

Health Department.

Concerning Sanitary Science.

"One of the marked changes of our time is the altered position of the physician in the community. The traditional duty of the doctor was to cure disease, and disease was supposed to be a sort of malignant entity which had gotten into the system, and could be expelled only by the most energetic and heroic remedies. Physicians were said to belong to the medical profession, as the chief business of the doctor was to prescribe medicines, which are mostly drugs; while Voltaire wittily summarized the work of the physician as an attempt to work a miracle by reconciling intemperance and health. A half century has altered the whole scope of medical study. Sanitary science profoundly affects medical theories; and the upshot of it all is that the old faith in drugs and medicines of all kinds is fast dissolving. People are everywhere learning that sunlight, pure air, good food, proper dress, regular habits, plenty of sleep,—in short, right living, is a million times better than all the medicines the world.

"The great physicians of our time are vastly more interested in sanitary science and hygiene than in therapeutics. They are studying anew the questions pertaining to life. They are investigating the conditions of perfect physical existence. They are giving lectures and writing books on the great art of keeping well, of developing physical force, of building up a perfect body. The questions of drainage and ventilation, of the nutritive values of the different kinds of food, and the proper methods of cooking, of artificial exercise, when it is necessary to resort to such expedients, the heating of houses, and the quantity and fashion of clothes that should be worn, are assuming an importance hitherto unknown.

"Everything that relates to the art of living so as to avoid sickness and pain, and to maintain the highest degree of power and enjoyment, is invested with new importance. The physician is no longer 'a medicine man'; we send for him when ill, it is true, and value his curative services as highly as ever; but we would pay him a double fee to keep us well. He is a member of health police, whose function it is to keep people from getting sick, and hold a disease at bay. And instead of killing a doctor when a patient dies, after the manner of the Emperor of China, the skill and proficiency of the physician of the future are determined by his success in keeping his patients strong and well; and should they fall ill, he may be dismissed for a better one."

Care and Management of Children.

Only those who watch infants, with intelligent discrimination know how often they suffer from fever. With this fever comes thirst. What does the mother put into that little dry mouth? Often nothing but milk! When we adults have fever do we find that milk relieves the thirst? Does it not rather increase it? Be assured, it is the same with the baby. With the slightest symptoms of fever, cold water administered with a teaspoon is the prescription of wisdom and mercy.

Mothers, do you know that when your babies are feverish, restless, and sleepless, you have at hand the means to give them relief and refreshing sleep? I do not mean opiate, for in the end they add to the fever. I refer to the warm bath. For babies it is a blessed institution. Better than all medicines, it will impart relief and restoration to the feverish and restless little folks. The warm bath is not appreciated. In addition to its charming effect upon the general conditions to which I have alluded, it is well to add, there is scarcely a local trouble of a temporary nature, as, for example, pain in the stomach or bowels, which will not give way upon immersing the body in the warm bath. The degree of temperature may be determined by the urgency of the symptoms. The greater the suffering the warmer should be the water, especially, if the patient be one of strong constitution. When the little sufferer becomes quiet or the skin moist, it should be taken out, rubbed with soft, warm towels, and wrapped in a fresh warm blanket.

During the last five years of my professional management of the sick, I was in the habit of constantly resorting to the warm bath as above advised and always with the most satisfactory results. No other simple means in the treatment of sick children can

be compared with it. Intestining, the brain irritation and bowel affections are more relieved by a judicious use of the warm bath than by all other means.

The Cure of Asthma.

In a recent communication to the *Medical Record*, Dr. Richard B. Faulkner says: "I understand by the term asthma, the condition of spasm of the bronchial tubes of both lungs, with hyperemia approaching or amounting to inflammation, accompanied by rales upon both inspiration and expiration, with great difficulty breathing, and the term is applied to the paroxysm alone, which returns at regular or irregular periods. Disturbance of function or disease of structure of the pneumogastric nerve is always present.

To cure the paroxysms I originated a method of treatment nearly five years ago; and repeated observation has confirmed its great utility. When called to a case of asthma, with a camel's-hair brush I make a streak of Churchill's iodine over each pneumogastric nerve in its course in the neck, from the upper part of the thyroid cartilage to the upper borders of the clavicles. By counter-irritation thus applied, the capricious and abnormal exercise of nerve-force by the pulmonary filaments is controlled, and bronchial spasm promptly relinquished. Such is my original method—simple, certain, quick. Churchill's tincture is the best counter-irritant, because, first, it is convenient; second, its action is easily controlled; third, it does the work. To permanently cure the paroxysms, it is usually necessary to remove the underlying morbid condition upon which they depend or are associated.

Moral Necessity of Health.

Life is devoted to the pursuit of happiness; and to this, health is obviously indispensable. Usefulness is so essential to happiness that all good and enlightened men teach that the most useful life is the happiest; and health is also obviously indispensable to the greatest usefulness. Morality is essential to usefulness; and while morality evidently promotes health, it is equally true, though unfortunately not so evident, that health promotes morality; for the laws of health are the laws of nature's God, and obedience to those laws is necessarily good morals, and such treatment of the body as will in no wise diminish the fullness or vigor of its vitality; that is, the capacity for usefulness is demanded by the highest morality. Health and morality are, then, to a great extent interdependent, each one promoting the other. Knowledge, as well as morality, is essential to usefulness. How dependent knowledge is upon health is made sufficiently obvious by the fact that however great a man's knowledge may be, he, if sickly, is less useful and happy than is an ignorant man who is healthy. Thus it seems that knowledge, and morality, and usefulness, and happiness the four great objects of life—are all dependent on health.

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Speak well and little if you wish to be considered as possessing merit.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

A gloomy Christian is like a cloud before the rainbow was vouchsafed.

The borrowing friend is an enemy to whom no quarter should be shown.

The highway of the upright is to depart from evil; he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul.

There are two classes who do not bear prosperity—one of them being those who do not get a chance to bear it.

The more we do for God, the more we are indebted to him; for our sufficiency is of him and not of ourselves.

The rose wept for a gift and the Lord gave it thorns; the rose wept until it saw the antelope eating lilacs.

Envy feeds upon the living; after death it ceases; then every man's well-earned honors defend him against calumny.

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.

Not by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and permeated with air of Heaven—with manifest womanliest enduring love—can the vision be clear.

The Poet's Corner.

Youth.

(ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.)

There is every reason to believe that the following charming little poem of Robert Burns has never until now been printed. His death in "the morn of life" gives a melancholy personal significance to the last two lines:

Youth is the vision of a morn,
That flies the coming day;
It is the blossom on the thorn
Which wild winds sweep away:

It is the image of the sky,
In gassy waters seen,
When not a cloud appears to fly
Across the blue serene

But, when the waves begin to roar
And lift their foaming head,
The morning stars appear no more
And all the heaven is fled.

'Tis fleeting as the racing rays
Of bright electric fire
That flash about with sudden blaze
And in that blaze expire.

It is the morning's gentle gale
That, as it swiftly blows,
Scarcely seems to sigh across the vale,
Or bend the blushing rose.

But soon the gathering tempests roar
And all the sky deform:
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar,
The high and angry storm.

For care, and sorrow's morbid gloom,
And heart-corroding strife,
And weakness, pointing to the tomb,
Await the bloom of life.

April.

BY L. A. PAUL.

April has made her grand debut,
Dressed in her own sweet fashion
(To tell the truth—twixt rue and you—
Dress is her ruling passion)
And now she comes with winning smiles,
And all her countenance glances,
And flunts her most bewitching style
Into our wishful faces.

Nomatter what "old fogies" say—
Who always understate her,
And talk about so much display—
All like to imitate her.
She has such sweet, coquettish ways:
Smiles, tears, and shy caresses;
And even the fogies must praise
The fau dees way she dresses.

A rare new toilet for each day—
And one extremely pretty—
Admired alike by grave or gay
For country or the city:
Grass green, with yellow polka dots
Profusely sprinkled over;
But later she will change the spots
For blossoms of red clover!

She says that green will be the rage,
And lead the present season;
(I hardly think I'll take a sage
To understand the reason)
I passed her in a yellow, full-dressed—
And heard her softly humming:
"I always like to look my best—
And green is so becoming!"

Her later dresses—not yet shown—
Will call for untold praises.
The same green ground—but thickly strewn
With buttercups and daisies!
Her robes are trimmed with trailing vines,
And some with ferns and grasses;
While the sweet scent of cypripates
Will greet you as she passes.

Her ornaments are pearls—in flowers—
She spares not bud or blossom;
For all the rarest, sweetest flowers
Are clustered on her bosom.
'Tis the wild, capricious of
Is bound to her "leader!"
And really I think myself
That none can surpass her.

A True Story.

The moments were stealing and slipping by,
With laughter, and fun, and glee;
The children were merry and so was I—
A happy circle of three.

"Oh, look!" cried Mabel, as a sudden turn
Brought the fading fire to view,
"Let's watch the coals as they slowly burn,
And tell us a story true!"

We knelt on the rug before the blaze
That flickered, and rose, and fell,
"Long years ago, in the old, old days,"
"I remember," I've heard them tell
Of a maid who was courted by lovers twain,
The first he was rich and old,
But his vows and pledges were all in vain,
She hated his yellow gold.

The other was noble, and brave and young,
And loved her with passion true,
"You'll run, if you hark to his flattering tongue?"
Cried friends when the truth they knew,
But she loved him well, though his purse was
light,
And married him firm and fast;
I pause a moment for out in the night
A step that I know came past.

"And oh, did she ever repent or rue
Her choice till the day she died?"
In the open door stood a form we know,

"Ask papa?" I gayly cried,
They shouted, and I, hush, and guessed the
truth,
And learned a lesson as well,
That love is the holiest crown of youth—
A blooming no tongue can tell!

The Points of a Good Editor

A man who runs a paper
Should know every human caper
And hold up the torch of knowledge like a
gleaming midnight taper.

He should be profound as P a o
Plant as a bonod potato,
And as humble to his patrons as a street and
crossing scraper.

He should be poor in his journal
Every captain, crank and colonel
And dish up their proud achievements in a
hodge podge cooked diurnal.

He should puff—the hardened liar—
Clubs and concerts, church and choir
With long affective sonorous—sacred seraphic
and stupend!

He must write the funny column
That makes all its readers solemn,
With the fashions, trills and flounces, farbel-wa
and—what d'ye call—em?

Quell the copy fiend's wild revel,
Squash and massacre the devil
And put on a bray of thunder that shall
potify and appal'em.

He must be a news reflector
Of the by-cum and lecturer
And rain down his stiff torments on the veteran
milk inspector.

He must be a prompt adviser
Of each foreign king and kaiser,
And keep out his key hole telescope to dodge
the bill collector.

An Incident.

BY CHARLES K. DOLTON.

I.
Three men talked gaily on a west-bound train—
And laughing, now and then became profane.

II.
A little girl near by could hear them swear,
And blushed until her face was doubly fair.

III.
Then, rising from her seat, she softly went
To him who seemed the most reverent.

IV.
And placed her pocket Bible in his hand;
The strong man colored at her reprimand.

V.
He ceased to talk, and scanned each field and
scar,
Until they halted, when he left the car.

VI.
But soon he came with roses white and red,
And giving, kissed her, as he bowed and said:

VII.
"Good-bye, my child; I'll keep the book you
give,
And read its pages long as I may live."

Canada.

Written by a pupil of the Wellesley street
school, Toronto, and sent to the Colonial Ex-
hibition as part of the school work:

Say, can you find a heaven so blue,
Or headlands so bold and high,
Or pine-forests so dark and grand
As wave 'gainst Canada's sky?
Can ye find in other lands
Prairies so wide and vast
Or snow so pure and white, and deep,
As 'er Canada's hills is cast?

Oh, can ye find a summer so gay
As 'er Canada's Caesars' plains,
Or can ye discover dyes so bright
As the sun on foliage stains?
Do such catenacs, ash, and foam, and splash,
With such musical roar
Have other countries such beautiful 'akes
Into which mighty rivers pour?

Old England's martial glory
Echoes down thro' the far-off years
And each heart leaps up as the sto
Of her many triumphs
We're proud, we're p—our M—erland,
But Canada, ay, we—
The dearest to her ow—sons,
Ever loyal, brave, and reo.

Old England's sea—she is strong,
And England's cliffs are high,
And England's seas are bound to ours
By many a tender tie;
But still our own fair country
Will hold our hearts secure,
And our very love for Canada
"Takes us love England more.

May God bless our two great lands
That he hath joined in one,
And may he give prosperity
Through all the years to come,
And so together, we will be
One nation, on either side the sea,
In thought, and hope, and liberty,
Strong in the strength of unity.

L. M. H.