

WALLIS (S.T.)

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS
TO THE
GRADUATING CLASS
OF THE
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND,
DELIVERED AT THE
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,

March 3d, 1869,

BY
S. T. WALLIS, Esq.

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PUBLISHED BY THE FACULTY.
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VALEDICTORY.

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class :

Your Faculty has seen fit, on the present occasion, as the distinguished Provost has informed you, to depart from the long-established custom which would have given you the pleasure of receiving, from the lips of one of its own members, the cordial welcome and God-speed which I am commissioned to offer you. Had I not been educated in the doctrine of implicit faith and passive obedience, where my medical advisers are concerned, I might have ventured to doubt whether it was altogether fair, in the last hour of your immediate connexion with the University, to deprive you of the benefit of those wise counsels, which none could give you half so well as the experienced, able and accomplished men, in whose name I have the honor to address you. Certain it is, I should have shrunk, with unaffected self-distrust, from the attempt to represent them, had they not relieved me from the duty to do more than speak for them a few kind, parting words.

Although a member of a different profession from yours, I fancy, Gentlemen, that my experience and

observation of the struggles, temptations and disappointments of that to which I belong, have given me a reasonable comprehension of the difficulties which beset your path. Upon the other hand, I have so often witnessed at the Bar the triumphs of industry, energy and fidelity to duty over the same obstacles, that I feel justified in promising the rewards of your own elevated calling, to those of you who dedicate yourselves to it manfully, as it deserves.

And here, let us understand each other, once for all. When I speak of professional success and the rewards of professional ability and effort, I do not mean—for I should hold it an insult to your aspirations to present you—only the grosser and more tangible results which take the shape of popularity and pay. No sensible man despises or pretends to overlook these, of course. The atmosphere of human life, bright as it may be with the rosiest visions, still rests upon the ground. Love, even, we have high authority for saying—though I receive it with indignant doubt—will sometimes fly out at the window when poverty but peeps in at the door. Among the most fanciful of medical theories, I believe I am safe in supposing, there are none which affect to dispense altogether with the process of nutrition. And then, too, the love of applause is so perpetual a spur—to speak, perhaps, more appro-

priately—so pleasing a stimulant, to the noblest natures; it is so mixed up with our highest and purest and most genial impulses, that to discourage it would be like blunting our sense of the good and the beautiful, or blotting out any other of those fine, great instincts which are the celestial leaven of humanity. Whether the thirst after a reputation which we shall enjoy in life, or the craving for a name which shall live after us, be the more effectual incentive to the things which make men great, I am not here to discuss. It is a question which the debating-societies have left unsettled, and I suppose, after all, that its solution depends, in a great degree, upon the mental and moral organization of individuals. There is, to almost every one, and there should be, to all, a charm in the visible tributes of public admiration and respect. When, therefore, the world crowds around a man, burning myrrh and frankincense, he naturally enjoys the present swinging of the censers, a good deal more than the prospect of their smoking, ever so devoutly, at his funeral. The honors which come home, like fruits and flowers in season, while taste and appetite are fresh and the senses yet rejoice in fragrance and beauty, are apt to win even the loftiest and greatest from lone dreams of palms and bay trees, which shall be watered in centuries to come. When we think, for instance, of Raphael, in the full splendor of his triumphs and his

fame, the friend of Popes and Cardinals and Princes, beloved of women, envied and adored by men—the very “centre of a world’s desire”—we feel that we should scarcely marvel if, amid such fascinations, he forgot the beckoning angels of his youth. And yet, when we remember Raphael, dead in the chamber where he painted, with the fresh canvass of the Transfiguration radiant above his bier and making its mortality immortal, we wonder how any creature, with a soul, could barter the prescience, nay, even the mere dream, of such a glory, for any other thing that life could give.

Do not, I pray you, think that I am leading you away to cloud-land. It is one of the sad mistakes of our generation, that to be practical you must descend, and the lower you descend the more practical you become. There is a growing contempt for everything that cannot be measured or counted, and the busy men, whose mission upon earth is to have irons in the fire, have a sort of notion that the world has grown too old and wise to let sentiment be a hindrance to results. Society says to the moralist, as Scroogé said to Marley’s Ghost, “Don’t be hard upon me! Don’t be flowery, Jacob!” But, unless we have made up our minds, conclusively and in despair, that we must take the *facilis descensus*, without thought of where it leads, it is clear that some one must look upward and point upward. Ignoble

practices and doctrines must be confronted by nobler teachings from some quarter, and it seems to me the special obligation of those whose studies and vocation are intellectual, and consequently elevating in themselves, to set the example of a loftier standard in both purpose and pursuit. When, therefore, I address gentlemen, like you, just entering, with the vigor and enthusiasm of fresh manhood, upon an honorable and—if you will it—an eminent career, I feel that the most truly practical things that I can say to you are those which lift your minds and hearts up to the very highest reach of thought and duty. I do not, of course, invite you to listen to sad moralities out of *Rasselas*, nor to beautiful sentiments such as those which our acquaintance, Mr. Surface, has so often uttered, on these boards. Yet, I conceive that I but point the moral of your scientific education, in the venerable University with whose benison you now go forth, when I warn you against the seductions which would lead you from the true and ennobling aims of your profession, in search of those rewards which only gratify vanity or purchase ease. Lament it as we may, it cannot be honestly denied that in our country, in the days in which we live, the chief temptation with which young men of ability and ambition have to struggle, is that which places wealth and notoriety before them as the sufficient ends of practical life. Whether it be the natural

and necessary effect of our system of government, as administered, or of bad seed, planted early, somewhere in our political and social soil, or of circumstances and influences which have misdirected our national career, it boots not to inquire. It is enough for us to know and recognize the fact, that to live upon the common breath—the *popularis aura*—is every day judged more and more the worthiest life, and to put money in the purse is held, yet more and more, its highest, chief concern. The reputation of excellence has grown to be taken for as good a thing as excellence itself, and the influence and power which come from accumulated wealth are esteemed better than the virtues and the culture which would give it dignity and grace. It is not worth that makes the man, but what the man is worth. Of course, there are many patriots who will say that this is unpatriotic, and crowds of successful and rising people who will laugh at it as mere “theory,” which they regard as synonymous with nonsense. But, Gentleman, we are under no obligation—we have no right—to deny what we see, because others will not use their eyes, or are blind; nor can we accept, as our standard of morals, the precepts and practice of those who have none. It is, therefore, with the most urgent entreaty that I appeal to you, for your own sakes—for the sake of the science you profess and the society you may adorn—to remember and cher-

ish the dignity of your calling, and your own respect as its ministers, amid the seductions to which its prosecution is especially exposed.

I need not tell you what your calling signifies, nor what is tributary to it. It sweeps, in its high scope, the whole sphere of physical and moral science. It leads you into all the recesses and arcana of nature. It is a pursuit, the zest of which is forever heightened and freshened by new discovery, and which perpetually opens new vistas of curious, or delightful, or sublime speculation. It ranges from the contemplation of the mightiest elemental forces, through the most simple and the most intricate developments of primordial law, down to the study of the minutest atoms which only the microscope sees floating in the viewless air. And yet, comprehensive as it is, it has none of the coldness or the barrenness of abstraction about it. You can grasp its results as with your hand—nay, as you would grasp the hand of a friend, for they are as full of substantial sympathy as of thought. Like the Chaldean, it watches, with its guarded flocks around it, and warms the young lambs in its bosom, while its gaze is on the stars. All the fruits of its grand ventures come back with it to visit the abodes and comfort the afflictions of men. Surely its functions are a worship in themselves, and its priesthood should enter its temple with heads uncovered and uplifted hearts. Of course, its high-

est places are above the common reach. But all its places, when honorably filled, are places of honor, be they high or low. And even the most humble of them are a sort of mystery to the world at large. Men, for the most part, take your profession upon trust, and their very confidence puts you upon honor to deal fairly with them. At the same time it offers you the temptation to be false, if you will. You may deceive society, if you choose, and get money and reputation by cheating it, if you are clever and dishonest. Know you ever so little, you will know more than the most of those who put faith in you, and you will generally have the advantage, which he, who knows anything, always has over him who knows less. You may be impostors and mountebanks, and know yourselves and be known to your brethren to be such, and yet prosper like sages, through the credulity of those who are more ignorant than you.

In the profession to which I belong there is, of course, some room for the same sort of imposture. But, for the most part, you have much the advantage of us in the opportunities for quackery. There is the sanction of an old, and therefore, I suppose we must presume, authentic story, for fearing that the earth covers up much of your evil behavior. The Roman populace gave countenance, on a memorable occasion, to this scandalous idea, for when the good

Adrian VI was gathered to his fathers, you remember they adorned the house of his physician with garlands, and inscribed on it: "To the deliverer of his country!" In Spain, where the physician still carries the gold-headed cane, which used to be the wand of your office, he never attends the funerals of his patients. There is a sort of popular superstition, that he would be reversing Scripture and following his works. The misdeeds of our profession, on the contrary, rest mainly on the earth's surface, and an autopsy is commonly a matter of course. We are confronted in the discharge of our most important duties by astute and zealous rivals, weighed by impartial judges and observant juries, under the challenge of public scrutiny. What we do most privately is open always to the suspicions and the questioning of adverse interests. Nobody thinks of going to the apothecary's to criticise your prescriptions, after your patient has set out on the "*iter tenebricosum*," but there is a lively solicitude, generally, concerning the last will and testament which we have prepared for him. The mourners often go about the streets which lead to the recording-offices, when they would hardly

" Visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage"—

as poor Hood sighs.

Nor does the difference end here. Your relation

is necessarily personal and domestic, as well as professional, towards those whom you advise. We are often, doubtless, the private counsellors, the family advisers of our clients, but we are most generally introduced to that professional occupation through the doors of interest. Your duty, on the other hand, leads you to men's confidence, through their tenderest solitudes and their affections. They look to you for succor, hope and consolation. You see them in physical suffering, or broken by the anguish which springs from love and sympathy. You know the secrets of families, their sorrows, their troubles, their weaknesses. If not confessors, you are oftentimes confidants, constantly spectators, of what the world knows not. The trust, therefore, which is reposed in you is not only sacred but blind, and the greater, in proportion, is the baseness of being false to it. And by this, of course, I do not mean the vulgar baseness of betraying confidence, for on that point no gentleman of any profession can need counsel. I refer to the falsehood which is involved in dealing with those who have absolute faith in you, so that you shall pass with them for what you are not; so that you shall attain the popularity which comes from pleasing and pretending, instead of that which springs from toiling and deserving. I know very well that necessity is turbulent and lawless. I know the heart-sickness of hope deferred—the "fever

of vain longing." I know how tempting is that royal road which leads to success, though it may not lead to science. I fully understand how hard it is for a poor man to go on delving in the mine, in search of the true metal, when he can gather surface-earth, by handfuls, and sell it readily for gold. I am familiar with the snares which are set by the lax morals and the follies of society for self-love, for cupidity, for sloth, for weakness, and I appreciate the intellectual and moral force which it requires to keep your feet from them all. But, Gentlemen, the capacity to withstand those temptations and overcome those difficulties is the test of your ability to rise above the dead level of your calling. It is that which will determine whether you are fit for what you undertake to-day—whether your names will be heard among your fellows and remembered, or be counted, unknown, by the dozen, for oblivion.

All cannot be great men, as I have said already, in your profession or in any. The range of excellence and usefulness, however, is happily immense, upon this side of greatness. There are lesser heights, quite high enough for rational ambition—too high for anything but toil and courage to attain. Fortunate are they who can reach even these, after years of patient and conscientious struggle. Without patience and without struggle, let no man fool himself into the hope of treading them. The world,

outside, has but a limited idea, and even a more limited appreciation, of what it costs, in heart and brain, to earn a well-deserved professional superiority. The ready faculties; the quick resource; the knowledge, accurate and copious, which comes at call; the self-reliance which has grown from self-distrust and mastered it; the ease which springs from difficulties habitually fought and overcome; all these appear so simple to the common thought, that it mistakes them for a happy inspiration. It fancies, I dare say, for instance, that your venerable Professor of Surgery* has become what he is—one of the foremost men of all his time—mainly by the cheap and lucky accident of genius. Gentlemen, I have entreated you not to impose upon the world—let me beg you not to let the world cheat you. Let not its folly or its flattery—its untaught or depreciating estimate of what it takes to make a man of science—bewilder or seduce you. You can be charlatans, readily; quacks, with all the ease in the world. You can be puffed into prominence by politics or fashion, and “pull wires,” as it is called, to your advantage, when you will, if you do not object to soiling your hands. But, if you cherish the profession to which you belong, for what is noble in its aims and elevating in its pursuit; if you have taken up, in good earnest,

*Professor Nathan R. Smith.

the following after truth ; if you love science for its own sake, and are its disciples because you love it ; you have the work of a lifetime before you, and he trifles with your intelligence and your manhood who tells you otherwise.

I am aware that I am probably addressing some whose ambition is moderate, and whose expectations will be fully met, if they are able to secure to themselves a comfortable support from their profession and a respectable position in its ranks. I should be very sorry were I understood as meaning to depreciate that large and honorable class—the men of moderate professional ability and attainments—or to exclude them from the scope of the reasoning which I have endeavored to present. So far am I from this, that I regard them as specially within its purview. Something is always conceded to the eccentricities of genius. Men whose abilities and skill are so great as to make them necessary to society, can generally deal with it on their own terms. Much is pardoned to those whom we cannot do without. We take them, as the lawyers say, *cum onere*—with all their imperfections on their heads. With mediocrity, no matter how respectable, there are fewer compromises. The market is full of it, and this lessens the demand and cheapens the commodity. Apart therefore from the obligation of professional truthfulness and integrity, which is as binding on the

humble as on the exalted, there is the additional inducement, embodied in the somewhat low-toned moral proposition, that "honesty is the best policy." And there is still another consideration which is worthier. The less gifted members of your profession have to deal, as a general rule, with a lower grade of intelligence in their patients, and are less conspicuously placed before the public scrutiny than their more fortunate brethren. The temptation to imposture is therefore the greater with them; first, because it is easier, and then because it is less readily found out. Besides, it saves an infinite amount of trouble. When I picture to myself, for example, a country physician, who is expected to carry science and medicine to everybody's door, as King Alfred is reputed to have carried justice; whose saddle-bags are looked to, by half a legislative district, as containing

"All simples that have virtue
Under the moon;"

I must frankly admit his title to be classed among the uncrowned martyrs. I cannot wonder if, with the weakness of humanity, he should give up the studies for which he scarce has time, nor if the enthusiasm which once warmed him should be jaded into empiricism and routine. But, if it be so, it is simply because he is not made of the right stuff. It is because he was born into a world where difficulties

surge breast-high, without the pluck to overcome them. He has gone to sleep, like Christian, in the arbor on the hill-side. He was called but not chosen. Least of all men could he do without the moral supports which prop up failing endeavor; least of all could he forego the high resolves, which may be so engrafted on a feeble nature as to bring heroism out of sheer irresolution.

I use the proud word, heroism, in its proudest sense. Your calling has its battles, which demand the courage of the tented field, without the war-cry to inflame it; without the drum-beat, or the banners, or the fanfare of the trumpets. I am not thinking of its walks amid the pestilence; its midnight visitation of the dens of sin and crime; its calm defiance of the sun and storms that slay. Nor do I mean the prowess of the iron nerve, which, in the very face of the Destroyer, can parry, with unshaken hand, his dart as it descends. It is the silent, endless, unseen toil of which I speak; the stern forgetfulness or sacrifice of self; the sleepless vigilance; the tranquil energy; the patience which repines not; the zeal for truth and knowledge, which has all the passionate vigor of enthusiasm, without its restlessness or fluctuation. A man who has these qualities is of heroic stature, call him what you may. In your profession there is no one truly great who is not, more or less, endowed with them. And if there be

a profession which should elicit and develop them, it is yours. In that of which I am an humble member there is undoubtedly more of the stimulus which comes from personal collision and triumph. Its contests are dramatic. Its excitements stir the blood. Its successes, sometimes, have the glow and flush of victory in downright strife. It has all that is animating and ennobling in the grapple of mind with mind, the rivalry of skill, experience and courage, wrestling with courage, experience and skill. But the triumph dies almost with the struggle, and the reputation of the lawyer who has led his Bar for half a life-time, is as transitory, nearly, as the echoes of his voice. He contributes little or nothing to the stock of human knowledge. He has given himself to the study and application of a science—if indeed it be a science—which as often deals with artificial principles and dogmas as with great, abiding truths. In grasping at the philosophy of jurisprudence he is fettered, even in this day and generation, by precedents of scholastic absurdity which date back before the Wars of the Roses, and by statutes the very records of which were lost before the Reformation. The scientific aim and effort of his professional life is simply to show that “thus it is written.” The legacy which he is able to leave behind him to society is therefore rarely better, in his best estate, than a tradition of high faculties, fearlessly and

honestly dedicated to justice and duty. Even the triumphs of oratory—once the perpetual grace and honor of the forum—can now rarely come to him. The pressure of business and the fashion of the time have limited discussion in the courts, and stripped its forms almost to nakedness. As, in the British Parliament, the orator has made way for the debater, so, at the bar, the practical statement has superseded the oratorical display. The glory of old days has fled from us, in this, and eloquence has gone—to Congress.

Of course you understand me, in speaking of professional inducements and rewards, in this connexion, as referring to those only which belong to the Bar in its legitimate, exclusive sphere. I am discussing the lawyer, as distinguished from the politician on the one hand, and the law-giver on the other. The politician finds his opportunities in the profession, and may make it his base of prosperous operations—but his rewards and, let us trust, his aims and responsibilities, are outside of it. The law-giver may rise from the profession to his loftier vocation, but the two are not the same; and even if they were, his opportunities of greatness—always far apart among the centuries—must soon be parcelled out, as the world goes, between the pockets of the lobby and the passions of the mob.

It is your fortune, gentlemen, that of the laws you

study the hand of man writes none and alters none. Blindness may read them not and foolishness mis-read, but immemorial Nature is made up of them, and while it lives they cannot perish or be shorn of their dominion. A great light of your profession and of literature—the author of *Religio Medici*—speaks to us of Nature, as “that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all.” How few of those who study it, most closely, can translate its mystic language—how often the wisest may be dazzled by its illuminated pages, or lost in the great depths of its abounding lore—you may learn from the records of human error, which, alas! tell the completest story of human wisdom. But you have the consolation of knowing, while you strive to read, that truth is there before your eyes, and that at last they may be kindled to discern it. The humblest patient hand may cleanse at least some little portion of the mighty palimpsest, and feel its pulses burn with joy and reverence as the live word comes flashing out at last. If you are animated by the love of science and your kind, one truth, thus brought to light, is in itself a victory and crown. If you are yearning in your souls for praise, you hear its voice made musical by gratitude. If you desire to be remembered when your dust is as that of the Pharaohs, you have written your names upon a tablet as imperishable as their pyramids.

Think you that the name of Harvey will die while men's hearts beat—or the theology of murdered Servetus live as long as his explorations of nature? No, Gentlemen, your profession has this in it, that its progress goes step by step with the progress of humanity, and that every truth which it rears up by the way-side shall stand there as a memorial forever.

You must, nevertheless, admit, I think, that Medicine has now and then set up some things which were not altogether truths, but which it fought for quite as earnestly as if they were. In this, I grant it only shares the common weakness of all faiths and of all sciences. King Saladin was quite as true a knight as Richard, and struck for Paynimrie as bravely, and almost as cruelly, as did the lion-hearted for the Cross. The learned philosophers who ascertained that nature had no fancy for a vacuum, were quite as proud of knowing her likes and dislikes, as others were, who followed them, of teaching she had neither. So when leech-craft anointed the dagger, instead of the wound, it was at least as well satisfied with itself as when it first used chloroform. John Aubrey, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, doubtless published his recipe for curing an ague by wearing a "spell" around the neck, with as honest and fine a dogmatism, as a member of the Faculty, fifty years ago, could have blended with the praises of calomel and bark. Your reading has disclosed to

you the rise, establishment and tyranny of countless scientific dynasties, which turned out to be lines of only pasteboard kings at last. The bones of theories, once honored, now forgotten or disgraced,

"Unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain,"

over which Medicine has marched to where it is. I bring these things before you because they should—as with enlightened men of course they theoretically do—suggest that manly opening of the mind to fresh ideas, that ready audience to novel thoughts, which do not always, practically, go with scientific eminence. Hard as it is to learn, it seems still harder to unlearn; and even men whose intellectual habits verge on rashness, will sometimes shrink, affrighted, from the innovation which assails their own accepted fallacies.

I remember to have heard an admirable lecture delivered, on the opening of the session of 1833, in the hall of your own University, by Professor Dunglison, one of the many eminent and world-known men who have adorned its annals. At the close of the same session I listened to the address pronounced, at the annual commencement, by the same eloquent and learned gentleman. They were both printed, and I have preserved them both. Their genial author, I rejoice to learn, still lives, but in the list of the graduating class, which is attached to

to them, among names now known and honored in your profession, I see those of many—some of them my personal acquaintances—who have long passed

“To where, beyond these voices, there is peace.”

The period which has intervened, though not a short one in the life-time of a man, is brief indeed in the annals of a science, and in reviewing those scarcely remembered but delightful papers, I could not help smiling at the fact that the writer, versed as he was in all the learning of his day, should so soon be proven to have illustrated, in them, the fulness and the vanity of science. One lecture was a curious record of the follies and superstitions of medical history. Contrasting with them, in a few general phrases, the wonders of the new philosophy, it concluded with the triumphant question—can limits be set to the intellect of man? The other, filling up the outlines of the first, developed at some length the leading discoveries and methods by which modern Medicine was speeding toward its destiny. And then, as if to check the too audacious march of speculation, the lecturer besought his hearers to avoid adopting, as “science in earnest,” what he called the “vagaries” of the transcendental anatomists, whose eccentricities he styled “philosophy in sport.” Especially, he warned their “sober minds” against the theories of the great zoologist Lamarck, concerning the variations of

organs and of species. He spoke of those opinions as "fantastic and in some respects revolting," and wild as the dreams of Monboddo and Rousseau! To those who are familiar—and what educated man is not to some extent acquainted?—with what Darwin writes, and more than half the scientific world accepts, as to the origin of species and their transmutation, how strange appears, to-day, this holy horror of Lamarck's original, bold thought! Not strange, because it shows how theories, which terrified the timid good and wise, glide harmlessly, at last, into the rudiments of science; but strange, indeed, as showing how an able and progressive teacher, fresh from a study and exposure of the errors and failures of the past, could yet be blind to his own lessons, and feel and think, in spite of them, as if the era of fallibility had passed. But so it is with all of us. We fill our lockers with the charts of other men's shipwrecks, and yet are stranded in shallows of our own, which we take to be the bottom of the sea.

It is told of the Caliph Vathek, that when, standing on the summit of his magic tower, he saw the mountains far below, like little shells, and the cities no larger than bee-hives, at his feet, he would straightway have adored himself, had he not beheld the planets rolling at their old, immeasurable height, above him. He was a seeker after knowledge only that it might feed his vanity, and his craving to unveil the Infinite

was but the impious lust of his pride. He did not therefore sink under the sense of his own littleness, but rather took consolation from reflecting that at least the men beneath him would believe him great. We will hope that the race of such philosophers has departed with the genii. Happily for you, Gentlemen, the world is fast ridding itself of the stupendous folly which so long proclaimed divorce between the researches of science and the worship of God. It was indeed a strange, irreverent thought—no matter from what honest reverence it sprang—that the study of the laws which order and inform the works of the Creator could stiffen the knees of the creatures to whose wonder it disclosed them. I remember—it was but a little while ago—the shock which seemed to paralyze the public sense, when his theory of physical development was promulgated by the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*. Devout, wise men appeared to feel that it assailed the attributes of Providence, to seek the germ of all the growth and changes of the universe in one great seed, that grew and fructified until it filled the void of chaos. But piety, which only shuddered at the outset, began, at last, to think, and thinking, it discovered that perhaps the theory which traced the universal plan, through all the ages, back to one simple, grand expression of God's will, was not the meanest, though it might be an erroneous conception of His wisdom or His power. Dread not in

your profession, then, I pray you, to doubt, to test, to scrutinize, to judge. The honest, manly exercise of faculties is truest gratitude to Him who gave them. Responsibility of course belongs to their misuse, but rests as heavily on him who will not or who dares not use them. Truth only comes from seeking. Being divine, it has no dread of questioning. What is to be, must often rise upon the ruins of what is, and reverence but plays the part of superstition, when it teaches us to worship falsehood rather than lay rude hands upon its mask.

No one knows better, Gentlemen, than I, how poorly these mere commonplaces stand instead of what you might have heard to-day. Thrown hastily together, in weary and brief intervals of labor, they scarcely half express even my cordial, earnest wishes for your welfare. Should they but lead you—higher thoughts apart—to estimate the real value, in the toilsome life before you, of manly self-respect and mental integrity and independence, you will not think so ill, I hope, hereafter, of their simple, homely counsels.

And now I bid you, in the name of these your friends and teachers, a welcome to the noble duties you have undertaken, and a God-speed in your efforts to discharge them. They could not speak to you, as I can, of the bright example they have set you, nor call on you to win the honors they have won. But

cherishing, as you will cherish, the Alma Mater with whose laurels you are crowned; loving her fame as part of yours, and adding yours, in turn, to hers; you will not soon forget, I am persuaded, the honored, kindly hands whose impulse sends you forth. Life is not always like a Roman city, to reach whose gates the traveller passed through a street of tombs; nay, to be local in our similes, it is not even like our Druid Hill, where we must seek the fountains and the pleasure-houses far down a ghastly avenue of urns. As you begin its journey joyously—think gladly also, sometimes, of the friends who cheer you on your way.

