

Dr. Jno. Hunter examined my case some time after her confinement, and having learned from her the peculiar condition at her previous confinement examined her carefully. He reported to me that he had found the cervix in a good condition and that she was again pregnant.

1215 College street.

THE BASES OF SUCCESS—THE RECTORAL ADDRESS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES, Bart., G.C.V.C., C.B., LL.D.,
 Surgeon Surgeon to His Majesty the King.

MY first words within the walls of this University must be to thank you for the very distinguished honor you have so graciously conferred upon me. Those ambitions which range within the quiet compass of a professional life must be indeed extravagant if they are not, once and for all, realized by such a position as that to which you have called me—the Rector of an ancient, famous, and ever-advancing University. When I look back upon the long line of illustrious men who have occupied this office, I feel that it is unnecessary to explain to the world that it is by your generous intention and not by my own merit that I find myself in this august company. The value and dignity of an honor rest as much with the giver as with the gift. Those who are young hold in esteem the approval and commendation of their elders. Those who have, on the other hand, reached or passed the meridian of life, prize that approval the highest which comes from the ranks of youth. It will always be to me a matter of the greatest pride that I owe my present position to a body representative of young Scotland, for the youth of Scotland have ever been conspicuous for the fine qualities of determination, hardihood and enterprise. You are gathered at the gate of that arena in which will be enacted the drama of your lives; you are about to enter upon that stern campaign in which every man who has work before him must be perforce engaged. During the pleasant years which have been spent within these walls you have amassed a stock of learning which will form your handiest equipment in the fight. In contemplating the products of your industry, I cannot but be reminded of a familiar scene in Table Bay at the outset of the South African war—the picture of a quay piled up to the skies with masses of stores collected, with no little bustle and concern, waiting to be hurried up country to fulfil the many ends of “the sinews of war.” From my knowledge of the practical character of the teaching in Aberdeen I am well assured that the material in your accumulation of stores is not only sound but serviceable. It now rests with you to make the best of an admirable equipment, although I need not remind you that in the modern *Æneid* of “Arms and the Man” the arm counts for little while every expectation hangs upon the hand that grips it.