

(To Dr. W. G. MacCallum)

27, January, 1915.

Dear Mac.,

Sorry not to have answered your nice letter before, but this house is nothing but a branch Post Office, and I am tied up with all sorts of things and on the road a great deal.

One cannot help feeling very sad about our old German friends, and, after all, it is only natural that they should feel that they are in the right. It would be shocking if they did not. But there will be an awful gulf between this country and Germany for the next two generations. Their hate is nothing to the loathing expressed here on all sides. Of course, the atrocities have been shockingly exaggerated, and Klebs tells me they tell just the same stories about the English troops. Unfortunately, there seems to be no question about the Belgian horrors. We have got about 21 professors here with their families, 130 people in all, and they are living on good American money, partly from what we have collected ourselves, and partly from the splendid Rockefeller gift.

We have got Archie Malloch a very satisfactory place at the Queen of the Belgians Hospital. He is a fine fellow and will do good work.

Glad to hear the book is prospering. I know what a devil of a job it is. I am delighted to hear of your father, and how he still works at his trematodes.

Yes, Cobbold is dead. I knew him quite well. He was a good old chap, and exceedingly kind to me. He lacked the technique and the erudition of Leuckart. I did not know that Koellicker had ever worked at Würms! !

Lady Osler read your letter with interest. The house has been turned into a sort of junk-shop; every week or ten days big packing cases arrive, and for two months we had the drawing-room as a Gallerie Lafayette for the wives and families of the Belgian professors to do millinery and mantle work.

The poor Canadians have had a devil of a time at the Salisbury camp - mud to the knees and the weather has been appalling... I spent three days there a little while ago at the meningitis outbreak, which is not severe - only about 25 cases so far. Ellis of the Rockefeller is doing splendid work with it.

Norman Gwyn has come over, and has just been assigned to the new Canadian Hospital at Mount Vernon, Hampstead, but he may go to the front any day. Revere is in the Officers' Training Corps here, but hopes to join one of the Canadian units - possibly with Birkett and the McGill group. He has developed in a most interesting way, devoted to literature and to art, and following me in his affection for books. I enclose you one of his book-plates which he has just made. It is a bit rough, but will be better when it is

properly engraved.

At Heger's request we postponed our Vesalius celebration. I hear from Cushing that you had a great success in New York.

I have had some great hauls lately, largely through the generosity of my brother, E. B., who left me a fat cheque last summer. I finished up 1914 with the Aldine Aristotle, 1495, editio princeps, Derome binding, which has broken my bank.

The country is converted into an armed camp, and is in fine form. They hope to have 1,500,000 in France before May 1st.

Give my love to your father. I do hope we will see him next summer. Why not bring him over?

Ever yours,

Wm. Osler.