

turned out en masse twice a week ago to hear Rev. J. A. MacDonald, the Editor-Preacher. He is a prime favorite here, as he is wherever he preaches and students are not at all slow in learning to appreciate such a man. His truly prophetic earnestness and appeal, his beautiful word painting and his powerful presentation of of the great essential principles of the "nobler life" all make such discourses stand forth prominently among the great sermons which we have heard.

Medicine.

IN our account of the Medical dinner, we were forced, through lack of space, to omit the "Message from the Skeleton" to the medical students. We feel confident, however, that it will be as acceptable to our readers now, as it was to the "Meds." on the evening of Dec. 15, when delivered by Mr. J. F. Sparks, B.A.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SKELETON.

Good evening, my boys! Don't hold your breath!

You are not shaking the hand of Death!

For I am a skeleton you well know;
'Tis long since I came from the grave below.

For years I've noticed your careless tread,
And harmless whistling among the dead.

I have heard your "grinds," your lectures too

I have tried to prompt you to help you through;

You carried me with you to Cousin Kate

To dance or to dinner it's always my fate.

Oh I am a skeleton you must know.

I've left my tenement down below.

I'm forced to move as the boys go round.

But they've guaranteed me safe and sound.

Yes, I'm a relic of long ago,
I've slept a century down below.

My name is gone from the crumbling stone;

There is nothing left of myself but bone.

This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This place was Thought's mysterious seat.

Beneath this well polished canopy
Once shone a bright and busy eye.

Here in this silent cavern hung
A ready, swift and tuneful tongue.

Oh, I am a skeleton, you must know,

I've left my tenement down below.

Was I black or white? What matters it now;

We're brothers all since the last big row.

Farewell, my boys, for we must part!
I'd heave a sigh, but I have no heart!
'Twas at post mortem when some old quack

Took heart and lungs which he brought not back.

He took whatever he found inside
As proof conclusive that I had died.

He robbed the dead with a grewsome theft;

The microbes dined on what was left!
The Dead breathe not as the Living do;

The ribs are open, the air blows through.