

My doctern is to lay aside
 Contentions and be satisfied;
 Just do your best, and praise or blame
 That follers that, counts just the same.
 I've allus noticed great success
 Is mixed with troubles, more or less;
 And it's the man who does his best
 That gets more kicks than all the rest.

"Ricord," says Dr. Jacobi, "whose name is forever illustrious in the annals and literature of his specialty, proclaimed in 1893 the inocuous character of the secretions of secondary syphilis when transferred to a healthy person. That oracular assertion tempted nineteen medical men in all countries to infect and ruin for life seventy-seven persons on whom they made experiments."

Lo, the Pallid Tryponema,
 Hated most of all bacilli,
 Hated by the country doctor
 And the specialist so clever;
 Thus salve! Salvarsan Ehrlich!

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide,
 Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
 (But it is not on record the lady tried.)
 So some of him lived and some of him died.

—Kipling.

"O! who can tell what days, what nights, he spent
 Of tireless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!" Yet,
 Temptations (says John Boyle O'Reilley), wait for all, and ills
 will come;
 But some go out and ask the devil home.

It holds such enmity to blood of man,
 That quick as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigor it does posset
 And curd like eagre dropping into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood.

—Hamlet, Act I., Scene V.