

thing that surpasses it—something that is in its essence not mean and ephemeral, but, as to man, eternal. Almost every intelligent human being passes through a phase of idealism. Each one of us has felt at some time a desire to benefit his fellows, and the not unmanly ambition to be remembered therefor. With the majority the phase soon passes. Realization of the struggle of life, its labors, its disappointments, and its scant rewards ruthlessly quenches the divine flame, leaving cold, hard-headed individuals, whose characters become sordid and self-seeking. With a few the phase survives, and we are indebted to them for the development of the race.

The profession of dentistry was of humble beginning. Its cradle was the blacksmith's shop; its father, the stalwart wielder of the sledge. Slowly at first, then more quickly as its gathering forces concentrated, it has advanced until to-day it stands ready to be ranked with the learned professions, covering with its mantle men of the highest attainments and noblest aims. It was not developed thus by its laggards, by the sordid grasping of self-seeking exploiters, but through the increasing efforts of those who resolutely set their faces toward the goal of a high ideal, and earnestly labored for its accomplishment. Think you that these men counted their successes by golden mile-posts? No; to them the victory over seemingly insurmountable obstacles by almost superhuman exertions, was in itself their justification and their reward. In the future there are opportunities no less wide; in the future there are attainments no less glorious; in the future there are victories that we know not of. It is with this spirit that I would imbue you—it is this spirit that I would enjoin you to cultivate, and the example of those men that I would have you emulate. With my poor powers I can see but dimly that future which is great with magnificent possibilities; but, taught by the experience of the past, we know that there must be, there is a range of development beyond our dreams.

When a boy, I read and re-read that old book, "Pilgrim's Progress," and was much impressed by the story of the man with the muck-rake. In the picture accompanying the story was a man with bowed head, diligently raking in the mud and mire for valueless trifles, while above him hovered an angel holding over his head a golden crown, which he persistently refused to see. Many of us are like the man with the muck-rake, ever bent upon scratching up the dross, and ever blind to the golden crown of glorious opportunity that the future holds above our downcast eyes. Even through the mists with which a love of pleasure and the lusts of the flesh have enshrouded a not too exemplary life, has this story been a healthful inspiration towards a wider and a higher thought. Its potency has been recognized even when the light seemed dimmest and the goal of onward progress most remote. What then