

coming ages; which has originated the most ingenious mechanical inventions, and applied them to the useful arts of life, laying, as it were, a foundation for the future prosperity of the country in its wealth, and subduing the earth to the good of humanity; which, even now, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, of all cant and conventionalism, heaves and throbs with the birth of new forms of civilization, better adapted to the wants of human nature, which, in due time, will give them vitality, and cherish them to maturity, thus asserting the worth of its own freedom, and the extent of its powers. Enslave that mind! Could that be done, we might well say, that

"The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble!"

—H. M.

(To be continued.)

FEMALE (NOT FLAME) COLORATION.

I.

A gay co-ed, came tripping
Down the college stair,
Her smiling face was crimson
As the comb that turkeys wear,
When asked whence came those blushes,
The blow-pipe, 'twas, she said,
She found that when she blew it
It always made her red.

II.

This same co-ed, sat reading,
In solemn midnight hush;
Upon her lap a "Dana,"
Close by her side a "Brush."
And, strange to say, whenever
She read these text-books o'er,
They did not make her redder,
But bluer than before.

"SISTER MARY."

"VARIOUS GIRLS."

In these times of reform when women are seeking and obtaining their proper positions in life, and when "what shall be done with Mary?" is just as much a topic of family discussion as "what shall be done with John?" in these times of improvement, invention and bustle, when the world is turned upside down in its maddening career, there is one object which remains the same, and that is the "typical school girl." But this same "typical school girl" is cast in various moulds, and it is with these moulds that we are all familiar, as we each in days gone by represented one of them.

Do we not all remember, perhaps with a little sigh of regret because we were not so, "the studious girl," who, as head of the class, was the living model and walking precept of all her schoolmates? Her title as "Head girl," was the crown she wore on her graceful head, and the sceptre she swayed was that of "knowledge." Her lithe, thin figure was surmounted by a face unusually thoughtful for "one so young;" with deep penetrating eyes that seemed to read your innermost thoughts, but which at times could beam with unwonted merriment—when "With counterfeited glee, she laughed at all the teacher's jokes, for rarely a joke had he." From her throne she looked down on us, poor unfortunates below her, who having the

little knowledge, which proverbially "is a dangerous thing," and having neither the ambition nor the courage to attain that quantity which puts one out of danger, were compelled constantly to refer to her as our consulting oracle of wisdom.

Her friend and companion was a rather thin medium sized girl, with sharp black eyes, low forehead, smooth hair, thin pursed up lips and a little short nose. Her slender figure was encased in a gown of scrupulous neatness; partially covering this was a spotless white apron pinned up at the top with a small gold brooch. Around her neck was a collar of immaculate purity and stiffness. A self-satisfied air rested on her countenance, and during intermission, whilst busy talking, she imparts to her friend, with a good-humoured sense of superiority, "that she never seen such a lot of girls in her life, so rough and untidy." Do we not recognize her as forming one of the embryos of Lea's greatness, namely, "An old maid."

Then there was the girl who always sat at the foot of the class, who minus various buttons, and plus a good many pins, most noticeable of all being a large one fastening her collar at the back, which being always limp had a natural tendency to lie down, which her hair had not. She, with a good-natured smile used to come sailing in late nearly every morning, and when reprimanded and told to stay in after school, always accepted it in a most resigned and patient manner. She, it was, who forgot nearly everything, lent all she had, and borrowed in a reckless manner, pins and pencils, paper and ink, always, of course, with the intention of returning, which was seldom, "comme les beaux jours." Her friendship was not to be despised, as her heart was unlimited, and she was the ready sympathizer of all—"We may smile at the remembrance of such girls as these, but they can never excite our anger; they are usually on the best terms with themselves, and it follows almost as a matter of course, in good humour with everyone about them."

Even now we call to mind "The amiable girl," at which remembrance a thousand happy memories rush into our thoughts at once—and we see her standing before us, her kindly face beaming with gentleness, goodness and truth. The ready sympathizer and friend of all, listening with a kind and attentive ear to all tales of real and imaginary wrongs, yet with the good sense and tact never to repeat what she hears, for she has learned the adage "silence is golden," and puts it into practice.

"She was not fair, but in her face
There was a purity of soul
That gave each feature perfect grace
Lift up, and beautified the whole."

"Her laugh was low and often heard,
Her smile, soon woke, most passing sweet;
Her sympathies went quickly forth,
Another joy or woe to meet."

Naturally clever, yet she did not seek to outshine her companions, but was satisfied to remain about the middle of the class, and seemed what she was, "the connecting link" between the "head" and "foot" girls.