



DR. W. P. GIDDINGS OF GARDINER.

WHEN the medical profession writes the history, up-to-date,
 Of those eminent practitioners who've done honor to the State;
 When their Hall of Fame is ready and they hang, upon the pegs,
 Those Galens who cut lots of ice, as well as lots of legs;
 When they index the opsonic and reveal the deadly war,
 As the little white corpuscle gets the microbe in its maw:
 And they show the hordes of wigglers who have fled, in wild retreat,
 When they hear the doctor's buggy come a-rattling up the street,—
 There'll be place for Dr. Giddings who lives up the Kennebec,
 Who can diagnose your troubles, to the very smallest speck,
 Who has cured us, by his knowledge of the modern healing arts,
 And who has bolstered up our courage, by the comfort he imparts.
 If that gallery of doctors should, to special worth, incline
 I'd expect the doctor's picture to be hung upon the line;
 For his life has been a service to the public, that he's served,
 From his duty he has never, in the smallest instance, swerved.
 As a writer and a thinker, he has made a name and fame;
 As a tried and true official, he's been a blessing to all Maine;—
 To epitomize the impulse which has made his life the plan
 I should write him, as we know him, "One who loves his fellow-man."