

"Not at all. Everything is just as I thought."

Then he changed his serious voice to one of banter, and said—

"Can you guess what subject it was that kept my aunt talking so long?"

"I suppose she was so overjoyed at seeing you return to her that she could do nothing else than tell you so again and again. Her love for you is so great."

"But I suspect I have a rival!"

"Your suspicions, sir, are indeed groundless."

"I do not think so. There is a certain little person with modest speech and great talent who has now almost supplanted me."

I did not speak, so he continued.

"My aunt is strange. She likes few people, but those few she loves and she can find no fault in them. When she told me that she had lately found a maiden with a sweet mind, I thought she might speak truly; but when she told me that the lass was pretty, I said to myself love must indeed be blind!"

I was beginning to understand his banter,

and I could scarcely paint, my hand was trembling so.

"But," he continued, not sparing me, "as I issued forth from the darkness of the pines into the sunlit glory of the rose garden, I beheld it inhabited by a fairy in a soft pink gown, with downcast eyes and roses at her bosom. She looked so young and happy with the sunlight in her hair and the wind stirring the—"

"Oh, sir," I said, interrupting him, "do not, I pray, continue in this strain. To laugh at my personal defects is unkind, but I know you cannot speak truly when you praise that which is unworthy of praise."

"There are some flowers crushed and downtrodden that, with care and sunshine, may grow into very goodly blossoms."

"If tenderness and care could turn ugliness to beauty, then should I be all beautiful?" I said, in a burst of gratitude. "Madame your aunt has been so good to me, so utterly so unselfishly good, that I cannot find words to express my feelings. In her presence all darkness and sorrows are forgotten, for every-

thing she does, everything she touches, everything she says, is bright and beautiful. She has shown me how much good in the world a good woman can do, and from my heart I thank her."

He seemed pleased with my gratitude and also a little amused.

"You think then," said he, "that all the favour is on one side."

"Certainly. How could I possibly pay the debt I owe her?"

"By your speech, your manner, your companionship. Are these boons nothing?"

"Companionship," I admitted, "is truly a mighty boon which I would not disappreciate, and sometimes indeed the great and beautiful are content with humble friends. Beethoven's favourite playmate was a spider, and we are told in fairy history of a prince who loved a toad."

My speech was serious, but it made him laugh aloud, and later on, at dinner, he told madame that my pride was perfectly monstrous, for I had likened myself to a spider and a toad all in one breath.

(To be continued.)



RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART I.

THE PASTOR AND THE PHYSICIAN.

THE struggle between theology and science has been long and bitter. Urged with unyielding obstinacy by the partisans of either side, it has exercised the minds of the greatest thinkers of the last three centuries. That a certain amount of harm accrued from the refusal of scientists to accept the dictations of the theologians admits of no doubt; but that more good than harm has resulted is equally certain. Theologians have learnt that they are not infallible in all matters, and scientists have been shown that theory is not synonymous with fact, however probable or conclusive it may appear. They have learnt another lesson: that although their facts and definitions, when clearly proved, do not admit of dispute, they often explain but one face of a many-sided problem, and that science is incapable of explaining everything. Though one of the largest branches of philosophy, it is not the alpha and omega of knowledge.

One cannot help respecting this great controversy. If it has been bitter, it has nevertheless been sincere. But there is one petty off-shoot from it which has not been sincere, which has been simply a question of individual rivalry: I refer to the constant struggle between pastors and physicians in the sick room.

It is terrible to think that often at the last moments of a man's life his spiritual and physical healer cannot agree. And why cannot they agree? There is no necessity for one to yield to the other. There would be ample excuse for their obstinacy if this was required. We only ask them to work in unison where their interests are identical—the well-being of their patient. Yet, for some reason, they cannot agree.

I do not wish to teach either the pastor or

the physician his business, it is only my desire to point out to the general public that the fault is not on one side only, but that both parties are almost equally to blame in this unnecessary controversy.

The shortcomings of the physician at the bedside of a dying man are obvious. He has tried his best and has failed. The patient is sinking under his infirmity, and it is beyond the power of the physician to stem the tide of the rapidly ebbing life of his sick charge. The clergyman has his chief duties at this period. But is the physician to leave the bedside of a patient whose life he cannot hope to save? Most certainly not. It is his duty to remain to the last, to comfort and to relieve the pain and anxiety of his patient. But the physician should remain at the bedside for another reason. He does not know for certain that a malady will be fatal. In the most hopeless cases occasionally—very rarely it is true—when recovery has been pronounced by competent authorities to be impossible, a change for the better occurs and health may be completely restored. It is this fact that affords the great excuse of so many medical men for not rendering due regard to their brother healers the clergy. When a physician attends a sick person whose case is practically hopeless, his whole mind is given up to be in readiness if, by any fortunate chance, a turn for the better should occur in the condition of the patient. There is of course no reason why the physician in such cases should be antagonistic to the clergyman, but many members of the medical profession have an unreasonable objection to any but themselves attending to the sick; and they have been deservedly censured on this account. It is not all physicians that act in this way. I am pleased to say that only a very small minority of the medical faculty behave in this wise.

Sometimes the behaviour of the clergyman

at the sick bed is open to criticism. Again I refer but to a small minority. My experience of religious ministers at the bedside tells me most forcibly that, in most cases, their conduct in the presence of the dying is deserving of the highest praise. But there are some pastors who, often unintentionally, are most irritating to the physician. Some I have met who seem to lose all sense at this critical time. I remember a case in which a clergyman wanted to attend to a woman who was under the influence of chloroform, and who rebuked the surgeon who told him that it was useless to speak to the patient, for she was unconscious. This scene was most unpleasant to witness, and I am happy to say that I know of no parallel in my own experience.

There is one other rebuke, not very serious it is true, that can be given to some clergymen of all denominations, when attending persons who are not dangerously ill—that is advising items of treatment other than those ordered by the physician. I am not going to say that pastors are anything like such great sinners in this respect as most people who visit the sick, but they ought to be especially careful, for their words carry more weight than do those of anyone else. This unqualified advice is injurious to the patient and unfair to the physician. It is most galling to have one's work criticised by another whose advice is worthless.

As you can see the feuds between the medical and spiritual attendants are not very formidable, but to the patient they are exceedingly distressing. The duties of the physician and pastor are in no way antagonistic, and if both do their duty and do not interfere with each other all would run smoothly, and the patient might receive the two greatest blessings that God has given His servants—health of soul and health of body.

(To be continued.)

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the early morning, while the dew was sparkling on every blade of grass and the fresh morning air was keen and cold, Sœur Eustacie went over to the farm.

She met Madame Féraudy on the threshold, just starting with Génie for the Hospice.

One glance at her face was enough.

"It is over?" cried Madame Féraudy.

"Yes, there was no time to fetch you; it came so suddenly and swiftly at the last; no long struggle or suffering. You will see him lying asleep."

"Let us come."

She took Génie's hand and drew it on to her arm. The girl was white as a lily and looked stunned. Sœur Eustacie led them in through the vestibule. The door of the large, sunny, dining-room was open, and they could see the long tables with the snowy linen covered with abundant country fare. The convalescents sat by them in long rows, curly-headed children, wan women, haggard men. All silent and subdued, except one little golden-haired baby which laughed and crowed with the gay ignorance of its babyhood as it played with its toys.

Sœur Eustacie led the way through the house and out at a door. Here there was a little chapel of grey stone, very simple and solemn, and already their darling was lying there.

Génie could not look; trembling violently she hid her face and clung to Sœur Eustacie. The woman who had loved him as mothers love, stood looking down on the beautiful young face in its marble stillness in terrible yearning agony. So noble and pure, dead on the battlefield of life in all the glory of his young manhood.

Presently the *pasteur* came in; he looked white and aged, and the tears streamed down his face.

"Come to my room," he said; "madame and Sœur Eustacie will tell you how it was."

She obeyed in a dull, mechanical manner, only turning back to put her hand on Génie's.

"Come, my child," she said.

Doctor Simon met them. He was a gruff man, and to-day grief made him more abrupt than usual.

"I grieve for our profession," he said.

"We have no one like him. He would have been at the very top of the tree."

Sœur Eustacie gave Madame Féraudy the note she had written last night. She scarcely glanced at it; she gave it to Father Nicholas.

"You will telegraph?" she said, her stern face working.

Then she took Génie home—to soothe her violent weeping and caress and pet her into composure was the only task of which she was capable.

In the afternoon a telegram came from Jean Canière; he would arrive by ten o'clock the following morning. Then Madame Féraudy suddenly remembered the letter André had confided to her care, and hastily fetching it, she put it into Génie's hands.

It was very short.

"DEAR CHILD—As all tell me that I am your guardian, I may dare to address you thus. Jean Canière is a good man. Your own mother would have trusted him even with so precious a treasure as yourself, and I am willing to do so. Be very happy and may God bless you.

"ANDRÉ FÉRAUDY."

The next morning at ten o'clock Jean Canière arrived. Madame Féraudy was out. She had gone to the Hospice to kneel for the last time by the coffin which held what was dearest to her in life, and which at noon that day was to be taken to its last resting-place.

So that Génie was alone when he arrived. When she saw him come in

with his kind face full of sympathy and eager hands stretched out, she flew to him as to a sure refuge and comfort, and as he poured out to her tender words of love and pity, she sobbed in his arms.

She gave him André's little letter and watched him as he read it.

"This shall be our treasured sanction to our marriage, my Génie," he said earnestly.

"But, Jean, you do not mind? I loved him so."

He looked up generously.

"Mind, my Génie! No; such love is an honour. We will both love and cherish his memory as we love the saints of God in heaven. I think, dear one, from his letter, that he would have rejoiced had he known that his little Génie would be safe with me when his rest was won."

* * * * *

After awhile they left the flower-strewn grave in Normandy and went back to Féraudy, and when some weeks had passed Génie and Jean Canière were quietly married.

But all felt when the time of separation came that they could not leave Madame Féraudy alone. A joint household was established which, as time went on, ended in Madame Canière taking up her abode altogether at the Maison Féraudy, while the young people spent all the time they could spare from Jean's professional engagements in Paris with them. They formed one family happy and united.

Once a year, while strength and health remained to her, Madame Féraudy spent a few days at the Hospice, and when there she saw with tenderness how the children who yearly owed their restoration to health to its hospitality, were taught to strew with flowers the green mound and low grey stone cross which marked the last resting-place of Doctor André.

[THE END.]



RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART II.

THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND MEDICINE IN THE PAST.

THE art of healing the sick has occupied a prominent position among all nations, and, moreover, it has been more or less related to the various religious beliefs of the races that have passed away. In the early days of our history, medicine was practised by the head of the family. Later by the chief of the tribe or "patriarch." This in time gave way to a

regular profession of "medicine-men" who combined the practice of medicine with sorcery and witchcraft, such as is still practised by the uncivilised races of to-day. Such medicine as was practised by the patriarchs was undoubtedly of a rude and simple kind, yet one cannot help thinking that it must have produced great results, else medicine would not have risen to the high position that it has occupied from the earliest ages.

I wish we knew what was the state of the sciences in these early times. Had Abraham

knowledge of drugs that are unknown to us? It seems extremely probable that he had. Yet on the other hand it is improbable, for it is unlikely that a drug which possessed great power would be forgotten. Rather would the knowledge of its name and characters be cherished and handed down from one generation to another and so eventually be known to those whose duty it was to attend the sick throughout the world.

As the practice of medicine has been from time immemorial confined to certain families,

the discoveries of one "medicine-man" would be told in confidence to his son, who again would keep the secret from all save his own flesh and blood. Thus the "medicine-man" eventually obtained a vast store of knowledge from which his fellow-countrymen were debarred. He would consequently be looked upon as something above the ordinary run of men, as a person with almost superhuman power, and would be trusted without reserve. But human nature is weak, and pride and ambition soon work havoc in a soil which is ripe for their mischief. The medicine-man, recognising the superstitious reverence with which he was invested, and knowing the shortcomings of his powers and the unreserved fidelity which the people had in him, turned away from the laborious and unprofitable accumulation of facts and began to practice by deceit what was so irksome by legitimate means. Gradually these early practitioners of medicine added sorcery and quasi-supernatural means to attempt to cure the sick. Thus it gradually came to be thought that the medicine-man was working in connection with evil spirits, and though he was made the chief and high priest of his tribe, it was through fear and not from gratitude that he achieved his position. It being no longer necessary for him to retain the true knowledge handed down through countless generations, that knowledge which had taken centuries of labour and observation to gather, was disregarded and so eventually lost.

In races that had advanced beyond the state of savagery, the practice of medicine was usually confined to the clergy, and so the intimacy between religion and medicine became very close. Down to comparatively recent times the knowledge of the healing art was almost confined to the religious; but I will refer to this later.

At the present day the practice of medicine is vested with the clergy in many parts of the world. The Dervishes of Arabia are both priests and physicians, and indeed, this is the rule in the East. Here, again, medicine is considered as a supernatural gift, but instead of being ascribed to the influence of devils, it is looked upon as a special gift from God. This, indeed, is a great advance.

The Greeks and Romans had physicians much as we have them now. For the first time in history, the records of their labours are written, so that at the present day we know the exact state of the medical sciences at that period. Had they handed down their knowledge by word of mouth, the fruits of their labours would almost for certain have perished, even as the races to which they belonged have died out. The antique physicians and surgeons advanced to a very high point of excellence; in fact, they knew more about the subject than has been known at any time except the latter half of the present century. The names of Hippocrates and Galen, and of many others, stand among the first of medical authors, and what they taught centuries ago, we practise to-day.

In the Middle Ages we meet with two sects of medical men. The first among the clergy, the second among the laity. Most of the knowledge of disease rested with certain orders of monks, and here we get the first examples of medical "specialists," for certain religious orders confined their attention to limited branches of practice. During this period medicine was in a flourishing condition, but as most of the books written at that time have been lost or destroyed, we cannot tell the exact state of the sciences at that period.

But besides the monks, there were members of the laity who carried on the practice of medicine in the same way as the "medicine men" already alluded to. These, at first few in number, gradually increased as the ages rolled on, and became divided into two distinct parties. One set ascribed their powers to magic, and were called "alchemists," and their science the "black arts." Though their knowledge was in most cases undoubtedly genuine, their methods of practising by secret means was justly punished by the severe treatment they often received from the clergy, who practised openly. This was the beginning of the feud between religion and science.

The second class to which I have alluded was, unfortunately, a very small minority, but many of the names of these medical men (who practised much the same as we do at the present day) will be remembered as long as our civilisation endures.

The period following the Renaissance is one of which those interested in the welfare of medicine would say but little. The science at this time had fallen into a state of degradation far more deplorable than it had ever done before in the whole course of its eventful history. Superstitions and hopeless ignorance had taken the place of true knowledge. Of the extraordinary superstitions of medicine at this date, I may tell you at another time, for they would be out of place here. Here is another cause of contention between religion and science.

Great as was the ignorance at these times, there was nevertheless an element of true learning, at first small, but steadily increasing till, at the beginning of this century, it had swept away the superstitions against which it had for so long contended. Many were the great surgeons and physicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and their names will endure for ever, for from their teaching originated the science of modern medicine. May God prosper its course through the ages to come.

PART III.

CHRIST, THE PHYSICIAN OF THE SOUL AND BODY.

"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (St. Matt. viii. 17).

THE duties of pastor and physician are combined in a most striking manner in the work of our Redeemer. A glance at the New Testament will show the very important part which the cure of the sick maintains during His mission upon earth. These accounts are of especial interest to the physician, and the better he understands them the more does he feel convinced that there exists a close intimacy between theology and medicine.

Most noticeable is the great frequency with which the miraculous cure of the sick is mentioned in the gospels. There are over thirty references to these miracles in the four gospels. Doubtless the immediate cure of a severe malady would make a deep impression on the minds of those who witnessed it, and this may have been one of the reasons why these miracles are so often mentioned. Christ came into the world to redeem us from the curse of the sin of Adam. Disease came into the world by the fall of man, and Christ, by curing disease, typified His complete victory over sin with His death upon the cross.

Before Jesus left the earth He gave His apostles power to continue the work of

healing that He had practised during His own lifetime.

"And when He had called unto Him His twelve disciples, He gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease" (St. Matt. x. 1).

In the first ages of *Christianity the care of the sick* and of the sinner was carried on by the same persons, but in later times, as I have shown before, physicians became separated from the clergy. Yet still do they both carry on the duties entrusted to them by God.

I have heard it urged against my arguments that the apostles cured disease by miraculous intervention, and, therefore, are incomparable with the physicians of to-day, who heal by physical means. But did not the disciples convert sinners by supernatural means? If we look at the clergy of to-day as carrying on the spiritual work of the apostles, must we not also grant that physicians continue the lower, yet very important, mission of curing the sick?

It is held by many at the present day that man ought not attempt to cure disease by his interference, for if it has pleased God so to afflict him he has no right to rebel against the Divine decree. St. Luke was a physician, and yet he was chosen to describe the works of his Divine Master. If the practice of medicine were opposed to the will of God, surely He would not have appointed a physician to such a supreme calling.

I will conclude these remarks by referring to certain points which occur in connection with some of our Lord's miracles, but I will leave the interpretation of them to those who are more capable than myself to express an opinion in such matters.

The first point is the employment by our Divine Lord of physical means. Thus when He cured the blind man.

"And when He had spoken He spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay."

"And said unto him, go wash in the pool of Siloam" (St. John ix. 6, 7).

The second point is that in some cases a condition was imposed upon those soliciting physical cure from Jesus before they were made whole. For instance, when Christ cured the lepers He commanded them, "Go, show yourselves to the High Priest" (St. Luke xvii. 14).

Christ is indeed the type of the true priest and physician, and surely, as He did not find that the duties of the one calling interfered with those of the other, we cannot say that the practice of medicine is contrary to the teaching of Christianity. Let us try to copy this Divine example.

"For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you" (St. John xiii. 15).

Before I finish I wish to call your attention to one other point. How often do we hear people say and really think that disease is a punishment for our sins or for those of our parents. Christ Himself, when curing the man who was born blind, refutes this untrue and uncharitable doctrine. Listen to what He tells us.

"And His disciples asked Him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

"Jesus answered, neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the wishes of God should be made manifest in him" (St. John ix. 2, 3).

