

The great object of Medicine is to combat disease, and what does this signify?

Firstly: — That it is a profession which requires its members to be furnished with knowledge of the most extensive and recondite character. They must know the physical man thoroughly, the wonderful intricacies of his intimate structure, and the marvellously complex processes that are being carried on in every part of his organism. They must have studied also man's mental constitution, and be able to recognize the presence and estimate the value of mental influences in life processes and their derangements. The infinite variety of the causes of disease, whether existing in man himself, in the air he breathes, the food he eats, the water he drinks, the textures with which he clothes himself, or in the earth upon which he walks, must be familiar to them. They must have a perfect acquaintance with the physiognomy of disease and the traits and characters by which it reveals its presence. They must know, also, the means which a Beneficent Providence has placed within their reach for the removal of disease, and the restoration of the aberrant functions to their normal condition; and which means have been discovered, elaborated and perfected, by the research, perseverance and ingenuity of man himself. Much of this knowledge you have already acquired, but the fund is practically inexhaustible, and were you to live beyond the time allotted to man, and devote every spare moment to close research and study, you would only appreciate the more clearly how limited any one individual's acquirements and experience must be in a liberal profession with the multiplied actualities and infinite possibilities of medicine.

Secondly: — That it is a profession which demands from its members the greatest devotion and self-denial. Duty is frequently a straight and rugged road. Pleasant indeed are the by-paths of leisure and amusement, and especially tempting are the cool retreats of listless indifference. The man struggling forward in his life journey, often fretted and wearied with the difficulties that beset him in the prosecution of his aims and aspirations, would fain turn aside and seek relief in the levity of the one, or in the stagnation of the other. Let him yield to the temptation, however, and no matter how fair may have been his prospects of success at the commencement of his career, no matter how richly he may have been endowed with natural gifts, failure, miserable and dishonouring failure, is inevitable. Success in any of the great objects of life is not to the idler, the trifler or dreamer. It comes not in obedience to a wish, and cannot be acquired by a waking dream. In this active and restless period of the world's history, a man, to succeed, must be up and doing. He must apply himself with single-