

products of slow growth and development. We may trace it stage by stage, from the time when, letter by letter, we learned the alphabet at our mother's knee. Then followed long weary months of multiplication table and up to higher mathematics. Then burst upon our minds Language with all the beauty of its romance, all the experience of its Histories, all the emulation of its Biography. Then came Science with its Natural History, its Astronomy and Philosophy. Then that nobler science of the mind, Ethics and Logic. 'Twas here perhaps that a great era occurred in the course of our education. 'Twas here we first learned to reason correctly. 'Twas here we first perceived the boundary line between faith and opinion, between dogmatical assertion and mathematical and logical demonstrations. Now many subjects on which we had expended what seemed useless labor burst upon our new intelligence with the full force of their usefulness and worth. It was at this time perhaps more than at all others that there became established that craving for learning. It was from this point more than from any other that we began to study for the love of knowledge itself more than for any lower motive. At about this time we began our medical studies; hard and dry at first they seemed, but from thence for four years have we labored incessantly upon them and made progress. We all believe that our profession holds the freest and most enlightened minds of to-day. With all due regard for the advancement which the art of medicine has already gained, with due respect for all those who have worked in the past and worked well to bring about these advancements,—we yet look on into the future for yet greater attainments than we have yet been able to realize. All other professions, generous, noble and necessary as they may be, draw their life-spring from the past; on its old burnt altars they fan the dying flame of a lost art. For us our life work and life hope is in the future. 'Tis there we look forward to the time when all art shall be science, all chance direction, all the discords of our profession made harmony, all empiricism swept away, and in its place substituted the results of Rational System. If the class of '84 are permitted to be among the humble agents to effect these changes we shall be abundantly satisfied. I thank you again for the spirit in which you have drank our health, and hope the ties of friendship which now bind us may always grow stronger and never weaker, and that you will ever support us with your aid and sympathy; and as we go out

into the world may our fare be never worse than this spread before us to-night.

The toast of the "Ladies" was next given, and was responded to by Mr. Charles R. Devlin, who said: In returning thanks on behalf of the ladies, and in expressing my gratitude for the charming enthusiasm with which you have hailed this important toast, I cannot conceal feelings of indispensible embarrassment. It is quite unnecessary for me to acknowledge my inability to do this toast that justice which my heart and the hearts of my fellow-students would desire,—that marvelous justice for instance some of my surrounding gastro-nomic freshmen friends have done this sumptuous banquet. Indeed, it has been my fortune or misfortune—according to the view you may take of the case—to have been honored with the giving or answering of this same toast on innumerable occasions. Yes, and with pride do I declare it. I have not unfrequently vindicated, when assailed, the cause of the fairer sex: in the face of the world, in the full sense of the term, have I proclaimed them angels. Yet, strange to say, very humiliating at least to me; I have not become more angelic in their eyes; they have not learned to appreciate my efforts; there is not even a mortgage on the affections of my heart as I now stand in the market. My duty, however, is quite clear: I must continue to study, admire and adore them; I must continue hopeful in the market. Bear with me patiently, and with as much compassion as reasonable charity will tolerate, while I humbly chant a new canticle of praise in their honor: still circumspect and cautious in the extreme must be my notes, conscious that I am in the presence of husbands—husbands, gentlemen who may entertain peculiar notions about woman's worth and women's rights. Ah! were my audience solely composed of ardent admirers, of æsthetic lovers, what a grand opportunity mine would be to exclaim in triumph: "she is, always was, ever will be, man's guiding angel!" or even to assure the doubtful and throw the sterner sex into a delicious state of intoxication by reiterating the avenging cry of an immortal female: "I never will desert Wilkins Micawber!" But I must not. There are some men—the question is, are they men?—whose fatality it is to never understand the intrinsic value of woman. True, they were once upon a time, a very long time ago, model admirers; their infatuated eyes (treacherous orbs!) could feast on no other object than their fair one;