

unoccupied spots whereon to lie. We may be able yet to send them to Mars or the moon. But the inhabitants there may be as toothless as hens; and if not, it is quite likely they have much higher standards of requirement to practice than on our own planet. Or, perhaps they do not pay taxes or rent, or need food and fuel and clothes. If that were so, there would be a big immigration from this world, if we could only get there, and it would not take too long to get acclimatized. So let the trumpets blaze and the big drum beat, and the procession of our graduates proceed. God bless you, ladies and gentlemen! God help you, too!

The Pathos of Practice.

Once in a town we called to see a dentist, who, in his seventieth year was still in active practise, standing at his chair most of the day, and still working the old-school methods with the old-fashioned instruments, and having no practical knowledge of the materia medica of dentistry beyond arsenic and creosote. He had lost one leg, and was obliged, when leaving the chair, to use a crutch; he was rheumatic, and for thirty years had never known one day's relief from pain. He had brought up and educated well a large family; some of whom were dead, and others in distant parts of the world. He had lost his wife, to whom he had been married for forty years, and, having been obliged to part with his home, he had preserved but few relics of his family environments; nothing, it may be said, but a picture or two and a few books. Everything surrounding his daily labor was half a century "behind the times," and his honesty impelled him to send elsewhere patients whom he knew needed more modern services. Pain, and the constant company of hard times, had made him weary of life, but he made no lament. He was a lonesome, forsaken, used-up and suffering old man, but he was determined to die in harness, and he did. One afternoon a new patient called to see and surprise him, and found him dead beside his chair, having fallen in a fit, and broken his crutch. The new patient was one of his sons, whom he had not seen for twelve years. This is a true and unvarnished tale.

To Our Exchanges.

For some unaccountable reason we have missed more of our exchanges during the past two years than in all the previous years of our journalistic experience put together. At least one of them, though issued with great regularity every quarter, fails to reach