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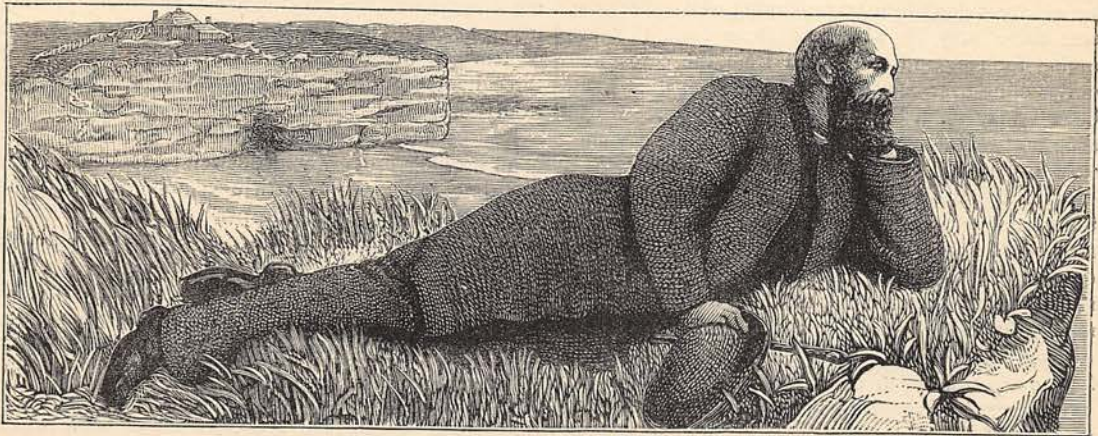
An account of the teaching certificates or diplomas of the College of Preceptors (Associate, Licentiate, and Fellow) has already been given in this Magazine, and it is therefore only necessary to call attention to the fact of their existence, and of their value to teachers in particular.

A word must be given to the degree-certificates of Girton College and Newnham Hall, the two ladies' Colleges at Cambridge. These certificates express a standard of attainment equal to that required to obtain an ordinary pass degree at Cambridge, but they are conferred only on students resident in the College who have kept the requisite number of terms and attended specified courses of lectures. A detailed account of these would, therefore, take up more space than we have at our command ; but we hope to enter

into the subject more fully in another paper on "Colleges for Women." It is obvious that high University distinctions cannot be obtained by women without much preliminary study and hard work, and in "Colleges for Women" we shall propose to give some account of the various institutions in London and throughout the country where education of the most advanced nature may be obtained.

And now having given some account of the highest distinctions open to women, is it necessary to impress upon all those engaged or likely to be engaged in the work of education the paramount importance of obtaining one or other of these degrees or diplomas, which may be to them as a hall-mark of their intellectual training and ability patent to the world? It is no uncommon thing for the head mistress of a large school to obtain in salary and capitation fees from £400 to £800 a year ; but posts like these are only to be obtained by women who have achieved distinction in public examinations such as those we have been considering.

G. W.



REST AS A MEDICINE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



VERY intelligent medical man of the present day recognises the very great value of rest in the treatment of disease. It is not my intention, however, in this paper to enter minutely into the physiology of this great natural restorer, but, as in former articles I have endeavoured to impress upon my readers the benefits to be derived from judicious exercise, so in this I mean to teach, if I can, in a plain way, the advantages derivable from rest—and if they only manage to carry away with them a few hints, they shall not have opened the Maga-

zine in vain. Rest and activity might be aptly compared to two sentinels, who have between them the duty to perform of guarding a camp or fortress. They must take it in turns—when the one goes off, the other comes on. Were Activity to remain too long on duty, the heart would flutter and fail, the brain would reel, and the sentinel drop dead of fatigue. On the other hand, Rest might remain long enough on guard to drop asleep. You see that even rest may be overdone ; it conduces to sloth, and *emui*, and atony of the brain. To my thinking, there is no more miserable man than he who has nothing to do. Were I deprived of my pen, and deprived of the power of doing otherwise the little good I do, if there were no more work for me in this world, then methinks I should indeed be an unhappy

man. On the other hand, put me in prison, and though you feed me but sparely, give me foolscap, ink, and quills, and a daily run in the courtyard, and I think I should manage to rub along.

My old friend, Dr. K—, that erst was professor of medicine in a certain University, laboured hard all his life till nearly sixty years of age, then he said he needed rest and would retire. So, being a wealthy man, he built himself a beautiful house on a breezy cliff-top near the sea, laid out pleasant gardens, and paid attention to every known principle of hygiene. Six months' retirement killed him. He remembered not the lines in Cowper's poem:—

"Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

People who have been long in business of any kind often make the same error as Dr. K—. They think they need complete change and rest, and they seek it as he sought it, and too often find it as he found it—in the grave.

It is the sudden breaking off of all old ties, the uprooting of all old associations, the giving up all at once the customs and habits of years, that works the change for the worse. People should never forget that old trees don't bear transplanting well. But now, some there may be who read these lines, that are longing for rest and retirement from the cares and worries of an over-busy life; and lest from what I say above I may seem to discourage them, here I will relate a parable—I will tell you how I made a young tree out of an old. It was a holly-tree in a hedge, and I wanted a younger brother to fill up a gap alongside of him, so I bent one of his branches downwards, first cutting off the point of it. I had to cut it half through, however, before I could get it low enough to stick in the ground, and there I left it. There was plenty of room in the under part of the branch to supply it with sap from the old root, until the branch got a root of its own, and began to show signs of a new life. I then severed it completely, and behold a young tree made out of an old! Now, ye who contemplate rest and retirement, bear this parable in mind. Do nothing too rashly. Reverse the proverb, "It's best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new." Rather stick, partially at least, to the old life, till you are firmly rooted in the new.

The benefits of rest in aiding the healing process in diseases might be exemplified in a hundred different ways. Indeed, the disease itself is often merely the result of disobedience, often wilful, of the great natural and universal law which ordains that a period of rest must in every case be sequel to one of activity. In the vegetable, as well as in the animal kingdom, this law holds good. Trees and shrubs go to sleep in winter; flowers are generally more tender in their constitutions, and go to rest during the night; while others, again, find it necessary to take a nap, so to speak, during certain hours of the day, and this they do with such regularity that one can pretty correctly tell the time from the opening or closing of their petals. I always look upon a tree as a thing not only of life—that we all know it is—but a thing of feeling. Those

lordly poplars, yonder, for instance, now gently waving their tall arms and their wealth of quivering leaves to and fro in the sunlight, have neither thought nor voluntary motion, but a pleasant sensation of warmth I have not the slightest doubt they possess. If I lop a branch from one of them, pain it cannot feel, but probably, what might be called a vegetable equivalent to pain, a sense of cold on the surface that has been laid bare by the knife. My poplar-trees have been very active during the summer, they are already showing signs of fatigue, by-and-by their leaves will drop in showers, but though bared of foliage they will not feel the winter's cold—they will all be sound asleep.

Yes, and every living thing, everything that creeps or walks, the birds of the air and the fish in the sea, obey the rules that Nature has laid down with regard to rest and activity; and for the most part willingly. Man, however, oftentimes transgresses the law, and just as often suffers for it.

Many people suffer from chronic indigestion, from the mere fact that having first and foremost produced the dyspepsia by overloading the stomach, or by other errors in diet, they give it no rest, they keep on worrying it to get well, the very medicines they keep pouring into it keep up the irritation in probably five cases out of ten. In these cases I am convinced that two or three hours' complete rest to the stomach every day from both meat and medicine would soon induce a healthy hunger. Those who have this organ in good working order would do well to remember that the time when every particle of food has left the stomach is not the time to put more in. An hour's rest, at least, is needed, and if you give it this before each meal it will be a willing servant, and will never think of suggesting the propriety of a sherry and bitters before you sit down to dinner; and remember, a willing servant makes a glad master, and a good-tempered one to boot.

The kidneys are extremely hard-working, and as a rule, healthy organs, but are often out of order when we little wot of it. They are long-suffering organs and are not like the liver or stomach, they don't call out when first hurt. But they too need their periods of rest, and undue stimulation is sometimes productive of the most dire and fatal results. Beer and alcohol might be called direct stimulants to the kidney; abstinence from these in people who have been used to them will often give this organ rest, and time to get over ailments trifling in themselves, but which if not cured might lead slowly onwards to death. "Oh, but I must have my beer," I heard Mr. C— say, last summer—he was suffering from a very slight attack of diabetes. He had his beer and never recovered.

The liver is another organ which often has to complain for want of rest. It is greatly over-stimulated by overloading the stomach with more food than can be easily digested, by irregularity in diet, but above all by the abuse of fermented drinks. These alone are capable of producing illnesses which, if not immediately fatal, make life a burden, a weary chain that the patient has to drag out. Like every other organ

of the body, the liver must have rest, and you can give it that rest by cultivating habits of abstemiousness and temperance; rest, but rest with periods of activity regularly intervening. Some people have naturally sluggish livers, and must take medicine occasionally, such as a blue pill at night and seidlitz in the morning; but for those whose livers are ordinarily pretty active, there is no fillip to the liver equal to a good brisk walk—not a mere saunter along, but a walk that shall quicken the breathing, and cause the diaphragm to gently compress the organ between it and the abdominal viscera.

A liver that does not get regular rest, gets in time changed in structure, to the great detriment of the health of its owner; it is also rendered more liable to diseases of a more active and fatal kind, for the simple reason that it is a weakened organ.

The same may be said about the heart. How many times and oft does the dissector's knife reveal changes of structure in this organ, which regular rest alternating with periods of activity during life might have prevented! Too much hard bodily work, too much athletic exercise, constant worry of mind, grief and care and sorrow, all these act detrimentally upon the heart, and shorten, if they do not speedily take, life. The cure is obvious: avoidance of the cause, if you can, and rest whenever possible. Unrequited love, or loss of the loved one from whatever cause, some will tell you never kills, but I could adduce more than one case to prove it may lead to death. A grief like this is hard to bear; there is but one cure—change of scene and *work*, the work being in this case actual rest for the strained heart.

The brain is frequently the hardest-worked organ in the body, and frequently too it is just the one to which rest is denied. Brain-workers form a very large portion of the community, if we include in the list, as I think we ought to, not only writers, students, and deep thinkers, but business men as well, men in City life, whose minds are on the rack from morning till night, and probably nearly every day all the year round. It is absurd for such as these to think they can keep on for ever, without some regularly recurring periods of rest and relaxation; but some men do think so. They are mad on the point, or strangely obtuse. Others, again, think they can keep on till they are just within a step or two of the inevitable break-up. They may, however, go just a step farther than they intended, and either go out like the snuff of a candle, or walk this earth, till they die, with ruined constitutions. But there is another class of brain-workers who make a far more grave error—namely, those who use stimulants

to increase their brain-power, and get still more work out of themselves. From the ranks of these men lunatic asylums are recruited.

Now, for a case of debility and illness, with lowness of spirits, &c., and the loss of power of looking at everything in the brightest light, there is only one cure, and that is rest. But what kind of rest? Before you can get a brain-worker to give up thinking about the work that has made him ill, you must give him some other employment, and one too that *he will take an interest in*. Every one must choose for himself what that shall be, whether shooting, fishing, or a walking or boating tour. A month of either of these will work wonders; that particular portion of the brain which has been over-worked to weariness and weakness will have rest, and the tissues will be repaired, and at the end of the holiday not only will mental vigour be restored, but the health of the body generally will be vastly improved.

There are cases in which, through the giving way to excesses of various kinds, including intemperance in eating and drinking, the sufferers feel what they often describe as "altogether out of sorts." There isn't, perhaps, an organ in the body that is not crippled more or less, and the mind too seems to partake of a share of the general wreck. Mind you, there may be no real disease in any part of the frame, and still the patient feels as ill as possible. For cases like these I can prescribe nothing better than change of scene, and complete rest of body and mind. This, combined with temperance in eating and drinking, will soon repair the system. But once restored to health, let a complete change in the system and style of living be had recourse to, or the second illness will be infinitely worse than the first.

Tonics of some kinds may be found of great use, in helping to restore relaxed constitutions during the holiday taken immediately before the advent of winter. The mineral acids with bitters, and the tincture of bark, will often be found invaluable, so will the bath. Here is a capital tonic in the form of a bath. Well lather the body thoroughly with soap and hot water, from head to foot, by means of a bathing-glove. Then immediately after take a cold sponge-bath, which should be ready at hand. If real sea-water is at hand, so much the better; if not, the bath should be got ready the night before, by throwing into it two or three good handfuls of the rough sea-salt of the shops. The bath should be taken the very first thing after getting out of bed, and if afterwards a short walk be taken before breakfast, the sense of exhilaration will be very great.

