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At all events, depend upon this, it is a great matter to have some one to work for, besides ourselves, in this world. Selfishness is the besetting sin of mankind—at least of its male portion—often unknown, often unsuspected, even by ourselves. And what so well in the way of correction and cure as to bring up another and rival interest, or rather to halve the selfish interest, by adducing the truly “better half” of wife and children? Thus you obtain at once a higher motive, and a stronger stimulus to exertion. The anecdote is probably familiar to most of you of the young lawyer, who had married early, and yet well, but who had thought more of our second question than of the first, and whose table, already surrounded by olive plants, was but scantily furnished in other respects, by reason of want of clients. A great opportunity however occurred. Engaged in an important cause, and the senior counsel having been suddenly called away, the management of the case devolved upon him; and he conducted it so skilfully, and withal successfully, as to command the admiration of the Court. “How could you,” a friend afterwards asked, “stand up in these trying circumstances, and speak as you did?” “When I rose,” said he, “I could neither see nor hear, far less speak. But a vision came to my help. My wife and children stood round me, and the little ones tugging at my gown seemed to say—‘Father, father, now is the time to speak for us and mother,’—under that inspiration I spoke, and all fear and hesitancy passed away.” That was the turning point in the great lawyer’s career. From that day he had no want of clients. He played a bold game and won. A bachelor could not have done it. With him the golden opportunity would have passed unimproved, and he would have sunk back into mere mediocrity.

And, besides, it is well to have some one to work *with* as well as *for*—some one to lighten our labour, and to take part, if not in our actual toil, at least in our anxieties and cares. Partnerships in business are instituted every day for this very end. But what partner in life is equal to the partner for life—one who is flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone—one whose every pulse beats with your own in sympathy and love!

But, I have probably said at least enough upon this head. Let me remind you of *duty which you owe to yourselves*.

Maintain your integrity. Howsoever, by whomsoever, wheresoever tempted, swerve not one jot, wittingly, from the straight line of truth and rectitude. True, there are but few actually straight lines in nature—none in man’s physical frame—certainly none in his moral constitution. The only straight line of moral rectitude is the rectitude, the righteousness of God. That is given for your guidance—it is also given for your support; use it for both these great ends. Man of himself, morally, is curvilinear at the best; left to himself, he droops and draggles on the ground, like some weak and sickly plant. But there is by, the straight tall pillar of

Eternal Truth, for his firm support. Cling you to that, as ivy to the tree. It, and it alone, will bear you upward.

Add to your integrity a firm purpose and stern resolve. The man of infirm purpose is like a sailing ship. He is at the mercy of every wind that blows. He is ever trimming his sails, and he tacks and tacks again. Often he is becalmed—often he is baffled and beaten back—often he is baulked in his landing. But the man who to integrity of purpose adds firmness of resolve, is like a steamship. He has a strong motive power within himself—he heeds not the gales, whether prosperous or adverse—he needs no tacking nor trimming—his course is ever straight, and may be against both wind and tide. The reaching of his goal is sure, provided the motive power do not fail, and the water is deep enough to float him on.

Maintain your self-respect. Not by aggressive or defensive acts on those who would withhold or withdraw what may seem to be your due in this respect, but by aggressive and defensive acts directed against yourselves; yielding to no temptation, obeying no suggestion, casting down and casting out every thought, whose completed act would bring disgrace or shame. Do nothing in secret that you might not repeat in the blaze of noon; say nothing in your closet—breathe nothing in a whisper—that you might not publish on the housetop. Be true to truth; and so you will be true to yourselves. Let your own hearts acquit you of all shame, and cause of shame, and then the world must give you its respect—it may keep its approbation.

Maintain your studies. You have a great deal to do, and but a short time to do it in. You may have heard it pleasantly remarked of an evening—

“Could a man be secure, that his life would endure
For a thousand long years, what works might he do?”

even with long intervals of relaxation and idleness. But, we know that it is not so. It is life that is short, while art is long. Sydney Smith used to say, in reference to speech-making, that in antediluvian times, when men lived 800 or 900 years apiece, a speech of three or four hours' length was neither here nor there; but that orators of modern times ought to remember the flood, and study brevity. True; we must not only remember the brevity of speech, but also the brevity of life—so that each may make the most of that little speck of time which is all he can call his own. Certain intervals of relaxation, no doubt, are essential to maintain health and vigour of both body and mind; but, if these intervals prove too frequent, or too long protracted, then the issue is not strength and tone, but debility and decay. No, no. You must not abandon the habits of the student. And, indeed, your academic training will have failed in one of its best results, if it have not already smitten you with a love of study for its own sake. We are not unreasonable.

We would not have you at once resume your books and burdens—not to-morrow, nor next day, nor next week, nor even next month—if you will. Your bow has been somewhat tightly strained this past winter, and spring, and summer. Give it an autumnal slackening. But so soon as, by virtue of this, it has regained its wonted strength and elasticity, bend on the string again, and let us hear its silver twang once more. What you have done as pupils here, we hold as a token and pledge of what you are going to do as men hereafter. To-day, with all its honours and all its happiness, is not your "*terminus ad quem*," but your "*terminus a quo*." From this, as from a higher platform, you give promise—and we hold you to your word—that the talents and acquirements which have brought you academic success shall now receive a higher, a wider, and a nobler range, for behoof of yourselves, your profession, and mankind. In fact, gentlemen, you are only now entering on the true stream of life. Hitherto you have been but paddling in its tributaries. That stream is broad and deep, and its current is strong. The current is with you. But you may not trust your frail barque to that alone, else soon it will be in deadliest peril. There are rocks and rapids at every turn, and quicksands on every shore. You must have a pilot on board—that is conscience, enlightened conscience; you must have a compass to steer by—that is truth, eternal truth; and your own hand must be always strong and steady on the oar. Ever and anon you will glide into quiet havens and peaceful bays, for the needed refitment. But you may not tarry long there. Your course is still up and on, and always with a pull. Not until you have reached that smooth but mighty main, into which life's waters flow—then and there only may you look for safety with repose.

You owe *duty to your profession*. Your profession is your wife. There is no question as to early marriage here. This is the day of your espousals. Before these witnesses, you have taken Medicine by the hand, as your affianced bride, for better and for worse, and sworn to cherish and defend her. This is your first marriage. Let the other follow as it may.

On your profession your heart must be mainly—I do not say altogether—set. Of all worldly pursuits, it must occupy your chief regard. Not that you are to follow it at all times and exclusively. Medicine is your wife—I say; and as such, you must be faithful to her. But that is no reason why you should abjure, absolutely abjure, the virtuous society and friendly intercourse of others. Concentration of the mind on one object is, no doubt, essential to proficiency and eminence in that department; but concentration, to the exclusion of every other object, however cognate or congenial, while it may induce expansion and growth of the mind in one direction, must entail a stunting and starving of it otherwise—breeding littleness and loss, and contracting the mental and moral man, so handled, to

the dimensions of a very tape's breadth. Let medicine, as your pursuit, stand out first, pre-eminent and clear ; but when, each day, in her proper time and place, she has received her due meed of attention and regard, then, in your spare time (and a well-regulated mind has every day some spare time), you will be all the better for some secondary work, whereby both body and mind may be exercised and refreshed, and your keenness and capacity whetted for the leading and legitimate pursuit again, when its time and turn once more come round. Lose no fair opportunity of collateral accomplishment for yourselves. Lose no fair opportunity for doing good, in any way, to your fellow-men. You will be no losers in the end. Arbuthnot was not less the skilful physician because also the friend of Pope, and Swift, and Addison, and esteemed by Johnson—notwithstanding his anti-Scottish prejudices—the ablest and most accomplished of them all ; the classic scholarship of James Gregory did not diminish his professional fame, or mar his professional worth ; the philosophy of Abercrombie detracted nothing from his standing as a professional man ; and you and I love Alison all the more this day, because in the physician there is bound up the philanthropist and patriot.

There are extremes here as in most other things ; and both we would have you avoid. Do not spread your mental effort over too large a surface, else the result must be feeble and futile. Do not contract your mental effort within too narrow a space, else the result will be sterility and solitariness of attainment. Conceive of the formation of your after life, as of the management of an historical picture. Put forth your main strength on the central groupe or figure ; flash your leading light on that, with all the concentrative power of a Rembrandt. But when this has been done, why should you exclude the accessory details ? Handle them as elaborately, as skilfully as you may ; only keep them in their proper place, secondary and subordinate, and their effect must be not to detract from, but to enrich and enhance the whole.

Need I further remind you, that medicine is not a *trade* by which you are to live. You know it is a *profession*—a liberal and learned profession—*for* which you are to live. Look not to it, only that it may exalt and honour you ; it looks to you to exalt and honour it. Do not regard it as a lodging or let house, affording temporary shelter and convenience, which you may shuffle off as you will, making over a fair inventory, compensating for breakage and loss, and leaving all pretty much as you found it, to the next incomer. Regard it rather as your own property, or, at least, let on a lifelong lease, and then you will take a pride in what is your duty—improvement. Let no day pass without some discharge of such duty—this enlarged, that enriched, and all improved ; so that when in God's providence your time comes to lay it down, you may leave it better than you found it. It is a talent committed specially to your care. See that you put it to an active use : so that when the Lord of that

talent comes demanding His account, you may give Him not only His own, but His own with usury.

You owe *duty to your patients*. This is a wide field. But, large and varied as it is, we will encompass it all with a plain gold band—the Golden Rule of doing to others as we would be done by. In all cases of doubt or difficulty, resort to this. An artist, when uncertain of the perspective or general bearing of his picture, turns it upside down, and leaving it reversed on the easel, steps back to view it afresh. In that new aspect, if there be any fault or flaw, his eye detects it at once. Do you the same. Reverse the picture. Place yourself in the room of your patient; put him in yours; ask what you would have him do; answer the question honestly, before you shift again; and when you have once more resumed your proper place, as the physician, act out the answer like a man.

You owe *duty to your professional brethren*. Another wide field. And yet the same short rule will overtake it all. I have asked you at all times to follow the straight lines of truth and rectitude. I ask you to be especially straight and straightforward in your relations with your professional brethren. You are not serpents—to advance by curves, creeping and crawling. Nor moles—making progress in the world, by burrowing and undermining. Nor ducks, or other aquatic fowl—disappearing here, with a spluttering “Quack, quack,” attractive of observation, and reappearing in some sedgy part of the pool, silent and unseen. You are men, with heads placed erect, to look to heaven, not in pride, but humbly seeking heaven’s help—to look your fellow man fairly in the face, not in anger or envy, but in frankness and in friendship. Go straight. Straight lines are parallel lines, and will not come into collision. A good many years ago, a distinguished soldier was returning with troops from the West Indies. The fleet of transports was large; and it being the time of war, they were under the convoy of ships of the line. A heavy gale sprung up one night, and the fleet was driven before it, steering, by order, in a definite course. Towards midnight (a thunder storm then rolling in all its majesty) the captain of the transport came, in alarm, to this general officer, whom he carried on board—one who was skilled in science as well as in arms, specially addicted to practical astronomy, and well acquainted with “the opposition of Mars” in the firmament as well as on the earth—to consult with him as to the propriety of rounding to, and parting company with the fleet altogether. “Not for your life,” was the answer. “Straight lines are parallel lines, and do not meet; shift, and you must have collision. Keep steady as you are.” Scarce had the words left his mouth, when, in the glare of a flash of lightning, a large dark ship was seen bearing down close upon them. *She* had selfishly changed her course; but the helm

was instantly put up, and by little short of a miracle they escaped annihilation. The other ships held steadily to their bearing; and in the morning that large fleet, though scattered, was safe. Let it be so with us. In our profession, the fleet is large and crowded. Gales and storms will ever and anon spring up, by night and by day, but the signal of duty is clear, and our course is straight. Let the steering be "steady," and there will be no collision. Or if, as there are said to be black sheep in every flock, we may look for dark ships in every fleet, steering their selfish and shifting way, under the cloud of night, and endangering their fellows—then collisions will come. And the question will be, How to boom off, and get all clear again? The Golden Rule once more exerts its power, with more than arithmetical exactitude,—“Let A do to B as he would have B to do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required.”

You owe *duty to your country*. Some of you are destined for the public service.¹ Some may be suddenly called to it. The garland of peace is but newly woven; its leaves are tender though green; and we know not how soon the rude blast of war may scatter these to the winds. If it should be so, your country will need your help, and you will not fail her in the time of need.

It has not been so hitherto. I am proud to stand in my place here to-day, and testify that, in our nation's late emergency, this School was not slack at the call of duty. The very youngest among you eagerly crowded on. And when vacancies occurred, in posts not of duty only but of danger, there never was lack of candidates; the only difficulty was, out of a very plethora of these to make the needed selection. And this came, I honestly believe,—nay, I well know—not from mere boyish fervency, but from a source better and deeper—the chivalrous and gallant bearing of men.

There is at least one among you of whom we may say with special meaning this day—“*Cedant arma togae;*” and surely the gown of the graduate sits with a peculiar grace on him, opposite whose name there is affixed a star of distinction among the “*Nomina eorum,*” while on his breast there rests the Crimean medal with its well won clasps of honour.

Meanwhile, the war of armies sleeps. Would it might never waken! But there is one war that never sleeps; it is always waging: the war of Disease against Life. And you are called on to protect “the sick man.” The defensive war, on his behalf, is yours: the war of Medicine against Disease. In that sacred cause, you this day uplift and unfurl your banner. Be faithful, and gallant, and

¹ The favourable consideration of early yet prudent marriage, we need hardly say, has no application to them—especially in the time of war. Nothing can well be more cruel than dragging a wife through all the perils and privations of the field—unless it be the leaving her at home, to pine in the sore sickness of suspense and “hope deferred.”