

"Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud,  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, not unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul."

"Sir," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, "the man who has vigor may walk to the East, as well as to the West, if he happen to turn his head that way."

Heredity may condemn us to a life of struggle with bodily weakness and mental incapacity, to "Defects of doubt and taints of blood." It cannot chain the free spirit, and he who can say, "I will, I will not," is still a man.

We, the members of this Association, as practitioners of the Healing Art, are the heirs of a great past. The Masters of Medicine have passed from our world, but their influence survives—their spirits still live.

Nothing is plainer in the study of the lives of the greatest of our predecessors than the influence of great ideals. From the days of the grand pagan whom we call the Father of Medicine, and whose recognition of the power of spiritual forces is so clearly seen in the oath which he laid upon his successors, to the great authorities of to-day, we can trace the power of faith in the Unseen Universe.

Let me quote from the illustrious Pasteur: "Happy he who carries with him a God—an ideal of beauty, and who obeys him. An ideal of Art, an ideal of Science, an ideal of Patriotism, an ideal of the virtues of the Gospel."

And if we are to have strength for our work, courage and hope to cheer us in our long contest with all these shapes of foul disease, we must bear in mind the supreme importance of high ideals—of life—and of man.

"You touch God," said Novalis, "when you lay your hand upon a human body." The spark of life we tend is a part of the divine, and immortal.

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar."