

forms the analecta is mine in the gathering and in the arrangement thereof, for I must admit I am a "poacher in obscure volumes." I commence (Incipiam):—To him, to them, whom lust sexual has their life worth destroyed the pathology of the great English dramatist is applicable: "The life of all his blood is touched corruptibly; and even his own pure brain, which some have vainly supposed was the soul's frail dwelling place, doth by the idle comments it makes foretell the ending of mortality."

More than 2,000 years ago Epicharmus said "soberness and constant doubt, these are the marrow and bone of the mind," especially among and by members of our profession, for they point to *via recta ad vitam longam*. As regards our work, Dr. Garth, a contemporary of Dryden, tells us a part of it, and names a few restless ferments with which we contend in practice. Febris is first: The hag, relentless, hears the virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears. In her parched eyeballs fiery meteors reign; and restless ferments revel in each vein. Then hydrops next appears amongst the throng; bloated and big, she slowly sails along. But, like a miser, in excess she's poor; and pines for thirst amidst her watery store. Whilst meagre phthisis gives a silent blow; her strokes are sure; but her advance slow. No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults are shown; she starves the fortress first, then takes the town."

Paracelsus tells us "the body has been given us without venom, and whatever makes a man sick is the venom that gets into his nature from outside." If so, herein are studies worth one's best energies. As regards sexual disorders herein named it becomes us, our brothers' keepers, "to write the vision (of our research) and make it plain upon tables that he may run who, as Habakkuk says, readeth it." Woman, it has been said, is the thermometer of humanity. She rises with the moral standard of the male and falls as his standard falls, and wherever prostitution is rife the moral tone of men is low. In Atharva Veda (Sanserit), a writer in *London Lancet* discovers that a very good imitation of modern surgery was practised in India in the third century B.C. The great Indian surgical and medical authority of that period was Sushurta. He had what many of us regard as sound views on medical politics, and his ethics were the highest, for he says: "A physician experienced in his art, but deficient in his knowledge of the science of medicine, is condemned by all good men as a quack, and deserves capital punishment at the hands of the King." Again, he says, "the patient who may mistrust his own parents, sons