

## SELF-SATISFIED.

One of the most annoying of visitors is the man who is so thoroughly satisfied with himself and all his belongings that he cannot be tow a thought upon yours. Whatever may be shown him he at once institutes a comparison with his own possessions, and begins to tell that "mine are much better than that," "I can beat you on so and so," and ignoring the thing before him, tells us: "Ah! you should see my strawberries," "my roses," "my tomatoes," and so on all through—in short, the man who does not "shut his own gate behind him." Those who are so thoroughly satisfied with their own that they cannot forget it for a few hours should not visit, but remain upon the scene of their remarkable achievements—at home. We would not imply that one in visiting the grounds of another may not on occasion drop a useful hint drawn from his own experience, or that he may not give his host any information that he may ask; for: but we have been so annoyed by receiving visitors, and, worse still, in visiting strange grounds in company with those whose only object in visiting appears to be to boast of their own affairs, that we feel called upon to protest against it. Those who thoughtlessly fall into this unpleasant error needed only to be reminded of it, and they will sensibly avoid it. From the chronic boaster of his own achievements we hope to be delivered, whatever phase his vanity may assume.

A colporteur once called on an old lady and inquired if she owned a Bible. "I hope you don't take me for a heathen?" she said; "I have a Bible, and know how to read it, too." He kindly asked if she would show it to him: whereupon she went up stairs, returned with it, and handed it to him. Upon opening it, out slid a pair of spectacles. "Sake-, alive," she exclaimed, "if there ain't my spectacles I lost seven years ago!"

The high school girl severely reprimands her brother for using the phrase "not to be sneezed at." She says that he ought to say, "occasional no sternatory convulsions."

## PURE READING.

The taste of pure reading cannot be too early cultivated. The careful selection of books for the young, and a watchful supervision over their reading matter, cannot be too strenuously impressed upon parents and teachers. Books are to the young a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death; either contaminating or purifying, weakening or strengthening to the mind of the reader.

If the first aim of a public school system is to make men better workers, the second should be to make them thinkers, and to accomplish this, young minds must be brought into correspondence with the thoughts and works of the great men of the past and of to-day.

Nine-tenths of what they have learned, as Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Geography, will pass away as the cares of life come upon them. But the taste of pure reading, when acquired, will never pass away; it will be of use every day and almost every hour, they will find it a refuge and a solace in the time of adversity, and be happy when the others are sad; it will spread from the father to the third and fourth generations.

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