

To the best and wisest, while they live the world is continually a froward opposito; and a curious observance of their defects and imperfections; their virtues afterwards it as much admireth. And for this cause, many times that which deserveth admiration would hardly be able to find favor, if they which propose it were not content to profess themselves scholars and followers of the ancients. For the world will not endure to hear that we are wiser than any have been which went before.—*Richard Hooker.*

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen.

Fear to do base, unworthy things is valor.—*Ben. Jonson.*

Worth begets in base minds envy, in great souls emulation.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digestion.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt rather than pity.

A taste for good reading will take us into the best possible company.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.

Would you have fame? Write your name in deeds of kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts you come in contact with.

The bright days of youth are the seed time of life. Every action is a seed whose good or evil fruit will be the happiness or misery of after life.

Be good, my child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

ONTARIO TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

PROGRAMME OF SUBJECTS.

The twenty-fourth Annual Convention of the Ontario Teachers Association will be held in Toronto, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, August 12th, 13th, and 14th. The following is the programme as it now stands arranged:—

GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

Uniformity of Text-Books, Mr. William Carlyle, Woodstock; Increased Legislative Aid to Public Schools, Mr. Wm. Macintosh, Madoc; How Best to Secure the Permanence and Increase the Efficiency of the County Model Schools, Mr. G. W. Johnston, Hamilton; Status and Value of Third-Class Certificates, Mr. F. H. Mitchell, Perth; University Consolidation and Legislative Aid to Colleges, Mr. A. P. Knight, Kingston; Industrial Education, Mr. James L. Hughes, Toronto. Addresses will be delivered by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Dr. Geo. M. Grant, of Kingston, and Col. F. W. Parker, of Illinois.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SECTION.

Our Profession from an experience of thirty-two years, Mr. James Duncan, Windsor; The Superannuation Fund, Mr. John Campbell, Toronto; A Plea for Reading and Writing in Our Schools, Mr. F. C. Powell, Kincardine; Advancing Certificates from Grade to Grade on Experience, Mr. R. Alexander, Galt.

PUBLIC SCHOOL INSPECTORS' SECTION.

Amendments to the School Law, Messrs. D. J. McKinnon, Brampton, and Robert Little, Aetou; How may an Inspector be of most service to his Inspectorate, Mr. Wm. Macintosh, Madoc; The Public School Programme, Mr. A. Campbell, Kincardine; Advisability of extending the time for which Third-Class Certificates are Valid, F. L. Mitchell, Perth.

HIGH SCHOOL SECTION.

A Commercial Department in High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, Mr. J. E. Bryant, Galt; Matriculation Examination of Toronto University, Mr. H. I. Straug, Goderich; The Equalization of the Work in High School Options for Second and Third-Class Certificates, Mr. J. A. Clarke, Smith's Falls; Report of Committee on "Subjects in Natural Science for Matriculation," Messrs. J. E. Bryant, J. Turnbull, and D. C. McHenry.

Readings and Recitations.

DON'T BE MEAN, BOYS.

FOR DECLAMATION.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down alone he is then compelled to be honest with himself. Not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look comes back to him; not a penny dropped into the palm of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sun-beam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; no strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself—how he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed—when the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how careless and dreary must his own path appear! Why, even one isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should anyone add a pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, boys. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.—*Burdette.*

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I wandered alone down yonder lane,
Where once "with the boys" I ran in play,
But to-day I leaned heavily on my cane,
And noticed each change with a sense of pain.
By the road-side the grass was not worn away;
Undisturbed, all in place, on the wall lay each one,
While ferns and flowers grew rank in the wood,
And the now vacant plot to tall grass was grown,
In the place where the old school-house stood.

I seated myself on that large corner-stone
Of the level field, the one on the right;
And I thought of the boys to manhood grown,
Who had played with me there ere care was known,
Ere our trust in the world took its flight;
A few grey-haired men came to my mind,
Who stood like myself as old trees in a wood,
Who might wander as I, some day to find
The place where the old school-house stood.

We, who played round this now lone plot,
Have since played in life a far different game;
But down in our hearts we ne'er once forgot
The scenes that cluster around this spot,
'Mid all life's changes they seem the same.
Many who played here have long been at rest,
Some going while earth seemed yet to them good;
In my musing, I, young with the rest,
As I sat where the old school-house stood.

I thought of the teachers who had tried to make
Our careless boys into wise, useful men,
O, the trouble, I remembered, that some did take
A love for the right in our young minds to wake,
Thinking that love would ne'er leave us again;
They have met, some of us, in that home above,
Where this puzzling life is all understood,
And I thought of them all with a reverent love
As I sat where the old school-house stood.