

have most decided objections to the manner in which these bodies are sometimes obtained. Grave-robbing, to some, may have the charm of adventure, but to the majority it has the horror of desecration. We believe there should be no necessity for it. It is true that the law requires every medical student to dissect one whole body, but it is also true that the law makes no certain provision whereby these bodies may be obtained. We think, however, that the means of supplying this necessary material ought to be made more ample. At present the various medical schools are supplied by the institutions in their immediate neighborhood. Now, as the whole country is benefited by having well-trained medical men, we think that the whole country should be interested in supplying material necessary for medical education. The law allows public institutions to dispose of the bodies of those who have before death been maintained at the public expense and whose bodies are not claimed by friends within a reasonable time after death. We are of opinion, then, that at the beginning of each session the various medical schools should make application to the various public institutions throughout the province for a specified number of bodies, and these institutions could supply these schools in rotation. Thus the institutions would be saved the expense of burial, and would also receive from the schools a fair price for the bodies, the schools would obtain all the material required, the excuse for grave-robbing would be removed and the public would never be shocked by reading in the public press the minute details of sepulchral vandalism. Let the authorities of the medical school make a move in the matter at once.

An imaginative Irishman has improved on Ossian. "I returned," said he, "to the halls of my father by night and I found them in ruins. I cried aloud, 'my father where are they?' And echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick McClatherty?'"

## POETRY.

### LATE TO CHURCH.

ALONG the road, on either side,  
The elder boughs are budding.  
The meadow lands, a rosy tide  
Of clover bloom is flooding;  
The sunny landscape is so fair,  
So sweet the blossom scented air,  
That when I went to church to-day  
I could but choose the longest way.

Loud sang the bobolinks, and round  
The milk-weed flowers the bees were humming;  
I sauntered on, but soon I found  
Behind me there was some one coming.  
I did not turn my head to see,  
And yet I knew who followed me  
Before Tom called me—"Kitty! stay,  
And let me share with you the way!"

We did not mind our steps grew slow,  
Or notice when the bell stopped ringing,  
Or think of being late, but, lo!  
When we had reached the church, the singing  
Was over, and the prayer was done,  
The sermon fairly was begun!  
Should we go in, should we stay out,  
Press boldly on, or turn about?

Tom led the way, and up the aisle  
I followed—all around were staring—  
And here and there I caught a smile;  
I tried to think I was not caring;  
And yet I blushed, I know, and showed  
A face that like a poppy glowed,  
For everyone seemed saying, "Kate,  
We all know why you are so late!"

Another Sunday, come what will,  
I mean to be at church in season;  
But to regret this morning still,  
I trust I never shall have reason;  
For should I wear a wedding dress  
A year from now, perhaps you'll guess  
What Tom said to me when, to-day,  
We walked to church the longest way.

A FEW days ago, the College was thrilled to the core by the news of a desperate encounter which had occurred near the door of the upper cloakroom, between Mr. John Hay and Mr. Andrew Patterson, and in comparison with which, if reports have not been exaggerated, the fray between Roderick Dhu and Fitzjames sinks into insignificance. Its origin is wrapped in obscurity, but it seems that a band of divinities formed a ring around the combatants, and in this way prevented outsiders from seeing the struggle. However, from some stray hints dropped accidentally by some of the spectators, it seems that Andrew must have been in the hands of John as clay in the hands of the potter. John formed himself into a solid square upon which the persistent attacks of his foe had not the slightest effect. Inasmuch as Mr. Hay is a worthy member of our staff, it is only natural that we should regard his victory as a victory for the JOURNAL, and in future all pugnacious intruders in our sanctum will be referred at once to Mr. Hay.

Prof. Watson says he can recommend this year's class in Junior Philosophy as the laziest set of men he ever had. This means sadness at the finals