

To-day is with you a red-letter day, marking a great epoch in your lives. Four long years you have been toiling up the hill, with eyes fixed upon graduation day as the great final goal of your efforts. Other realities of life have been obscured or overshadowed by the intense reality of *this*. Your degree has been your *summum bonum*, and every nerve has been strained to win it. To day the degree is yours; you have climbed the hill, reached the goal, but as you look around, lo! the realities, responsibilities and possibilities of life open out before you. Your perspective is wholly changed, your life-climb has but begun. You were students before, if you would succeed you must be students still. You worked hard before, you must work harder still. Toil, the birthright of mankind, must still be yours, if you are not to be laggards in the race. Under the careful guidance and supervision of your teachers, you have learned first to creep, then to stand, and at last to walk. The way has been marked out for you, its roughness smoothed, your faltering steps steadied. Now you are cut loose from leading strings, you must choose your own road and make your own pace; how far you will manage to push along will depend very much upon the energy, perseverance and singleness of purpose you henceforth display.

In welcoming you to our ranks, we would remind you that our profession is one of intrinsic nobility and dignity. In it science and charity, knowledge and sympathy, skill and pity go hand in hand, ministering to the sorrows and sufferings of human kind. Its annals teem with deeds of heroism, self-sacrifice and devotion. When pestilence stalks the earth, when panic and fear seize upon the people, the physician will be found at the post of danger "firm, fearless and faithful." When human pity may wipe away a tear, human skill ease a pain, or human sympathy comfort and console, there, too, will he be found. Of all the brave and gallant deeds by land or sea, none are more truly great and noble than those of men who amidst the horrors of pestilence, in the privacy of daily life, without the stimulus of excitement, publicity or hope of reward, have toiled without repose to assuage the misery of the sick and dying, and at last without a murmur have laid down their lives for their fellow-men.

Such is our profession. Would you prove yourselves worthy