

*THE MASTER-WORD IN MEDICINE*

this life worth struggling for which does not bristle with them?

Students of Medicine: May this day be to each one of you, as it was to me when I entered this school thirty-five years ago, the beginning of a happy life in a happy calling. Not one of you has come here with such a feeling of relief as that which I experienced at an escape from conic sections and logarithms and from Hooker and Pearson. The dry bones became clothed with interest, and I felt that I had at last got to work. Of the greater advantages with which you start I shall not speak. Why waste words on what you cannot understand. Only to those of us who taught and studied in the dingy old building which stood near here is it given to feel to the full the change which the years have wrought, a change which my old teachers, whom I see here today—Dr. Richardson, Dr. Ogden, Dr. Thorburn and Dr. Oldright—must find hard to realize. One looks about in vain for some accustomed object on which to rest the eye in its backward glance—all, all are gone, the old familiar places. Even the landscape has altered, and the sense of loneliness and regret, the sort of homesickness one experiences on such occasions, is relieved by a feeling of thankfulness that at least some of the old familiar faces have been spared to see this day. To me at least the memory of those happy days is a perpetual benediction, and I look