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Valedictory Address on Behalf of the Graduating Class in Medicine, delivered at the Ninth Annual Convocation of the Medical Department of the University of Bishop's College. By JAMES F. T. JENKINS, C.M., M.D.

MR. CHANCELLOR, MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is a paradox that there is nothing new to be said since the time of Plato. There is certainly, little original or brilliant to be adduced in a valedictory address; the ground having been gone over so often and ably before. Still, it is with pleasure and with due appreciation of the great honor conferred upon me, that I address you on behalf of the graduating class which have just received the degrees of C.M., M.D.

We have just emerged from one of the first Universities in the Dominion, so aptly styled "*the Oxford of Canada*," and the Medical Department, though quite in its infancy, has, in less than a decade, worked itself to the front rank. The waves of trial, which have so long and fiercely beaten upon her walls, are now fast fading into obscurity, and her brightening prospects foreshadow a brilliant future.

This is an occasion both of joy and of sadness—joy, because we have reached the goal for which we have labored so long and so faithfully; sadness, because we have met for the last time to bid adieu to our friends, our honored Faculty, and to each other. Our paths, hitherto lying so pleasantly together, now diverge. A new era dawns upon our existence, and we enter

the domain of professional life. On such an occasion, nothing seems more appropriate than for us to pause and consider what will be expected of us in this new capacity.

We have a high and holy mission to accomplish. From an intellectual standpoint towering above the non-professional world, we command admiration and respect from the masses. We must climb the vantage grounds of knowledge, be actuated by exalted aspirations, cling to thoughts and conscience, renounce subterfuge and repudiate avarice; our motives must be above suspicion, our characters an impenetrable shield to the shafts of calumny.

It will be our duty to face the great enemy—Disease. From the cradle to the grave, from the lowly hut to the palace of the rich, from the fireside of the merchant prince to the death-bed of the pauper, our mission of mercy will extend.

When pestilence stalks abroad and epidemics devastate the country, when those around us are falling like leaves, nipped by death's untimely frost, and, though our post be the post of danger, still we must stand like the heroes of Thermopylæ, preferring to face death rather than flee. 'Twill be ours to succor the weak and receive the blessings of the strong. 'Twill be ours to deliver the last sad announcement, "no hope," as we watch the faint glimmerings of life fading from the eye of the loved one.

"Glorious our aim! To ease the laboring heart,
To war with Death, and stop his flying dart;
To mark the source whence the fierce contest grew,