

THE OLD DOCTOR.—Dr. George Monroe is credited with the following tribute to the loved and honored family doctor: "A physician's occupation appears to be somewhat paradoxical. He is either bringing some poor, miserable wretch into this wicked, sinful world, or is laboring to prevent others from leaving it for a better. Into what close relationship is he brought with the people! What responsibility is his! How many a tale of joy, gladness, hope and pleasure, or sorrow, sadness, suffering and despair he could tell! How many family histories he could relate. How many skeletons he sees in the family closets! Of how many confidences and secrets is he made the repository! How many a home has been cheered and made happy by his presence! How many a bitter heart-ache has he witnessed! What is more gratifying or satisfactory than to hear the old doctor, in whom the utmost confidence is placed, say 'he' or 'she is better, and will get well!' A house where has been sorrow, grief and tears for days, where a loved mother, mayhap, has been thought dying, and the good old doctor pronounced the crisis passed, that she would get well and be spared to her family. Oh, what a change comes over this family! Joy, almost unbearable, enters every heart. When a father has been near the unknown, and the distracted and nearly heart-broken wife and weeping children have thought their stay, comfort and support was about to be taken away from them, and the doctor at his morning visit says, 'Better, will get well;' what gladness takes possession of everyone at these good tidings! Yesterday was dark, gloomy and sunless; to-day not a cloud is to be seen, not even a mist; but beauty, sunshine and perfect joy and light. When a little child is at the grave's brink, and the force of a thistle-down wafted on the breeze would appear to be sufficient to convey it to the other world; when the windows are shaded and the streets covered with straw, that no light or noise may act as a disturbing element to the little sufferer; when even the doors are left ajar, so they may not grate upon their hinges; when the mother reflects how drear and desolate the home will be without the little prattler, whose voice will be hushed until the resurrection morn—the fountains of tears well up to overflowing, and the sobs and sighs cannot be suppressed; that mother prays as she never prayed before that her child may be spared—the very heart-strings are nearly broken. The old doctor arrives, and finds the child breathing easily, its skin moist, the fever gone, and sleeping quietly. He pronounces the talismanic words, 'Better, will get well.' Oh, then there is joy and thankfulness in that household! A peaceful calm comes upon them; almost a glorified radiance covers the mother's face. It is then that the tear-