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Contributors

Warbasse, James Peter, 1866-1957.
Royal College of Surgeons of England

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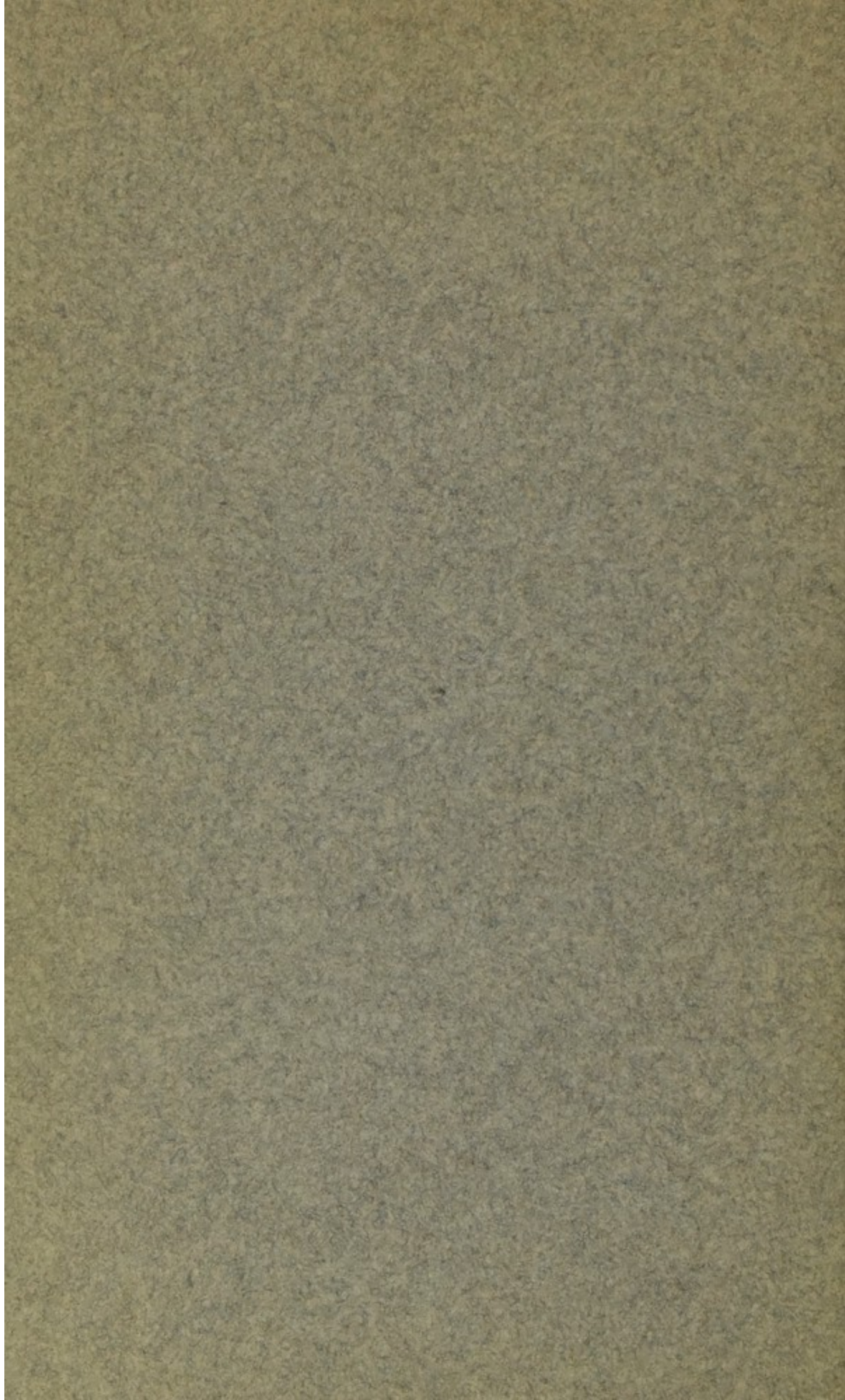
MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

BY

JAMES P. WARBASSE, M. D.,
OF NEW YORK.

FROM
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MEMORIAL ADDRESS:

BY JAMES P. WARBASSE, M.D.,
Chairman of the Historical Committee.

Delivered before the Medical Society of the County of Kings,
New York, December 15, 1903.

During the past year the following active members of this Society have died: Joseph Edwin Clark, Eugene Earle Woolworth, John Jay Conway, John Frederick Golding, John Lyal Henry Waldie, Thomas Moore Rochester, Charles A. H. de Szigethy, and Joseph M. Harcourt; also the following practitioners of medicine in this county who were formerly members of this Society: Susan R. Pray, John Frank Valentine, Thomas Naegle De Bowes, Ashley Adam Webber, Charles Henry Jones, Frederick Matson Nehrbas, Thomas A. Pineo, James A. Roache, John Van Harlingen, George Chappell Crawford, Henry De Haven Cameron, and William Francis Moran.

Of all the occupations in which man can employ himself, none is so elevating, so productive of the best culture, so humanizing, so broadening and inspiring as helping others. Helping others who were in distress, this has been the occupation of the men to whose memories we pay our tribute of respect. Not helping another to secure some advantage over his neighbor; not

helping himself by inflicting injury upon his fellow men—these are the affairs of the great world of business and commerce—but helping another to relief from suffering or illness to the harm of no man, and pointing the way to the avoidance of pain.

It can be said to the credit of medicine that in this very striving to help others they have best helped themselves. It can be laid down as a medical axiom that the doctor who does, without consideration of himself, the thing that is best for his patient—rich or poor, grateful or ungrateful—is doing what in the end is best for himself. It was given these men to have enjoyed the humanizing and uplifting which comes out of the practice of the profession in which they lived. Whatever the character of a man may be, the practice of medicine makes him better.

Who is not familiar with the boisterous, flip-pant, uncouth class of medical students? Ten years of medical practice finds these same men full of serious thought. Twenty years has touched them with tenderness and humanity. And, if the portion of financial success has not been too great, thirty years will be found to have wrought a wealth of mellowness of character, sympathy and gentleness, broadmindedness and charity. And of all the noble men, we love the patriarch of medicine, whose life was well started and spent in faithful service. He has struggled with the questions of life, and it has made him self-reliant. He has seen hopes blasted and

deferred, and it has made him patient. He has seen the sorrows of the day remedied by the morrow, and it has made him hopeful. He has learned the rewards of good work, and it has made him faithful. Faith, hope and charity he has, and unto these he has added wisdom. His brow is crowned with the snow-white wreath of victory, and his memory is lovingly preserved in the hearts of men.

The men whose names I have read to you were our brothers. They have ceased from their labors. Their rewards they have reaped, and their penalties they have paid. They were honorable members of an honorable profession. Their opportunities for doing good and living the highest life were many. That they grasped these opportunities we believe full well. Each walked in the light as he saw it. Their works live on. All that they did is as imperishable as human kind. Every service rendered in the house of pain has become a record to their lasting glory: not on cold tablets of stone or in the mutable pages of history, but in the warm and living souls of men, thence to be transmitted as a blessed heritage to the children of generations yet unborn. Their good deeds continue always to pass from man to man in ceaseless diffusion, adding to the joy and goodness of the world.

The lives of those yet to come shall be made sweeter by that invisible choir which catches up and makes undying, and transmits each act of tenderness and love. This is immortality.

"Thus shall they continue
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing as beauteous order that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.
 This is life to come
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us who strive to follow. May we reach
 That purest heaven, be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense.
 So shall we join the choir invisible
 Whose music is the gladness of the world."

As we pause in the contemplation of the lives
 of these men, what lesson shall we learn? What
 moral shall we glean? Simply this: Do always
 the best we can. Next to helping others nothing
 is more uplifting or morally educating than the
 endeavor to do things well. Striving to do some-
 thing well is a religious act. The endeavor to
 make something perfect is a holy service.

And then, too, we may be kind. The old
 Quaker said: "I expect to pass through this life
 but once. If there is any kindness, or any good
 thing I can do to my fellow beings, let me do it
 now, I shall pass this way but once." It is not
 in the power of all to do great works, but it is in
 every one's power to endeavor. It is not in the
 power of all to secure honors, but it is in every

one's power to be worthy of honor. It is within the grasp of every man to be generous, fair and good.

And finally we should not lose sight of the educating influence of the contemplation of death. Our lives are modified and constantly influenced by this thought. That sometime our work and our pleasure must stop is the most dominant of all our thoughts, and yet the most unconscious. And we set the course of our lives accordingly. The voice of death is an omnipresent undertone which never dies out of the air. We are so accustomed to it that we scarcely notice its presence. It is like the monotonous roar of the waves upon the shore. The ships, the clouds come and go. Sunshine and darkness alternate. Calm and tempest play upon the scene. But, low at times and loud at times, the deep and ominous cadence of the waves is always present.



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