

older families—that is, those of the highest mental development—to die out and leave their places to be filled by those who, with perhaps a less highly organized brain, possess lower bodily organs better adapted to the conditions of existence and the maintenance of life.

Among savage races, diseases are supposed to be caused by an evil spirit, and when it is exorcised or driven out of the body the patient recovers; thus, in the beginning of civilization, we find the offices of priest and physician performed by one and the same individual. That this belief is not entirely extinct even among people calling themselves enlightened, is shown by the numerous reported cures at the various shrines and holy places in Europe, to say nothing of that popular and preposterous delusion, the "faith-cure" in our own country. Even now the popular idea of the action of "medicine" is that it drives out, or in some way neutralizes the disease which is causing the patient discomfort or danger. Even the latest discoveries in regard to the microbic origin of certain diseases do not go to the root of the matter, and the truly scientific physician recognizes that health and disease are incidental conditions and phenomena of life. The great mystery of vitality will probably never be solved, but we know that disease is merely an abnormal action of the bodily functions, and that the natural tendency of the vital force is to restore them to the usual conditions. We have also found, by empirical observations, that certain substances, when introduced into the system, produce certain alterations in the action of these functions, and aid Nature in effecting a cure, and on these accumulated facts the whole science of therapeutics rest. Health is the normal condition of life, and existence depends upon the perfect equilibrium of all the vital processes. If this equilibrium is disturbed, disease ensues, and unless Nature can restore the balance, death is the inevitable result. To aid Nature in this work is the task of the physician, and the modern triumphs of medical skill bear a strong and convincing testimony to his success in his noble work. — *Popular Science News*.

DYSPEPSIA AND BAD TEMPER.

According to a personal paragraph going the rounds, Sarah Bernhardt says that whenever she has a fit of it is invariably followed by sickness. Sarah is said to be the only person in the world that has such an experience. While dyspepsia is undoubtedly a factor in causing a bad temper, and frequent and ill-timed expressions of it, it is equally true that loss of temper not only sours the disposition but the stomach. Whether ill-temper precedes the dyspepsia or vice versa is a question. Dyspepsia leads to gout in many cases. A man of gouty habit should guard his temper well. An explosion of irascibility, especially near meal time, may so act on the digestive juices that they are unfit for their work, the food ferments instead of being digested, an attack of dyspepsia follows, and this is followed by an attack of gout, during which, of course, the sufferer has nothing of the mild temper of the turtle dove. It is a fact well known to physiologists that emotion and anger cause baneful chemical changes in the various secretions. Under the influence of violent passion the saliva is poisonous, and babies have been poisoned many times by nursing immediately after their mothers had passed through a storm of anger or emotion. From the standpoint of health, then, people should control their temper. — *Chicago Herald*.

WHY DOCTORS DISBELIEVE IN HYDROPHOBIA.

The disbelief, by doctors, in the real existence of such a fearful disease as hydrophobia, is one of the most curious illustrations of the thoroughly materialistic character of what is called medical science. It is only by repeated cases, occurring under their own observation, and under circumstances which contradict the medical notion that hydrophobia is "a disease of the imagination," that half of the doctors have been forced to abandon that untenable idea. Even now, very many physicians, in the face of the hundreds of cases, refuse to believe in any such disease as hydrophobia as a real disease, existing outside of the sufferer's imagination. The occurrence of the dread symptoms and fatal result in little children, and sometimes in persons who were attacked years after they were bitten, fails to convince such practitioners. They see that post mortem examinations of the victim's body fail to disclose any lesion, any mark on the organ, indicating any morbid change in the exercise of functions, or the texture of organs; so they reject the doctrine in toto that there is such a disease as hydrophobia, and refer it all, as they refer some other hard-to-explain phenomena, to the realm of "imagination" alone. It is one of the many inadequacies of a purely materialistic system, that it fails to comprehend truths and realities in a domain above the gross plane of visible, tangible matter. Yet the greater, real world is invisible to merely physical eyes. — *Hartford Times*.

Many a child has been rendered deaf for life by having its ears boxed. The blow may paralyze the aurial nerve or rupture the drum.

MY WEALTH.

I am not rich in gold or lands,
My home no splendid palace stands,
But with the labor of my hands
I earn my daily bread.
No liveried servants round me wait,
I cannot ride in pomp and state
Among the titled and the great;
A humble path I tread.

And yet, a heritage I hold
I'd not exchange for all their gold,
And sounding names, and wealth untold—
Their houses and their lands.
I have a free and kindly mind
That greed of gold can never bind—
An eye that pride shall never blind
To duty's high demands.

I have a soul with love imbued
For all the human brotherhood,
Confessing ever, "God is good!"
Unwavering faith in Heaven.
A faithful compass by my side,
A chart that still shall be my guide,
When widely o'er the raging tide
My bark is tempest-driven.

I have a lyre that gently flings
Sweet music from its trembling strings,
And stirs the spirit's hidden springs
To kindly melody.
And friendly hands are clasped in mine,
And starry eyes upon me shine,
The while Love's dainty fingers twine
A rosate wreath for mine.

If all that heaven hath granted me,
If all these priceless treasures be
The heritage of poverty,
These treasures vast and sure—
If riches be to care allied,
If baseness walks by fortune's side,
If gold begetteth foolish pride—
Thank God, thank God, I'm poor!
— *Phrenological Journal*.

SCIENTIFIC MOTHERHOOD.

As the slow, patient years pass on, we look less to swift results, and are content to build rather than to fly. Foundation work now takes first rank in our purposes, as it has so long done in the classification of our departments. The Kindergarten reaches out its motherly hands and grasps prevention and education both. Pitiful has been the argument of defeat that has sent temperance women back to the schoolroom, then to the nursery, as the only sure supply of temperance principles. Blessed will this defeat become if it but leads us to the little child as the central figure of our work.

The only royal profession in life is motherhood, and yet in no other are there so many inept members. I expect to see the day when schools for the training of mothers will be the chief corner-stone of a better civilization than the world has ever seen, and when young women will attend these schools more generally than they now flock to the cooking schools that are such a sign of promise in the land, and far more reverently will study their possibilities as co-workers with God in the endowment and training of his human image. But when one thinks of it, every young woman who studies kindergarten is gaining this preparation and if we could be instrumental in introducing a kindergarten course into every girl's school and woman's college in the land, we should practically attain the education of our sex for its highest and holiest vocation.

God hasten the day of a scientific motherhood, that will build into her child before and after birth the attitudes of wholesome appetite! Then will alcoholic drinks gurgle into their normal home, the gutter, instead of bespattering the temple of God, and tobacco will send the smoke of its torment from the bottomless pit where it belongs, rather than from that holy place, the organs of human speech, and the cradle of that heavenly rainbow, a human smile. But we must begin with the babe in arms, for the grown man is "up in arms" at the mere mention of such a revolution. — *Mrs. Frances E. Willard*.

POLITE CHILDREN.

"Thank you, Charlie," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he was requested to bring.

"Thank you, Bridget," said the little fellow, a few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best mannered children I ever saw," said a neighbor. "I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half so much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well-behaved."

"We always try to treat our children politely," was the quiet reply.

This was the whole secret. When I hear parents grumbling about the ill-manners of their children, I

always wish to ask, "Have you always treated them with politeness?"

Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large, are perfect bores inside the home-circle. If a stranger offer the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but who ever remembers to thus reward the little tireless foot that are travelling all day long, up-stairs and down, on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason. The costless use of an "If you please," and "I thank you," now and then, will go far to lighten an otherwise burdensome task. Say to your son, "John, shut that door," and, with a scowl, he will move slowly toward it, and shut it with a bang. The next time say, "John, will you shut the door, please?" and he will hasten with a pleasant smile to do your bidding.

INDUSTRY AT HOME.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain, in making his home not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order. Ye parents who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, cheerful, and happy home.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN IN AMERICA.—Professor F. W. Putnam, the well-known permanent secretary of the American Association, recently made an interesting discovery which furnishes fresh evidence in support of the theory that man in America was contemporaneous with the mammoth. In a communication to the Boston Society of Natural History, Professor Putnam describes a shell found by him in the State of Delaware. Upon a portion of this shell is scratched the rude outline of what without doubt represents a mammoth. The shell was found under peat, and near by were human bones, charcoal, bones of animals, and stone implements.

BAD AIR AND RELIGION.

Many a farmer and house-keeper wonders why it is that they must needs take a nap every Sunday in sermons-time. When the parson gets comfortably into the second or third head of his discourse, and his congregation have settled into the easiest position to listen, gentle sleep begins to steal over their faculties, and the good man is surprised at finding his argument less cogent than it seemed when prepared in the solitude of his study. At home, the busy matron never thinks of eleven o'clock in the morning, and the man of business would consider his sanity or common sense sadly called in question should a friend propose a half hour's nap at that hour of the day. Nevertheless, they both sleep like kittens in their pews, and logic, rhetoric eloquence, are alike wasted in the vain attempt to rouse their sluggish souls. The question of the poet, so often sung in our assemblies,

"My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?"

is exactly in point, and we propose as an answer, because we are all breathing carbonic acid gas—deadly poison: because the sexton didn't let the foul air of last Sunday's congregation out of the doors and windows, and let the fresh, pure air of heaven in.

Look around at the audience, that feverish flush isn't heat, it is poison. The lady nodding over there, her nose and cheeks like a scarlet rose, is not too warm, for the thermometer doesn't stand over 70 degrees; she is partially suffocated, what she wants is fresh air. The hard working mechanic and farmer doesn't sleep because he watched with a sick child last night, but simply for the want of oxygen to keep the flame of intellectual and physical activity brightly burning.

No body can rise on wings of faith in a poisonous atmosphere. Oxygen and religion cannot be separated in this unrighteous manner. We cannot live in conformity to spiritual laws, while in open violation of the physical.

Is your sexton a man of intelligence sufficient to understand the necessity and reason of ample ventilation? Does he know that every human being requires, at the least estimate, four cubic feet of air every minute? Linger when the congregation leaves, and see if he shuts every door and window tight to keep in all the heat till evening service; then see how thin the lamps burn in the vitiated air, how hard the minister tries to raise himself and listeners to the height of some argument, and how stupid they are—nothing but bad air.

Now for the remedy, which costs labor and money, for ventilation is a question of dollars and cents. Set Sunday the sexton should be instructed to open all the doors and windows to let out all the dead air, and let in such as is fresh. It takes no more cost on Sunday morning to heat the church to 70 degrees because of this purification. Sunday noon, let the opening of the church be again thrown wide—warmth and bad air will alike disappear, and though extra coal may