

The Doctor's Story.

Medical Record.

Mrs Rogers lay in her bed,
 Bandaged and blistered from foot to
 head,
 Bandaged and blistered from head
 to toe,
 Mrs Rogers was very low,
 Bottles and saucers, spoon and cup
 On the table stood bravely up;
 Physic of high and low degree;
 Calomel, catnip, boneset tea—
 Everything a body can bear,
 Excepting light and water and air.
 I opened the blinds; the day was
 bright;
 And God gave Mrs Rogers some
 light;
 I opened the window; the day was
 fair,
 And God gave Mrs Rogers some air.
 Bottles and blisters, powders and
 pills,
 Catnip, boneset, syrup and squills,
 Drugs and medicines, high and low,
 I threw as far as I could throw.
 "What are you doing?" my patient
 cried.
 "Frightening Death!" I coolly re-
 plied.
 "You are crazy!" a visitor said,
 I flung a bottle at her head.
 Deacon Rogers he came to me;
 "Wife is comin' round," says he,
 I really think she'll worry through;
 She scolds me just as she used to do,
 All the people have poohed and
 slurred—
 And the neighbors have had their
 word;
 'Twas better to perish, some of them
 said;
 Then be cured in such an irregular
 way."
 "Your wife," said I, "had God's
 own care,
 And remedies—light and water and
 air,
 All the doctors beyond a doubt,

Couldn't have cured Mrs Rogers
 without."

The deacon smiled and bowed his
 head;
 "Then your bill is nothing", he said;
 "God's be the glory, as you say;
 God bless you doctor, good day!
 good day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
 I'll give her medicine made by men.

GLEANINGS FROM A DIARY

SEPTEMBER.

September drear is here again
 From far across the plain.
 List to her whispers, gay and free,
 The artist of the year is she,
 She dyes the tree and every vine
 —A gorgeous picture, so sublime—
 The chorus sad call proclaims she's
 here—
 Fall's rollicking artist, full of cheer.

LIFE.

Another dreary day has rolled
 Away with the waves of time.
 Another day has shortened this
 Uncertain life of mine.
 This mortal life so short
 Too soon alas! is o'er—
 And lost days of foolish youth
 Are gone, to return no more

SORROW.

Come! songster of the morning air
 And sing your sweetest lay,
 Whilst here I rest
 Sad and oppressed,
 Awaiting dawn of day.
 Sing! songster of this sunny clime
 And soothe my bleeding heart,
 That heart that feels,
 And now reveals
 The strangeness of thy art.
 —"Chrysophrys"