

pathetic cheerfulness or sympathetic gloom. They have, I know, their successes and their commercial value, and may be of such skillful make as to deceive for a time even clever women, which is saying a great deal for the manufacturer. Then comes the rarer man who is naturally tender in his contact with the sick, and who is by good fortune full of educated tact. He has the dramatic quality of instinctive sympathy, and, above all, knows how to control it. If he has directness of character too, although he may make mistakes (as who does not?), he will be, on the whole, the best adviser for the sick, and the completeness of his values will depend upon mental qualities which he may or may not possess in large amount.

"But over and above all this there is, as I have urged, some mystery in the way in which certain men refresh the patient with their presence. I fancy that every doctor who has this power—and sooner or later he is sure to know that he has it—also learns that there are days when he has it not. It is in part a question of his own physical state; at times the virtue has gone out of him.

"I had a rather grim but most able surgeon. He seemed to me to have a degree-certificate ready in his pocket. He came, asked questions, examined me as if I were a machine, and was too absorbed in the *physical me* to think about that *other me* whose tentacula he knocked about without mercy, or without knowledge that tenderness was needed. Our consultant was a physician with acquired manners. He always agreed with what I said, and was what I call aggressively gentle; so that he seemed to me to be ever saying with calm self-approval, 'See how gentle I am.' I am told that with women he was delightfully positive, and I think this may have been true, but he was incapable of being firm with the obstinate. His formulas distressed me, and were many. He was apt to say as he entered my room, 'Well, and how are

we to-day?' And this I hated, because I once knew a sallow undertaker who, in the same fashion, used to associate himself with the corpse, and comfort the living with the phrase, 'We are looking quite natural to-day.'"

WORSHIPPING MEDICINE BOTTLES IN BURMAH.—A good story is told by the *Modern Church*. An eminent lady missionary in Burmah recently gave Dr. A. J. Gordon an instructive but somewhat startling chapter from her experience. In one of her tours, she said, she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a quantity of a famous pain-killer, she went from house to house administering the remedy to the invalids, and left a number of bottles to be used after she had gone. Returning to the village some months after, the missionary was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence: "Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God." Overjoyed at this news, she was conducted to the house of her informant, who, opening a room, showed her the pain-killer bottles solemnly arranged in a row upon the shelf, and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.—*Rural and Colonial Druggist*.

A DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH FOR THE UNITED STATES.—WHY NOT IN CANADA?—Senator Sherman introduced (December 10th) a bill to establish a department of public health under the charge of a medical officer to be appointed from civil life by the President. This department shall obtain from consular officers at foreign ports all information available in regard to the sanitary conditions of such ports and places, and also all information accessible from State and municipal authorities of the sanitary condition of places within the United States. All information gathered to be embodied in the form of a bulletin and transmitted weekly to the marine hospital