

And she of zone and visage wide
 Who had a pain about her side
 For twenty, too, which greatly shocked her,
 (She got no comfort from the doctor)
 Far now from advertising strife
 They taste the sweets of private life,
 And having somewhat further back
 Dismissed the doctor for the quack ;
 They now with wisdom more mature,
 And scenting, too, a choicer cure,
 The quack in turn have from them hurled
 Who brought them first before the world :
 And mellowed by religious drivel,
 Grow very pious and uncivil.

Those also of catarrhal fame,
 Of face diverse and myriad name,
 Who were disturbed in their repose.
 By too much action in their noses.
 And he who Job's own likeness bore
 In the oppressive days " Before,"
 Now grown obese, with unctuous laughter
 Felicitates us with his " After,"
 And she whose hernia was so loose
 A wrought-iron truss was of no use ;
 And though the doctor didn't ask it,
 She held it two years in a basket :
 Which, with occasional atresia,
 Entirely occupied her leisure ;
 At which (and with some cause, I think),
 Her sainted husband took to drink ;
 So often, at a bitter cost,
 The sanctities of home are lost !
 One dose of Electric Food,
 However, did a world of good,
 And one week's treatment (and no more)
 Was quite sufficient to restore ;
 And now with an o'erflowing soul,
 The whole world shall know that she is whole !
 Her consort, too, with joy embued,
 Has turned to paths of rectitude,
 And ceased (so much could this elate him)
 To touch *secale antiquatum*—
 Albeit the best electric viands
 Are tame compared to Christian Science.

All these, and more of minor tint
 Whose names are never seen in print.
 Enjoy in peace their endless cures
 As long as Christian Science endures.

A superstructure, as you see,
 Based on a bastard quackery.
 For to the advertising quack
 You add a strong religious smack,
 Such as the great unwashed determines,
 Suggestive of street corner sermons,
 And you will have a graphic notion
 Of what makes up this new devotion,
 And fairly picture their demeanors
 By looking first at their congeners.

Their *raison d'être*, or reason why,
 Is to prepare the weak to die ;
 And for a very little money
 They will conduct the ceremony.
 Their method needs no nomenclature,
They sit, and sit—and trust to nature.
 Occasionally, who can tell !
 One of their patients may grow well :
 For, (lest the thought might give alarm)
 Their pious sittings do no harm.
 More frequently, without a check,
 Death has the patient by the neck ;
 And eyes grow dark and muscles flaccid,
 For lack of, say, carbolic acid :
 And pain to great too bear is seen
 Because they know not of morphine.
 The reason why the heart may fail is
 Because there is no digitalis :
 And so on thus, *ad infinitum*,
 The drug an unremembered item !
 Death is perhaps a fancy, too,
 Which skilful thinking might subdue,
 But death, to mortals less ideal,
 Has always seemed a trifle real.

" Disease is but a whimsy vague,
 You dream you have that wooden leg,"
 They say, and if you'd hop a bit,
 They're sure you would not not notice it.
 Moreover worms, both long and short ones,
 Are, they assert, of no importance.
 Again (you fill them with amazement)
 You have no cancer or displacement !
 And why repeat, because unwell,
 The fable of the strange hotel ?
 Bethink, the gonococcus germ
 Is but the doctors' idle term,
 And when you double up in spurts,
 Your mind, but not the bubo hurts,
 Cast off these trammels of tradition,
 And you will be in fine condition !
 Aye, learn to pray, and stop your scratching.
 There is no itch (and it's not catching).
 " Trust all to heaven," repeats the caller,
 " And if you please, a half a dollar."
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