

With about a hundred others in one room, there was no ventilation and no way of securing fresh air. When he left his work at night he felt so faint and lifeless that he longed for a stimulant. Many of the men went at once to the nearest saloon when the day's work was ended. The men (he pointed out) thought it hard work that made them feel so tired, but in reality it was the breathing and re-breathing, hour after hour, air which had been deprived of its oxygen and was loaded with poison. Ill-health was general among the workmen, and it was not strange that the liquor shops in the town were well supported. The recent factory act will doubtless greatly modify evils of this sort as regards factories in Canada.

DEWIT TALMAGE ON PHYSICIANS.

In one of his sermons the Rev. DeWitt Talmage spoke as follows: Encourage all physicians. You thank him when he brings you up out of an awful crisis of disease; but do you thank him for treating the incipient stages of disease so skillfully that you do not sink as far down as an awful crisis? There is much cheap and heartless wit about the physician, but get sick and how quickly you send for him. Some say doctors are of more harm than good, and there is a book written, entitled, "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitle it, "Every Man His Own Undertaker." Do you think physicians are hard hearted because they see so much pain? Ah, no! The most eminent surgeon of the last generation in New York came into the clinical department of the New York Medical College when there was a severe operation to be performed upon a little child. The great surgeon said to the students gathered around: "Gentlemen there are surgeons here who can do

this just as well as I can. You will excuse me, therefore, if I retire. I cannot endure the sight of suffering as well as I once could." There are so many, trials, so many interruptions, so many exhaustions in a physician's life, that I rejoice he gets so many encouragements. Before him open all circles of society. He is welcomed in cot and mansion. Children shout when they see his gig coming, and old men, recognizing his step, look up and say, "Doctor, is that you?" He stands between our families and the grave, fighting back the disorders that troop up from their encampments by the cold river. No one ever hears such hearty thanks as the doctor. Under God he makes the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk. The path of such is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended. Perhaps there was in our house an evil hour of foreboding. We thought that all hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put aside their toys. We walked on tip-toe and whispered, and at every sound said, "hush!" How loud the clock ticked, and, with all our care, the banister creaked. The doctor stayed all night and concentrated all his skill. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided into a sweet, calm slumber, and the doctor looked around to us and whispered: "The crisis is passed." When propped up in pillows the sick one sat in the easy chair, and through the lattice the soft south wind tried hard to blow a rose-leaf into the faded cheek; and we were all glad, and each of the children brought a violet or clover top from the lawn to the lap of the convalescent, and little Bertha stood on a high chair with the brush smoothing her mother's hair, and it was decided that the restored one might soon ride out for a mile or two, our house was