

Not poppy nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'st yesterday.

In the *Sonnets*, in which we prefer to believe, with Wordsworth, even against Browning, that Shakespeare unlocked his heart, there are several references to the same subject. In the twenty-seventh we have the true note of the worst form of sleeplessness:

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,
 But then begins a journey in my head
 To work my mind when body's work's expired.

In the next one he says:

How can I then return in happy plight
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,
 But day by night, and night by day oppress'd?

These are but a few instances which might be gathered from the poet's works, in which, speaking of sleep, "he call'd himself names in many a mused rhyme." In reading medical writings referring to insomnia it is easy for one who knows what it is from his own experience to distinguish between those who bear the scars and those who have never felt the wound. One justly famous and most humane surgeon says that if a man sleeps ill one night he can make up for it the next; we find the explanation of this want of sympathetic insight in his statement that he had only two sleepless nights in his life. Although Shakespeare is said to have trod the world unguessed at, we hazard the guess from the ever-recurring note of the blessedness of sleep that the "myriad-minded men," who saw into the very depths of human nature, had his wakeful hours.

HUNTER DAY IN LONDON.

Hunter's day was celebrated in the accustomed manner at the Royal College of Surgeons. Sir Rickman J. Godlee, president, delivered the oration in the afternoon, and also took the chair at the dinner in the evening. In his oration he drew an interesting picture of Hunter among his friends, many of them celebrities of the period, also of his house, of which he showed a ground plan, and refer-