

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

THEOLOGY AND MEDICAL BOTANY.

My thoughts of late have turned upon the harmony of the healing art with medicine. I start out with the proposition that all true science reverts back to this science of sciences, theology. If we penetrate the realm of astronomy, and cast our eyes to and even beyond the confines of our own universe to that vast galaxy of stars shining in the Milky Way, and seek for an answer to the question, Who constructed this practically infinite system of revolving worlds, compared with which our earth is but an atom? The only reliable answer is to be found in theology. All the structure, contrivance, magnitude, distance, motion, of those wonderfully revolving spheres is accounted for in that central science. In vain may we look into the mud for the source of power which gave motion and form to those vast systems. Think of it! As a single drop of water is to the earth, so is our earth to the Milky Way! Not only is the true answer to the infinite contrivance that planned these systems to be found in this master science, but mathematics, chemistry, botany, geology, etc., all had their origin here. The imperfections to be found in chemistry, geology, and botany, cannot be referred to any errors in the sciences themselves, but in the lack of understanding them.

A century ago the medical faculty claimed that they had found the system in which was contained the panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir. This century repudiates very largely the remedies of the past century. If the doctors of this century are right, the doctors who sneer at the eighteenth century remedies are wrong. Talk about a system of medicine! The greatest medical lights admit that there is no such thing. Doctor-craft has entrenched itself within walls, legal walls so high, please allow me, that nobody dare think outside of them, without fine and imprisonment. An old grandmother must, I suppose, in order to administer a cup of catnip tea, consult some learned head, as to whether catnip is good for a cold or not. When will doctor-craft cease and the good old time return when people can live out all their days?

The means appointed of Jehovah for the healing of the sick, are firstly, the anointing of oil in the name of Jesus and the laying on of hands. When the person thus administered fails of faith in this divine ordinance, then herbs and mild food are to be administered—mark the language—herbs, not minerals, not medicines so highly concentrated as to destroy vital energy and render the system like a barometer, an indicator of every coming change of atmosphere as many are who are the victims of this pernicious system. Allow me to repeat the language of revelation: "All useful herbs God hath ordained for the nature, use, and constitution of man." John Wesley said, in a work he wrote on primitive physic: "It is probable physic, as well as religion, was in the first ages chiefly traditional, every father delivering down to his sons what he had in like manner received, concerning the manner of healing both outward hurts

and the diseases incident to the climate, and the medicines which were of the greatest efficacy for the cure of each disorder. It is certain that this is the method wherein the art of healing is preserved among the American Indians to this day. Their diseases, indeed, are exceedingly few. Nor do they often occur, by reason of their continued exercise, and, till at late, universal temperance." He says also, that experience and physic grew up together. "The European, as well as American, said to his neighbor, Are you sick? Drink the juice of this herb and it will cure you. Thus ancient men, having a little experience, joined with common sense and humanity, cured both themselves and neighbors of most of the distempers, to which every nation was subject." He further says: "Physicians now became subjects of admiration, as persons who were something more than human, and profit as well as honor attended their employment."

Dr. Skelton says: "Healthy life is determined by the capacity to sustain the normal or natural temperate, and that where there is disease there is a loss in the balance of the vital forces, and that in order to restore the body it is first necessary to equalize the circulation, upon which health depends." He also says: "Disease is nothing more than obstruction. Remove it and all will go well, and here let me say, it is neither the dress, carriage, position or equipage that make the doctor, but simply the knowledge how to cure disease and the capacity or power to do it, and they who can best accomplish the same, whether rich or poor, Jew or Turk, infidel or Christian, savage or civilized, are doctors, and they who cannot are quacks, no matter if educated in a college for the expressed study of the profession or not."

Dr. Gunn says: "I respect the faculty, but that they should have an exclusive control I cannot admit. I must honestly say, for the preservation of health and life private individuals have often contributed information of the most valuable character, solely derived from un-studied, or at least from unprofessional experience. No knowledge is worth anything unless founded on truth and experience, and a long practice in my profession has fully convinced me that more favorable results take place from simple remedies and good nursing than from eminent physicians who quarrel with each other for preeminence in fame, instead of endeavoring to enlighten and advance the happiness of the human family."

Influence of the Passions in Disease.—Physical and mental suffering often leads to a virtuous life. The unvirtuous should complain of their own unlawful indulgences and not charge the Creator with being the author of disease incurred by a life of excesses. When life is buoyant with hope, and the cup of our enjoyment is full to the brim, we sometimes forget the Author of life and its attendant blessings. Hence chastisement softens and subdues the grosser passions and refines and exalts feeling.

But afflictions are not always the result of our own folly. "Whom the Lord

loveth he chasteneth." Job's afflictions were not induced by a vicious course, but they were the means of producing those lofty and sublime conceptions of the wonder-working providences of an all-wise Creator that have, but in few cases, ever been equalled. The furnace of affliction is unpleasant, but its results are pure and exalting. Paul says: "Our light afflictions are but for a moment and they work out for us a far more and exceeding weight of glory." The drunkard, the glutton, and the libertine are never truly happy. Indulgence over, and remorse seizes upon them. Millions fall, annually, through the demon of strong drink, whose haggard faces, ere they found a grave, foretold their end. The record of man's frailties, in the coming day, when opened and read to him, will be far more appalling than the loss of wife and children or of all earthly possessions.

It is the duty of man to make progress—progress should be his watchword. Idleness is the bane of the mind. Labor, intellectual and physical, should be provided for all, and that government or society which does not provide labor for its members or citizens is in danger of revolution and overthrow. The development of the sublime art of music would have been far in advance of what it now is among us if singers and performers could have been provided with labor and thus kept at home rather than scattered in search of it. The influence of cheerfulness in disease casts a charm over the entire life. I once saw a friend in Salt Lake City who was drawn out of shape, indeed to all appearances a perfect wreck from rheumatism, joking like a man in vigorous health. This emotion in perfect health adds elasticity to the step. Says one writer: "I would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclined to always look upon the bright side, than with a gloomy mind be master of an estate worth ten thousand a year."

Anger disarranges the entire vital economy. Its terrible effects are like the raging sea. The Bible says, "Be not given to anger." All may by prayer and watching gain the victory over this passion. Hope lifts the veil and out of the slough of despond points us upward to heaven and God. Time would fail me to write on all the passions, I therefore close.

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Written for this Paper.

THE NEW LIBRARY.

I spent an afternoon this week in going through the new National Library building. I can't begin to describe it. It will be the finest public building in the United States, and it will be the most beautiful library in the world. It covers nearly four acres, and it is already under roof. Its walls are as high as those of the tallest New York flat, and you can lose yourself in its long corridors and winding passages. It has a dome plated with the purest of gold, larger than the largest circus tent, and the golden torch which flames over its top, though it looks not bigger around than your fist as viewed from the capitol, is in reality as big as a hog's head, and it may be seen from Alexandria and far down the Potomac. This new library building is a work of wonderful art. Its exterior is made of drab granite cut in places so smooth that it looks like marble and ornamented here and there with wonder-