

Select Reading.

Quaint old Richard Fuller very beautifully said that "he who spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and eats nothing but sauce."

"If some of the time people spend in singing "Let us gather up the sunbeams," were spent by the singers in gathering, they would be filled with more light, and no doubt would increase the brilliancy of their surroundings."

"The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire: "Why wasn't it done the other way?"

"Boston will celebrate the 250th anniversary of its settlement by a reception at Faneuil Hall, September 16th, and an oration in the Old South Church the next day."

"The flavor of detached thoughts depends upon the conciseness of their expression; for thoughts are grains of sugar, or of salt, that must be melted in a drop of water."—*J. Petit-Sean.*

"A woman must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her; the stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless."

"People sometimes sing, "Scatter seeds of kindness," when they would "scatter" far more of that blessed sort by keeping quiet. An ounce of right doing is worth a pound of profession."

"It is never worth while to make rents in a garment for the purpose of mending them, nor to create doubts in order to show how cleverly we can quiet them."

"It was a colored preacher who said to his flock, "We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of heaven, whichever of you stole Mr. Jones' turkeys don't put anything on the plate." One who was there says: "Every blessed niggah in de church came down wid de rocks."

"Tutor—"Your writing is so wretched, sir, that I can't make anything of it. How have you rendered *Cæsar's bonæ leges?*" Sub-freshman—"Why, The bony legs of Cæsar, I believe, sir."

TO COMPUTE THE AREA OF A CIRCLE.—Multiply the circumference by one-quarter of the diameter; or multiply the square of the diameter by .7854; or multiply the square of the circumference by .07958; or multiply half the circumference by half the diameter; or multiply the square of half the diameter by 3.1416.

"There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it perches."

"One of the finest proofs of good breeding is a charitable smile at the person who is endeavoring to make you laugh by playing the fool."—*Mathews.*

"Sidney Smith is quoted as saying: "Never try to reason the prejudice out of a man. It wasn't reasoned into him and it can not be reasoned out of him." This is as true of religious prejudice as of any other."

SICK FROM ROUTINE.—"Your wife, sir," said a physician to a friend who was consulting him about his spouse, "is suffering from routine. There is no disease, but there is a lowering of the whole system simply from the monotony of her life. Take her out of her household cares for a time, to Washington or anywhere else you like, for a change, and she will improve at once." From routine! We had not thought of it before, and yet so many excellent people are almost on the sick list for the want of that variety that is necessary to quicken all the springs of life!

Waste.

BY MRS. C. M. HARRIS.

"Well, as I told you," said my gentle little neighbor to me, "I could not keep a girl whom I caught at such tricks; why, she always gave the cold meats to the beggars, and the cold potatoes to the pigs! I don't care for the money-value of the things, but if there is anything I have conscientious scruples about it is waste."

She looked so sweet and earnest as she said it—this little neighbor of mine—that I could but give her a smile of sympathy and approval, and yet, when the door closed behind her, I turned to take up the work interrupted two hours before when she ran in "just for a minute," the smile faded away into a sigh. "If there is anything I have conscientious scruples about, it is waste," did you say, dear little neighbor? And I assented? Why, then, do you and I and thousands of others recklessly waste, day by day, life—while we unsparingly condemn our servants in the kitchen for carelessness about the cold pieces?

Why did I not "dismiss" you for wasting my time as you sat and sold me all the failings of your recently dismissed domestic, described minutely all the symptoms of your baby's last illness, and offered me a dish not too highly flavored with gossip? Ah! what treasures of knowledge, strength and helpfulness, we might have secured, expended, or exchanged in those two wasted hours!

Can we not resolutely turn out of doors this wasteful servant of ours,—a frivolous, frittering, petty habit of mind? Many, and precious are the things which it throws away. Let us look at some of them.

Nervous energy, mental power, vital force. What do we buy with these? How often have we used all the nervous energy we could command after a serious illness, in detailing to the friend first admitted to the sick-room the pains which we had recently endured? Why do we linger in the realms of the painful and the uninteresting? An unaccountable dullness seems to possess us in this matter, and we suffer complaint to appropriate the limited nervous energy which might have been consecrated to love and joy.

A similar privilege is too often accorded to sorrow and remorse. I know well that I am treading on tender ground, where exact boundary lines cannot be drawn, but there are to me few more pitiful examples of prodigal waste than are to be seen in the cherishing often bestowed upon a barren grief.

Many a mourner might be warned from the indulgence of an undue self-pity, (is not grief oftenest that?) by a consideration of the example of King David, who when his child was taken from him, returned at once to his work, remembering that the kingdom of Israel had been given him to rule over, and that God would hold him to a strict account of his stewardship, although his son and heir had been removed from earth. Too often has God's work to wait upon man's grief!

What are you buying, my friend, with your store of mental power? Is there any leakage here? and dribbling of it away through trashy novels, silly chatter, inconsequent thought?

Truly, "if our heart condemn us not" on this score, we are among the rich and the provident ones, with a daily accumulating stock of wisdom, strength and skill! Is it so?

Vital Force is a treasure more subtle still—more easily expended,—and as likely to be misspent. All our daily doings are regulated by it; not an hour goes by that we do not give it in exchange for something, or throw it heedlessly away.

I have sometimes thought that if the resolute, unflinching, never-failing effort which many are expending day by day to "keep up appearances" and make a fine show upon small means,

were bent in the right direction, why, the means which would justify the larger scale of living might be earned with less toil. But the channels of waste are many, past our counting,—selfish schemes, foolhardy enterprises, absolute idleness, misplaced affections, unjustifiable claims,—we cannot pause to trace them all here; but if we fervently believe that we are not our own, but bought with a price which entitles our Redeemer to the full service of our hearts and hands, surely we shall watch, lest, while we are "busy here and there," life and its opportunities slip away and are gone!—*Ex.*

GAMBETTA'S PARENTS.—Gambetta's father and mother are plain, saving people, and when they went to the Paris fête to see their son's greatness, they took with them four packages of candles, wherewith to illuminate the windows of their lodgings. When they arrived at the railway station in Paris the usual search was made, and a custom officer demanded the duty upon the candles. "They are for my son," said the old man. "I don't care," returned the official; "you must pay the duty if they were for M. Gambetta himself." "But he is my son," exclaimed the father of the great statesman, and he immediately paid the required sum in order to escape the curiosity of the crowd.—*Bulletin.*

WHITTIER THE POET.—No author has lived a sweeter, purer, or more noble life than this old Quaker. Like Washington Irving, he lives alone; his only love was a lady of Louisville, to these many years ago who, woman-like, gave the staid, sober-sided young poet the go by, and wedded a wild, devil-may-care fellow, who ended life's journey by sailing into eternity's sea through a river of whisky. So Whittier never married, but to this day the tenderest affection exists between him and his old sweetheart; she is still living in the South. It was no doubt in moody reverie over the forever lost that he sighed in his Maud Miller. "It might have been!" He will travel along into the future as the most genuinely American of all American poets.—*Washington Capital.*

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