

## KISSING AS A FINE ART.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE'S HAPPY IDEAS ON OSCULATION.

The Pleasurable Sensation of a Kiss Due to Olfactory-Sensitive Experiments in aid of Science—Kisses Snatched, Stolen or Coaxed and Other Varieties of the Art.

Kissing is one of the matters so familiar to our thought, that we seldom think of it.

Before we can remember, we were the daily, even hourly, victims of kisses we neither asked for nor enjoyed, for although I am quite sure my own mother's kisses must always have been soft and tender as her sweet self, there was the boisterous old "Mamma" who nursed me, and all the train of nursery officials and visitors whose ample lips no doubt effected a goodly number of parts close to my baby ears; and then, older grown, I can even now remember the wounds to my baby dignity as one and another jovial guest at my Southern home would snatch me from the door and kiss me, in spite of all my struggles, while his moustache put out my eyes, and his beard rasped my tender cheek.

As with me, so with you, of course; we all have been in our helpless infancy, crushed beneath the weight of unwelcome kisses, and have most of us, especially the boys, passed from this condition of passive endurance into one of active opposition, wherein, if the jovial gentleman tried to seize upon us, we escaped from the room, or if the angular old man asked, in dulcet tones, "Won't you come and kiss me, my pet?" we boldly replied, "No, I won't; I hate to be kissed," or some such courteous phrase.

Then comes a time, let us say with boys from 7 to 17, and with girls from 5 to 15, when kisses are considered as damaging to the dignity and manhood of the boy and the femininity of the girl.

But time, unrelenting time, leads both girl and boy through this little belt of cold reserve, out upon the plain, and the smiling rose gardens that lie at the foot of those weary and devious paths that ascend the heights. The young man and the young woman change their convictions upon many essential points, and at the same time grow more chary of expressing them.

Ask a girl of 20 what she thinks of kissing, and she will probably blush like a carnation, laugh, look sharply into your face to see if you mean anything, and then say, more or less demurely:

"Like to kiss mamma," or, "Dear me, how should I know anything about it? I never was engaged."

As for the young man asked such a question—well, he would be a very correct young man, indeed, if he did not at once offer to demonstrate his opinion and his methods.

I did, however, in the interests of science, ask a friend of mine to ask her brother, a young fellow of 25, and she reports that he looked at her with a slowly gathering smile, half closed his left eye, and emitted that peculiar sound introduced into English by "The Midway" and absurdly spelt.

Perhaps the most popular bit of science in this connection that I could offer the public is a grave theory of the Baron von Reichenbach's, whom all of us who have dabbled a little in hypnotism will remember as the exponent of a new school of ghosts. He says there is something flying about in the world which he calls *odé force*, and when it is used by a disembodied spirit as a means of making itself visible, we call ghosts. But the baron also says that the *odé force* is visible to experts, playing as a light flame upon the ends of magnets and upon the sensitive portions of the human frame, especially the lips, and he gravely asserts that the pleasurable sensation of a kiss is owing to the polarization of *odé force* upon the fifth pair of nerves.

The baron states that his occult experiments were carried on by aid of four delicate and sensitive young ladies, and that they found the contact with this flame of *odé force*, even when emanating from magnets and crystals, very agreeable. He omits to state whether he and they ever tested it as seen playing upon each other's lips, but he does state that your true scientist will make almost any painful exertion in the interest of knowledge.

Descending from these abstruse regions to everyday life, let us consider what are the proper limitations of kissing, and what latitude a good girl may allow her friends, relations and lovers, for, of course, it is they who profit and she who accepts the salute.

We all know the French proverb, but my idea is that the one who holds up the cheek is generally the girl.

Parents and children, sisters and brothers, kisses as a matter of habit, and mean more or less by these osculations. Cousins kiss as a matter of privilege, and in many cases the girl's side steps in after years.

"O, had I wist ere I was kist  
That a young man's love was so full to win,  
I had locked my lips with an iron pin."

For it is a painful truth that familiarity breeds indifference, especially in the male heart, for a lover likes to long for what he cannot have, and another painful fact is, that the heart of a woman who is satisfied, the devoted wife's sister, as well as the cousin, is apt to learn this truth, and we have seen both to the very end of those cousinly and brotherly privileges which she best of men are fond of claiming.

Outside of this privilege may a girl ever allow herself to be kissed by a man until she belongs to him?

Just today and now, and in our present development of civilization, we are of course apt to say that she can help it; but the question cannot be answered as should she commit herself to some kindred subject should be, for not even a milliner's fashion is so mutable as the standard of right and wrong in this matter.

A hundred years ago or so, the gravest young gentlemen "sainted" the most pious young ladies when they were first presented to her, and it was no more a matter of offence than 30 years ago it was to shake hands.

Novadays we don't shake hands under such circumstances, and perhaps a century hence it will be as extraordinary for a man to offer his hand as it now would be should he offer his lips.

In the rural regions of our own country as well as of England, the favorite amusement of a social gathering of young persons is, or until recently has been, a succession of "kissing games" wherein the most modest girl of the company was saluted by every young man who chose, with a little embarrassment as if he had been her mother. But even in the rural districts this sort of thing is passing away, and the permitted realm of this kiss is narrowing day by day.

It would be more prudery, however, to deny that kisses are still snatched, or half stolen, or coaxed from many a pair of sweet lips which would most assuredly affirm that they never, never, never could consent to such a thing.

A painful state of things, no doubt, but not of easy remedy quite yet. Only dear, sweet, rosy-lipped girls, let me give you one bit of worldly wisdom. It is the fruit that hangs just out of reach that is most tempting. It is the bright, delicate blossom at the top of the impossible cliff that is the fairest flower of all. Men have risked their lives to find and gather edelweiss in its frozen hiding places; but edelweiss gathered and handled, and made common, is to my thinking a very poor sort of thing.

But where one is engaged! Ah, yes, of course, that alters matters a good deal, and it does not alter the nature of man, which is grasping, avaricious, loving pursuit and conquest and dreading satiety. An old lady once told me that when she was a girl she visited a bride friend, and when the husband came home at night, tired, hungry, cold and cross, his young wife rushed into the hall, seizing him as he struggled out of his overcoat, devoured him with kisses, to which he presently responded:

"There, there, my dear; perhaps if you didn't kiss me quite so much I should want to kiss you more."

Of course the man was a brute, but his brutality was founded upon a sound truth. The great trouble with women under conditions of permitted love is that she lavishes upon the object of her passion the same emotions a great deal more than the object can receive or assimilate. Her own powers of loving and being loved are so tremendously in excess of his that they weary, terrify and astound him long before she has adequately expressed her own tenderness.

But there are so many kinds of kisses, that again the subject of what is permissible becomes involved in doubt. There is the kiss of loving friendship between women, the kiss of reconciliation, the kiss of simple greeting, the respectful kiss offered to age, the kiss of mere custom, happily going out of fashion, for it has been at some periods a most wearisome and nauseous obligation as often as one met the most casual acquaintance.

And then there are the *Judas* kisses, when man or woman dares to offer the token of love to conceal inconstancy, treachery, and meditated treason, the worst kind of the lips can frame.

And last of all comes that chill, sad kiss, that passionless caress upon lips never cold to us before, that must forever make every one of us feel called to make soon or later, and which some one yet shall make to us; and then? Ah, then?

Just why this contact of the lips, instead of the cheeks, the chin, the brow, should be so instinctive and so universal, you shall say! Perhaps, after all, Baron Reichenbach has hit the truth, and we seek *odé force*, polarized upon other lips to complete the growth of our own. Odd if it is so, isn't it?

"CAN'T YOU TRUST ME?"

The Old Question Lovers Have Asked Since the Time of Eve.

There is in the Easter number number of Harper's Bazar an illustration—a little, shadowy picture—that must shake some women to the very soul; that, surely some women cannot look at for burning tears!

It is only a young man and a young woman, with their hands on each other's shoulders, their eyes looking deep into each other's souls. But beneath the picture are these words:

"Can't you trust me, Rose?"

There is in the whole of some woman's life story in that picture—all the love, the doubt, the trusting again and again, the dumb sorrow, the awful shrinking from that heart-breaking question, "Can't you trust me?"

Saddest of all hearts is that pure, true one that loves deeply and unselfishly, yet feels that the objects of its affection cannot rise to its own level. Too strong and unstable to cast the unworthy one adrift for her own peace of mind, she keeps what gentle hold she may upon him by her tender influence, her pure love, her quiet self-sacrifice.

For him this means a life apart from hers, and the proud happiness of knowing that the woman whom he really, in his selfish way, loves belongs to him and his life. For her it means sleepless nights and lonely tears and endless prayers; it means a gradual wearing away of life in hurts and pains, and forgotten attentions; it means sad lips and aching heart and weary eyes—eyes that are ever looking for, and ever shrinking from, some new hurt, some greater sorrow, or a repetition of that awful question.

"Can't you trust me?"

To which she must answer always, with pale lips and fainting heart, "Yes, dear, yes."

SOUTH AFRICAN COERS.

Their Peculiar Notions in Regard to Money.

A gentleman some time ago was desirous of purchasing a certain farm in South Africa. The Boer proprietor however doggedly refused to accept bills, checks, or notes. He would have his price, £25,000, in sovereigns, or he would not sell. So the golden billion was with much trouble brought to the house.

Will you not stop to dinner? asked the farmer, and at its conclusion Mr. F. asked him to bid adieu, observed: "Well, I suppose we may at last consider our transactions complete." "Not quite," said the Boer: "You still owe me 300 for the interest on the next episode was that the farmer, worried with the custody of so much coin in his house, resolved with many misgivings to pay the purchase money into the Standard Bank, but the following week he demanded to withdraw his deposit, and the hard cash is again produced. He counts it over carefully, and, once more, the Boer does not, in fact, seem to have the slightest comprehension of the first principles of finance. Another of the class asked a bank what would be the terms for his proposed deposit of £25,000. "We will give you 5 per cent," replied the clerk, not understanding the drift of the question. "You pay me for taking care of my property," said the Boer. "No, no, I am not such a fool as to believe that. You are up to some trick!" and he instantly broke off the negotiation. —Blackwood's Magazine.

AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

Simple and Successful Plan of a Travelling Mother.

A lady starting on a long journey with two children, placed in her satchel some pieces of cardboard, scissors and lead pencil. After some time the children had worn off, the novelty of the cardboard was gone. One child cut the cardboard into pieces three quarters of an inch square, the other printed on each square a letter. The alphabet was written from the letters and gave to them words to make out. In this way they amused themselves.

The mother might have taken the game from home with less trouble to herself, but well she knew there would be more satisfaction in doing it for themselves. Paper shined from bright-colored paper that had been thoughtfully provided. At the end of the journey the passengers declared the children they might always travel with such happy little people. The fact was the children were so pleasantly occupied there had been no opportunity for becoming weary and then disgruntled.

## TEACHING HOW TO PRAY.

LESSON X, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 8.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xi, 1-13—Commit Verses 9-13—Golden Text, Luke xi, 9. Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia.)

All that is recorded between the last lesson and this one is the most interesting and instructive incident of Jesus in the house of Martha (chap. x, 38-42). I have no doubt but that both women were true disciples of Jesus (see John xi, 5, 27) and that Mary was as willing to do housework as Martha; but the attitude of soul which Jesus commends in Mary, and which was lacking in Martha, was the greater interest in the things Jesus taught in the things of this life. Mary was increasing in riches which she would never lose; while Martha, though just as safe as Mary, was more careful about the many things of this life which sooner or later must all be left behind.

1. And it came to pass, that as He was praying in a certain place, Luke records more instances of the Saviour's praying than either of the others. In Luke alone we find that He prayed at His baptism, at His transfiguration, after He cleansed the leper, and before He chose the twelve (21, 22, ix, 29; v, 16; vi, 12, 13). The incident of our lesson also is found only in Luke. If we were more intimate with our Father in Heaven, we would more often be found in communion with Him; the earth would be a more lonely place to us, and we would have more heart crying for Christ himself.

"Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." In the sermon on the mount Jesus had already taught how to pray (Matt. vi, 9-13), but it was after that the twelve were chosen, it is probable that the disciple who asked this question was not present at that time.

2. "And He said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in Heaven." In His Sermon on the Mount Jesus said, "Your Father which is in Heaven," or "your Heavenly Father," eight times. "Thy" or "your Father" seven times, "My Father which is in Heaven" once, and "Our Father which art in Heaven" once.

3. "Give us this day our daily bread." Sustenance for body and soul as each day shall require; but one day at a time. "A daily rate for every day all the days of his life" was what a certain king gave to one who was his captive (II Ki. xxv, 36).

4. "And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." When He taught them this prayer in the sermon on the mount, He added, "If ye forgive not men their trespasss, neither will your Father forgive your trespasss."

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." God did tempt, or try, our people, and Jesus was tempted. Blessed is the man that endures temptation; for he also adds, "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man" (Gen. xlii, 1; Jas. i, 12-15). Temptations, in the sense of trials, are our greatest blessings (Gal. i, 2; I Pet. iv, 12, 13; and God is faithful who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able (I Cor. x, 13). Perhaps the best explanation of this petition will be found in the light of Matt. iv, 1, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil," and in the fact that He, knowing what it means, would as far as possible spare us.

5. "Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him." Jesus now uses the illustration of a friend coming to a friend, on behalf of another friend, and at a very unreasonable hour, but with a very great need; and the request is denied, for the man of whom the request was made, thinks more of the comfort of his children, who are in bed with him, than of the need.

6. "Because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth." The word for importunity is used only this once in the Bible, and signifies literally "samaritanism" or "impudence" or "rough earnestness." Here it is an earnestness, not vexatious, but which accomplishes its end, even at the expense of the children's comfort. He seems to teach us that there is a taking hold in prayer as Jacob did when he was in his helplessness he clung to the angel, saying, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

7. "And I say unto you, Ask and it shall be given you." "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." "Whoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (Matt. xxi, 22; John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7). These are a few of the many plain, emphatic words of our Lord upon asking and receiving, but who believes them? Who thus asks and receives?

"Seek and ye shall find." "Ye shall seek and find me as much as ye shall search for me with all your heart." "Those that seek me diligently shall find me" (Jer. xxix, 13; Prov. viii, 17, 18). When we seek according to the mind, we find nothing; when we seek with our whole heart, we find the whole heart; when we seek spiritual good as men seek silver or hidden treasures (Pr. ii, 4), then we may expect to find.

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "In Christ is redemption" in all its fullness, and "in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." No one knocking at His door can knock in vain, for his own promise is, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John i, 7; Col. i, 9). John vi, 37. How sad the contrast in Rev. iii, 20, where the church is seen standing at the door of the church that bears his name, but he is shut out; and He asks so pitifully if there is any individual that will let him in, that He may sup with them.

8. "For every one that asketh receiveth, and He that seeketh findeth, and He that knocketh and it shall be opened unto him." By His promise "I say unto you, If ye will, that is the confidence that we have in Him; that if we ask anything according to His will, He hears us, and if we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him," we are assured that He will give us a stone for a stone, and He encourages us to expect what we ask for.

9. "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give to him that asketh." If a father will give to a child, how much more will a Father give to his son?

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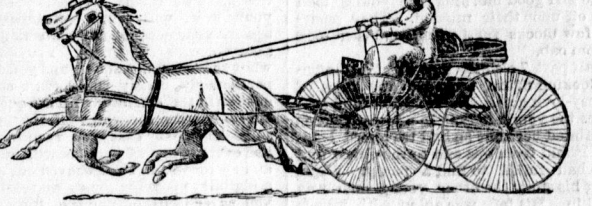
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