

HOW ANIMALS PRACTISE MEDICINE.

M. Delaunay, in a recent communication to the Biological Society, observed that medicine, as practised by animals, is thoroughly empirical, but that the same may be said of that practised by inferior human races, or in other words, by the majority of the human species. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. M. Delaunay maintains that the human race also shows this instinct, and blames medical men for not paying sufficient respect to the likes and dislikes of the patients, which he believes to be a guide that may be depended on. Women are more often hungry than men, and they do not like the same kind of food, nevertheless, in asylums for aged poor, men and women are put on precisely the same regimen. Infants scarcely weaned are given a diet suitable to adults, meat and wine, which they dislike, and which disagree with them. People who like salt vinegar, etc., ought to be allowed to satisfy their tastes. Lorrain always taught that with regard to food, peoples likings are the best guide. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds, and ants. If we turn our attention to the question of reproduction, we shall see that all mammals suckle their young, keep them clean, wean them at the proper time, and educate them; but the maternal instincts are frequently rudimentary in women of civilized nations. In fact, men may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water, and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost his appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass (chicent), which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. When dogs are constipated, they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter with avidity, until they are purged. The same thing is observed in horses. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennae of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth.

A dog on being stung in the muzzle by a viper was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it; the animal recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye; it remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although habitually it kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Cats also, when hurt, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. M. Delaunay cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water. Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold, which M. Delaunay considers to be more certain than any of the other methods. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practised by animals, may, in the interests of psychology, be studied with advantage. He could go even further, and say that veterinary medicine, and perhaps human medicine, could gather from them some useful indications, precisely because they are prompted by instinct, which are efficacious in the preservation or the restoration of health.—*The British Medical Journal*.

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners imply more than mere ceremony—mere attention to established forms. The habitual observance of certain conventional rules and usages does not make a lady or a gentleman. Some degree of formality is necessary in conducting our relations and intercourse one with another, but there must be with it some heart, some genuine love for our kind; otherwise we can neither be the instruments or recipients of enjoyments in the midst of the social circle. To impart or receive pleasure in society there must be at least "the flow of soul," if not the "feast of reason." We may admire this or that person for special accomplishments of manner, style, and conversation; but if these are seen and felt to be merely artificial, not at all involving the affections, we can never love the same. No gifts of mind, nor elegance of person, nor propriety of personal bearing can compensate for the want of heart in company. It is only the heart that can touch and impress the heart. A warm, confiding soul is the element of all enjoyment and pleasure in the social world, and where this is there can be no stiffness, no studied formalism of manner or language. In his intense loathing of empty, heartless forms in society the great bard has not untruthfully said:

"Ceremony
Was devised at first to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
But where is true friendship there needs none."

Good manners originate in good sense and good nature. The one perceives the obligations we owe to society, while the other heartily accords and enforces them. Formed for society by the very conditions of our nature, our interests and happiness in life are necessarily in what we contribute to its aggregate good; hence it is our interest, as it should be, our pleasure, to do all in our power to promote the social well-being of our fellows. No one is independent of society in the matter of his happiness and comfort. All rational enjoyment is contingent on the due observance of the social law of our being, for

"Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out, there only reach their proper use."

Those who shun society or who fail to bear themselves in it with reference to its entertainment and pleasure, do so by default of either good sense or good nature, or both, because they thus cut themselves off from the chief source of human enjoyment, not to speak of the wrong they thereby do to others. The soul that feels the genial touch of nature, the stirring of noble sentiments and feelings within, acts in the social world for the joy and comfort of its fellow souls as well as for its own; hence the true lady or gentleman is always courteous and pleasant, affable and kind. Good sense and good nature both unite to make them so.

"Good manners," says Swift, "is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest people uneasy, is the best bred in company." "Hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life!" exclaims Sterne, "for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty, which begat inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in." Thompson, in speaking of social obligations and the bearing of their observance on our happiness, sums up nearly all the philosophy of life in the following beautiful lines:

"Hail, social life! into thy pleasing bounds
Again I come, to pay the common stock
My share of service and in glad return,
To taste thy comforts, thy protecting joys."

Good manners constitute the most valuable of earthly possessions. All may have them by the cultivation of the affections and none without it.

LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the ivory keys;
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like Love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart! light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why.

PULPIT HUMOURS.

The Drawer has never had so good a metaphor, complete in all its parts, as the following, which is cut from a recent article in a prominent religious newspaper. We feel sure that the metaphor is all right, because the author of it is a Doctor of Divinity. "These seeds of pride are bursting with flame which might lay the foundations of a deluge that would with its fangs envenom my soul."

It was a much less highly cultivated minister who recently made this contribution to eloquence in a sermon on the "Beatitudes." My friends," said the preacher, "before proceeding to unfold our subject it is necessary to give a definition of the word I have just used. Beatitude is composed of two words, 'be' and 'attitude.' Be means to live, to

exist; and when a man lives, when he really lives, he always strikes an attitude. Hence we view," etc.

This is hardly a fair illustration of the value of preaching. A much better one comes from one of the pleasantest cities in Connecticut. A distinguished clergyman in the leading church had one morning finished his sermon, when one of his much-impressed hearers came forward to thank him for it, and this dialogue followed:

"It is fifteen years since I heard you last. In this very place, fifteen years ago, I heard you preach a sermon that I have never forgotten. It did me more good than any sermon I ever heard. It stuck by me, and I have always wanted to thank you for it."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the pleased preacher. "Such evidence of my poor labour is very grateful. I should like to know what sermon it was. Do you remember the text?"

"Well, no, I can't tell what the text was now, but it was the greatest sermon I ever heard. It just lifted me. I never forgot that sermon."

"I should really like to know what sermon it was," replied the clergyman, much interested in so decided a case of the power of the pulpit. "If you cannot recall the text, what was the subject of the sermon?"

"Well, now, doctor, it's gone from me; I forget what the text was, and I can't rake up the subject now; but I tell you it was a great sermon. It did me more good—it was the most powerful discourse I ever heard. I shan't forget it if I live to be eighty."

"But can't you recall anything in it? You excite my curiosity. Can't you give me a clue that will identify it?"

"No, I can't tell what was in it exactly, the subject has slipped out of my mind. I don't know exactly what you said, but it was a magnificent sermon. It did me more good than all the preaching I ever heard. It has just staid by me for fifteen years."

"And you cannot recall a word that will help me to identify it?"

"Well, I can't now bring up what it was about, but I remember how it wound up. You said, 'Theology ain't religion—not by a sight!'—Editor's Drawer, in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

DIVORCES.

Judge Jameson, in his "North American Review" article on "Divorce," makes some statements that should carry weight against the great legalized evil of the day. He does not seem to favour the strict New Testament law, but his generalization from the Chicago suits seems to contain an argument in favour of that law: "In far the greater number of cases, no court, listening to the narratives of the parties, can doubt that had they been held together by an iron bond, making divorce impossible for any cause, they would, at an early stage of their marital differences, have effected a reconciliation; the fatal step of revealing to gossiping friends their real or fancied wrongs would not have been taken, and so their mutual wounds would have healed 'by first intention.'" And again: "It is our firm conviction that, if the truth could be ascertained, at least two-thirds, perhaps four-fifths, of the 714 cases of divorce during the past year either were fraudulent in fact, or with a reasonably conciliatory temper on the part of the couples divorced, and under sufficiently stringent legal conditions were avoidable or preventable." He also adds: "The more uneducated and inconspicuous the married persons, the more numerous are their divorces." From which, we think, two inferences should be drawn: (1) The law should be strict and inexorable, making divorces possible only for New Testament cause; but (2) back of that, and under it, only moral and religious training and elevation can check the evil that is working such domestic and social ruin.—*St. Louis Evangelist*.

A HEBREW THERMOPYLÆ.

The story of this is told in Josephus. Founded by the last of the Maccabees, a century and a half before Christ, Masada had ever been one of the impregnable forts of Judea, where her kings were safe even from Roman invasion. When Jerusalem fell, 70 A.D., before the victorious arms of Titus, an undaunted few of the Jews fled to this stronghold, and under Eleazar, the Galilean, made it their last refuge against Roman rule and oppression, taking with them their wives and children.

But the Roman eagle was not to balked of any part of his prey, and the complete submission of all of Judea alone could satisfy the Caesar. Masada was besieged, and the devoted garrison, after heroic resistance, long protracted against overwhelming numbers, were driven to desperation. Josephus records the terrible appeal made by Eleazar to the remnant of his garrison never to fall alive into the hands of their fell foe, but sooner to sacrifice themselves and escape insult and impiety by a voluntary martyrdom, thus insuring for themselves and those they loved escape from dishonour here, and bliss hereafter.

Inspired by his terrible eloquence, every man and woman there hailed his words. Each man with his own hand slew those dearest to him, and selecting ten by lot to act as executioners, died under their hands without a struggle; then, as a funeral pyre, the last survivor set fire to the palace, and consummated the sacrifice by suicide. On the morning of Easter Day, 73 A.D., the Romans, ignorant of this tragedy, made their final assault, and finding none to oppose them, rushed triumphantly in, with barbaric shouts, to slay and plunder, to rob and ravish. But even those grim war-machines, as hard as the iron of their own corselets, whose humanity was so subordinate to their discipline that even the fiery shower of Pompeii could not drive them from their posts—even these must have stood appalled at the sight that met them in that city of the dead, where they found only the corpses of the men and women who had thus baffled their triumph. From a cistern crept two women, whose hearts had failed them, and from these they learned and handed down to posterity this tale of more than Spartan self-sacrifice, of more than Roman fortitude and patriotism.—*Edwin de Leon, in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*.