

ing faintly down the corridors of considerably over a quarter of a century, the many words of advice and parting cheer given on just such occasions, and one's heart grows more faint, one's hand less steady, one's words come more falteringly, as one realises that one cannot hope to emulate the rhetoric and finished sentences of this one, the literary style and polish of that one, the kindly words of advice given by still another, whose 30 or 40 years practice give him the right to speak and advise. Let my sincerity then atone for my fewness of words.

I would ask you, gentlemen, graduates of 1899, to remember as you stand with your backs to your Alma Mater and your face to the whole world, that you re-enter that world through different portals to those that admitted you four years ago. Then you entered from the world—of the world, a member of the laity, educated, undoubtedly; refined, probably; a graduate of Arts, possibly. But to-day, you have completed the ordeal that admits you into one of the learned professions and you leave your Alma Mater to re-enter the world, with a distinguishing mark upon you. More educated in your understanding of your fellow-creatures, infinitely more refined by the world of suffering laid bare to you in your profession, a graduate, not only in art but science—in the foremost art and applied science, the science and art of medicine and surgery. I would ask you to remember the dignity of your profession, and to strive always and everywhere to maintain it against all odds. Remember, *you* are the University; remember it is as difficult for one to appear well-dressed if any portion of his wardrobe be torn or shabby; as difficult for a surgeon to do an aseptic operation if he forget one link in the chain of asepsis, as it is for a university to maintain its good name and fairer fame untarnished, if one of her sons, one of her integral units, forgets for one instant the duty he owes, not only to himself, his profession, but his Alma Mater as well. This, then is the key-note of my address this afternoon. **DO YOUR DUTY.**

FIRST, TO YOUR GOD.—Remember to whom many talents are lent, many will be required *and with interest*. See to it that amid the thousand and one distractions and wor-