

captives of circumstances bound in millennial chains, tempts us to give up the hopeless struggle, we may, if we will, say, "Stand thou on that side, for on this am I." We must not forget that divine part of us, that mysterious, undefinable, undeniable power for good or evil—the human will.

Thirty years ago a young man lay in the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh. Fortune had not smiled upon him and now, maimed and crippled for life, that life seemed "Doomed to dumb forgetfulness a prey." But not to despair. The "Star of the unconquered will" rose and stood over the lonely bed of William Ernest Henley, and inspired these lines, the finest assertion of the Free Will I have ever seen :

" Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

" In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

" Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

" It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul."

"Sir," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, "the man who has vigor may walk to the East, as well as to the West, if he happen to turn his head that way."

Heredity may condemn us to a life of struggle with bodily weakness and mental incapacity, to "Defects of doubt and taints of blood." It cannot chain the free spirit, and he who can say, "I will, I will not," is still a man.

We, the members of this Association, as practitioners of the Healing Art, are the heirs of a great past. The Masters of Medicine have passed from our world, but their influence survives—their spirits still live.

Nothing is plainer in the study of the lives of the greatest of our predecessors than the influence of great ideals. From the days of the grand pagan whom we call the Father of Medicine,