

ANOTHER JESUIT DIFFICULTY.

"NOW, Jane," said Mr. Pontifex Pompus, to his wife, "if you will put aside your painting and give your whole attention to me, I will try to make you understand something of more importance. To begin, dear, what does the word 'Jesuit' mean?"

"Spell it, please."

"Very well, I will. J-e——"

"Oh, I know; something about the Jews, of course. I knew all the time, only that painting was in my head," and she leaned back in her easy chair, with a smile of satisfaction.

"No!" he replied, tartly. "It means one kind, the worst kind, of a Roman Catholic. If you will pay attention, I will explain. The Jesuit Order was founded in 1534, by Ignatius Loyola. It did some good, at first, but the history of the Society, taken as a whole, has been such that it has come to mean everything that is crafty, designing, cunning, hypocritical—in fact, everything that is opposed to an enlightened Christian age. So far, do you understand, dear?"

"No, I do not, and I don't want to learn anything about the Roman Catholic Church. I don't know about half the different kinds of Protestant faith. You don't know, yourself, the difference between High Church and Low Church, and I——"

"Do stop. I know the difference between an intelligent woman and one who spends all her time painting daubs to litter the house, and——"

"And I can tell the difference between a man and a brute, and you are——"

No consequence what she said next—they quarreled, and haven't made up yet.

"HIGHER" EDUCATION.

OH! the daughter of our rector
Was a book-worm and collector,
And a model-school inspector;
And she cut her hair off short;
Hebrew texts she fairly sat in;
She was quite at home in Latin;
All the Greek roots she was pat in,
And all matters of that sort.

She had learned the high equations,
She knew all the constellations,
And the story of the nations
Was to her but A B C.
Clever speeches she could make on
That most knotty thing, the Krakon;
She could prove Shakespeare was Bacon,
Quite as well as Donnelly.

She went in for vivisections,
She was up in conic sections,
For her maidenly affections
She had left uncultured quite;
She could trace the birth of Homer,
And was quite a physiognomer,
She could prove "Chance" a misnomer,
And talk ethics all the night.

But one day at an excursion
Some one made the mild assertion—
"Ah, I love you!"—common version—
On that summer afternoon.
And she's given up her classics,
Science, art and mathematics,
And in Belleville, in two attics
Now she keeps her honeymoon!

ON WAISTS.

(ESSAY BY A "QUARTERLY REVIEW" MAN.)

THE true meaning of the proverb on the relative proportions of Waisting and Wanting has hardly yet been fully explained. Suffice it to say, however, that it implies a Waist should neither be conspicuous by its presence nor its absence. The word itself is, as Professor Schleidog observes, onomatopaeic; by which the learned Professor evidently hints at its delightful rythmical relations with Laced and Taste—both good and bad. This, however, by the way. Christopher North preferred a Waist as a proper receptacle of the arm, rather than such as to be spanned with the fingers. Again, the disciples of Wordsworth "see something in a huge Balloon." The bucolic mind, however, inclines towards something of the gasogene system, more or less animated. Another poet hints at "something large, and smooth, and round." Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and therefore the recognized dude should cultivate a Waist. A dude is the highest representative of the race, and, as such, should do all he can to preserve the Johnsonian type of manhood. Nothing adds to a good forked appearance so much as a diminished waist. Witness the cavalry non-commissioned officer, as his spurs ring along the pavement. Again, as he gallantly wheels the perambulator for some sweet maid.

All matter can be classed under one of two heads—useful and ornamental. The waist combines the two. The practical use to which the exquisite puts his wasp-like tendencies is to annihilate the weaker sex; ornamental merely in so far as gratifying to his 6x3 mirror reproduction. Thus it is that what was originally started as a covert hint of subservience to the better accomplishments of the fair ones, is now, in the hands of the dude, turned as a battery against its authentic partisans and promoters.



NOTHING PERSONAL.

MR. DE GRAY (opening the conversation)—"Er— were you present at the Creation, Miss Tique?"

MISS ANN TIQUE (who is sensitive on the age question—indignantly)—"Sir!"

MR. DE GRAY—"Oh, I only mean to inquire if you were at the late performance of the Choral Society?"