SPECIAL ARTICLE.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AS CONTRIBUTORS TO GENERAL LITERATURE.

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What the medical profession has done for general literature would not fill many volumes, but civilization is indebted to physicians for contributions that exhibit fertility of talent, fullness of resources and extent of industry that command wide-spread admiration.

It may be said that the best contributions came from those who had withdrawn from the exacting duties of active practice, and to a certain extent this is true. To men of genius who hold out the promise of higher fruition in other fields of labor we are ready to give the parting benediction. We can well afford to surrender such men for the sake of a larger liberty and wider amplitude, if thereby we can accomplish the greater good to the greater number.

What Rabelais, the greatest of French humorists, might have accomplished had he continued his practice at Montpellier, may be hypothecated from his editorship of the works of Hippocrates and Galen, and his success as a lecturer. But we cannot forget that when he found in satirical romance a more congenial field, he left, by way of atonement, one of the world's masterpieces of travesty—the grotesque history of Gargantua and Pantagruel.

Nor do we forget that if Schiller exhibited impatience, amounting to insubordination, under the restraint of his duties as military surgeon at Stuttgart, and gave up his position when he needed its pay, it was eventually to become the greatest tragic poet Germany has produced. It was to leave us "Wallestein" and "William Tell" and the "Song of the Bell."

If Thomas Henry Huxley showed a similar restlessness as a surgeon in the English navy, and not only gave up his position to follow his bent, but afterward resigned the Hunterian Chair in the Royal College of Surgeons in order to devote his entire time to the advancement of ethnology, zoology and geology, what a lasting gain it has been to science!

If John Brown found loving companionship in "Rab and His Friends," so have we all.

If Charles Lever found the drudgery of a medical practice not to his taste, he made up for its relinquishment a thousand-fold by the sparkle and dash of his rollicking stories.

If Conan Doyle virtually abandoned the practice of medicine after ten years' experience, it was because he had received greater recognition as the creator of "Sherlock Holmes."

If, after receiving his degree in medicine, J. G. Holland found the practice not to his liking, it was to find his way to the hearts of two continents in "Bitter Sweet," "Katrina," "Gold Foil," and "The Story of Seven Oaks."

If Joseph Rodman Drake, who died of consumption at the age of twenty-five years, found that ill health would not permit him to continue in professional work, he has left us "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag."

If Oliver Goldsmith, though fortified with the investiture of Padua, the professional wig, velvet coat and gold-headed cane, was a dismal failure in practice from start to finish, that failure meant for posterity an inheritance such as the "Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," "She Stoops to Conquer," etc.

Dr. Asa Gray relinquished the practice of medicine to become the "Father of American Botany."

I could multiply characters of this kind into a long list, but prefer to devote the principal part of this article to those who have made the practice of the healing art their chief occupation.

Although these United States have a greater number of medical men in proportion to the population than any other country in the world, our profession is not popularly regarded as particularly well educated. While, as in other professions, there is a large percentage who never rise above mediocrity, and of whom it may be said,

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,"

I hope to be able to show by the number of our craft who have cultivated literature that the medical profession is, in this respect, entitled to somewhat distinguished consideration. In Europe, for many years, many medical men have been known to posterity almost wholly by their literary efforts. As far back as the tenth century we find, in Moorish Spain, a celebrated Hebrew physician distinguished as a poet. His name was Juda Ha Levi. A translation of a quatrain from one of his poems shows his delicate work:

"Love came, I took him on my knee—
He stood tiptoe mine eyes to see;
He kissed my eyes. Could falser be?
His mirrored self he kissed, not me."

It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the clerical element was divorced from medicine, that the medical profession began to hold a place in general literature. Even later than this one is struck by the frequency in which the study of theology is referred to as preliminary to the study of medicine. Many physicians who afterward became famous as medical practitioners were originally intended for the Church.

A study of the times during the reign of Charles II., of England, will throw some light upon the reasons for these conditions. The reign of Charles II. while it was a period of high civilization for that age, was noted for infidelity. Unbelief in religion went hand in hand with excesses of all kinds. The clergy were in ill repute. Since the fall of the Commonwealth the moral pendulum had swung to the other extreme.

About this time the so-called "wits" began to be the fashion. A man was hardly thought worthy of consideration who made no pretensions to wit; but if he had a reputation as a wit he could be a drunkard, gambler, libertine, or all combined, without losing his social standing in the court circles at Whitehall. In England clubs and coffee-houses were first inaugurated, each of which had its coterie of wits, and each its physician. Twice fortunate was the member who could play the wit and the doctor both. I propose to notice briefly a few characters whose names have been handed down to us from that period.

Sir Thomas Browne, 1605-1682, was the most learned physician and the most prominent literary man of his time. He took the degree B. A. at Broadgate Hall, Oxford, in 1626, the degree M. A. in 1629, and the degree M. D. at Leyden, in 1633.

In 1642 he published "Religio Medici," or "The Religion of a Physician." Its success was very great and the author at once became celebrated as a man of letters. In 1646 he published "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," or "Enquiries into Vulgar Errors." In 1658 appeared "Urn Burial" and "The Garden of Cyrus." His form of thought is peculiar, and his style unique, rich with a lavish use of metaphor and allegory. "His "Religio Medici" is considered his best work; his "Vulgar Errors" shows great research; but the whole strength of his genius and the wonderful charm of his style are to be found in "Urn Burial," the concluding chapter of which, for richness of imagery and majestic pomp of diction, can hardly be paralleled in the English language, unless it may be in some of the sublimer passages of Milton's prose. He was knighted by Charles II. in 1671.

Walter Charlton, 1619-1707, was physician to Charles II. and President of the College of Physicians, London. He was the author of "A Brief Discourse on the Different Wits of Men," in which he attributes the variety of talent among men to the difference in the form, size and quality of their brains. He was a writer on theology, zoology, physics and antiquities. He translated the "Morals of Epicurus."

Henry Vaughan, 1621-1693, was born in Wales, but studied medicine and practiced for the most part in London. Before he began the study of medicine he published a volume of poetry. He began to practice at twenty-eight and continued as long as he lived. He wrote "Mount of Olives," a mystic prose work. He is best known, however, as the author of the poems, "The Retreat," "The World" and "Beyond the Vale."

Sir Richard Blackmore, 1650-1729, was educated at Westminster and Oxford. He graduated in medicine at Padua and settled for practice in London. In 1697 he was chosen one of King William's physicians. He had a passion for writing epics, no fewer than seven being published between 1695 and 1723; "Prince Arthur," in ten books, "King Arthur" in twelve, "Eliza" in ten, "Creation" in seven, "Redemption" in six, "Nature of Man" in three, and "Alfred" in twelve. His "Creation" appeared in "Johnson's British Poets." Addison and Johnson praised him highly, Johnson saying that his name would be transmitted to posterity as the "first favorite of the English muse."

Sir Samuel Garth, 1670-1718, was a man of great wealth and learning. He became a member of the College of Physicians, London, in 1691. He was the first physician of prominence to advocate the establishment of free dispensaries for the poor. For this he was assailed by the apothecaries and by his own narrow-minded brethren. In turn he ridiculed them so mercilessly in his mock-heroic poem, "The Dispensary," that it was the talk and enjoyment of the town for months, passing through three editions the first year. He published "Claremont," a moral epistle in verse. He was a very genial character; "Well natured Garth" Pope called him. Pope also said that "he was as good a Christian as any man living without knowing it." He was the intimate friend of Swift and Addison. It was said of Garth that "his practice was not commensurate with his great abilities, and that his society was courted by the fashionable set, not because of medical eminence, but because of distinction as a wit and poet." Not-

withstanding, however, handsome compliments were paid to his professional attainments. He was selected in 1697 to deliver the Harveian Oration, in which he pronounced a eulogy on King William which led to his election to membership in the famous "Kitkat" Club. It was Garth who extemporized most of the verses inscribed on the drinking cups of the Kitkat Club, and which I am told are preserved to this day.

Dr. Garth was the principal physician of the Whigs and physician in ordinary to the king. He followed the Duke of Marlborough through all the vicissitudes of his career. He was knighted by George I., in 1714, with the Duke of Marlborough's sword. He delivered the oration at the funeral of the poet Dryden.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, 1667-1735, was the bright particular star of that splendid constellation, the "Scriblerus Club." The first book of "The Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus," published in Pope's works, is undoubtedly the work of Arbuthnot. It is an admirable combination of wit and learning, and has been said to be the finest specimen of sarcastic humor in the English language.

In 1705, at the request of Queen Anne, he was chosen physician extraordinary, and four years later was made royal physician in ordinary. He was now in the very center of the literary society of the time, and his great talent, massive learning and brilliant wit enabled him to take a prominent place. He was on intimate terms with Pope, Gay, Swift and Parnell, and quickly became one of the foremost literary men of the Tory party. In 1712 appeared the celebrated political allegory called "The History of John Bull." It was from this that the term "John Bull," as applied to the English nation, originated. When "The History of John Bull" first appeared it was generally ascribed to Swift, but passages in Swift's own letters make it quite certain that Arbuthnot was the sole author.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, speaking of the writers that graced the reign of Queen Anne, said: "I think Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humor." Much of his success was due to his humanity, which Swift declares was equal to his wit. But Swift furnishes a still better index in one of his own poems, in which he laments that he is,

> "Far from his kind Arbuthnot's aid,
> Who knows his art but not his trade."

Dr. Arbuthnot attained great eminence in his profession, and in 1727 delivered the Harveian Oration. Dr. Arbuthnot's "Medical Notes" were collected and republished about three years ago.

During the first half of the eighteenth century physicians began, more and more, to attach themselves to political parties, or to court the favor of men of rank. The Whig and Tory parties each had its physician as well as its club and coffee-house. By the middle of the eighteenth century most physicians and surgeons of the better class had either assumed offices and positions in which they were supported by the state, or were settled by their noble patrons in permanent residences. Some of them were supplied with large libraries, either by their patrons or the government, and the most of them enjoyed moderate prosperity. Intellect had marched forward with gigantic strides; among writers wit had, in a measure, given place to satire.

Dr. John Armstrong and Dr. Mark Akenside held the boards as contemporaries of Oliver Goldsmith, Tobias Smollett, Horace Walpole, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, David Garrick, Samuel Johnson, *et id genus omne*. Clubs and coffee-houses were still a prominent feature of scientific and literary circles, but the character of the company had changed. There was a mingling of aristocracy with talent, the leveling of ranks by the force of intellect, the assembling, not only of all the celebrities that Europe could boast, but of all from the whole civilized world that could enhance private enjoyment. Company was not selected for rank, but for peculiar merit or acquirement; pomp and wealth were made subsidiary to the true luxury of intellectual conversation. The famous literary club of which Johnson was the autocrat was at its zenith.

Dr. John Armstrong, 1705-1770, received degree of M. D. at Edinburgh University and settled for practice in London. In 1746 he was appointed one of the physicians to the hospital behind Buckingham House, and in 1760 physician to the army in Germany, a position which he held until the peace of 1763. His first publication was "An Essay for Abridging the Study of Physic," and was published in 1755. It was a satire on the ignorance of the apothecaries and medical men of his day. Two years later he published "The Economy of Love," the indecency of which very much damaged his professional practice. In 1774 appeared his "Art of Preserving Health," a didactic poem upon which his reputation as a literary character rests. He also published about the same time a volume of "Miscellanies," which displayed considerable humor and powers of observation.

Mark Akenside, 1731–1770, entered the Theological School of Edinburgh University in his nineteenth year, but, like many young men of his time, changed his mind and transferred from the theological to the medical department. His reputation for oratory was so pre-eminent that Robinson, the historian, used to attend a debating society of which Akenside was a member to hear his speeches.

In 1743 the publisher, Dodsley, came to Pope with a bundle of manuscript for his opinion, for which the writer wanted 120 pounds. After reading the manuscript, which was "Pleasures of the Imagination," the "Oracle of Twickenham" advised the publisher to "make no niggardly offer, as this was no every-day writer." In his twenty-third year, like Byron, he awoke to find himself famous. The same year that he graduated in medicine he became a literary celebrity. His contributions to medical literature were of a very high order. His inaugural thesis, describing the formation and growth of the human fetus, was characterized by originality and acute observation. He continued through life to alternate his contributions to medical science with additions to general literature. The fact that he was celebrated as a poet was not sufficient, as was said of Goldsmith, for the public to believe him incapable of practicing as a medical man. He attained considerable distinction as a practitioner, and received numerous appointments.

In 1754 he was elected a fellow of the College of Physicians; in 1755 he delivered the Gulstonian lectures; in 1756 he delivered the Croonian lectures; in 1759 he was chosen chief of St. Thomas Hospital; in 1760 he delivered the Harveian oration.

His fame as a poet is secure. Some of his minor poems are conspicuous for classical grace and charm of expression.

Notwithstanding the distinction he enjoyed, both as physician and man of letters, he possessed great personal vanity, which often brought him into ridicule. He furnished the original from which "The Doctor" in Smollett's "Perigrine Pickle" is drawn.

Passing to the last half of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, we find a long list of physicians who have been active contributors to general literature.

Among the illustrious names of this period we mention Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles; Henry Dearborne, David Ramsey—historian of the Revolution; Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a prolific writer both in medicine and general literature; Lemuel Hopkins, Samuel Latham Mitchell, mentioned by Stedman in his "Poets of America;" James Currie, editor of an edition of Burns, with "An Introductory Criticism, and an Essay on the Character and Condition of the Scottish Peasantry;" John Wolcot, Thomas Brown and James Gates Percival.

Erasmus Darwin, 1731–1802, physician, scientist, and poet, deserves to be noticed somewhat in detail. He took the degree M. D. at the University of Edinburgh, and settled as a physician at Litchfield, England, where he gained a large practice. While here, it is said, he did much to diminish drunkenness among the inhabitants. He is said to have been a good eater, but drank nothing but water.

He wrote: "The Temple of Nature," "The Shrine of Nature," and "The Botanic Garden." The second part of the latter, "The Loves of the Plants," furnished occasion for a clever caricature by Canning, "The Loves of the Triangles."

He is also the author of a scientific work, "Zoonomia," which contains a system of pathology and a treatise on generation, in which very nearly the same ideas are advanced as underlie the modern theory of evolution.

Erasmus Darwin says: "Would it be too bold to imagine that in the great length of time since the earth began to exist, perhaps millions of ages before the commencement of mankind, would it be too bold to imagine that all warm-blooded animals have arisen from the same living filament, which the great First Cause endued with animality, with the power of acquiring new parts, attended with new propensities, directed by irritations, sensations, volitions, and associations, and possessing the faculty of continuing to improve by its own inherent activity, and of delivering down these improvements to its posterity, worlds without end, ... and that one and the same kind of living filament is and has been the cause of all organic life?"

May not Charles Darwin be more indebted to his illustrious grandfather, who did his thinking and writing as he journeyed from one patient to another, than many of us suppose? May not his love of nature, and his capacity for investigation, and the facility with which he classifies facts and formulates theories be due, in part at least, to hereditary transmission of genius? How much may Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, Haeckel, Helmholtz, and other apostles of evolution, be indebted to this modest practitioner of medicine? When we take into consideration the poverty of the English language at that time, especially in scientific terms, how little difference exists between the above quotation from Erasmus Darwin and Tyndall's expression: "One single atom of protoplasm contains the power and potency of all things."

The poetical reputation of Darwin is as bright as the flowers that form the subject of his verse. Cowper praised his song for its rich embellishments, and said: "It was as strong as it was learned and sweet."

James Gates Percival, 1795–1856, was a native of Kensington, Connecticut. He graduated at Yale in 1815, at the head of his class. He taught school for a while, then studied medicine and located in Charleston, South Carolina. In 1824 he was appointed assistant surgeon in the United States Army, and was made professor of chemistry at the United States Military Academy. In 1822 he published "Prometheus" and "Clio;" in 1826 two volumes of poetry, and in 1843 his "Dream of a Day." His poetry shows delicacy of touch, fineness of feeling, and sweetness of diction.

Coming down to this day and generation we are overwhelmed by the wealth of material. There never has been a time in the history of the world when knowledge was so easily accessible and so eagerly sought after. The afternoon of the nineteenth century has been rich in discovery, invention, and history. If we pause to take an inventory we are bewildered with amazement! Compared with fifty years ago, achievements are beyond the dreams of the wildest fancy! The wave of no fairy godmother's wand could create such wonders! The miracles of yesterday are the commonplaces of to-day! We have hardly time to make a prophecy before it hastens to be fulfilled!

The medical profession has kept step with the march of progress. During the past fifty years, biology, embryology, and physiological chemistry have been newly created. We have watched the birth and growth to vigorous maturity of bacteriology; the word "microbe" has been added to the vocabulary, and "toxines" and "ptomaines" have been evolved from the hypothetical.

In an address delivered before the Alumni Association of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelpha, in April, 1891, Dr. Ross R. Bunting mentions the names of more than fifty graduates of "Jefferson" who have found time amid the exacting duties of active practice to indulge in literature, and have furnished contributions which entitle them to recognition in purely literary circles. About forty of them belong to the last five decades, many of them are yet living.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, 1820-1857, is the author of "The United States Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin During the Years 1850-1851," "Arctic Explorations," and "The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853-1855."

Dr. Kane was singularly original both in thought and expression. Dr. Elder, his biographer, says: "In 1500 pages of matter he never makes a quotation to assist himself in expression, except one from Bunyan, and that is used for its allegorical effect as much as for its beauty and power." Poetry was a distinct element in his mental make-up and finds expression in the higher forms of prose. One instance of poetic-prose writing is shown in the following extract: "I am afraid to speak of some of these night scenes. I have trodden the deck and the floes when the light of the earth seemed suspended—its movements, its sounds, its coloring, its companionship—and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere circling above me, as if rendering worship to the unseen center of light, I have ejaculated in humility of spirit, 'Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?' And then I have thought of the kindly world we have left, with its revolving sunshine and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it, with its

changes, and the hearts that warmed to us there, 'til I have lost myself in memory of those who were not; and they bore me back to the stars again."

Dr. Kane died at the age of thirty-seven. What a mind of such fertility might have accomplished had he lived to reach the allotted three-score and ten who can say?

Another prolific contributor to Arctic literature was Dr. Isaac Israel Hayes, 1833-1881. He published "An Arctic Boat Journey," "Cast Away in the Cold," "An Old Man's Story," "The Open Polar Sea," "The Land of Desolation," etc.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was beyond doubt the foremost contributor to general literature from the ranks of the medical profession during the past fifty years. He combined high scientific attainments with the greatest versatility and the rarest literary genius. He was equally at home among the "dry bones" of anatomy, within the glow of the crucible, or amid the revelations of the microscope. As a biographer, romancer, philosopher and poet he takes high rank.

At a banquet given to Dr. Holmes by the New York Academy of Medicine in 1883, Whitelaw Reid said in the course of his response to "The Press": "It is a rare compliment to your profession that, after all the wooing of the muses, Dr. Holmes still made medicine the business of his life, and thus gave up to Beacon street what was meant for mankind. If all his literary work is only the fruit of such leisure as could be snatched from an arduous employment, what might the world have had if the facts had been reversed—if literature had been his profession and medicine his recreation?"

Our Autocrat has shown how the anatomist in the lecture-room could trace the tortuous windings of the divisions of the trigeminus nerve, and then go home and pen such immortal verse as "The Living Temple" or "The Chambered Nautilus;" how he could descant, in his inimitable way, on the wonderful texture and the divine purpose of the ovarian stroma, and then, with an eye to the fitness of things, toss off in ringing measures, "God Bless Our Yankee Girls."

It would be easy to prepare a long list of those who, in addition to renown as ministers of the healing art, have acquired distinction in the congenial fields which are open to explorers in history, biography, criticism, poetry, drama and fiction.

Not that, as a rule, they have sought laurels and honors in this direction; but their success has served to prove the harmony and compatibility of their participation in medical literature with their contributions to general literature, to show that the allurements of the latter involve no disloyalty to professional duty and obligation, and to point out that the transient change from one to the other is not a change of work, but a transference from work to recreation—a call from labor to refreshment.

A fair review of the works of orators who on occasion could rise to the loftiest height of fervid eloquence; a superficial notice of the poetic legacies, the outgrowth of refined and brilliant imagination; a resume of the outflow of the extraordinary scholarship of a Charles D. Meigs, who was at home in the whole range of literature, science and art; a summary of the literary labors of that encyclopedist, Robley Dungleson, over and beyond his stupendous medical authorship—any of these would more than consume the time at our command. What busy men were they! How faithfully they served their day and genera-

tion! Their successors are adding to the accumulating stores of professional and general literature.

Among those who are now living I have time to mention but two, and they both hail from that great center of medical and literary culture, Philadelphia. They are Silas Weir Mitchell and Solomon Solis-Cohen.

Dr. Mitchell is one of the busiest and most successful of men, professionally, but has availed himself of every interval for work as essayist, novelist and poet, and his contributions are among the daintiest and most delightful in English literature. A competent critic says of his poetry: "Dr. Mitchell's poetry is full of the sincerest feeling, and the most brilliant imagings. He creates a character of man or woman; or paints a picture of brook, or trees and flowers, or mountain tarn; or describes the violet's scent, the daisy's dress, or the timid breeze's mild caress; and the man or woman who has sprung from the realms of his fancy, . . . and that he would exalt, becomes not only real, but of finer clay, of nobler spirit than ordinary mortals; his pictures of natural objects glow with sunset beauty and splendor, and are filled with warmth, tenderness, and the charm of autumnal afternoons."

Dr. Mitchell was known all over the civilized world as a distinguished physician and medical author before he contributed a line to general literature. He is now equally distinguished as essayist, novelist and poet.

Solomon Solis-Cohen is a young man, having graduated in medicine in 1883. He is a very busy practitioner, a frequent contributor to medical literature, the translator into English and editor of several works from French and German authors, besides being one of the lecturers in Jefferson Medical College. In addition to a great deal of original work, he has translated from the Hebrew many of the verses of the Jewish poets who flourished in Moorish Spain from the tenth to the fourteenth century.

Of his poem, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," Whittier spoke in terms of highest approval, and incorporated it into his "Songs of Three Centuries." It is the fervent protest of the student of nature against modern "Agnosticism." The false science which would deny to man the power to know his maker.

And now in conclusion: The medical profession is not only entitled to a conspicuous place in literature and science, by reason of original work and investigation, but has won such a position in general esteem as to attract the attention of professional literati. Some of the most lovely and most lovable characters introduced into recent fiction are doctors, viz.: Dr. Lydgate in "Middlemarch," Dr. Jekyll in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Dr. MacLure in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Besides filling no inconsiderable niche in general literature, the fields of mental and moral sciences, chemistry, botany, geology, zoology, physiology and natural history have been especially enriched by contributions from physicians. The facts upon which Darwin's theory of evolution is based would be very meager indeed without contributions from the medical profession. The physician is a potent factor in any and every field in which he enters. I cannot refrain at this point from making a quotation from an address on the occasion of a banquet given to Dr. E. H. Gregory recently, in which Dr. A. M. Dockery, Governor of Missouri, responded to "The Physician as a Citizen." Governor Dockery said: "The physician in the discharge of the momentous duties of American citizenship

has never yet failed in the performance of duty. As a conservative, yet forceful factor in our political life, he is unsurpassed. . . . His relations to the people are so close and so confidential that, although he is not often classed as an office seeker, he exercises a most powerful influence in determining who shall hold office. . . . As a citizen he is enterprising, progressive and public-spirited. As a philanthropist he has no superior. . . . As a champion of education there is none more zealous. Sweeping the whole range of human endeavor, the physician, at every point, touches elbows with every cause which ennobles humanity and uplifts the human race."

That poetry and the natural sciences should be especially attractive to the physician is not to be wondered at when we remember that his professional work brings him face to face with nature. To him who is in love with his profession and has his eyes and ears and heart open, his occupation begets a love for blue skies, green fields and running brooks, gorgeous sunsets, mellow twilights and fair dawns, the song of birds, the hum of bees and the prattle of children; in fact, the disposition to appreciate nature in all her phases—to find "songs in trees, sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything."