

The souls of children round his sleep
 Are clustered angel-wise each night,
 And those who pain's dim vigil keep
 To Heaven commend him in their plight!
 No flower that blows when most are gone,
 A rare, sweet flame by some gray wall,
 Can match his smile that falls upon
 The sorrowings of one and all.

Darkness and Doubt, twin shapes of grief,
 Keeping their stand beside yon bed,
 Mark when his coming brings relief,
 How suddenly they've turned and fled.
 Tho' lamp be low and window wan
 With wraith of moon or falling star,
 He brings the bright resurgent dawn
 And Love's great sun across the bar!

The traveler reeling home at two;
 The orphan, pinched and pallid-faced;
 The cripple with his retinue
 Of ancient woes, by want debased;
 The mother driven to Hope's last stand
 Upon her battlefield of life;
 Each tortured heart, each faltering hand
 That knows the hundred wounds of strife.

These are the clay wherein he moulds
 The imperial beauty of his art!
 No form that veined marble holds,
 No song conceived in poet's heart,
 No canvas picturing peak or plain,
 Environing deep or sunset height,
 Can rival that which brings from pain
 Some plenitude of lost delight!

And if no man's elegiac gold
 Adorn his unpretentious coat,
 And crown with gem and symbol scrolled
 Never his nobleness denote:
 'Tis by ten thousand deeds of good,
 His toilings and his task of love,
 The Doctor finds his hero-hood,
 And God's sure sanction from above!

This eulogy and "The Country Doctor" herein given, illustrate fully the worth and honor of medical gentlemen—M.D.'s—which the cults are trying to dishonor and drag down to their commercial levels and fakerism.

From the life work of such men—these two doctors—and there are countless examples in our Dominion, our worth as doctors and our nobility as a profession among men have their origin and that exalted citizenship of the world "that makes them loved at home, revered abroad. Wealth and pomp are but the