

strict observance of the laws of health, and in the improvement of their sanitary surroundings. Let us then, as true medical men, make war upon the conditions producing disease, until we have a correct public opinion and proper legislation upon these matters which heretofore have been shamefully neglected. We now who are about to play our parts in the drama of life, and as we enter upon the practice of our profession let it not be in the narrow spirit of any one particular school, although we may be called by the name of the oldest and most scientific, but if there is any good in other schools let us not despise it simply because it is called by a name objectionable to us. Let us seek faithfully for the truth, and finding it where we may, let us put it into practice. Let ours be the broad school of doing everything we can to alleviate suffering and better mankind. Let us, proud of a profession as noble as it is responsible; proud of a University which we delight to call our Alma Mater, whose very life-blood now pulses in our veins, stimulating us to actions worthy of her, and whose honor and integrity we shall ever attempt to maintain; proud of a country vast in its area, boundless in its resources, great in the present but still greater and grander in the glorious future still lying before it; let us go forth with God o'er head and heart within to discharge our duties to our fellows faithfully and manfully. And at last when we have fully played our part, though the voices may not tremble to the death of one who has waded through slaughter to a throne, though we be not borne in solemn state through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault, we may be paid the humble thought, no less enviable tribute of the grateful tears of those who will say that the world has been the better for us having lived in it. Now we say to professors, our fellow-students and to the kind friends who have honored us with their presence, farewell. A word that must be and hath been; a sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell. We cannot do better as we say these sad words than apply to ourselves the closing lines of *Thanatopsis*:

“So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”