

worked, but for himself and science, and then came a day when the suffering surgeon read his own verdict in the eye of a celebrated contemporary, whose opinion he eagerly sought for his own ills.

His days were numbered; the heart which had so rarely beaten in sympathy with his fellow men would very soon cease its heavy throbs.

Then, as the wolf creeps into his lair to die alone, the great surgeon shut himself up in his own apartment with his God.

No one will ever know what struggles that lonely chamber witnessed, as the proud man yielded himself to the power of the King of Death.

One day the curé was surprised at receiving a card with these words in Dupuytren's characteristic handwriting:

"*Le medecin a besoin du cure.*" (The physician has need of the priest.) "DUPUYTREN."

He quickly obeyed the summons, and only left the bedside when the hard look had passed from the surgeon's face, the fire from his eye, the hand, which for forty years had so successfully wielded the scalpel, lay nerveless at his side, for Dupuytren was with his God.—*Emilie Foster, in New York Independent.*

SLANG.

Girls, there is one word I hope none of you ever use. It is to me inexpressibly disgusting. That word is "feller." Have beaux, gentleman friends and admirers, but please don't have a "feller." I was in the street-car the other day, when a crowd of bright and pretty school-girls got in. They were busily chattering, of course, seemingly regardless of the fact that all they said could be heard by every one in the car. The subject of their conversation was the "fellers." A sprightly little brunette, with her armful of most scholarly looking books, began:

"Oh, I had the nicest little 'feller' to see me last night! He was nobby. I tell you what, almost a regular dude!"

"Nonthenth!" lisped a little creature, with lovely brown eyes, and hair to match, "Fred can beat him. He'th juth too lovely for anything, and awfully rich. Hith father ownth, oh, I don't know how many houtheth, and he can thpeak German equithitely!"

"Well, I should smile if he didn't," remarked a tall blonde, with cyeglasses. "Isn't his father a Deutschman, I'd like to know? Really, though, he is an awfully cute little darling. His eyes are an enchanting shade of brown, just the colour of yours, little Bess."

I could tell you the whole conversation, but I know you are as sick of it as I am. I took it all down in short-hand, and am going to send a copy of it to one of the crowd, whom I chanced to know. Then there is that word "*awful*." I wish you would, just for curi-

osity, count how many times you hear it used in one day. "Isn't the weather *awfully* hot?" "The way it rained last night was perfectly *awful*." "Such an awfully jolly crowd came to the fair to-day." "Oh, dearie me! what an *awful* nice time we had together the last night of camp."

I heard these sentences fall in quick succession from the lips of as charming a girl as I ever knew, and it reminded me forcibly of the girl in the fairy story, who dropped frogs and lizards when she spoke. I know it is now nearly impossible to give the emphasis desired to certain expressions by the use of that once forcible little word, "very." To say "it is very warm," doesn't half picture the intense heat. But isn't it better to give a false idea of the state of the weather, which is of small importance, than to give to a stranger a false estimate of your education and character by using those extravagant words.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

THE PEOPLE'S DAY.

Not with the blare of trumpets,
Not with the beat of drums,
Not with the glare of banners,
The day of the people comes.

It comes with the thrilling music
Of hearts that throb in tune
To the rhythm of busy purpose,
And the voice of a priceless boon.

It comes with a power the grandest
The world has ever known,
With a might that has vanquished error
And conquered many a throne.

It comes for the toiling lowly,
It comes for the wealthy throng,
Who manfully, bravely battle
For the right against the wrong.

Its dawning may be in darkness,
But if it be used aright,
It shall close in a flood of glory
And a new awakening light—

A light that justice shall kindle,
A glory that right shall shed
O'er the well-won field of battle
Where injustice lies crushed and dead.

Not with the clashing sabre,
Not with the cannon's roar,
Its victory comes to ennoble
The nation from shore to shore.

Its triumphs are won in silence
As solemn as aught can be;
Its weapons are ballots not bullets,
Its armies are brave men free.

Hark! you can hear it coming!
Prepare ye all for the fray!
Stand firm in the ranks of duty
And welcome the People's Day!

—Written for Justice.