

In the happiest and best spent lives there is always a sigh of regret for "what might have been." What would we not give if we could only re-live a few of the hours that are gone, if only, to place a few bright spots in the schoolgirl life of her whom we all snubbed. For every schoolgirl knows that as there is "a black sheep in every flock" so there is "an outcast" in every class. Her society was never sought, and she being too timid to presume her own on anyone, was allowed to spend her time alone, to eat her lunch in solitude, and pass the hours of recreation in study. No one saw or pretended to see the longing, hungry looks she gave after us and our boon companions as we went off to have a good game of "tag" or "mossy." Ah me! if we could only have known the pleasure it would have afforded, would we not have broken the ring of our charmed circle, and asked her in?

Then there was the "Flirt," a creation which our mothers would lead us to believe was a very recent one, and was "never known when they were young." But our mothers must be getting very old, or their memories very poor, for we have evidence of her existence, very far back in history.

People's ideas of a flirt differ very much, and were we to attempt to describe these ideas, the number and variety of them would fill volumes. But our "school-girl flirt," as we remember her, was not a bad sort of a girl, and one whom we all liked, if we did not respect. Rather nice-looking, naturally clever, but too much otherwise engaged to devote much time to study. Dressed well and with a certain amount of dash and go-aheadness in her, which if devoted to a better cause, would have stood her more real good in after life.

Grown up before her time, she never was a girl, but from a child was suddenly transformed into a "young lady" aped her elders in many ways—talked of the latest styles, the splendid novels, and spent her time and energy in writing notes to, and entertaining on the sly, some mysterious youth of the opposite sex, who, if guided by her report would lead one to believe, was a "modern Alexander" with no more worlds to conquer, and was devoting his final energies to overcome and conquer her.

"Oh Love! what art thou Love? a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at school.

A melancholy man cross-gartering?
Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool!"

"A youngster tilting at a wedding ring!

A sinner sitting on a cuttle stool!"

A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel!"

About five minutes past nine, just when prayers were ended, the door opened with a sudden jerk, and in came a girl all panting and in a flutter; in her agitation one of her books dropped, and, whilst attempting to pick it up, the whole went with a bang, at which everybody started, and the teacher looking up, asked what she meant coming in late and making such a noise? "I couldn't help it," she replied, in a melancholy, whining voice. "I was late in starting, and I missed the street-car, and I had to walk, and it was so far, and I forgot my strap, and I didn't know my books were going to fall." She is told to take a dis-

credit for being late, and another for making such a disturbance. And as her schoolgirl life goes on from Monday to Saturday, and from September to July, she is always late, always in trouble. Can't do this because it is too hard, and because she never has tried. Always complaining—she must have been born on Saturday. When asked to do anything for a friend, she replied, "she would like to ever so much, but had no time."

No one liked her very much, of which fact she was cognizant, and she often said so herself. No one attempted to deny it, for it is a peculiarity of school-girls to make no denial of what appears to them "self-evident truth." Perhaps had she only stopped to think how very disagreeable she was making it for herself and those around her, she would have tried to be more agreeable, but it is one of the adjuncts of grumblers never to think.

But as time will not permit that I should detain you longer by attempting to describe any more of the peculiarities which distinguish "Various girls." I shall bring this brief essay to a close, and if in any of these sketches we should detect anything of ourselves, let us for a moment pause and consider whether these traits are what our best thoughts commend as fundamental principles for our riper and nobler characters.

"No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt

In angel instincts, breathing Paradise

Interpreter between the gods and men."

"Let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood."

"Be that you are
That is a woman; if you be more
You're none."

A LADY UNDERGRADUATE.

[For the University Gazette.]

LINES SUGGESTED BY READING "THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER."

"Oh! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
Oh! how soon will ye come,—too soon! and long to turn backward
Up to its hill tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven."

LONGFELLOW.

Collect now the fragments of thoughts that have vanished,
Collect now resolves that have pass'd with your youth,
Throw round the cold present those memories vanished,
When you liv'd Heaven's ensample of love and of truth.

Snatch an hour from your load of toil, trouble and sorrow,
And summon up now the bright dreams of the past;
Think of all the free fancies you were then fit to borrow
From the mystical future, and to change them as fast.

From vice you turn'd frightened, and away fled in terror,
With joy and with song your youth-blood was rife;
And from sorrow you sped, as from falsehood and error,
That fearing, these hating, yet enchaunted with life.

How many of all the thought-pictures, gay-painted,
Have presented their forms on the canvas of time?
Could you ask the lost friends, then lov'd and now sainted
To look down and examine this self-worth of time?

Oh! say can you love with that fervid devotion,
Which encircles the heart of the innocent child?
Do the dark waves of hate, of sin, indirection,
Never rich o'er your soul in a turbulence wild?

Then summon again, from the time that has vanished,
The true and the good of your earlier days;
In sympathy sweet and with sentiment garished,
You may travel again brief youth's sunny ways.