

J. E. Whitwell Oxford
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Sir W. Osler.

AT 13 NORHAM GARDENS.

You could well believe the saying that Americans thought two pilgrimages of especial worth in England - to see Shakespeare's birth-place at Stratford-on-Avon and to visit Osler in Oxford!" You might look in to Norham Gardens for Sunday tea and find as many as forty there. Yet he'd spy your diffident arrival through the crowd, put his arm through yours and draw you forwards to leave you most ^{agreeably} ~~especially~~ introduced to some one just as if your advent had been the one expected and important event of the afternoon.

From his playful greeting to a young and obscure member of his staff in a crowded meeting, of "and how's that baby?" to his remembering to have seen an article in some medical journal on meeting the gratified author, he seemed to forget no one and no little thing that could make folk the happier for meeting him. I wonder how many men in many lands owe their advancement and progress to his kindly passing interest and stimulus in their work and his constant memory.

I cannot think it ~~is~~ in keeping with his kindness of heart and utter absence of sarcasm that (as has been related) upon a general practitioner effusively button-holing ^{him} at a garden-party (of all places) with "Do you know, Sir William, I see very few cases of Addison's disease in my practice?" he should reply "^{Perhaps} ~~I expect~~ you don't recognise them!"