The Family Circle.

THE PITMAN TO HIS WIFE. Sit ye down on the settle here by me, I've got something to say to thee, wife;
I want to be a new sort of man and to lead a new

There's but little pleasure and little gain in spending the days I spend,

Just to work like a horse all the days of my life, and to die like a dog at the end.

For where's the profit and where's the good, if one once begins to think, In making away with what little sense one has

at the first, through drink?

Or in spending one's time and one's money, too, with a lot of chaps that would go

To see one hang'd and like it as well as any other show?

And as to the pleasure that some folks find in cards or in pitch and toss, It's little they've ever brought to me but only a

vast of loss;
We'd be sure to light on some great dispute,
and then, to set all right, The shortest way was to argue it out in a regu lar stand-up fight.

I've got a will, dear wife, I say, I've got a will A kinder father to my poor bairns, and a better man to thee,
And to leave off drinking and swearing, and all,
no matter what folks may say;
For I see what's the end of such things as these,
and I know this is not the way.

You'll wonder to hear me talk like this, as I've

never talk'd before;
But I've got a word in my heart, that has made it glad, yet has made it sore.
I've got a word like a fire in my heart that will not let me be,—
"Jesus, the Son of God, who loved, and who
gave Himself for me."

I've got a word like a sword in my heart, that has pierced it through and through.

When a message comes to a man from Heaven he needn't ask if it's true;

There's none on earth could frame such a tale, for as strange as the tale may be,—
Jesus, my Saviour, that thou shouldst die for
love of a man like me!

Why, only think now! if it had been Peter, or blessed Paul, Or John, who used to lean on his breast, one couldn't have wondered at all,
If He'd loved and He'd died for men like these, who loved him so well,—but you see
It.was me that Jesus loved, wife! He gave Him-

It was for me that Jesus died! for me, and world of men, Just as sinful and just as slow to give back his love again;
He didn't wait till I came to Him, but He loved

me at my worst; He needn't ever have died for me if I could have loved Him first.

And couldst thou love such a man as me, my Saviour! then I'll take More heed to this warning soul of mine, if it's

only for thy sake.

For it wasn't that I might spend my days just in work, and in drink, and in strife, That Jesus, the Son of God has given his love and has given his life.

It wasn't that I might spend my life just as my life's been spent, That He's brought me so near to his mighty cross and has told me what it meant. He doesn't need me to die for Him, He only

asks me to live: There's nothing of mine that He wants but my heart, and it's all that I've got to give.

I've got a friend, dear wife, I say; I've got a heavenly friend,

That will show me where I go astray, and will help me how to mend,

That'll make me kinder to my poor bairns, that'll make me better to thee— Jesus, the Son of God, wholoved and who gave Himself for me.

-Dora Greenwell.

WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.

MAY'S FIRST LESSON IN OBEDIENCE. Little May was three years old; a darling child. All over her head the curls clustered, like wreathed gold; her blue eyes danced in mirth, or filled with great tears till they looked like violets wet with dew, and her little feet tripped here and there about the house, making a musical patter whereever they went.

May's mother was very young. She was not twenty years old, when her ing with her some beautiful present for her little pet.

May's mother loved her dearly. Many a night had she walked up and down the floor, holding her baby in her arms, and changing it from one weary arm to the other, soothing it with the softest lullabies, and losing her own rest joyfully, that her child home, with her little blossom, resisting are singing?" every inducement to go to a haunt of pleasure and neglect her babe. But our Saviour. I can sing you some-May's mother, like a good many others, had to learn that it is the truest kindness to a child just coming a stranger | Ruth sanginto an uncanny world, to teach it, first of all, the lesson the world will byeand-bye enforce, obedience to law. How much better that the first lesson should be given in the gentle home When she stopped, the sick child said school, with the eye of love, and the | "I can't read; I never went to school hand of love, than out in the highway long enough to learn." of life, where the lessons are hard, and experience is the cruel teacher.

"May," said Mrs. Gardner, "come here, I want to dress you.

What a change came over the merry face. How the big blue eyes were wrinkled, and the voice took a hateful tells them to us, and sometimes we tell shut her eyes and seemed asleep, but

"I don't want to, mamma; I want

But May was not to be coaxed. She knew that the box, hold what it might, held nothing to her as pretty as the cunning little mud pies she was making down in the garden, and she me thy Holy Spirit to teach me to could not read herself. And so Ruth | tried to bring it out. did not wish to be put into a white know and love thee. Wash me from became a ministering child to the poor

have broken her head, had it not, fortunately, been of wood, and stamped her little foot, and then ran out of the can teach it to you I have taught it room as fast as she could.

Mrs. Gardiner remarked to a friend who was staying with her, "my little girl has such a strong will. I am afraid I'll have trouble with her, but she's a sweet child, if you only let her have her own way. I know that I often interfere with her unnecessarily."

"As, for instance, just now," said Mrs. Ames. "Oh, just now," said Mrs. Gardiner blushing. "You mean that, I ought to have insisted on her being dressed. It

is no matter. There is plenty of time before dinner."

"It is not the time involved, my dear, but the principle," said Mrs. Ames. "May is no happier for having her own way, and every time you yield to her, you are making it harder for her to conquer her own nature, and to obey the rules that govern the home. 'Children obey your parents,' says God in his holy word, and as your little daughter is a holy trust, you should try to train her as God has said."

"But would you have me tyrannize over a baby," said Mrs. Gardiner.

"By no means; I think parents should never tyrannize, nor interfere unduly and unjustly with their children's pleasures; but a mother's word should be absolute, and once given, it should not be questioned, nor lightly disobeyed."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of May herself, who had quite forgotten her crossness, and came in singing the refrain of one our Sabbath hymns, "Yes, Jesus loves me," in her sweet childish voice.

"Dress me, please mamma, dress me now," she said, putting up her cherry lips for a kiss.

"May cannot be dressed to-day," said her mother, gravely. "May ran away when her mamma wanted to dress her, she must wear that frock till night."

May glanced at her dress stained with fruit and mud; at the apron, which had a streak of molasses down the front, and began to cry. Her mother took no notice, though she had to repress a desire to yield, as the little lady's grieved sob fell on her ear. After awhile the tears were dried, and May played as usual, but at bed-time she whispered to her mother, "I'll be dood next time:"

This is a little story, but the moral is not trivial. Oh, how many happy homes there would be if all children

were early taught to obey.

*Little May's mother began, from that day, gently to enforce the lessons of kindly discipline, and she had no reason to regret it in the added sweetness of her child's disposition.

M. E. M.

MINISTERING CHILDREN,

This is the name of a book written by a lady, for the purpose of teaching children how to do good, more than eighty thousand copies of which, we are glad to see, have already been sold. It is full of good tales about good children trying to do good. I will tell you one of them. It is about two poor little girls, each of whom had lost her father. One, called Ruth, went to school, where her kind teacher, Miss Wilson, had told her all about Jesus, little girl came flying in, saying, "To- be like him in being good and doing morrow I'm three years old, and dan-ma Paul is tommin." Grandma Paul always came on May's birthday, bring-likely to die, and so Ruth felt very sorry for her and wished to do her sorry for her, and wished to do her good.

One evening, when Ruth went to see the sick girl, she found her very restless; so to soothe her, she sung in a low voice one of her school hymns, which begins-

"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly;"

might be taken care of. Many a day the singing made her more quiet, and had she spent quietly and happily at she asked, "Is that about Jesus you

"Yes," replied Ruth, "that's Jesus thing else about him, if you like." "Yes, do," said the poor child. And

"We read within the Holy Word Of how our Saviour died, And those great drops of falling blood He shed at eventide,"

"What, can't you read the Bible?"

asked Ruth.

"No, I can't read anything; I don't know anything about the Bible." over, as you "I can tell you all about it," said dying child. Ruth. "I know such a number of drawn down, and the forehead was stories out of the Bible! Miss Wilson then she stopped; the poor child had them to her."

"Yes, he will, if you pray to him."

frock, and go walking with her darling all my sins in my Saviour's precious childless widow too.

"Bets) Margaret," as she called her | blood. Keep me from all evil, and doll; so she threw Betsy Margaret on make me ready to live with thee forever the floor, with a violence that would in heaven. For the sake of Jesus my Saviour. Amen.

"That is one of my prayers, and I to our Mary, and she can't read yet." The sick child tried to learn it, but she could not remember the words; still it seemed to soothe her to hear Ruth repeating them; at last she said,

"Wash me from all my sins! What

are sins?" "That is when we do wrong; we can't go with our bad sins to heaven, but our Saviour can wash them all away in his blood."

As Ruth was coming home from school on the last of these bright September days, she saw a poor woman sitting on a door-step with a basketful of small penny nosegays of autumn flowers. Ruth stood still before the the basket to look and admire. She had never known what it was to hunt over the meadow banks in spring for violets and primroses, or gather the yellow daffodil and beautifu anemone from the woods, or the sweet and frail wild-rose from its thorny stem in the hedge; she had sometimes llucked a daisy from the grass, but this was about the only flower that Ruth had ever gathered. And now she stood to look upon the woman's backetfull of nosegays of garden flowers. While she stood looking, a mother with her little girl passed by.

"O, mother," said the little girl, 'look at these flowers!"

"A penny a nosegay, maam; only a penny a nosegay;" said the poor woman, holding out some of her flowers. "Do you wish for a nosegay, Jane?" asked the mother of her little

"Yes, if you please, mother." Ruth thought how happy that little mother with her little girl went on, and Ruth slowly turned away to her home. But as soon as the little girl had left the basket of flowers she said, "Mother, did you see that poor child who looked so at the flowers

"Yes, Jane; do you hink she wanted a nosegay?"

"O, mother! will you buyher one!" "I have not another penny with me, or I would.' "Do you think she would like me

to give her mine, then, mother?" she very seldom has a flowe

"Then I will, mother; shall we go

"O mother, she will be gone!"

of little Ruth as she curtsied and took

never gathered any flower but a daisy flowers. First she went to the poor sick child, and said, "See what beauti-ful flowers I have got! A lady bought the whole period of child-bridge, and stood gazing where I saw no visions, namely, at those very populate."

The poor is the street and an abundance of child-bridge, and stood gazing where I saw no visions, namely, at those very populate."

The poor is the street and an abundance of child-bridge, and stood gazing where I saw no visions, namely, at those very populate. them in the street, and her little girl lars. I heard the man's footsteps dying child. "O how sweet it smells!" said the sick child, as she lay on her pillow with the rose in her hand—the only gift she had received to gladden her, except food, since she had been ill in her bed.

"Jesus, our Saviour, made the flowers," said Ruth. "Miss Wilson says that it was Jesus made every flower to grow out of the ground."

"How kind he must be!" said the dying child.

Then Ruth took the rest of the flowers up to her mother, and they were put in water to live many days.

one cold day, when she came into the than resistance, although he could evier; attach one to your bed; it is an apparhouse from school, the poor child's dently set his face as a flint. His fea- atus of poles, rings, and curtains. By dying, and she keeps asking for you!" in which a man might trust. Ruth went in and stood by the bed, and the dying child said, "O, Ruth, I you'll not take it amiss." am quite happy! I love you very "Certainly not," I answered, pleased much; and I want you to sing that with the man's address, as he stood

ready to cry. "I want you to sing it over and over, as you do to the baby," said the

Ruth sang it two or three times, and she soon opened them again, and said, "I don't want to, mamma; I want to play."

"What does she tell you?"

"She tells us about Jesus our But I want you to be dressed now, my darling; come to dear mamma, lady-bird, come and see what pretty things I've got here in this box for there!"

"What does she tell you?"

"She tells us about Jesus our thy bosom fly!" and while Rath bridge here, the parson is the parson is the parson in his arms, and carry us to heaven when we die, and then we shall be so happy there!"

"Will he carry me?"

"Will he carry me?"

"Will he carry me?"

"Will he carry me?"

"We she will if you prove to him"

"Yes he will if you prove to him"

"I don't want to, mamma; I want to here."

"Yes, sir; but you see, sir, on the thy bridge here, the parson is the parson like, and I'm old Rogers; and I looks by, the little child fell asleep—she died. Ruth cried for her little fried and missed her very much. But now the poor mother said she wanted Ruth he's got his work to do, and it mun be done and there's an end on't'?" to comfort her, as she had done her done, and there's an end on't." "I don't know how to pray."

"I will teach you my prayer"—

"O God, my Heavenly Father, give ful stories out of the Bible, for she clearer than the logic by which he could not read herself. And so Ruth

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.] THERE IS HOPE.

There is hope for the flower that hath faded,
Though it droop its fair head in the dust;
Though the bloom of its beauty is shaded,
And its splendors are darkened and lost. The sweet rain of heaven shall woo it, With fingers all drooping with balm; The sunshine shall softly pursue it, And kiss it, so fragrant and calm, Till the flower is saved!

There is hope for the gem that is vanished From the ring that it circled with light;
It is only mislaid—'tis not banished,
Oh! seek it by day and by night.
In some dim little nook it is lying,
And sparkling its brightest and best,
Though coy, thou shalt find it for trying,
And clasp it with joy to thy breast:
The gem that was lost!

Oh! flower and gem! ye are fleeting, And well might ye vanish away; But the soul that is lost, is retreating, To blackness of darkness for aye!
No hope, for this priceless of jewels,
When once it hath broken its clasp;
No hope for this blossom immortal, When once it hath slid from our grasp-No hope for the soul!

Oh! soul, take thine ease, and be merry, And trifle thy day to its end: But stay! It were best to be chary, Of hours 'tis madness to spend! For the Saviour is stooping to lift you, From darkness and sin to the sky; The world and its trials may sift you But yield to the dear One on high Oh! soul, and be saved!

THE NEW VICAR.

first I came to this parish. For, as I parson is to us poor folk that has have said, I am now getting old very ne'er a friend more larned than themfast. True, I was thirty when I was selves but the parson. And, besides, made a vicar, an age at which a man sir, I'm an old salt,—an old man-o'might be expected to be beginning to war's man,—and I've been all round of the man who rubbed a deal-box with it grow wise; but even then I had much the world, sir; and I ha' been in all over night and found it a hair trunk in the vet to learn.

done by the clergyman because there Guthrie's Sunday Magazine. is no one else to do them, and hardly from other motive than a sense of duty,—a man not being able to shirk work because it may happen to be "Yes, suppose you do; dare say dirty)—I say, as I wanted to do my

frock coming along the road beyond,

behind me, and I heard a voice: "I beg your pardon, sir; but be you the new vicar?" I turned instantly and answered,

'I am. Do you want me?" "I wanted to see yer face, sir, that was all, if ye'll not take it amiss." Before me stood a fall old man, with his hat in his hand, clothed as I

his curved palm down over his fore-Ruth used to go in often to see the red brown, from much exposure to poor sick child, and tell her stories the weather. There was a certain

know why you want to see my face."

you." "Well, then, you'll see my face on Sunday in church—that is, if you happen to be there."

"Did you know parson that's gone,

sir?" he went on.

"No," I answered. "Oh, sir! he wur a good parson. I see him up in the desk the next languid. mornin', I'd say to myself, 'Old Ro-

you in church to-morrow mornin'." The old man laughed a kindly

M. E. M.

I did not feel as I feel now when But mayhap you don't know what a air as well as water, and promote the growth sorts o' company, pirates and all, sir; morning. It is said that the first adventured in the sorts of company, pirates and all, sir; morning. It is said that the first adventure who advertised bear's grease for sale on which I wandered out from the vi- No; I love a parson, sir. And I'll appended to the laudation of its efficacy a carage to take a look about me—to find tell for why, sir. He's got a good nota bene, that gentlemen, after applying it, out, in short, where I was, and what telescope, and he gits to the masthead, should wash the palms of their hands, girl was to have a nosegay of her own; aspect the sky and earth here present and he looks out, And he sings out, she watched her take it; and then the ed. I had arrived at the vicarage the 'Land ahead!' or 'Breakers ahead!' satiric at the expense both of himself and night before, and it had rained all day, and gives directions accordin. Only and was still raining though not so I can't always make out what he says and was still raining, though not so I can't always make out what he says. much. I took my umbrella and went But when he shuts up his spyglass, out For as I wanted to do my work well and comes down the riggin' and talks the scrupulously clean!

(everything taking far more the shape to us like one man to another, then I Of course, as you do of work to me, then, and duty, than it don't know what I should do without your body, so you will not show favor to does now-though, even now, I must the parson. Good evenin' to you, sir, your feet. Keep up a due distinction beconfess things have occasionally to be and welcome to the Marshmallows."— tween the upper and lower members. When

WHY SO MUCH BEAUTY IN POLAND, you call dat dirty? You should see my "Because," says Bayard Taylor, there, girls do not jump from infancy | work well, or rather, perhaps, be to young ladyhood. They are not what washing you find yourself unable to cause I dreaded drudgery as much as sent from the cradle to the parlor, to omit, use only the finest towels, those which after her?" The little grl looked any poor fellow who comes to the back, and saw Ruth walking slowly treadmill in consequence—I wanted they are treated as children should be. to interest myself in it; and therefore During childhood, which, extends yourself, take care that they are adhered to, I would go and fall in love, first of through a period of several years, they so far as may be convenient throughout Little Jane did not like to leave her all, if I could, with the country round are plainly dressed, and allowed to your household. Here and there put mother's side, so they walked quickly back together, till they overtook Ruth, and my first step beyond my back together, till they overtook Ruth, and then Jane gave her the flowers; the bright color came into the cheeks.

I had not gone far from my own to the countless frills and superabundant countless frills and superabundant.

Inumerous sleepers into a single room; this is a good thing for children, when you require to blanch them, and render them delicate; but you must take care not to carry this too far, otherwise you will render. about. And my first step beyond my run, romp and play in the open air. numerous sleepers into a single room; this about, and oppressed everyway with delicate; but you must take care not to gate before the rain cocoed that I was a sound about, and superabundant gate before the rain ceased, though it flounces, so as to be admired for them pasty, pot-bellied, and deformed. It the flowers, and then she set off to run was still gloomy enough for any their clothing, nor are rendered delewith them home. And so that minis amount to follow. I drew down my cate or dyspeptic by continual stuffing at Tooting in thinning the population. By tering child parted with her nosegay umbrella, and began to look about with candies and sweet-cakes, as are all means, let a baby have foul air, not only for the little girl, who, perhaps, had me. I saw a man in a white smock the majority of American children. by the use of suffocating apparatus, but by Plain, simple food, free and various Ruth soon reached home with her but I turned my back to the road, exercises and an abundance of sun- five others in a well-closed room. So much

gave them all to me! I will give you that beauty!" And Ruth pulled out the only rose from the nosegay, and the only rose from the nosegay and the nosegay a

Rural Economy.

healthy bed-room, these are the precautions you should take. Fasten a chimney board from the Bible, and sing her hymns look of roughness, without hardness, when she had the baby with her. But one cold day, when she came into the than resistance, although he could evil mother came crying from the room, tures were large and a little coarse, drawing your curtains around you before and said to her, "Oh, I am so glad you are come! I thought I must have come after you; my poor child is as well, and lighted up a countenance of solony are solony and solony of the sol efficient when it is made of any thick mate-

There being transpiration through the whether this cannot be in some way hindered. The popular method will do very well; smother the flesh as much as possible in about—'Those great drops of blood Jesus shed at eventide.'" Ruth sang it as well as she could, but she was face is what every body has a right fairy tale, came to a king's house. The face is what every body has a right fairy tale came to a king's house. The to; but for all that, I should like to king's wife, with the curiosity and acuteness proper to her sex, wished to ascertain "Why, sir, you be the new vicar, whether their guest was truly born a prin-You kindly told me so when I axed cess, and at the same time found out how whether their guest was truly born a printo solve the question. She put three peas on the young lady's pelisse, and over them a large feather bed, and then another, then another; in fact, fifteen feather beds. Next morning the princess looked pale, and in answer to inquiries how she had passed the night, said that she had been unable to sleep at all, because the bed had lumps in it. The king's wife knew then that their development. The disease has broken out guest showed her grood breeding. Take this highborn lady for a model. The fatal characteristics; and there is every teathers retain all the heat about your body, and stifle the skin so far effectually that communicated both from sheep to cows, and

put on a stout, closely woven nightcap. People who are at the height of clevernes Many's the time he come and sit at in this respect, sleep with their heads under my son's bedside—him that's dead the bed clothes. Take no rest on a hair and gone, sir—for a long hour, on a Saturday night, too. And then when I see him up in the desk the next

Never wash when you go to bed; you gers, that's the man as sat by your are not going to see anybody, and, thereson's bedside last night. Think o' fore, there is no use in washing. In the that Rogers!' But, somehow, I never morning wet no more skin than you absodid feel right sure o' that same. He lutely must—that is to say, no more than didn't seem to have the same cut, your neighbors will see during the daysomehow; and he didn't talk a bit the the face and hands. So much you may do same. And when he spoke to me after sermon, in the churchyard, I was always of a mind to go into the covered and more impeded in the full dischurch again and look up to the pul-pit to see if he were really out ov it; for prit to see if he were really out ov it; for fore, fortunate that you can leave that other charge of its functions, which has rather this warn't the same man, you see. part unwashed. Five minutes of sponging But you'll know all about it better and rubbing over the whole body in the than I can tell you, sir. Only I almorning, would tend to invigorate the sysways liked parson better out o' the tem, and would send you with a cheerful pulpit, and that's how I come to want glow to the day's business or pleasure. to make you look at me, sir, instead Avoid it by all means, if you desire to be o' the water down there, afore I see unhealthy.

Do not forget that, although you must unfortunately apply water to your face, you can find warrant in custom to excuse you laugh; but he had set me thinking, from annoying it with soap; and for the and I did not know what to say to water again you are at liberty to take venhim all at once. So, after a short geance, by obtaining compensation, dama-pause, he resumed: ges out of that part of the head which the "You'll be thinking me a queer hair covers. Never wash it; soil it; clog kind of a man, sir, to speak to my it with oil or lard, either of which will betters before my betters speaks to me. answer your purpose, as either will keep out nection with its virtues in promoting growth of hair, there is a tale, which I believe to be no fiction; not the old and profane jest pretensions, and declared, by an oblique hint, that he did not look for friends among

Of course, as you do not show tavor to a German prince was told confidentially that he had dirty hands, he replied, with the liveliness of conscious triumph, "Ah, do toes!" Some people wash them once in every month—that will do very well; or once a year, it matters little which. In

ERADICATION OF STUMPS.

put it into the little thin hand of the surely, if ever one man ought to greet suffocate hundreds of worms upon it. assistance of a "stump machine," the work another, it was upon such a comfort. A little sulphur placed on hot embers less afternoon. The footsteps stopped answers the same purpose.

A little sulphur placed on hot embers answers the same purpose.

This is done by digging under them, ing. This is done by digging under them, filling the cavity with combustible materials, and covering the stump, after firing the materials, with turf, in the same manner that coal-kilns are covered. The fire will in a short time effect the entire destruction TO MAKE AN UNHEALTHY BED-ROOM.

If you want to have a thoroughly un
in a short time effect the entire destruction of the stumps—even the long lateral roots, unless the soil is very humid, in which case the burning should be undertaken during the dry weather of summer. If the dirt is against the fire place, so as to prevent foul excavated a few weeks before the burning have said, in a white smock frock. air from escaping in the night; and, of is undertaken, the operation will be more He smoothed his short grey hair with course, in the night season, never have a speedily effected. The ashes produced by his curved palm down over his forehead as he stood. His face was of a ted zinc in pannelling; especially avoid it stimulus for the soil, and should be carered brown, from much exposure to in small bed-rooms. So you will get a room fully applied as soon as the operation is full of bad air. But in the same room completed. But in all cases where eradica-

CORN MOLASSES.

Mr. Thomas Randolph, a farmer of this county, residing between Worthington and Cascade, informs us that he has tried the experiment of making molasses from the stalks of sweet corn. He says that it is superior to that made from sorghum or skin, it would not be a bad idea to see imphee. The corn-stalks yield as much molasses as the sorghum. He promises to send us a sample, when we shall have the quality tested by judges and report their decision. If it sustains Mr. Randolph's opinion it will be of no small consideration to our farmers, as the sweet corn-stalk will meture in this region when the sorghum and imphee will not. Mr. Randolph used his corn-stalks immediately after he had removed the crop of ears for table use.-Dubuque Times.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

The London Times of September 20th says the cattle plague has suddenly exhibited an entirely new and unexpected appearance of the infection having been you awake in the morning pervaded by a sense of languor, which must be very agreeable to a person who has it in his communicated noth from sneep to cows, and from cows to sheep. If this were in Massa-chusetts, the "Commissioners" would take to killing all the cows and sheep, instead of mind to be unhealthy.

In order to keep a check upon exhalation will probably separate the diseased from about your head (which otherwise might the healthy animals, and see what medical have too much the appearance of nature), treatment can do for them.