

not anger very catching? What epidemic worse or wider than retaliation and revenge, setting individuals by the ears, and wrapping nations in flames? If aught in the mind can resist this inclination to speak or strike back, it proves vigor of constitution and is a mind-cure, by dint and reason of which we are well. It is a body-cure, too. There is no passion, unrestrained, of which men have not died, as John Hunter died at St. George's hospital in England, of anger, and as many have died of unbridled joy.

Why, then, thirdly, should not the cure of sickness run parallel with its continuance and cause? Disorder is inherited. It has been said, we all die of the disease we are born with—barring accidents by the way. But, though theological liberals like not this orthodox doctrine, sin is inherited, too. Ezekiel protests against the proverb that the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. Nevertheless it is true.

For example of this communication or transmission, take the illustration of fear. What a heaven, or, rather, lightning, it is! When we consider it in the ecclesiastical domain, mankind seems to have been but a great, frightened child. But what an illness or infirmity of body and mind it is to shiver! and what a frequent beginning of actual disease! If I quake, said Emerson, what matter what I quake at? We do not count it wrong, especially in a woman, to be timid and afraid; but is it right or well? Courage is a virtue as well as joy. Terror is not only a wretchedness, but a disgrace, exposure and invitation to harm. You will be likely to have what you dread. You have it, you suffer from it already! What you rehearse you will enact. This is the short-hand history of disease, misery and crime. Perfect love casteth out fear; and is it not a defect, dishonor and iniquity to be destitute of perfect love? Bonaparte, in his better days, when the star he had rose in triumph and had not set in blood selfishly shed, was brave—as at Arcola and Lodi;

thought the bullet was not run and moulded he should be hit by, though cannon balls ploughed the earth into powder at his side; felt no alarm for himself from the plague in Egypt, and fortified his soldiers against it with that brave deportment of his own. To what but panic is due the large destruction of life in buildings falling or on fire, in battles like that of Bull Run, and in wrecks at sea? We must be of good heart to be secure. At a riot the anti-slavery lady appealed to the leader of the mob to be her escort. He accepted the office, admiring her pluck, and forsaking his ferocious mates. Said Aaron Burr to the sick and whimpering woman: "If you must die, at least die game!" The savage curs would have bitten me had I fled, instead of turning to appeal to the better angel that is in the nature even of a dog. Confidence in God, and courage, are synonyms. I have seen one die, and neither have nor give any idea save of going to sleep. Displace images of terror with pictures of hope, and you will heal. Bad physicians express unfavorable judgments of a case. For a doctor to pronounce, is to execute sentence—to kill, and not to cure. How much harm a religion of alarm is responsible for, in body and soul, as if the universe were a sinking ship!

Had I, said an atheistic man, the making of the world, I would improve it by causing health to be as contagious as disease. This new Alfonso of Castile ought to know that health is as contagious as disease. We bless those who never sat at our board; we curse those to whom we never opened our lips. The doctors do not a tithe of the healing, and have no antidote for the worst complaints. The physician who was called to Lady Macbeth could not minister to a mind diseased. He said therein the patient must minister to himself. Lady Macbeth's murder—as murder always is—was suicide, too. Shylock, after Portia's decree, wanted to go, saying: I am not well. How many have been sick of a thought or of a certain company or single companion!