

to take its place. An imperfect, defective faith is far better than no faith at all. It is after all very easy to pose as a sceptic or iconoclast, to sneer and rail at prevailing belief and practice, to profess disbelief in the efficacy of drugs, and the possibilities of nature, science and art. But such a mental attitude betokens weakness, not strength,—conceit, not knowledge. I beseech you, do not join the ranks of the medical nihilists; the man without faith in *science*, in his *art*, in *himself*, is like a ship without ballast or rudder, tossed about hither and thither with every wind of doctrine.

*Duties to the University.*—Now, finally, you have some duties to the university. Hitherto you have been students of medicine, and your chief allegiance has been to your own professors. To-day your Alma Mater enrolls you among her sons and sends you forth into the world bearing her name. In all her departments she has claims upon your life-long interest and sympathy. While her reputation is in a manner your reputation and her success your success, do not forget that in like manner your reputation is her reputation and your success her success. Strive to be worthy of her. Guard well the charge this day entrusted to your care. According to ancient Jewish legend, the patriarch Abraham ever wore upon his breast a jewel whose light raised those who were bowed down, and healed those who were sick. And when he died the jewel was set in the heavens, where it still shines among the stars. May the badge conferred on you to-day be as mighty for good as the patriarch's jewel of old; and if you guard it untarnished to the very end, your names will shine forever among those starry hosts to whom the eyes of humanity ever turn with admiration, gratitude and love. Go forth, graduating class of '90, bearing aloft as your banner the motto "*Excelsior*," ever onward and upward, and may success attend your efforts. In the name of your professors, in the name of the University, Godspeed and fare you well.