

the tomb. Its infancy is weakness, its maturity is frailty, its old age is disease. It is born in suffering, it lives by struggle, and is buried in sorrow and tears. Who can voluntarily add to its frailty or hasten its decay, augment its sufferings or embitter its sorrows, and be criminally guiltless? But what of frailty and disease, pain and sorrow, blight and premature death may be inflicted upon a single generation, by no means measures the crime against the race! for race embraces our humanity for all time, and what of evil it embodies overleaps the graves of the generations, and perpetually renewed curses forevermore.

3rd. It is a crime against God.

Think how marvellously He has made us, and wondrously endowed us, even in the likeness of His own image, and with gifts little less than angel gifts; and how He has bound the realms of the earth and the sky under tribute, and marshalled their elements and their forces for our perpetual recuperation and renewal. Mark, too, for what mission He has stamped our powers, and with what a destiny!

Now think you that He, the Designer and Creator, feels no wrong, no criminal loss at the wilful distortion of our comely and healthful proportions, the despoilment of our health and vigour, the exhaustion of our capabilities to do in answer to our great mission, and to enjoy in answer to our great destiny?

Oh, be not deceived, He is criminally wronged, but wronged infinitely less when we contaminate and curse ourselves than when we contaminate and curse the race.

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A Plea for a Popular Medical Science.

BY T. P. WILSON, M. D., CLEVELAND.

SOME months since, we attended a public lecture and found the hall crowded to suffocation with an audience who had come out to hear a man speak who had been so fool-hardy as to spend two long winters at the north pole, bound in by snow and ice. There sat the people entranced to hear about icebergs and flocs and frosts, loud to applaud every little act of an Esquimaux dog or a polar bear. And when we noticed the wrapped attention of the people, and the tireless audience they gave to the words of the speaker, we could not help feeling a touch of sadness. We remember also to have seen the body