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Alfred Stillé

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED TO THE MEDICAL CLASSES OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

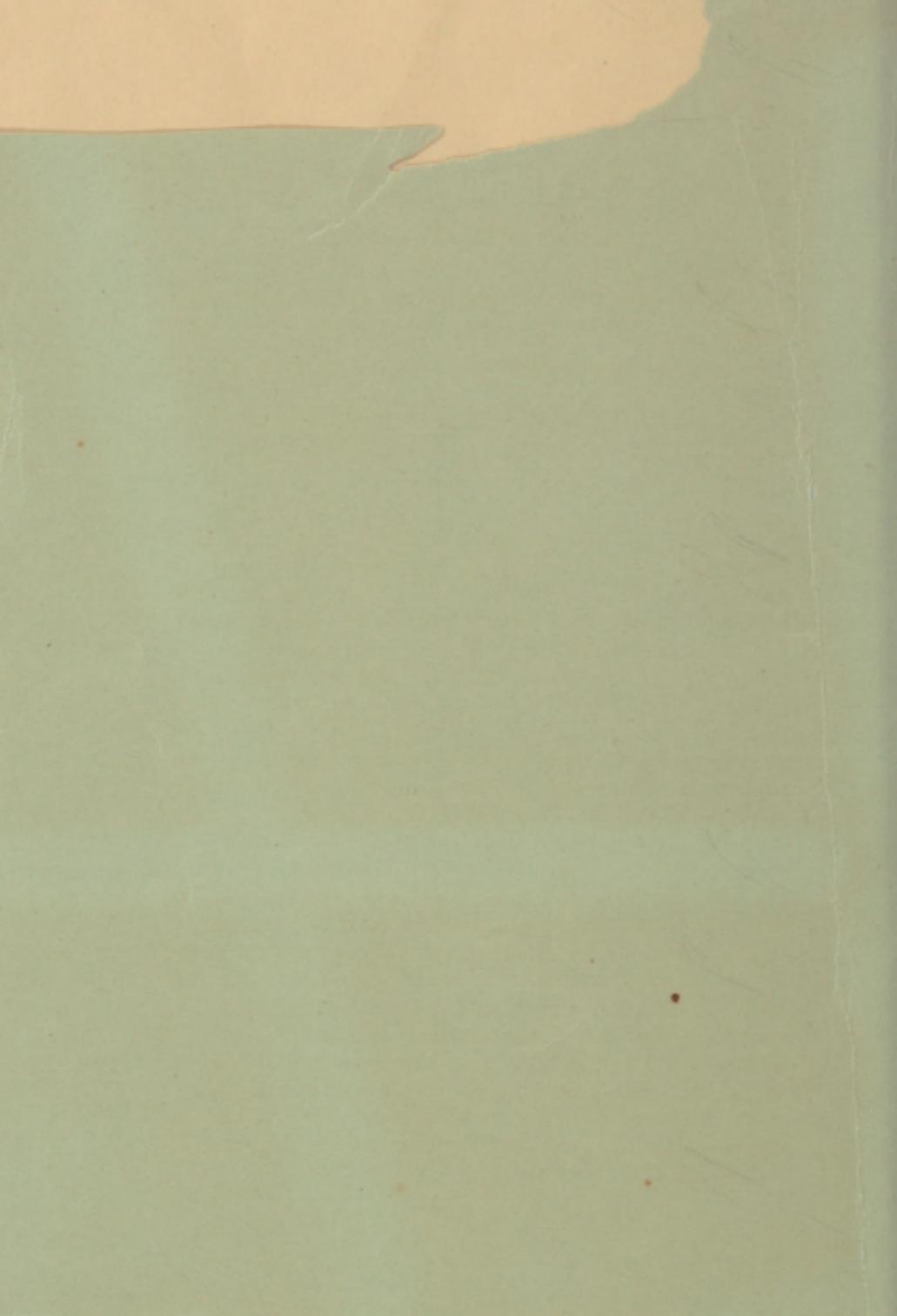
ON WITHDRAWING FROM HIS CHAIR, APRIL 10, 1884,

BY

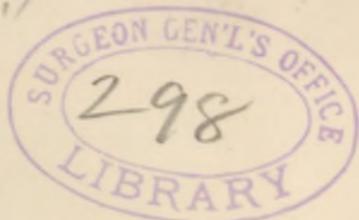
ALFRED STILLÉ, M.D., LL.D.,
PROFESSOR OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

FROM
THE MEDICAL NEWS,
April 19, 1884.





Stillé (A.)



AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED TO THE MEDICAL CLASSES OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

ON WITHDRAWING FROM HIS CHAIR, APRIL 10, 1884,

BY ALFRED STILLÉ, M.D., LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

GENTLEMEN: The lectures which, twenty years ago, I began in the University, I have now concluded. I have contributed, according to my ability, to the store of useful knowledge from which your predecessors, for more than a century, imbibed professional instruction. Everyone who, in his turn, comes to occupy a position such as I have had the honor to hold, is ambitious of deepening, and widening, and purifying the stream of knowledge, and, for such little time as the rush of events permits, of being held in remembrance as one who did not labor altogether in vain.

In entering upon the duties of this Chair, I was not altogether in my novitiate as a teacher; yet I felt that my task was one of exceptional responsibility, and to the very last this impression, instead of becoming lighter by familiarity, has grown more serious and profound. I have never for a moment been able to put away from me the impression that according as I discharged or failed to discharge my duties conscientiously would be my responsibility for the lives and health of those who were to become the patients of my pupils.

But no man lives up to his ideal. The further he advances in learning and experience, the higher will

his ideal rise, and at the end of his career it will appear to him, more than ever, unattainable; and it must be so, for knowledge is infinite.

The one principle that has shaped and governed my instruction was to oppose fact to theory; to build up the walls of your education securely with the one hand, and with the other to defend you against the intrusion of hypothesis and unsubstantial theories, the most dangerous of all your enemies, because the most seductive to the young and ardent mind. I have often thought that the progress of knowledge would be more rapid, as well as more steady, if it were only possible to divide the speculative men from the practical, leaving a free field to the former wherein to manœuvre their phantom squadrons, and to the latter an equal opportunity of cultivating in peace the fruitful furrows ploughed by observation and experience. But such an expedient would be opposed to the practice of mankind, which also has the sanction of divine wisdom, to let the wheat and the tares grow together until each has brought forth its proper fruit, when the one can be garnered, and the other destroyed.

Well convinced that time never fails to do justice upon the false and fanciful, I have forborne to make that vivisection of them without anæsthetics, which reason and instinct suggested, and have devoted whatever knowledge and skill I possessed to the simple, if difficult, task of knowing and curing diseases. I have striven, in season, and perhaps out of season, to impress upon you that medicine is, first of all, an art, but an art that can only be successfully practised when the physician is able to recognize the individual diseases he must meet with in practice, and distinguish from one another those which are similar in appearance, but unlike in nature. This subject I would fain have had time and opportunity to illustrate by a detailed study of the history of medicine, and by showing you what no medical

historian has yet elaborated, the pregnant truth that the real links of the historical chain are, above all, the practical men, the foundation of whose teaching was clinical; and that theorists in every age have been stumbling-blocks in the road of progress, or else the chains, the fetters, and the gags of those who, under proper guidance, would have worked for nature and for truth.

I have endeavored to keep before myself and before you, the great truths that in medicine whatever is not subsidiary to diagnosis and therapeutics is unessential if not superfluous; that it is quite as necessary for the physician to know when to abstain from the use of medicine as it is for him to prescribe when medication is necessary; that he must, as far as possible, see the end of a disease from its beginning; that he must never forget that medical art has a far higher range and aim than the prescription of drugs or even of food and hygienic means, and that when neither of these avails to ward off the fatal ending, it is still no small portion of his art to rid his patient's path of thorns if he cannot make it bloom with roses. Such knowledge not only quickens the patient's faith but confirms the physician's also, because he knows the limits of his power, and is neither deceived himself nor deceives others. The issues of life and death are not, indeed, in human hands, yet the physician, with his finite means, can sometimes render harmless the thunderbolt that threatens destruction. The power that permits death and the manifold causes that produce it has also given to man his love of knowledge and the intelligence to apply it for overcoming evil, and he has likewise implanted in us a conscience that will approve or condemn us as we use those gifts for the welfare or the hurt of our fellow-men. Sooner or later every one of us must sit in judgment on the conduct of his life. We cannot escape self-questioning. We must ask ourselves whether the talents we have re-

ceived as natural gifts or developed by labor, have grown and multiplied as they should have done, or whether, at the end of our career, we have nothing more to show than the original handful of seed, grown hard and dry, and perhaps mouldy in our unprofitable possession.

To produce a harvest of knowledge that shall be worth gathering, demands at least as much labor and vigilance as the crops that minister to our material wants. In the earliest springtime of life the soil must be thoroughly prepared for the seed, and the seed itself must be of the best quality. Education should begin from the very cradle, and in early life the habit of observation acquired which is of inestimable value in every pursuit. Then, if the child be destined for a professional life he should be systematically trained, and more and more strictly as he grows older, towards the field of knowledge he is destined to occupy. Thenceforth he must begin to fill his own treasure-house with the fruits of study and observation, not trusting wholly to his memory, which is unfaithful, but recording from time to time, if not day by day, all that is worth preserving. He should never forget that medicine, like all knowledge, has a past as well as a present and a future, and that in that past is the indispensable soil out of which improvement must grow. He should remember, too, that however closely related the several branches of medicine are to one another, each one in its turn is best learned by an almost exclusive devotion to it for a time, and when his barns are filled to bursting with his harvest, let him not forget that the grain has still to be winnowed. His fan must be in his hand to purge the threshing-floor of the dead, the unessential, the hypothetical, the fanciful, and, above all, the false. In all things truth must be his object, his inspiration, and his guide.

You have fallen upon a time in which medical knowl-

edge far exceeds in amount and variety that of any previous era. The measure of it is most readily apprehended when we consider the extent of the medical literature of the day, and, in some respects, its superiority over that of any previous era. It is perhaps as distinctly indicated by the improvement of medical periodical literature as by any other sign. That it still leaves much to be desired is very true; but in every direction indications may be found that it is gaining in seriousness, dignity, solidity, and energy. Hardly less noticeable is the tendency, at least, of most of our medical colleges to recognize the need of a higher standard of education, while in a few, including the University, actual progress has been made by lengthening the period of professional training, and enlarging and perfecting its laboratories and clinical work. All of this is well, is praiseworthy, is hopeful. But it is not all that is necessary. One thing, at least, is lacking in nearly all of our colleges, and in the few where it exists it is in a formal and merely embryonic state, a promise rather than an achievement. I allude to the preliminary or entrance examination. This was one of the watch-words of the American Medical Association at its organization in 1848. In that body, and in the local medical societies that have concerned themselves with medical education, it has yearly been echoed and reëchoed until in the ears of many it has become a mere phrase without practical meaning. And yet, in truth, it lies at the foundation of all radical improvement in our educational system, for it needs no argument to prove that the merely medical education of otherwise uneducated young men will never elevate or dignify the medical profession.

If the nature of medical science and art is considered, it becomes plain that to embrace them a greater variety of knowledge, and a greater skill in the exercise of the mental faculties, are required than is demanded by any other professional pursuit whatever. Hence it is that in

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older countries than our own, where education is better understood and more easily managed, because managed by more competent men than with us, the laws prevent all unqualified persons from becoming members of the medical and, indeed, of every liberal profession. It is there universally understood that no one can be qualified even to enter upon the study of medicine, unless he has been trained in the classics, in mathematics, and in natural science. There it is taken for granted that no one destitute of classical education can appreciate either the spirit of modern medical literature, in the best of which the wisdom of the ancient world survives, or the value of doctrines, descriptions, precepts, and practices which, though apparently of modern origin, take their rise in the remotest periods of medicine; or the significance of words now in daily use which reveal only to the etymologist their essential and recondite meaning. In a word, it is taken for granted that no man can become a physician in the best sense of the word unless he is also a scholar, that the training of the mind which makes him one, also best enables him to form clear notions of things as well as thoughts, and to arrange his ideas in so orderly a manner that, whether for his own use or for the instruction of others, he will always find his knowledge ready and efficient. But that is a part only of the value of a liberal education to a physician. Hardly less valuable—and if estimated not by its material results, but by the mental and moral satisfaction it ensures—not less, but much more, valuable is it to the physician, as it is to every other man whose pursuits are as absorbing, as exacting, and as exhausting—is the culture of some extra-professional field of knowledge. In the hours of rest he may snatch during his busiest life, and in the years of repose that he looks forward to in the waning of his life's evening, he will then never be without the recreation of reading that refreshes his weariness more than idleness, and quickens his faculties

Scholar

Reading

by varying their exercise. Every young physician must, indeed, begin his career chiefly among the vulgar and illiterate, but in due time, and all the sooner the better he is prepared for it, he will enter the circle of the intelligent, the educated, and the refined, and then, if he is a mere dispenser of drugs or brandisher of instruments, he will fail to gain their esteem as a man, even while he commands their employment of him as a helper in their emergencies. But if he is a man of liberal education, of cultivated intelligence and taste, and has that large humanity which makes him feel instinctively that his patients are not diseases or injuries, but suffering human beings who may be influenced by psychical as well as by physical agencies, he will learn that mental medicine is often more potent than drugs, and that if in his therapeutics he has not included this agency, he lacks one-half of the power he ought to possess.

Mental

Some one may object, perhaps, that the picture I have drawn is an ideal one, and that young men who are educated in medicine cannot often be expected to reach it. Nevertheless, a true ambition would be degraded if it did not set before itself the highest possible attainment, if it did not feel dissatisfied with any system that fenced in its strivings and dwarfed its ideals. But true ambition is rational and not quixotic. It feels that its discontent with the present and its striving towards a better time to come must be subordinated to the laws that govern development in all living things.

When an institution, be it political, social, or educational, is discovered to be no longer adapted to the actual condition of a people, it can be safely modified only in accordance with the peculiarities of the people for which it was established. All history teaches the folly of supplanting it by another institution which was not made for the place or time, but was constructed according to some abstract notion of its usefulness and fit-

ness. It is like ready-made clothing, which is suitable for the average man only, and can never perfectly fit any individual man. The mental qualities of young men are as various and unequal as their complexion, their stature, or their weight; and it can as little be expected that the same system of education will be adapted equally well to all, as that the uniforms from an army sutler's stock will fit becomingly or comfortably every soldier who is to wear them. And yet, practically, such uniforms *must* be worn, and as we very well know their defects do not prevent their wearers from bravely fighting and winning battles. In like manner the systematic education of professional men is no less necessary, and although it suits no one perfectly, it suits all well enough in the battle of life. The individual's education in common can never be the best; but it can always be improved, always made to suit a progressively increasing number. In proportion as the students who come to be clothed intellectually attain to a greater elevation and quality of mental development, the methods of education should be expanded to fit their intellectual height and breadth. So shall they no longer present the sad spectacle of manhood in the jacket and pinafore of childhood, or the ludicrous one of childhood tottering and stumbling in the garments of maturity.

Meanwhile, let us not expect nor attempt abrupt changes. The defect of all reformers is impatience. They insist that, because a principle is intrinsically true, it should forthwith be put into practice; that because a practice is right it should be enforced upon every one. It is not in this manner that good ends are reached, either by nature or by mankind. To take the most familiar illustration: religious doctrines and precepts have never yet leavened the whole of humanity, and crime and its punishments abound in nations that claim to be governed by the highest moral principles. The perfect law of right is opposed by passive ignorance,

and moral progress by the tendency to wrong. Only inexperienced and impractical dreamers expect good to flow spontaneously and immediately from evil, or to see a defective system that has the vantage-ground of age swept away as soon as one that is esteemed better is ready to take its place. Such are apt to be the mistakes of those who take a microscopic view of things, whose vision is bounded by the narrow circle of personal relations and interests, and who forget that the questions to be solved are as wide as the whole profession of medicine, and to the end of time will involve dissident if not antagonistic opinions. But if it is impossible, upon a very close view of a subject, to see all of its parts and their relations to each other, it is equally impossible to do so if we take a standpoint above the clouds, where, if we have a wider field of vision, it is a very indistinct one, and where, if the atmosphere is clear, it is also so cold as to freeze humanity out of medicine. It behooves us to remember that medicine is, above all else, humane as well as human; that its beginning, middle, and end is to relieve suffering, and that whatever is outside of this may indeed be science of some sort, but certainly is not medicine.

In one form or another, the doctrine has come down to us from a remote period, *Ars medica tota est in observationibus*—the art of medicine is founded on experience alone. It is the business of science to explain what experience has established; but it is not the primary business of science to observe and connote facts. That is the function of rational empiricism. The application of the results of observation to definite ends constitutes an art. The explanation of those results, *i. e.*, the act of bringing them under some general law or principle, is a function of science. But whether science explains or fails to explain the art, the art is neither more nor less perfect as an art, any more than the eye was less perfect than now in its power of seeing

Medicine
Humanity

before the structure of the organ or the laws of optics were discovered. Art is inherent in the nature of things and in man's mental constitution. Science is an artificial method designed to generalize the results of observation and experience. There was an art of painting and of sculpture before the laws of proportion and color were understood; and it need hardly be added that if Michael Angelo and Titian rivalled Phidias and Appelles, it was not because the former were better acquainted with the laws of proportion and harmony in form and color. There was an art of rhetoric before the laws of language were discovered; an art, and a science too, of chemistry before the atomic theory was invented; and there was a culinary art, and is at this day, which in its perfection makes ridiculous the laws that chemistry and physiology have promulgated for its government. There is also an art of medicine which no less completely eludes, or as flatly contradicts science, by means of empirical facts, and gives the palm to sagacity and common sense over laws formulated by experiment, and proclaimed with the conviction and imposing solemnity of a new delivery of the decalogue.

I do not make this attempt to show you whereabouts lie the quicksands that may engulf your most cherished hopes, and the rocks upon which they may be dashed, without knowing how prone the youthful mind is to be led astray by false lights, and how confident it feels of passing safely across the dangerous period of life. Unfortunately, the danger is either not seen at all, or is not regarded as danger, and the self-deceived physician, unconscious of his error, becomes an example, instead of a warning. But my object is not so much to convince your judgment, as to lead you to pursue studies that will lessen the risk of your falling into error. My plea for medical history is to induce you to examine it for yourself, being persuaded that you will learn from it that the unity and continuity of medical art have been

maintained, not by theories of disease and of medicinal action, that have chased one another like jack-o'-lanterns along the road of time, but by the facts of observation honestly and laboriously accumulated from the beginning until now. This was the theme of a lecture that I delivered nearly forty years' ago, and all these years of experience and study have so confirmed me in its truth that now, in this, my last public utterance, I cannot refrain from handing it over to you as the sum and substance of my teaching and the best legacy I can bequeath to all my pupils.

Nearly half a century ago, I was about to emerge, as some of you are now, from the chrysalis state of undergraduate. Surely, no butterfly sees the world brighter before it than this fledgling of medicine. How radiant and fearless is the spirit of youth when we stand upon the hill-top of hope, and seem to embrace the universe in our horizon. The freshness of the morning is in our limbs; the heart's fountain gives out only pure waters; our eyes glow as we turn eagerly to the rising sun, and "From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!" we behold the peaks that we feel predestined to surmount. Upon the mist that veils the sun from us (and we thrill as we behold it) is projected a living picture of ourselves, but of gigantic proportions; and as we salute in it the prophetic image of our future greatness, it seems to return the salutation with the "All hail! that shall be king hereafter!" But the sun has risen to high noon; it has long ago dispelled the mist and its delusive phantoms; we have been wayfarers on the highway of life, foot-sore and weary, and perhaps soiled by its dust; possibly we may have been carried forwards in luxurious chariots; but never, *never*, we may be sure, have we gained possession of that estate in Cloudland which to our youthful eyes seemed so sure an inheritance. Even if we seized the golden apples, and for their possession overcame as fearful

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foes as the dragons that watched the garden of the Hesperides, too often we have left behind us the appetite that made us covet them, and they seem to turn to ashes on our lips.

Professional life, like every other, is a life of mingled joy and sorrow, of success and failure, of rewards and disappointments. The vastness and variety of the numerous departments of medicine, the nobleness and beneficence of its aims, fill the student who is worthy to pursue it, with perpetual admiration; and, as he masters each new field of research, inspires him with an enthusiasm which hardly any other study is so well fitted to excite. His confidence increases as he proceeds, and he is so sure of success that he can scarcely repress a feeling of pity not unmixed with contempt for the veterans who have grown gray in the practice of their art, and who have, perhaps, little reward to show for their long and faithful service but honorable scars and a premature old age, and who often lack even that retiring pension granted by their country to soldiers whose ambition and business it is to destroy life and not to save it. The proverb tells us that "the first step is always the most difficult," but the young physician takes that step with braced sinews and a heart swelling with hope. It is the steps that follow which cost, when his disillusion has begun, and when he perceives that the theories which promised to form so sure a foundation for his practice have played him false. "Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders—but far beyond his depth," his "high-blown pride" at length breaks under him, and leaves him "weary and old with service, to the mercy of a rude stream that must forever hide him." Of all the splendid apparatus of science on which he staked his hopes, none does its work any longer, nor produces to good purpose, save only that which is moved by powers he had learned almost to

despise, the authority of experience and the genius of common sense.

But, you will object, although the young cannot expect to possess the wisdom, the caution, the balanced judgment of the old, are their faith, hope, and enthusiasm to count for nothing? By no means. Wisdom is the fruit of a prudent man's experience, but faith and its attendant sentiments spring up in the virgin soul of youth, and shame on the hand that would blight or crush them! But it is none the less true that they who have learned life's lesson are bound to save from self-deception those who have it still to learn, and as far as possible warn them of the errors and pitfalls in which so many have seen their hopes perish. Surely the voyage of life will be neither less secure nor less pleasant if made with a chart that marks the places where storms occur, or shoals lie in wait for the unwary, and which shows at the end no El Dorado of the imagination but the homely haven where peace and honor dwell. Of all who hear me now, not one whose life is spared need fail of that attainment. Only two things are essential, to live uprightly and to be wisely industrious. Whoever does these things need not fear the future. If he become successful, eminent, famous, to them he must owe his success. If he remain poor, humble, and obscure, his clear conscience will stand him instead of much riches, and perhaps make his home all the sweeter for its homely virtues. These thoughts remind me that the physician belongs to a much larger family than is sheltered by the domestic roof, and to which he is bound by the strong, yet tender ties created not only by a common training, but by the constant and reciprocal interests of professional life. It is sometimes asked why the medical profession alone should require a code of ethics for the regulation of its conduct? The question is not without the flavor of a sneer, and implies that there must be something pecu-

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liarily perverting in the science of medicine, or corrupting in its practice which renders necessary so formal a statement of its moral duties. Let us consider the matter.

The moral government of mankind has never been entrusted to merely abstract propositions. The most ancient of moral codes, the Decalogue, maintains its authority unbroken by thousands of years. Their sum and substance are embodied in the two simple precepts of the founder of Christianity, and yet the former was expounded by Moses and his successors into an elaborate system of law, was adopted into Christianity, and thence by all the civilized nations of the world, until it has interfused the legislation under which we live at the present day, and not the legislation only but the usages of society in all ages. Wherever law reigned men who were similarly employed were drawn together into guilds and societies for the common benefit of their members, and in each statutes were enacted which enforced compliance with them by heavy penalties. Even among trades ethical rules existed, and when the learned professions were gathered into their respective colleges or faculties the privileges and rights of the members were counterbalanced by laws for the regulation of their conduct. The clergy alone were destitute of any specific ethical code, because they were held to be especially under the divine law from which all other codes emanated, and yet every religious community, of whatever denomination, possessed, and still possesses, special rules of conduct by which its members must be governed. The necessity of ethical codes arises from the fact everywhere and always recognized, that either through lack of instruction, or through a defective or perverted moral sense, or through mere heedlessness, men do fail more or less to conform their conduct to justice and equity.

If men were habitually virtuous and just, unselfish

and generous, if they could always see themselves as others see them, and judge their own motives and actions as strictly as they judge of other men's, then, indeed, there would be but little need for ethical or religious laws, for "they that are whole need not a physician." But law is nature's medicine for nature's defects and errors. Whoever imagines that he needs it not, that he possesses an inner light that will prevent his feet from straying into the paths of error and enable him to decide justly in every conjuncture of life, is more to be wondered at for his boldness than admired for his modesty, for he lifts himself into a judgment seat where even Solomon did not dare to sit.

I have said that the relations of a physician to his brethren and to society differ widely from those of other professional men, and, indeed, of all other men whatever. The emulation and rivalry of clergymen and lawyers are, for the most part, displayed before the eyes of the world, so that there is no special opportunity for an evil-minded man of either profession to back-bite or malign his brethren. Moreover, he knows that if he offends in this manner, the court may affix a stigma to his name, or the religious body, or the superior, upon whom he depends, may ruin him by an ecclesiastical condemnation. In the medical profession there is no tribunal which is under such imperative obligations to act, or enforce its decisions so rigidly. Hence, one necessity of a code of ethics. But another, already implied, is even more cogent. The physician is the only human being who is habitually admitted behind the scenes of life's stage. He is the depository of secrets to which even a confessor's ear is a stranger—secrets on which station, honor, and life itself may depend; and, even when not so burdened, he is more than anyone else the confidant and friend of those whose diseases he has healed. He is often the guardian of families that put their trust in him. Is it any wonder,

therefore, that he should be jealous of the intrusion of a rival, or even of a friend, upon his preserves, and that, the evil of human nature aiding, the rival should endeavor to supplant him, and that thereout coldness, estrangement, animosity, evil speaking, and ill treatment should arise? Or is it surprising that the very confidential relations of a physician to his patient should expose him to the temptation to do wrong, and that he should, therefore, be warned by written laws of the danger he incurs?

These are the grounds out of which the ethical principles of the British and the code of the American medical profession grew, and which inspired the works of French and German writers on the same subject. They are the principles of honor, morality, and whatever is best in modern civilization, and, therefore, should be had in respect by all. It is a sign of decadence in the American social and medical systems that such laws are treated as obsolete or superfluous, and sneered at as fit only for children in leading-strings. Let me, as the parting counsel of one not without experience of life, adjure you to hold fast to this rock of safety, and, far from aiding to abrogate it, to strengthen and perpetuate it by every means in your power.

Impatience of authority and restraint has, perhaps, a deeper source than I have yet indicated. Its most conspicuous and violent outbreak occurred in France a century ago, and for a time covered the country with ruins steeped in blood. In our own day, the rebellion against law, if less sanguinary and destructive, is not less vehement, and is far more extended. Its name is Nihilism, and its creed is the denial of whatever has been known as religion, a hatred of all the virtues that are the fruit of faith, and a contempt of the obligations imposed by law. It tends to rob man of trust in whatever has been loved or respected in religion, in law, in the love and authority of parents, in the affection and

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obedience of children, in virtue, in duty, in honor, and in the established order of things that links the present to the past and to the future, making it the offspring of the one and the parent of the other.

If it were possible for this egoistic materialism to endure and prevail, the winter of humanity would indeed be near at hand, in which all signs of life, all progress and development, all beauty and nobility would be frozen out of it, and mankind would be reduced to a lower moral level than the beasts of the field. A world without faith! A world without love! As easy were it to conceive of a world without light or heat. In such a chaos what would become of all those institutions that have been established, perfected, and revered by advancing civilization? Conceive, for a moment, a community where no song of bell nor inward voice called to worship; where justice had become deaf as well as blind, because every man claimed to be a law unto himself; where there was no balm to soothe, no physician to cure, no right of property, no sacredness of person, where, in a word, mankind had lost whatever has hitherto distinguished humanity. If you can imagine such a herd of human beings—for it will no longer be a society or a community—you may behold in it a picture of the one that will assuredly arise if these nihilistic doctrines, this worship of self, this scorn of faith, this contempt of the past and exaltation of the present should prevail.

Let me plead with you to shun these poisonous principles which tend to the destruction of all that has been held noblest and best by the wise and good of every age; principles which put farther asunder the nations, communities, and individuals whom the physical improvements of the age should bind together and at last fuse into one. Faith is the parent and preserver of all good works. Unbelief, like Saturn, devours its own children. Faith is to man's nature what sunlight is to

the world, clothing it with beauty and life; while unbelief is like the moon, in which the sun's rays create neither motion nor color, but fall forever upon its lifeless orb. Without faith, man's ambition is but narrow selfishness, contemptuous of the historic past on which it is compelled to build, and careless of what evil germs it may plant to be developed in the future. The higher a man rises in his humanity, the more clearly does he feel himself to be a link between the past and the future; the more fully recognize that what he has received that also must he transmit, increased, perfected, and consecrated by that spirit of love for humanity without which "good gifts wax poor."

It has again and again been said, of old and in our own day, that the physician's office is a priesthood, a service of the divine for the sake of the human. It does not exist for the discussion of scientific problems, except in so far as they relate to the prevention and cure of disease. Whatever is contrary to this may be science, but it is not medicine, and he who practises medicine in an exclusively scientific spirit very soon divorces his affection from his life's work, and leaves it barren, spiritless, and unsatisfying. No man can become a great physician whose heart is not in his work at least as much as his intellect. It is a work of charity and love, of self-denial and long suffering, and yet, like all work that crushes down the selfishness of the human heart, its rewards are beyond price, and can be understood only by him who receives them. Many of you have heard of the great anatomist Vesalius, and seen the print that illustrates the devout spirit with which he pursued his immortal investigations even under the ban of religious persecution. By such a spirit ought we all to be guided and controlled, never divorcing from science and art the divine sentiment of their brotherhood to one another and to every human being that needs the succor of our skill.

Other subjects there are, besides those I have caused to pass so rapidly before you that I may well fear they will leave but an indistinct impression, subjects hardly less urgent for consideration—but I must hasten to bring this, our last public interview, to a close. Looking back over the score of years which divides the beginning from the end of my professorial career in the University, and comparing the classes of the one period with those of the other, I cannot avoid recognizing the steadily improving culture of the students I have had the pleasure of addressing, and that during the later years of my experience the classes have been much more receptive of knowledge and far better able to appreciate it than their predecessors. In former times, after the examination of certain candidates for the degree, I have felt my spirit sink under the thought that they were to be entrusted with the care of health and life. I did not blame them, I pitied them; but I did blame and utterly condemn the system which introduced such persons into the medical profession. You have lived under a different dispensation; and during the years that it has been established, I have been spared the pain and the shame which were once the heaviest burdens of my office. I have enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing reflected in your faces an intelligent and interested appreciation of what it had become a pleasure to teach. This sympathy with my audience has been the sharpest spur to my endeavors to be worthy both of my subject and of them. I have felt that in emphasizing and reiterating certain views and precepts I was teaching a lesson not to be learned by rote, but that would sink deep and always remain in the retentive minds of my hearers. Never before did I feel so strongly impressed with the dignity as well as the responsibility of the teacher of medicine. And hence it is that, standing now upon the further verge of my professorial career, I can bid it farewell with a cheerful and con-

tented spirit, satisfied that in the future those who may hold this Chair will be still more worthy teachers, and that your successors will be still more accomplished students.

To those who have followed my lectures, I return my heartfelt thanks for their great courtesy and consideration, and, above all, for that interested attention which is the best evidence a teacher can receive that his labor is not in vain. To you, to all who hear me, I offer my most earnest wishes for your success in life, bidding you to love mankind, to love your profession, and, above all, to LOVE TRUTH.

