

turning crowned with the victorious wreath, receives the plaudits of the nation—your departure to your post of danger is not accompanied by any such stimulants to exertion, nor are your victories—sometimes dearly won—proclaimed to the world through the medium of the newspaper press. The banners of our profession have emblazoned on them many illustrations of heroism as great as ever soldier showed upon the field of battle. Those of you who have walked the wards of the Montreal General Hospital will have noticed chiseled in marble on the walls of its entrance hall the names of Loedel and Caldwell, who, the record tells us, fell, while bravely battling with an epidemic—typhus fever—which some years ago swept over our city. Have they died in vain, or has not their noble sacrifice of self, stimulated during the past thirty years, a host of students who, reading the record of their death at the post of duty, have felt that these men, although dead, yet speak. A few years ago, and that terrible scourge of the Southern States of the American republic—yellow fever—broke out at Norfolk, Virginia, and the contest was far beyond the power of the medical men of the place to grapple with. Volunteers were called for, and were not wanting. Numbers of medical men rushed to the scene, and at once threw themselves into the struggle. It was a terrible one, and when the victory was won, and the casualties counted, it was found that forty medical men had fallen victims to the epidemic they had labored to resist. They have not died in vain. Faithfully they fulfilled the sacred duties of their calling, and their memories remain an imperishable legacy to the profession they have ennobled and adorned. Gentlemen, I have drawn no fancy picture, but selected incidents of no uncommon occurrence, among the ranks of our profession, and they well illustrate its moral grandeur. At the very outset of your professional career, you will meet with difficulties, so I pray you be prepared for them; nor will trials and disappointments be unfamiliar to you. It has been truly said that there is no royal road to learning, and there most certainly is no such avenue, in the vast majority of instances, along which the Physician can swiftly glide into practice. I think it well it is so, for it gives the young practitioner time to well digest—if I may be allowed to use the word—those cases which come under his care, and which, from want of experience, he would, if hurried by press of work, certainly fail to do justice to. Rapidity of diagnosis—the art of naming disease—which in some is remarkable, can only be acquired by years of patient investigation. Be satisfied therefore, and bide your time. Do not depend

upon friends, however, to press your claims upon the public. Be content to rely upon your own exertions, let your manhood assert itself, and take my word for it, patient industry will in time bring its reward. Do not I beg of you, gentlemen, follow the advice of those who perchance will advise you, *as they have advised* others—that the best way to get business in the medical profession is to put on the appearance of being overpowered by it. Do not have messages summon you from public worship, so that the eyes of the whole congregation may follow you as you pass down the aisle. Do not send messengers to the houses of your most influential friends, asking if you are there, and stating that your attendance is required at a most important case. Sir Dominick Corrigan, one of the most celebrated Irish Physicians of the present day, states that on commencing his career, and being entirely destitute of patients, a kind friend recommended him to take to driving hard in a carriage, particularly on wet and muddy days, so as to bespatter pedestrians, and endanger lives at crossings, and thus make every passer-by enquire who he was. Sir Dominick, however, says that the advice did not suit either his views or *his pocket*, and he at once thought of the lines applied to one of the profession who was reported to have so acted:

"Thy rag's the leanest thing alive,
 "So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
 "I have heard thy anxious coachman say,
 "It cost thee more in whips than hay."

I am not visionary, gentlemen, in what I have just said, for you will doubtless be anxious to get on, and your friends will not be slow in giving you—what they are loath to accept from you—*advice*, and perchance it may be to act in some of the ways which I have just condemned. Do not be deceived by them, for rest assured there is but a single pathway to excellence and success in the Medical profession, and that is by steady hard study, and a patient waiting. It may seem hard to be thus kept down, while you are in the hey-day of your youth, and eager for work, but if you wish to retain and increase your hold on the community, among whom your lot may be cast, let your advancement be legitimate, and the result of an honest appreciation of your merits. Remember that there is no position which a medical man can fill to which you may not aspire, and let the thought that all the men in our profession who have risen to eminence have been working men cheer you. One of the most noted Physicians of London at this time was the son of a poor farmer, who tilled a small patch