

An' I seen 'im again, all over the shop, aplayin' all sorts of rags,
 Like settin' a fractured collar bone, with a couple of touch-line flags.
 An' the parsons owe 'im money, for their wives give 'im work to do,
 Though 'es only the doctor, the country doctor, surgeon and midwife, too.
 An' the poor law board, they sits on 'im, an' tries to dock 'is screw,
 Though 'e 'as 'is bread and cheese to get, the same as me or you.
 They think 'es a 'aughty philautocrat; surgeon an' midwife, too.

An' I seen 'im again with a knife an' things, an' the sweat was on 'is brow,
 'E was tryin' to mend the guts of a bloke as 'ad spiked hisself in a row,
 'Twas late at night, an' 'e 'adn't no light to see what 'e 'ad to do;
 An' 'is pal was a doctor, a country doctor, surgeon an' midwife, too.
 'E 'adn't got far with 'is little job, 'e wasn't 'arf way through,
 When the bloke sits up an' asks for a drink, the same as it might be you.
 Ho! they ain't no special anesthetutes; surgeon an' midwife, too.

But there wasn't a call to do as you done, w'en you 'ad the gout in your
 toe;
 An' you fetched 'im out in the dead of night, an' 'e 'ad six miles to go;
 For you've 'ad it before an' you'll 'ave it again, an' you know just what
 to do.
 You don't want the poor old country doctor—dispenser and staff nurse,
 too.
 You pays 'im, what? Yes, tuppence a week, an' you're earnin' thirty-two,
 An' 'e 'as to subscribe to your football club, which you're too mean to do,
 Because 'es the doctor, the country doctor, surgeon an' midwife, too.

Now I never believes in them specialist thieves, what stammer an' grunt
 an' blow,
 As'll watch yer die, with a winkin' eye, for a 'undred pound or so.
 An' when its "checks," and "Oo's turn next?" which I 'opes it won't be
 you,
 Let's stick to the doctor, the country doctor, surgeon and midwife, too.
 An' when you come to the Bar of Gawd, an' 'E says "Oo passed you thru?"
 (For 'E 'ates peculiar people, an' the Christian Science crew).
 Just mention the doctor, the country doctor, surgeon an' midwife, too.

—E.G.B.A., in *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*.

An illustration of the worth of our profession to the community is most charmingly given us by Mr. Lister R. Alwood, Detroit, Michigan, and the references are to the noble and altruistic labors of his venerable father:—

He wears no man's elegiac gold,
 He bears no crown with titled crest,
 No hero-hood's insignia bold
 Shine valiantly upon his breast.
 His face is calm as one who sees
 Far out across the waves of Time,
 God's life-ships pierce Earth's mysteries,
 And hears its cheerful-sounded chime.