

Vinum xericum, or Sherry, is a Spanish wine, and belongs to the dry spirituous wines. It is official, and is used in the preparation of some medicines. Alcohol, 16 per cent. *Vinum aurantii*, orange wine, is also employed in the making of a few tonic preparations, contains 10 or 12 per cent. of alcohol.

Sparkling wines, of which champagne is the most important, are bottled before fermentation is complete, and are effervescent, being charged with carbonic acid. They are more intoxicating than others in proportion to their strength, are less stimulating to the heart, and liable to leave headache and sour stomach, as after-effects, when freely taken. In small doses they are gastric sedatives, champagne especially being so. Given ice-cold and in teaspoonful doses, at short intervals, it may be retained by an irritable stomach which rejects every thing else. In giving champagne in this way care is necessary to prevent escape of the gas and flattening of the wine. As champagne tap is used, and the bottle held head downward. In the interval it is kept on ice in the same position.

Sweet wines, including Burgundy and Madeira, are rather trying to the digestion. They disorder the stomach and cause headache. They contain 6 or 7 per cent. of alcohol.

Dry acid wines—the German and some of the French wines, are stimulant, and do not cause acid fermentation. They contain from 5 to 7 per cent. of alcohol.

Beer, ale, porter, stout contain from 2 to 6 per cent. of alcohol; also extract of malt, lactic acid salts of potash and of soda, and aromatics.

WHAT THE BODY IS MADE OF. AN AMUSING SUMMARY.

NOT of "snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails," or even of "sugar and spice and everything nice," it now appears. To begin with the blood, we are informed by a contributor to *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), that—"The entire volume of circulating blood, which about half fills an ordinary bucket, contains only a small teaspoonful of sugar and a tablespoonful of salt. When we consider the minute variations in the sugar content that the modern chemist can measure in a few drops of blood, we gain added respect for the science of quantitative analysis. The iodine in the entire blood amounts to but one-hundredth of a gram. When the physiologist tells us that epinephrin can be detected by biologic methods in a dilution of 1:330,000,000, it means far less than to say that it is equivalent to diluting 'a small glass of whisky' into the contents of 1,320 city street sprinkling carts, which would form a procession about six miles long.

"We all know that the normal blood contains about 5,000,000 red corpuscles in each cubic millimeter; but do we all realise that the entire blood must therefore contain some 25 trillion red cells and 30 billion leukocytes, figures that have an astronomical aspect? And do we realise that in all that mass of blood is distributed the insignificant quantity of from 1 to 3 grains of uric acid, which we assay accurately and speculate about vaguely? Luden quotes an amusing, if not very precise, estimate of the total chemical composition of 'the average man,' which has recently been published by a big industrial company, and which may be thus summarised: fat enough for seven bars of soap; iron enough for a medium-sized nail; sugar enough to fill a shaker; lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop; phosphorus enough to make 2,200 match-tips; magnesium enough for a dose of magnesia; potassium enough to explode a toy cannon, and sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas.

"Many items in this estimate are left largely to the imagination, such as the size of the dog and the number of his tormentors, but the total cost of the ingredients is given as 98 cents, which is neither expensive nor calculated to foster megalomania. The practical value of visualised scientific data lies not only in the stimulation of memory through the imagination, but also in the food for thought which they offer and in their bearing on great medical problems."—From "*The Statesmen*."

JOTTINGS.

"**H**UMOUR the Gift of Christianity." A cutting from Deane Inge's Article on Wit and Humour—"The Times of India."

In Mallock's "New Republic" an old cynic argues that humour is the gift of Christianity to the world. Compare, he says, the ancient humorists with the modern. Is not the modern humour broader and deeper beyond comparison? Think of the intolerable vulgarity of Homer's gods, who laughed consumedly at Vulcan, as he waited on them. Why? Because he was lame.

Ancient humour at its best was a shallow thing. It raised a laugh, and that was all. But modern humour goes down into the depths: it demands tears as well as laughter. This, says, Mallock's old infidel, is the gift of Christianity which has brought the infinitely beautiful and the infinitely hateful close together. The detection of truth through revered falsehood—there lies the sense of humour. Think of Erasmus and Don Quixote and Gulliver. What would they be without the Christian view of life, so full of make-believe and absurdity? The innuendo is the flower of Christian civilisation.

Mallock's old cynic was not wholly wrong. Christianity has sharpened our sense of the deep incongruities of life, and so has made modern humour