

TO

WILLIAM OSLER, M.D.

whose existence justifies the theory of Metempsychosis.

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What unkind fate hath made thee medical
I ask, for we can patiently endure
Life's troubles on a single Beecham's Pill
Leaving no illnesses for thee to cure.
In these the days of prosy men like me
 (And I am representative perhaps)
Mighty little use is there for thee
OSLER, supreme of modern Aesculaps.
Soe thought I, when behold this mysterie
Lyke unto a cloude above me swam,
Even as one sinks into a deadlie swoun
Remembering not at all the things that be,
Methought I saw the kindlie barde of Norham
Dressed in the garb of old Sir Thomas Browne.

DAVID DONNE-OGG.