

Art thou listening to seraphic music in the heavenly spheres or wandering on this dull orb? She ran off with a herdic-driver. I could have killed him.)

Still singing, I slipped into the drawing-room, where I knew a man from some dry goods establishment was putting up curtains. I went swiftly over to the step-ladder on which he stood. He was *Beautiful*. His hair, of a rich, deep red, was dressed pompadour, and his nose was Roman. Oh, Rome! Rome! goal of my young fancy, even a nose will turn my thoughts to thee. (If I do not succeed in music I shall go to Rome and study art. Ah, mon Dieu! Glorious, heavenly art! Art cannot exist without artists, and artists are usually men! Oh, art, beautiful art!) But the man on the ladder. I turned an arch look upon him (I am always arch), and said in a low, trembling voice, "Did it rain when you came in?" "Not much, Miss," said he.

Ugh! how I hate that word Miss, so bourgeois, so sou-edy. I shook the ladder with rage. He lost his balance, and I caught him by the arm, not so much to save him as to feel his manly breath on my cheek. Ah, mon Dieu, for one instant I was delirious with happiness. "Look here, young woman," he said, "where's your keeper and your cage?" "But I love, I adore you," I cried; and with that he picked up his leather apron and hat and ran quickly from the room. Poor boy, how he loves me! He was pale with passion, but I no longer love him; I tire of him. Helas! he loved me too well, and no man shall ever kiss me! I swear it. Mon Dieu! Ah, love, love, when shall I find love?

Wednesday—I have been reading "The Quick and the Dead," "Thou Shalt Not," and "The Evil That Men May Do." Ah, what grand thoughts are in them, mon Dieu!

Thursday—I wanted a sweet bracelet that I saw down at Bogigian's this morning. Another girl bought it before I could get home and ask mamma. I threw an in-laid table straight through the plate glass window and put my foot through a showcase. Why not be frank and candid, mon Dieu, and act as you feel?

Friday—Ah, but I am cruel. I feel I have no heart, and can never know the "le grande passion." To-day I met a handsome man at five o'clock tea. I deftly stood in front of him for one hour, and kept him from talking to any one else. I was brilliant in my conversation, *risque!* *brusque!* I said:

"You are a naughty man."

"How so, Miss Backbayshift."

"Oh, I know you are."

"But —"

"You want to flirt with me. I know you do. Don't you try to squeeze my hand."

"But I assure you—"

"But you may. Here it is. Nobody is looking. You may kiss it if you like."

"But I do not like, Miss Backbayshift. I haven't any desire to kiss your hand, and you are a great bore. If you will kindly let me get away from—"

I threw my cup of chocolate in his face, and let him go. The man is mad to love me so passionately. Why, why, can I never reciprocate love. Ah, mon Dieu!

Saturday—I have been to the Symphony concert. I cast burning glances at all the orchestra, and smiled in my *seduisante* style. None of them looked at me. They do not yet appreciate my style; I am not like other girls. There was one silly young thing in front of me who got a smile from one of the violins. I promptly ran the whole length of my hat pin into her back! Ciel! Then I went home, and, after taking a hot bath, stood at the open window for an hour with only a pongee wrapper on.—*Boston Gazette.*

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

DR. SAYRE, of New York, declares that "everybody under ordinary circumstances, ought to live to be one hundred years old." It would have been an entertaining piece of information had Dr. Sayre explained what he meant by "ordinary circumstances." As mortals seldom live to be one hundred years old, and a majority die at a much younger age, it follows that the human family is living under highly extraordinary circumstances. The Doctor does indicate certain rules for which it is hardly probable he would claim more than that, lived up to, they would do some good. The hundred year rule does not appear very distinct anywhere. A summary is: not to undertake to accomplish the work of a lifetime in the first ten years, which leads one to remark that children ten years and under seldom do attempt that. Use tobacco to aid digestion and smoke like a human being and not like a locomotive, which leads one to suggest, would it not be just as well to omit tobacco entirely? Does the Doctor ever prescribe tobacco? Sleep whenever you can is another rule, which unquestionably is all right. Another is, do not swill down ice-water. Considering how small a part of the human family ever see ice-water, this cannot be the hundred-year rule; it is a good one nevertheless. Don't worry, says the Doctor, nor strive to possess the world, which is an old saw that has lost considerable of its original force from age. Dr. Sayre is a man of genius in his profession, but he fails to justify his assertion that ordinarily mankind should live one hundred years. No one has yet made it clear, for the reason that it is not correct and cannot be made impregnable. Rules for old age have not yet been patented. Were the human family to begin again, with all the light and knowledge gained up to the

present day, it is not improbable that the one hundred years might be evolved; but it is something that has not been found out, though it be true that longevity is increasing, which is a great compliment to the civilization of the present day. Still Dr. Sayre's formula is a good one, and lived up to would doubtless insure everybody a comfortable number of years.—*The Pittsburgh Times.*

LENT.

Is it the fast which God approves,
When I awhile for flesh eat fish,
Changing one dainty dish
For others no less good?

Do angels smile and count it gain,
That I compose my laughing face
To gravity for a brief space,
Then straightway laugh again?

Does Heaven take pleasure as I sit
Counting my joys as usurers gold,—
This bit to give, that to withhold,
Weighing and measuring it;

Setting off abstinence from dance
As buying privilege of song;
Calling six right and seven wrong,
With decorous countenance;

Compounding for the dull to-day
By projects for to-morrow's fun,
Checking off each set task as done,
Grudging a short delay?

I cannot think that God will care
For such observance; he can see
The very inmost heart of me,
And every secret there.

But if I keep a truer Lent,
Not heeding what I wear or eat,
Not balancing the sour with sweet,
Evenly abstinent;

And lay my soul with all its stain
Of travel from the year-long road
Between the healing hands of God
To be made clean again;

And put my sordid self away,
Forgetting for a little space
The petty prize, the eager race,
The restless, striving day;

Opening my darkness to the sun,
Opening my narrow eyes to see
The pain and need so close to me
Which I had willed to shun;

Praying God's quickening grace to show
The thing he fain would have me do,
The errand that I may pursue,
And quickly rise and go;—

If so I do it, starving pride,
Fasting from sin instead of food,
God will accept such Lent as good,
And bless its Easter-tide.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

MORE HUMOURS OF THE BOARD SCHOOL.

MR. HENRY J. BARKER contributes to *Longman's Magazine* a further instalment of entertaining essays by Board School boys. Here is a paragraph from an essay on "Kindness":—"By being kind a person may rise in the world, as the following story will show. Mr. Smith was a poor boy. At first he was a paper-boy. One day, while he was selling his papers, he caught sight of a little girl trying to get across the road, but could not for the number of carriages. He at once went to her assistance and carried her safely across the road. A little while after this Mr. Smith had a paper-stall on nearly every railway station in England." The only authority the boy could give for the story was that he had "heard" it, and that "a lot of boys knew it as well." The following effort is a selection from a Third Standard lad's composition exercise upon "The Donkey":—"The Donkey is one of that tribe of beasts on which the cane has no effect, for the harder you hit it the slower it goes. Your fathers never use a whip for these donkeys, because they no it would not hurt them. For the donkey rather likes to feel a whip, as it only tickles him and makes him feel joyfull and hungry. The best thing to punish a donkey with is firstly a short thick cane for ears and belly; and secondly, a boomstick cut in two for back-bone and back legs. He will then go betwixt four and five miles an hour. The donkeys which you see painted yellow and blue on the school pictures are what are called jews asses. These tribes of donkeys go many miles an hour, and will follow there masters like dogs and lambs because of kindness. The young ones are sometimes called kolts and foals of asses. Therefore, if you have a nice young donkey show merey unto it, and it might grow into a kolt or the foal of an ass. There is also a tribe of wild asses which prowl upon the top of rocks, and never slip over,

even in winter. They are larger than our moddern donkeys, and surer-footed. In the night time they climb down, and feed like rabbits upon the poor farmers' hard-earned vegetables." A village schoolmaster was told by the parson that he intended to bring a friend next morning to hear the boys put through their paces in religious teaching. They had not received much instruction of that kind; but it was necessary to do something. Accordingly he called his little grey-smocked "first class" before him, arranged the members in a certain order, grafted into each blossoming yokel the particular question he intended to put to him in the morning, and likewise added the correct answer. After priming the young hopefuls over and over again with their respective answers, he ventured to dismiss them. Next morning, while the visitors were being awaited, boy No. 2 was told to carry out two stone ink-bottles into the back porch, and ordered to clean off the great streaks of ink and the patches of matted dust. Shortly afterwards the two visitors walked in. The master, quite forgetting that one of his first-class boys was absent in the back yard, commenced to put his questions to the class in the particular order which he had arranged and promised. Pointing to one boy he asked, "What is that part of you, my lad, which can never die?" "My soul, sir," smartly replied the rustic, with an air of confidence and decision which was really quite surprising in one so young. The visitors nodded their approval, and the dominie continued his interrogations. "Now you, my boy," he said, pointing to the third boy in the back row, "tell us who made you." Now the lad thus addressed occupied the very position which had been vacated by the industrious pupil out in the porch. Accordingly, this was not his proper question; and, remembering the master's positive instructions that he was only to give a certain answer to a certain question, he bravely remained dumb and quiescent. "Will you be quick and tell me, sir?" the master cried out angrily, never dreaming, of course, that any hitch had occurred. No; the lad never opened his lips or twitched a muscle. Possibly he thought the master was "trying it on" with him. "Come, my dear child," the visitor ventured to interject, seeing the painful chagrin of the dominie, "you should try to give your master some sort of answer. Surely you know, my lad, that it was God who made you?" "No, sir, it wanna me!" the lad at last burst forth, "I'm sure it wanna, sir! The boy as God made is outside washin' t' inkpots!"

The extract which follows is the latter portion of a Third Standard lad's essay on "Cleanliness":—"Do not go and say that you are feared of making yourself clean, just becose it is cold and it hurts to get the dirt off, or becose the suds get in your eye. For when you are clean, people do not edge away from you, never mind about your clothes, but they say unto you like our teacher that it is next to godlyness. Be thankful unto him becose your mothers can afford soap, and becose they make you use it. Also when your mother puts her finger down your coat-neck afore breakfast, and peeps to see if there's any black there, and then sends you back to the sink again to wash yourself better, say unto her, yes, mother, also smiling. On Saturday nights say also unto her, mother don't forget to get my bath-tub reddy for me, and a new piece of soap, for I love to wash myself course of cleanliness for it is next to godlyness. Do not be same as them there Blacks, and Amerikens, and Ingoos, which just splashes their faces with water and no soap, and never gets inside of a tub, only paddlin' about bits of rivers. When you say to a dirty boy, 'Dirty Dick wants the stick,' only say it about once, so as he can't say as you are wicked. Say unto him, look at the thoteful cat, which spits on its pores just to get a bit of lather for a fair start, and then wipes its nose, and into its eyes, also behind its ears, not counting over. Then say unto him as it will actshelly lick itself where it can't get its pores, rather than be hitching anywhere around. Tell him to look at the necks of masters and superintendents and preachers, and he will never find a ring, which is always a sine as you have not gone far down."

A CURIOUS phenomenon is reported from Batoum, says *Nature*. On Jan. 23., at 4. p.m., during a complete calm, the sea is said to have suddenly receded from the shore, leaving it bare to a depth of ten fathoms. The water of the port rushed out to sea, tearing many of the ships from their anchorage, and causing a great amount of damage. After a short time the sea assumed its usual level.

A PROJECT is on foot to dig a ship-canal from a point opposite Grand Island in Lake Superior to the northern extremity of Green Bay in Lake Michigan, cutting across the narrowest part of the long peninsula between those two lakes. The proposed canal is to be thirty-six miles long, and would save two days and a half for steamers and five days for sailing-vessels that would otherwise have to go around the peninsula.

ANDREW LANG joins in the cry over "the modern destruction of Venice." In his "comments on 'The Merchant of Venice,'" which will accompany Mr. Abbey's illustrations of the comedy in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, he says that he is not sure but that one can see a better Venice in the poet's pages than on the Adriatic. "Beautiful it still is," he continues, "but it is larger; it is very modern; it has iron-clads lying on its waters, and steam-tugs puffing on its canals. Its palaces are hotels or curiosity shops; its famous church is haunted by the most unholy *laquais de place*."