

hardly contain them; and they slunk into the shadows of the trees and high telephone poles, anxiously avoiding the lighted ways. On arriving at their boarding-house they immediately repaired up-stairs, raised the trap door on the ceiling of the second story, and got out on the roof. A few minutes later they were quietly at work in their room, cramming in the ramifications of the fifth nerve. Nervous anticipation of the oncoming crisis on the 19th March; a feeling of their own emptiness in Fallopian lore, the vastness of the subject with a few days to know it all, and many other feelings only known to those who have been there, were the cause of the above suspicious oscillations. And they silently whispered to each others, "So far so good." But alas! The following morning a young lady who roomed on the third flat of the house on the opposite side of the street, came running in to tell Mrs. K., the boarding-house mistress, that *horribile visu et dictu*, there were on the top of her house a human arm and leg. The weather had become so fine that morning, that she happened to put her head out the window, and hence the discovery. The commotion was intense. Mrs. K. was positive that her medical boys were too good to do such a heinous deed. They never gave her the satisfaction of knowing whether they were or not. Their answers were dubious. But strange to relate our two friends, with sorrow in their hearts, yet with satisfaction written on their brows, might be seen in the bewitching hours of the following morning, on this same roof, then shortly after wending their ways towards a snowbank within ten yards of the domain of Cook, and temporarily bury something which, on the same evening, with the greatest stealth and caution, was deposited in George's box, checks numbers 74 and 133. Verily the path to knowledge is like a trip to the Klondike. Thwarted and repulsed on every side, you force your way through rugged ravines, over towering mountains, and into deep fords, receiving a minimum of rest, and abuse *ad libitum*, with a notice in flaring red ink, signed by Buck E., threatening you with instant expulsion and academical death should *you steal any material*.

In chapter VIII "Over the Teacups," Dr. O. W. Holmes brings out an idea that should never be lost sight of in our future dealings with men, viz.: that normal health is to be represented by a curved line. We all have our ups and downs. Some days our spirits are exuberant, work is a pleasure, fatigue unknown; on other days without apparent reason, we are dull, insipid, the world is dark, and everybody and everything against us. A remedy given when the curve is ascending, cures, the same remedy when it is descending, fails, though we have diagnosed identically in both cases. We have such an intricate and intimate admixture of the spiritual and corporal in our make-up, that one is being continually influenced for good or evil by the other. There can be no doubt that the general recognition of this very evident feature of human economy should never be lost sight of by the physician above all men. It may often be the key note by which a ruptured and discordant system may be made to work in unison and harmony.

Philosophers prove the immortality of the soul by that inherent and perpetual desire to live if possible forever, which is so cherished by the human heart. Byron said that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. Many of us would be famous if we could, that is of those who are not "famous" already, as "Cæsar," "Falsetto," "the Minister," and "Thorny." Some medical students claim that immortality is impossible nowadays, because every department of their profession has been thoroughly threshed out. When we have all married pretty women and settled down to domestic bliss, and this *desiderium immortalitatis* comes upon us, it is only necessary to settle one or two of the following points, and perhaps the students of 2001 will be so good as to append our names to some small, unimportant, inconstant foramen in the skull, as they did in the case of that great man Vesalius:

1. Exactly how chloroform kills.