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Raymond Crossland
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I wish I had kept some more of his letters, but he was such an essential element of the world of medicine, that I no more pictured it without him than Adam can have anticipated the setting of the sun. One letter is very fresh in my mind, so tender and understanding, that I received from him just before the Armistice, when my eldest son was shortly due for France: and a telegram sent from his sick-chamber that reached me at the College of Physicians just before I was due to deliver the Harveian Oration on St. Luke's Day, 1919 on 'Forerunners of Harvey in Antiquity'. I blush to say that it began by congratulating Aristotle on having found me as an exponent: but the real wisdom of the message lay outside the preamble in an appeal to me not to fall short of the occasion or (dare I say it in these unromantic days!) of my family tradition. He divined that my sense of reverence for the past would make the occasion solemn and inspiring to me, and he knew that I should feel that the eyes of my grandfather, James Avey Ogle, 75 years previously Harveian Orator and one of Osler's predecessors as Regius Professor of Medicine ^{at} Oxford, and of my uncle, William Ogle, one of the earliest and most successful translators and commentators of Aristotle's scientific treatises, were upon me. This all sounds very egotistic, but I mention it to show how penetrating was Osler's perception of another man's 'ego'.