

Will you deliberately, by your prescription, teach any one woman the habit of drinking?

Do you think it right to prescribe what you believe may relieve the present malady, but is very likely to produce a far worse disease, even the liking for, and, by and-by, the craving for strong drink?

Have you any right—if I venture to ask you so strong a question—have you any right to lead the women who entrust their health to your care, out upon the slippery path down which so many have gone, and are going into disgrace, and shame, and death?

You know, as I do, that the woman who takes stimulants, to relieve "a sinking," is walking into a quicksand in which she may soon sink overhead.

I earnestly beg you to study the other remedies which may answer the purpose of alcohol, with no such dreadful risks; and to prescribe such instead; thus doing away, in your own case at least, the reproach justly cast upon your profession.

A physician lately said to me, "We are more blamed in this matter than we deserve. Women come to me at the hospital and ask 'Please, sir, may I take a glass of beer?' I see no especial reason for discontinuing it, and I reply, 'Yes, you may.' And they go straightway to their charitable friends and beg money to buy the beer, and the porter, which, they say, the doctor has ordered them to take!"

No doubt this is often done, but there is an easy remedy. When asked such a question, reply, "No! drink no beer, nor porter, nor spirits, they are sure to do you harm, in one way or another. Drink water; noting purifies the blood like water. Take cocoa, coffee, or tea if you like, but for health and strength drink cold water."

Had this always been the advice given to women when sick, hundreds and thousands now dying of drink, denouncing the doctor who brought them to such a fearful death, would be living—healthy, happy, and respectable.

When shall we cease to hear the despairing cry, It was the doctor who first taught me to drink, and now I cannot resist the thirst; I must die a drunkard!

And here there lies in the background another responsibility. It is pretty well proved that children inherit the tastes and tendencies of their parents, as well as their constitutions and diseases. Idiocy, madness, and that still more terrible disease the craving for stimulants, will be the frightful inheritance which these unhappy women must bequeath to their children.

Shall this be so? It is for you, our medical men, to reply. It is you who possess the greatest power to reply. It is you who possess the greatest power to influence in matters of health and diet. It lies in your power to decide the fate of thousands of the women of England.—*Helena Richardson, in League Journal.*

Sunny Rooms.—Every woman is wise enough and careful enough to secure for her house-plants every bit of available sunshine during the cold winter months. Great care is taken to get a southern exposure for them. Indeed, if one can secure no other than a north window for her plants she has too much love for these unconscious inanimate things to keep them at all. She would rather leave them out in the cold to die outright than linger out a martyr existence in the shade. Folks need sunshine quite as much as plants do. Men and women who have a fair degree of strength and use of their legs can get out into the world and get a glimpse of the sunshine now and then, and if they choose to do so let them live in rooms with only a northern aspect; but, if it is possible, let us secure rooms into which every ray of sunshine that falls in winter may enter, for the little babies who are shut up in the house, invalids who cannot leave their rooms, and aged people who are too infirm to get out doors. Let us reflect for a moment that these classes of persons, if kept in rooms with only north windows, will suffer just as much from the absence of sunshine as green-growing plants would do in the same rooms, and their sufferings is of account in proportion as a human being is better than a geranium or a fuschia. Everybody knows how a bright, sunny day in winter gladdens every one who is situated so as to enjoy it. Let us make some sacrifices if need be, in order to give the feeble ones their measure of sunshine.

The Memory of Old People.—The extraordinary persistence of early impressions, when the mind seems almost to have ceased to register new ones, is in remarkable accordance with the law of nutrition. It is a physiological fact that decline essentially consists in the diminution of the formative activity of the organism. Now it is when the brain is growing that a definite direction can be most strongly and persistently given to its structure. Thus the habits of thought come to be formed, and those nerve tracks laid down which (as the physiologist believes) constitutes the mechanism of association

by the time the brain has reached its maturity; and the nutrition of the organ continues to keep up the same mechanism in accordance with the demands on its activity, so long as it is being called into use. Further, during the entire period of vigorous manhood, the brain, like the muscles, may be taking on some additional growth, either as a whole or in special parts; new tissue being developed and kept up by the nutritive process, in accordance with the modes of action to which the organ is trained. And in this manner a store of "impressions" or traces is accumulated, which may be brought within the sphere of consciousness, whenever the right suggesting strings are touched. But as the nutritive activity diminishes, the "waste" becomes more active than the renovation; and it would seem that while (to use a commercial analogy) "the old established houses" keep their ground, those later firms whose basis is less secure are the first to crumble away—the nutritive activity, which yet suffices to maintain the original structure not being capable of keeping the subsequent additions to it in working order. This earlier degeneration of the later formed structures is a general fact perfectly familiar to the physiologist.

A Chemical Analysis of Tears.—Modern men of science respect nothing. Nothing is sacred in their eyes. We might perhaps forgive the vivisector who flays a live animal, in order to ascertain at what rate pain travels from any given portion of a nerve to the centre of sensation: but we cannot pardon those unfeeling scientists who are ruthlessly unpoetising those portions of the human body which form the principal part of the stock-in-trade of the novelist and poet. The unimaginative wretches assure us that the heart is merely a pump, and add that when we sing of hearts of oak, we are merely enthusiastic about wooden pumps; to fold the beloved to our heart is simply to press her against a pump, and to say of a milkman that he is warm-hearted, is only to affirm that his pump is never frozen. Till now, however, those expressive and eloquent messengers of the heart—tears, had escaped the profanation of the men of science. A continental savant has at length dared to make a chemical analysis of those beautiful poetical machines. A tear, says science, is merely a chemical combination of oxygen, hydrogen, azote, &c., so that when we say "the charming creature's face was bedewed with tears" we really mean that her visage was moistened by a solution of oxygen, hydrogen, azote, and other chemical bodies too numerous to mention. The savant above mentioned, to be certain that his experiment was performed on a genuine tear, obtained one from the eye of a brother savant. To make a man of science weep may seem an impossibility; but our ingenious savant did so by telling his brother savant that a rival of his had been elected a member of a learned society to which he was ambitious of belonging. The ruse was most successful and the genuine tear at once obtained. It is to be hoped that some learned society will give this pitiless analyser a mission to the Nile, to study the tears of a crocodile, and that the monster will swallow him. It will not be too severe a punishment for his attempt to lessen the little poetry that still remains in life.

Book Received.

—*Wide Awake* for April gives three graceful contributions to Easter literature, "The Easter Festival," by J. Newton Perkins, "A Love Lesson," by Mrs. Burten with an exquisite illustration, and "A Story Retold," a poem by Miss Poullson with two faintly pictures. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes one of her finest poems, "At the Party," finely illustrated by Miss Humphrey. Miss Farman has a funny piece of verse entitled "Mamma's Spring Story," accompanied by a lovely *morceau* of a picture.

The long stories of the number are evidently designed to captivate the boys, being "The First Hunt," by J. H. Woodbury, and "That Night at Lower Eddy," by G. M. S. Horton of the *N. Y. Tribune*. "Little Spriggins' Brother" will delight the smaller boys, and also their little sisters. "Quinebasset Girls," the serial by Sophie May deepens in interest, and "Good for Noting Polly, the hero of Miss Farman's, serial, never so interesting as now, promises to the disappointment of thousands of readers, old and young, to close his adventures in the next number. The "Fourth Adventure of Miltiades Peterkin Paul" in which he loses his dinner, is capital. Mrs. Helen Tracy Myers gives a valuable paper relative to "Sweeping the Carpet," which we commend to all house-keepers.

But the chief feature, to the little boys and girls all over the country, subscribers and non-subscribers to *WIDE AWAKE*, is the article entitled "The Society of Wide Awake Helpers." This Society arranged the Boston Dolls' Fair last season, and in this article their work for 1877, is laid out, with rules and prize-list.

Only \$2.00 per annum. Ella Farman, Editor, D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.