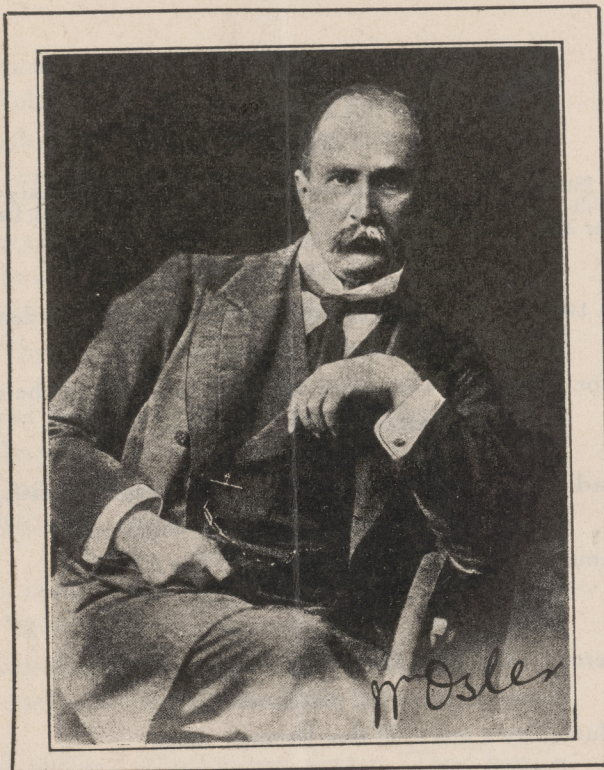


Rohrer
COST 17/29.2



SIR WILLIAM OSLER, BART., M. D., LL. D., F. R. S.

By C. W. S. Rohrer M.D.
of Baltimore

"And the master-word is *Work*, a little one, as I have said, but fraught with momentous sequences if you can but write it on the tablets of your hearts, and bind it upon your foreheads."—
Sir William Osler, in "The Master-Word in Medicine."

SIR WILLIAM OSLER, Bart.

(1849-1919.)

[Stanzas written in commemoration of the first anniversary of Sir William Osler's death, which occurred at Oxford, England, December 29th, 1919.]

By PEDHAMMOK

A twelvemonth has pass'd since thy brave spirit fled,
Its tenement, earthly, deserting
For realms of sweet bliss, where the quick and the dead
To their Master's image, reverting.

Sad, sad grew our hearts when the message so brief,
(Both time and chill winter defying.)
America, reach'd, that our hero, "The Chief,"
Within a land distant lay dying.

Serene, withal beautiful, thy great life's close,—
A star in the east, stately setting!
Humanity's voice, in due homage, arose
Demise thine, untimely, regretting.

We miss thee, Sir William! Thy counsels divine,
Real tenets of action acquiring;
The charm of thy voice and thy presence benign,
The best then within us inspiring.

Welch, Osler, and Kelly, immortal each name,
With Halsted*—redoubtable cluster!
On Johns Hopkins school shedding excellent fame,—
Unfading, untarnishing luster.

Oh! thou wert the first of this world-famous band,
Full tribute to Dame Nature paying;
Though cold be thy relics, unnerv'd be thy hand,
Thy worth we, in vain, are essaying:

Of diagnosticians, "Prince;" clinics, "The Chief;"
In art and in science excelling;
Attention quick gain'd, thy discourse e'en but brief,
Thy splendor of diction compelling.

Beyond the St. Lawrence whose turbulent tide,
Its wealth of wild grandeur disclosing,
On Canada's soil—his lov'd birthplace, his pride,
His ashes so fondly reposing;

Pray, there let him rest, 'neath the dew and the snow,
'Mid hearts his good deeds have made lighter;
In silence he sleeps, yet his name it shall grow—
And fame, too—increasingly brighter.

Then, hail and adieu! to our mentor, "The Chief,"
His shining example extolling;
Though long be the years and unbidden our grief,
His tomb, hence, a Mecca consoling.

*Reference is here made to the justly celebrated portrait-group of the Four Doctors—William S. Halsted, Howard A. Kelly, William Osler, and William H. Welch, painted by John S. Sargent, R. A., in 1905.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
THE INDUSTRIAL PRINTING COMPANY
1921