THE MAXIM.

By M. Parr Gill, M.A.

"Carpe diem."—Horace.
"Act—act in the living present."—Longfellow.
"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long."—Kingsley.

THE world is all before you, boys,
So fight to win—not lose—
Let each, according to his bent,
His own vocation chose.
This golden maxim should, I think,
Within your bosoms dwell:
"Whatever's worth the doing, boys,
Is worth the doing well."

So few can scale the giddy heights,
To Fame's alluring seat;
But all may reach some wished for goal,
With steady, plodding feet.
And in whatever sphere stands out
Our duty, great or small,
"It's worth the doing well, my boys,
If worth the deed at all."

Procrastination—"thief of time"—
Is mankind's fellest foe;
The present only is our own,
The future none may know;
And idle dreaming, howe'er sweet,
Can naught attain, I trow,
"Whatever's worth the doing, boys,
Is worth the DOING NOW."

Rome was not built in one brief day,
And so, to form the soul,
'Tis littles, done with manly nerve,
Construct the perfect whole.
The aching brain, the heated brow,
Of lengthened labour tell,
"But if it's worth the doing, boys,
It's worth the doing well."

Then lay this maxim well to heart;
'Twill aid you in the fight,
'Tis recompense alone to know
One's duty was done right;
But when, the battle past, you lie
Within the grave's low cell,
Your soul, beyond, God's voice shall hear:
"Servant, though hast done well."

EDIFYING DOGS.

THE famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveller who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Not only is physical and mental training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal time the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed heads. No one stirs until the "Amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over an older dog growls and gently tugs his ear.

HER APRON STRINGS.

An Honor, Not a Disgrace, to Be Tied Close to Mother.

"BUT I promised my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"What harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings!"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished."

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightingly of his mother's apron strings and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed, too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late"—and now there were tears in the old eyes—"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron strings, cut the adviser and take a tighter clutch of the apron strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ball grounds silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep-drawn sigh:

"That old man has made me goose-flesh all over."

"Oh, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we both have!"

"Yes, and if anything were to happen to them and we hadn't done right. You'll never hear apron strings out of my mouth again."—*Harper's Young People.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S THANKS.

EVEN in the life of the grimy railroad engineer, whose existence is one of almost constant danger, there sometimes falls a spark of light and a ray of human sunshine illuminates his smoky cab, penetrates his greasy blouse and finds its way deep down into his breast. A little incident happened in Oakland, Cal., the other evening after the arrival of the overland train, which though of a simple nature, will long be remembered by a certain Central Pacific engineer. The great iron monster attached to the train was throbbing and puffing after the long and sinuous trip over mountain sides and rocky defiles, trembling trestles and marshy stretches. The din in the depot was deafening, but out of the chaos of sounds, a sweet, girlish voice was heard welcoming home her parents, who had arrived on the train. She was a little golden-haired beauty, scarcely six years of age, with a quick, intelligent eye and a loving nature, to which she gave full vent in the radiant and impulsive way she welcomed her fond parents back. At last they took her by the hand and proceeded towards the waiting ferry boat. As they passed by the engine belonging to the train the little one broke away, ran up to the big black machine and patted the driving-wheels affectionately with her little white hands. Looking up at the smokestack, she said: "You good, big old iron horse, you have brought back my papa and mamma safe over the fearful mountains to their little girl and I want to thank you, even if you don't care for me because I am so little, and you too," she continued, turning her face wistfully towards the grimy engineer, who was leaning out of the cab window, "I love you both." Then she kissed her hand to him and was gone like a ray of sunshine. Just then a fleeting sunbeam from the great orb sinking down into the Golden Gate came stealing through a chink in the depot and stole by the engineer into his cab. There was a strange look on his face for an instant, and all at once the depot was dark and lonesome. When he turned his head into the cab there were two light spots on the cheeks of his dust begrimed face.

A LEARNED DOG.

A TRUE story is told of a farmer's dog who has been found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretences. He is extremely fond of sausages, and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the butcher's shop, bringing his master's order, and by and by the butcher became careless about the reading of the document. Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more sausages than he had ordered. The butcher was surprised, and the next time Lion came in with a slip of paper in his teeth he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for sausages he looked round for a piece of paper and trotted off to the butcher's. The farmer is something out of pocket, but squares the account by boasting of the dog's intelligence.

WHO IS YOUR MASTER.

SOME months ago five little boys were busily employed one Saturday afternoon tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice from their father who was preparing part of the ground for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charley," he replied, placing a basket of stones on the make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver, but after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said: "Well, D., how silly you are! how can I have two masters? The one would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of the Lord Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and satan for your master "Choose this day whom ye will serve."

ALL SORTS OF BOYS.

THERE'S the witty boy, and the pretty boy,
And the boy who oils his hair;
There's the cat-faced boy, and the rat-faced boy,
And the boy with a bovine stare.

There's the steamy boy, and the dreamy boy,
And the boy who is "up to date;"
There's the boy who smokes, and the boy who jokes,
And the boy who is always late.

There's the tender boy, and the slender boy,
And the boy with limbs like a bear's;
There's the stoutish boy, and the loutish boy,
And the boy who slides downstairs.

There's the cheerful boy, and "that fearful boy,'
And the boy who deserves a flogging;
There's the boy with a heart, and the boy too "smart,"
And the boy whose brain wants jogging.

There's the grass-green boy, and the bright, keen boy,
And the boy who is always blubbing;
There's the "climby" boy, and the grimy boy,
And the boy who shirks his tubbing.

There are many others, oh men and brothers,
And none are all bad, you bet;
There are boys and boys—yet through griefs and joys
They are Somebody's Darlings yet. F. S.

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

DID you ever see a gutta percha face, and did you ever amuse yourself with pricking it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on? Now, your little faces are softer than gutta percha, and they are full of little strings called muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way and another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face in a very doleful expression, and we know, by looking at you, how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased or merry, and the little muscles pull your face into smiles and dimples. But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls, and oh, what a disagreeable look the face gets on in a minute! Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, or deceit, and each brings its own expressions over the face. The worst of it is, that when these passions pull very often the face does not return to what it was before, but the muscles harden and retain that ugly expression.

A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child has had the passion of anger pulling at it so often, that it always wears a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or, if a man has learned to lie and steal, he cannot make his face that of a truthful honest man. Now, dear children, do you want to have pleasant faces that everybody will love to look at? Then do not let the ugly passions get hold of the strings. Put them into the hands of love and charity, and good will and truth, and honesty; and then you will have beautiful faces.—*Western Catholic.*