

Quartette, at the dinner to Dr. Osler, at the Walled-off Castoria, New York, May 2, 1905.

“ Look at his arteries,  
Judge of his age by these,  
Scarce thirty-five.  
May he ne'er pass his prime  
In symptom or in sign,  
Younger in spite of time,  
Long live our chief.

CHORUS: God save the mighty chief,  
We part from him in grief,  
God save our chief.  
God save our Regius Prof.,  
Our hats to him we doff,  
God save our Regius Prof.,  
God save our Prof.,

—*The Post-Graduate.*

### A LETTER FROM HOME.

Dear Jim: The crops is doing well,  
The calf is big enough to sell;  
I've traded off the brindle cow,  
And we ain't got but one just now.  
The hosses all is fat and sleek,  
Except that Bob is ruther weak,  
But that ain't nothing very queer;  
We've had him nigh on twenty year.  
I think I'll put the bottom field  
In corn and oats; it oughter yield  
A heavy crop; the land is rich,  
And just the thing for oats and sich.  
There ain't no news to speak of, Jim;  
Miss Susie Jones is just as trim  
As when you saw her in the fall.  
The folks is well; I guess that's all—  
But stop! I 'most forgot 'bout dad.  
I 'xpect the news'll make you sad.  
You know that dad was getting old;  
Just sixty years had o'er him rolled,  
And so, I must regret to say,  
*We chloroformed poor dad to-day.*  
And that is all the news until  
I write again.

Your brother,

BILL,

—*Maryland Med. Jour.*