

While recalling to memory "The Wedding of Schon McClean," by Buchanan, the following few lines came to my ink-horn. Was her voice "like the whistlings of birds, the humming of bees, like the sough of the south winds in the trees; or the singing of angels, the playing of shawns; like ocean itself with its calms and its storms; like a thousand laverocks singing in tune; or like countless corneraiks under the moon; or a mermaid's harp, or kelpie singing? for whom no epithalamic song was sung? Was this Agnodice—Doctress Agnodice—whose eyes were filled with "dark mysteries," yet with "eyes like a crystal pool" and "baffling idle gaze"?—yes, was she a bone-punching and rib-adjusting osteopath or a spinal column wrencher—chiropractic—an olympic god scientist, or a regular of the Aesclepiadae? Did the Areopagus allow bone-punchers, spinal column adjusters, defamers of the gods—called scientists, full authority to practice the noble art of medicine—and yet arrest the licentiate Agnodice? Do we not in this civilized age allow pernicious and soul and body-destroying cults existence, and yet, when one of our own licentiates errs, the whole medical Areopagus silences him by fines or imprisonment?

"Women who study side by side with men," says Dr. Montravale Greene, a professor of obstetrics and clinical gynecology, Harvard University, "are injuring themselves in the present and weakening their powers for the future, and the whole theory of co-education is doomed to fall of its own weight."

Men in medicine often wonder why the opposite sex should wish to become "women in medicine." It is true it is an attractive study, but the life-work is by no means ideal. Woman, with her high and finer sentiments, her spontaneous goodness and affinity, could find a far better calling or profession and a much better life even in the church. One fact is, there never was, is not now, or ever will be, a demand for "women in medicine," and one fact also is that "the pursuit of 'careers' by women is fatal to domestic happiness," and consequently ruinous to the commonwealth.

If the late distinguished poet-laureate of England could but behold the glimpses of the moon and the blood-red spots on the sun, he would recall his words:

"That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past,
A lady with the lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,"

for, instead of "the lady with the lamp," he would in London see *the* lady of his dreams with beer bottles and clubs belaboring the