our duty to protest.

The work of Walt Whitman—I name the name of a great soul lately departed—has always seemed to me an example in this, that, moulded by no school, inspired by no great ideal without himself, his wayward moods were unchastened, his

faculties were unenlightened, and his life's work almost wasted. His work, therefore, if it live, can live only as an ineffectual fire. I am also of those who think that the discipline of a great seat of learning would not have tamed, but would have perfected, the genius of Browning.

Tradition, then, to me means both a method and a standard—a survey of materials and an appreciation of values. These it is the function of a university to give; a failing tradition means wasteful methods and low standards, a living tradition means economical methods and lofty standards. Consider for a moment the virtues of the test of Time—how infallible its judgments! The second rate comes and goes, rises and falls, is courted and neglected; the first rate rises slowly but abides, surely withstanding not only the treachery and indifference of men but fire also, the moth, and the edge of the sword. We search unweariedly in the discovery of lost records to complete our information, and to fill up gaps in our libraries, but do we not feel assured that the consecrated works of the past, the works of the men who saw beyond the accidents of their own day and place, and who speak, therefore, to all times and to all people, by some miracle, though buried, never die, their vitality penetrating all hindrance?

I will recall to the memory of my hearers the following passage in Newman's *Apologia*: "A very dear friend," he says, "pointed out the palmary words of St. Augustine, which had escaped my observation—'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' He repeated the words again and again, and when he was gone they kept ringing in my ears—'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' The sentence struck me with a power which I had never felt in any words before. To take a familiar instance, they were like the 'Turn again, Whittington,' of the chime; to take a more serious one, they were like the 'Tolle, lege—tolle, lege,' of the child, which converted St. Augustine himself—'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.'" But Newman's conception was rather *Securus judicavit orbis terrarum*; he looked back to adore a final and complete manifestation given once for all. Tradition to him was rather a perpetuation or a transmission than a continual expansion—a palladium rather than a growing tree. Nevertheless, without the judgments of Time, we should have no realm of knowledge, but anarchy rather; no lines of study and research, but a trackless wilderness.

The word "classical" is used in two senses; in one, the narrower, it signifies the kind of art which we distinguish from the romantic; in the broader sense, it means all those works which time has selected and preserved for our admiration. Classical music is not the rudimentary and subordinate music of the Greeks, but the music of Palestrina, of Sebastian Bach, of Beethoven, of Wagner. Classical literature is not only that of Greece and Rome but also those of Italy, of Spain (great literatures, by the way, which I find to be ignored in Cambridge, though, happily, Chinese we have with us), of England, of France, of Germany.

These works are classical, and these bear the seal of immortality. The spirit of these works we call ideal, and we speak of the ideal as the object of our striving, meaning by it that which is above and beyond the accidents and limitations of the moment, the vision of which beckons us on, and seems to elude us, but which is yet always with us: for the real of to-day was the ideal of yesterday; the ideal of to-day will be the real of to-morrow. We live an ideal life, then, when our eyes are open to the true lines of evolution, when we have before us examples which forbid us to be content with the mean and the bizarre, and follow methods which save us from waste and from error.

How hard it is to carry a standard in the eye of the mind! How few men really know a good horse when they see him, how few dilettanti can put a true value even upon a print, a violin, or a piece of goldsmith's work! Yet if we find it hard to carry a standard about with us for these things for which we care more, how hard shall it be to carry with us a standard of thought, a standard of passion, a standard of ethics, a standard of beauty for which we care less. Is it not the function of a university so to keep living standards before its disciples that the eye, the hand and the mind shall learn by daily and hourly example to measure rightly the things of the hour, and to preserve for their admiration not the second best, but those masterpieces which have received the seal and consecration of time—the seals, that is, of a long procession

of those men who, in spite of the barking of dogs, have ruled opinion in each generation. The classics are, then, the survival of the fittest—the survival of that which appeals to most sides of most men.

So much for standards; now concerning methods. What is a method? Surely the mapping out of our travail, a scheme of short cuts, of royal roads to knowledge. As the realm of knowledge is better surveyed, or the centres of our culture are changed, these schemes must be revised and even laid out afresh, as the road systems of the Old World were changed when Greek succeeded Asiatic, Roman succeeded Greek, and Byzantine succeeded Roman. We must, then, not only lay out our methods with utmost foresight and accuracy, but we must also foresee that these very methods will tend to become ends in themselves, and so divert us from their own true function.

Schemes, therefore, which we had mapped out with labour and love must be continually broken up and made afresh; our methods must be in continual flux. Of a standard, the longer it has reigned the surer its value; of a method, the value is inversely as its length of service. Fixity of standards and fluidity of methods are, then, the signs of a living school; these are, I trust, the signs of our Cambridge life. The strength of an ancient seat of learning, such as our own, is in that loyalty to standards which comes of the long and serene contemplation of masterpieces; its weakness in the tendency of its methods to fixity. The strength of a new seat of learning is in the flexibility of its methods; its weakness is in the instability of its standards. Let me take, as an instance, the controversy indicated by the phrase "compulsory Greek." Do not fear that I shall argue this matter in a paragraph. Nay, who am I that I should lay hands on my father Parmenides? But let me point out that in this controversy we should ask ourselves whether the dismissal of Greek from its place in our studies would be to change a method or to lose a standard?

The study of Greek may be retained for three reasons: for the absolute value of its masterpieces; for the comparative method; and for linguistic training.

If we regard the masterpieces of Hellenic art and science as pre-eminent, it may be said that the eyes, at least, of all students shall be turned to the source whence modern religion, modern art, and modern science derive; that if Greek be no longer held up to general admiration it will shrink to the limits of a peculiar diversion, and Sophocles, like Omar Khayyam, will become the cult of a coterie. If this were to happen no doubt we should be deprived of the common use of the highest standards of human thought and passion, the most precious of university traditions would be broken.

Secondly, as concerns the comparative method: he who knows but one literature has been said to know none; he who knows but one language to know none. And there is much truth in this paradox. To know but one literature, even so rich a one as our own, gives but imperfectly that perception of relative values which trains us to avoid that which is crude, that which is violent, that which is eccentric and disproportionate. So again he who knows but one language is disposed to regard language merely as the vesture of thought. He will look upon style as he looks upon a coat, which, ragged and dirty, yet may clothe a Ulysses. A study of two or more languages will teach him that in language thought is born and lives, and that thought *in utero* is not thought at all. An inglorious Milton may be, a Milton mute is an inconceivable thing. Still, in these two latter respects, it must be confessed that we are dealing not with standards but with methods; now methods, as we have seen, are made to be changed. The purpose we must set before our physicians is they shall be familiar with thought in more than one form, and shall learn that language and thought are but different aspects of one thing. By what methods we do this—whether by teaching Greek or Latin, French or German—is but a question of method which, as times change, must be reconsidered again and again. But we have to beware, lest in changing methods we lose sight of our standards.

It is sad to hear it commonly said that the day of learned physicians is past, that they are gone with periwigs and bric-à-brac. And I have had already to observe to my pain that the Cambridge medical student of to-day is by no means "learned;" that too often he thinks loosely, and that he

does not always write even the English of the gentlemen who do the Fires and the Murders for country journals. On his Latinity I will discreetly keep silence. Hence I fear that we are not only changing our methods, but losing sight of our standards, and of this we have said we are to beware; we may well desire, nevertheless, to see not only change but even a revolution of the methods of teaching in public schools as well as in our own classrooms—methods now hopelessly astray. Hopelessly astray, I say, because I know that far cleverer men than I am set themselves this problem: to find what specific subject or what rudiments of a specific subject has the ordinary boy soundly learned after ten years' teaching at a public school? No general formula has been obtained, I am told, for the solution of problems of this kind.

Yet one of my colleagues in the last medical and surgical examinations said to me: "A physician should be a kind of poet"—a hard saying, but a saying of deep wisdom. For to their patients what are the most scientific physicians, if they be *διανοητικὴν πνεῦμα μὴ ἔχοντες*, if they know all things save the human heart? "On ne connaît jamais parfaitement que celui que l'on devine." How in Cambridge are we to endow young men with these riches of experience and to give them this faculty of divination, save by literature? We will repeat that a method is an economy; a true method is a path leading us directly into the centre of the experience of the world, leading us, early in life and with ease and pleasure, whither millions of weary travellers have never come, giving us what millions of hearts have yearned after but yearned in vain. Our disciples must come to us not only for mental furniture, not only to learn a gainful craft, but to breathe here the spirit of disinterested knowledge and of wide humanity. They shall find here that sound learning is no mere decoration, but is the flower of the experience of the world, and be taught that earnest study and serenity of life are not narrowness or asceticism, but that in them lie the conditions of the highest complexity, the ideal evolution of our nature, which, putting aside the temporary and accidental, shall attain to that which is best and most beautiful in the humanity common to us all; helping one another, for, as St. Bernard said, "if you are of the wise virgins you are necessary to the congregation, if of the foolish the congregation is necessary to you."

Once more. If in some directions we are led to fear lest we be losing ground, on another side of our studies we have changed our methods with brilliant success. In the new laboratories of the positive sciences we have brought into our teaching not only new sources of beneficence which are of inestimable value and have trained the eye and the mind to a closer accuracy, to a acuter observation, and to a larger order of conceptions—which qualities are also inestimable; but the spirit in which these laboratories are conducted by the great teachers who labour in them is a disinterested spirit. They realise fully Bacon's precept: *Experimenta lucifera, non frugifera, petenda sunt*.

It cannot be true that in Cambridge the work of these departments is regarded by anyone with grudging. I will not hesitate to say that not only has the work of these laboratories been in itself profitable and inspiring, but that its indirect uses have been no less. The example of this work has carried a like movement into other studies—into many studies far remote, has illuminated them, breathed into them new life, brought them back to touch with the actual and with the practice of life, and has given to the handling of them a new accuracy of definition and a new clearness and breadth of imagination. In a word it has renewed their methods, which were tending to fixity.

I, who came from without, bring you this message, that had not Oxford and Cambridge of late years thus revolutionised their methods both in positive science and philosophy, even their great traditions would not have saved them from decay. Neither for medicine, then, nor for other callings are the universities primarily professional schools. Any opportunities for gaining professional knowledge here are adventitious, and might even become means of danger did we not always bear in mind that the chief function of a university which is true to her trust must be to promote a harmonious development of all the faculties of man, knowing that the rest will follow in due season. In this trust let us exhort ourselves to stand fast.

Members of the University of Cambridge, generously you

have welcomed me home; gladly and thankfully I find myself once more in these streets and in these colleges, so well remembered and so well beloved.

If to you who have never left this home the roaring of the great loom of the labouring and sweating world without has become at times even inaudible; if at times you have been tempted to become a little too fine for common things, a little too high for low things, it is well that some of us, who have fought hard in the ranks of the Philistines, and learned to love them also, should return to you with hands perhaps somewhat rougher, opinions somewhat ruder than your own.

For may we not help you to draw still closer our bond of brotherhood with strong and earnest men of all conditions of life, and to see more clearly that between ourselves in Cambridge and these millions of labourers who toil and sweat in the dust and din of our great cities there is this at least in common, that we are in conflict together not with primitive men, with rude men, nor even with violent men, nor yet, again, with the men who repudiate our methods or strain after ideals which we call false, but with selfish and faithless men, wheresoever they are found, who are animated by no purpose and inspired by no ideal?

COURSE OF LECTURES

ON THE

SURGERY OF THE KIDNEY.

Delivered at the Middlesex Hospital.

By HENRY MORRIS, M.A., F.R.C.S.,

Surgeon to, and Lecturer on Surgery at, the Hospital.

LECTURE II.

ON CONDITIONS SIMULATING RENAL CALCULUS AS VERIFIED BY SURGICAL EXPLORATION IN TWENTY-EIGHT CASES.

GENTLEMEN,—In the first lecture I detailed to you the chief features of seven out of the twenty-eight cases, and in this lecture I will review the next four groups. You will remember that I grouped the cases under the following headings:

1. Tuberculous nephritis and pyelonephritis.
2. Abscess of the kidney—scrofulous or otherwise.
3. The effects of former perinephritis caused by sprains or other injuries to the back.
4. Movable kidney.
5. Abscess of prostate.
6. Calculus of prostate.
7. Calculus in the lower end of the ureter.
8. The effects of a stone which has passed along the ureter.
9. Renal calculus simulated by disease in neighbouring organs, such as the cæcum and stomach.
10. Spinal disease which had caused perinephric suppuration.
11. Undetected renal calculus.
12. No sufficient cause discovered.

The third group in the above list now claims attention.

3. *The Effects of Former Perinephritis Caused by Sprains or other Injuries to the Back.*—Four cases are assigned to this cause. Of the four patients, two were females, two males. In two there was a history of distinct injury, and the symptoms commenced immediately afterwards. In the other two the occupations of the patients had exposed them to frequent strains of the back, but no definite accident was remembered as the starting point of the illness.

One patient was a young gentleman, aged 21, whom I saw in consultation with Dr. Nash, of Lansdowne Road, and Sir James Paget. After a slight strain of his back whilst playing lawn tennis in May, 1888, he had an attack of hæmaturia, with pain in the left loin. In August of the same year, whilst in bed with hæmaturia, he had a severe attack of pain, and his "left kidney swelled." At this time, as I was informed, there were fulness and tenderness in the left loin and a considerable degree of constitutional disturbance. It was supposed his ureter had become blocked and his kidney distended in consequence. After recovery from this attack he remained well for five months; but from March, 1889, there