

college of the graduates, but some other medical college) which might be spared, and that some of these not only have not as clear ideas about the precession of the equinoxes, or the authorship of the book of Job, as a member of one of the learned professions should have, but that there are even graduates in medicine (of other schools of course), to whom the addition of vulgar fractions is a stumbling-block, and correct spelling vexation of spirit. On the other hand I find some who assert, first, that the above statements are unfounded; second, that it is not necessary to know how to spell correctly in order to cure the chills or set a broken leg; and third, that the demand for higher medical education is essentially a pernicious aristocratic movement, calculated to oppress the poor, and prevent them from obtaining the sheepskins so desirable to cover their nakedness. As, however, I am sure that all of you are just now strongly in favour of higher medical education, without regard to what you may have thought about it a few weeks ago, or what you may think of it a few years hence, when you get a little steam-hatching machine of your own, I feel that I shall most contribute to the harmony which this case demands by—entirely agreeing with you.

Upon the whole, I came to the conclusion that on this occasion it is safest to talk platitudes; in fact, I must do this if I am to advise you as a body. The inexorable laws of statistics tell me that among you are those having the most diverse capacities, purposes, and destinations. Two or three of you will go on with your studies for the next ten or fifteen years, observing, experimenting, reading, and comparing, until some fine day you will know something that other people don't know, and will become writers and teachers, leaders in your profession, famous in your day and generation. One or two of you may become popular physicians, for whom being called in consultation is an everyday matter, and a large income a matter of course. Many of you will become plain, solid, common-sense practitioners, who will do a vast amount of good, be indispensable to the comfort and safety of the community, and be happy because satisfied, which is more than I can predict of the others. A few will

abandon medicine because it does not pay, and turn to some occupation of better promise. And one or two will slip farther and faster down the broad, smooth path of dissipation on which their feet have already taken the first step, and will pass on to the inevitable end.

Fortunately for all of us, nobody knows who are to be the black sheep and who are to win the prizes. Each of you must live out that which is in your brains and blood, the result of generations gone before; but, you have also to live out that which you yourselves add to the inheritance.

Now you are going out into Vanity Fair duly armed and equipped, and provided with maps and guide-books of the latest and most approved editions. Probably you will never again be so fully conscious of, or so thoroughly satisfied with, your knowledge of the science and art of medicine as you are to-night. What would I not give now to know as much as I thought I knew the day I received my diploma. And yet the seven world problems of Du Bois-Raymond are still unsolved.

I congratulate you on your prospects. Shall I tell you what some of them are? Our American life will present to you as much variety, as vivid contrasts, as subtle mysteries, and as many giants, demons, and sirens to be overcome or outwitted as any that the legends of old depict. No doubt you will soon come across some of that curious sect, the *antis*, who are beginning to make their appearance amongst us; anti-vaccinationists, anti-vivisectionists, anti-anything, so that it gives them an excuse to keep their names before the public. And when you are asked how you account for the voluminous statistics and startling facts which some of these antis produce so rapidly and easily, you may hesitate a little, unless you have heard the celebrated conundrum which I am about to give you. A little boy said, "That girl is the daughter of my father and my mother, but she is not my sister. How do you account for that?" And the answer is, (this is strictly confidential), that the little boy lied. Taking them all in all, these antis are a curious class of cranks, worthy of careful study on the part of some of our experts in mental diseases, during the brief intervals in which