

Do not, however, even for a moment imagine that I would have you look upon the world before you as one of utter darkness. The very shadows that I have mentioned prove that there must be plenty of sunshine as well, the sunshine of good deeds wrought by brave men and fair women, whose best and noblest characteristics are brought out most vividly amid such scenes as those in which you will be called to act.

In so large a class there cannot but be many natures,—men of the most diverse capacities, aims and destinations. Each of you, too, has his aspirations, a little vague no doubt, but nevertheless real. Keep them, I conjure you, as long as possible, strive to realise them. In the words of Nathaniel Willis :—

“Press on! for it is Godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on! ‘for in the grave there is no work
And no device.’ Press on! while yet you may.”

In the ever-increasing competition in the medical profession, you will probably find the struggle for existence an arduous one,—will meet with many worries, many cares, many disappointments,—will find many of youth’s golden visions fading away into gray, cold mists. But I would counsel you to be of good courage, remembering always the old adage that “every cloud has its silver lining.”

Doubtless, among other things, you will all desire to make money; not for the money’s sake, but for what you can do with it. It is not a desire to be ashamed of. “He that does not provide for his own household is worse than a heathen,” were the words of one who has also declared that “the greatest of these is charity.” The words of St. Paul are nowhere more applicable than to the profession of medicine. He who is ever on the alert with the gift of his services, or, what is more common, is careless in demanding proper recognition of his work, sins trebly,—against himself and his family, against his brother practitioners, and against those whom he thinks he is serving. But mark this. The best works in the world are not done for money, or from selfish motives of any kind. While all the giving of this world is not committed to the doctor, he has a special heritage in the poor, and if you are to achieve true success,—the success that brings happiness and is the only kind worth seeking,—you must do a vast amount of work, not for money, but in part because you like it, and in part because it will do good and help others. The privilege of relieving suffering humanity, of being a messenger of peace to those in pain, of endeavouring to

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