

forcibly distend the cheeks, so as to force the air into the passage thus made. You may go on doing this until the neck and chest are filled with air; and your skin will be a sort of balloon. It takes three minutes to perform the operation, and the distention is sufficient to support the body in water. In the water the process may be repeated, so that whatever air is lost may be recovered again. There is no pain and no danger. So that, if we have only three minutes' warning, we can become our own lifebuoys and live in any water. This is not a joke; at least it appears in *Lancet*.—*Week*.

---

#### LITERARY CLIPPINGS.

GOETHE was fifty-seven years writing "Faust."

I MUST tell you a story Miss Bremer got from Emerson. Carlyle was very angry with him for not believing in a devil, and to convert him took him amongst all the horrors of London—the gin-shops, etc.—and finally to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question, "Do you believe in a devil noo?"—*George Eliot*.

CONSIDER what the human mind *en masse* would have been if there had been no such combination of elements in it as has produced poets. All the philosophers and *savants* would not have sufficed to supply that deficiency. And how can the life of nations be understood without the inward light of poetry—that is, of emotion blending with thought?

THE essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts. It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in the Intellectual Life*.