

## RUBIES.

## THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,  
 "Only just a child that's dead :"  
 And so they carelessly turned away  
 From the mound which the spade had made that day.  
 Ah ! they did not know how deep a shade  
 That little grave in one home had made.

True, the coffin was narrow and small,  
 One yard would have served for an ample pall ;  
 And one man in his arms could have borne away  
 The rosewood and its freight of clay.  
 But oh, what darling hopes were hid  
 Beneath that little coffin lid !

A weeping mother stood that day  
 With folded hands by that form of clay ;  
 And painful, burning tears were hid  
 'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid ,  
 And her lip, and cheek, and brow  
 Were almost as white as her baby's now.

And then some things were put away,  
 The crimson frock, and the wrappings gay ;  
 The little sock, and the half-worn shoe,  
 The cap with its plume and tassels blue ;  
 And an empty crib stands with covers spread,  
 As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave ; but oh ! what care !  
 What world-wide hopes are buried there !  
 And yet, perhaps, in coming years,  
 May see, like her through blinding tears,  
 How much of light, how much of joy,  
 Is buried up with an only boy !

Selected.—

## THE SURGEON AND THE CURE.

With Dupuytren's death closed the generation of distinguished surgeons who have given pre-eminence to the hospitals of Paris.

Regarded by his subordinates with fear and dread, disliked by his equals on account of his offensive and arrogant manners, his home rendered desolate by his overbearing conduct, there seems little, save his talent, to admire, but his life was full of incident.

It is a worn old adage that "Nothing is so successful as success," and Fortune seemed ever ready to lend Dupuytren a helping hand.

While still a youth, threading the streets of Paris at early dawn, on his way to the Hotel Dieu where he was an *interne*, studying indefatigably by the bedside and in the dead-room, returning at night to a frugal meal and cheap lodging, he one day was attracted toward a crowd of excited Parisians making frantic endeavours to check the progress of a runaway horse. In another moment came a crash, and the young *interne* eagerly pressed forward to proffer his services. The unfortunate occupant of the carriage proved to be one of the Rothschilds, and the young surgeon's endeavours were rewarded by the announcement of the patient, when convalescent, that there

were 20,000 francs in the bank awaiting his pleasure.

Years later, as the Duc de Berr was ascending a narrow stairway of the Opera House, to attend a masked ball, a treacherous assassin, maddened by jealousy, recognizing him, despite his disguise, as the heir-apparent to the throne of France, plunged a dagger into his side. Dupuytren, already known as a skilful surgeon, was summoned to attend him and thenceforth regarded as court physician.

His term of service at the Hotel Dieu was indeed a reign of terror, the shrinking patient gained neither confidence nor sympathy from his eye, and *internes* and nurses well knew that the fierce imprecation or cutting sarcasm was all their inexperience would win from him.

One day a very pale, delicate looking *curé*, from one of the little villages outlying Paris, appeared at the surgeon's residence and sought advice regarding a tumour upon his neck.

Dupuytren closely scrutinized the swelling, and then in a harsh tone exclaimed : "*Avec cela il faut mourir.*" (That will kill you).

The pale face neither flushed nor became a shade whiter, nor did the quiet, honest eye show the slightest emotion at the verdict of the unsympathetic judge as he exclaimed, a sweet smile illumining his countenance :

"I thought so, but it was at the earnest wish of my people I came to you." Then proffering five francs, he said :

"It is but a small recompense, but it is all my people could raise, for they are very poor."

The assistants were amazed to see a semblance of emotion upon the surgeon's face, then he hastily took from his drawer an order for a bed in Hotel Dieu, and giving it to the *curé*, bade him report there upon a certain day.

The hour of the operation came, and he, whose life had been spent in the shadow of the Cross, imbibing the spirit of his suffering Master,

Learning of Jesus how to die,

as he had learned from the same blessed Exemplar how to live, now calmly endured the torture of the surgeon's knife. Dupuytren, from time to time sharply scrutinized the pale face of his patient ; but could never detect an outward expression of the torture he was inflicting.

The operation was successful ; the patient lived, and for several years, each returning anniversary the grateful *curé* appeared at Dupuytren's residence with some slight tribute of his gratitude. Sometimes it was a basket of golden pears or ruddy crimson plums, again a few fresh eggs or a pair of tender chickens, but the day was never forgotten.

Years passed on, and the *curé* worked on in a placid, contented spirit, working ever for his Master, in the simple little village, and Dupuytren, too,