

My parting words to you, then, will bear not on the glorious past, but on your hopeful future.

In preparing for this hour I have scanned many elaborate addresses of bygone years, and find that most of my predecessors were constrained to give similar admonitions to the departing classes, the variation being in their colour rather than in the material. I shall not attempt to alter the precedent of the old century, but will begin the new by giving the kaleidoscope another turn, presenting to your view the same old crystals in such different combinations as I am capable of resolving them into, hoping with Horace that as *haec placuit semel, haec decies repetita placebit*.

As your teachers we congratulate you on the consummation of years of toil, and rejoice as you don the long-coveted hood. But our happiness is not unmixed. Shadow alternates with sunshine, and even on this bright day the cloud comes. We have met to part. To-day you begin the journey of life, leaving forever the home where you have been nurtured and trained. Behind you remains for our warm remembrance a record of faithfulness such as few or none others have left. We are proud of our youngest offspring. Before you a career of grand possibilities opens up, like "a breeze 'mid blossoms straying, where hope clings feeding like a bee." We wish you God-speed.

As you stand on the threshold of the old homestead, all ready to set forth, diploma in hand as a passport through the world, your grip bursting with knowledge, your Alma Mater would fain linger by your side until the last possible moment, repeating into your restless ears ere you tear yourselves away disconnected fragments of the counsel she has oft before striven to inculcate whilst you sojourned happily beneath her roof. She may forget in her grief to mention most important things, but her silence and the gentle pressure of the hand are more eloquent than any words that may come now from her full heart. She longs for the success of her boys, and for this will hope and pray as with misty eyes she watches your retreating steps and when they are lost to her gaze and vanish in the busy haunts of men. Her heart yearns above all to have you prove true physicians, worthy of her, worthy of the traditions of medicine.

To do this you must realize the nobility of your calling and the dignity of the title this day conferred, and comport yourselves in accordance therewith. This may not be easy after the careless abandonment of undergraduate life, just as at the new year time we are slow to grasp that the old has passed. But upon you will soon devolve the responsibility of maintaining that honorable position in the sight of all men of incontestable eminence which your forerunners have struggled to win for the vocation of their choice.

For the profession of medicine is not of this nor of the preceding century, but, taking its origin in the shadowy outlines of Egyptian art, it has developed during the ages past, accumulating the products of many minds, gathering refinement and renown on its way, so that it presents to us to-day a history and a name of which its members may be justly proud. Men of every continent,