

*MORBUS SABBATICUS.*

There is a fearful disease which is prevalent among a great many Church members and in order that they may recognize its presence and its danger, we give the following description from an exchange.

Morbus Sabbaticus, or Sunday sickness, a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and awakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take a walk, talk about politics, and read the Sunday papers; he eat a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well, and wakes up Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. The peculiar features are as follows:

1. It always attacks members of the Church.
2. It never makes its appearance except on Sunday.
3. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite.
4. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours.
5. It generally attacks the head of the family.
6. No physician is ever called.
7. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul.

8. No remedy is known for it except prayer.

9. Religion is the only antidote.

10. This disease is often called "Systematic Lying," but its true name is "Morbus Sabbaticus" or Sunday sickness.

11. It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to the devil.

—Selected.

A Calcutta correspondent of the *Guardian* relates the following anecdote about the Armenian Archbishop of Cilicia, who has been on a visit to Calcutta: He was calling at the house of one of the English clergy when he was much struck by a bright-eyed boy offive—the clergyman's son. He asked the boy's name, and when the answer: "Basil," came, the Bishop was very much pleased—as all those who know the charm the name Basil has to the Eastern Christians will readily understand. The next question was: "And what do you wish to be when you get to be a man?" Again the answer came: "A bishop." This astonished the Archbishop still more, and he then told a story of a little boy who said he wished to be a bishop, and who at the time of his giving expression to the wish, was blessed by a bishop, and that boy when he grew up really did attain to the episcopal office. The Archbishop then called Basil and blessed him in Armenian, using his pectoral cross, and after putting a gold cross round the little boy's neck, he kissed him and playfully said, "Now you must be a bishop."

The woman who talks about her neighbors is no worse than the one who listens.