

in the bosom of the Catholic Church alone, that the bright dreams of youth, of love, of purity, and of Christian holiness of life, can find their realization. It is from thee, O Holy Church, we—

"Learn virgin innocence, learn mercy mild,
Unlearn ambition, unlearn carefulness.
O life where state of angels is fulfilled,
And saints, who little have, and need still less;
A state which nothing hath, yet all things doth
possess!"—*Baptistry, Batavia Echo.*

TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

I.—THE THREE MAXIMS.

THERE was an emperor of Rome named Constantine, a good and a wise prince, who suffered no offenders to escape. There was a high feast in his hall, the tables glittered with gold and silver, and groaned with plenteous provisions; his nobles feasted with him,

"And 'twas merry with all,
In the king's great hall
Where nobles and kinsmen, great and small,
Were keeping their Christmas holiday."

The porter in his lodge made his fire blaze brightly, and solaced himself with Christian cheer; every now and then grumbling at his office, that kept him from the gaities of the retainers' hall. The wind blew cold, the sleet fell quick as the bell of the king's gate sounded heavy and dull.

"Who comes now?" grumbled the porter; "a pretty night to turn out from fire and food. Why, the very bell itself finds it too cold to clank loudly. Well, well—duty is duty; some say it's a pleasure—humph! Hilloa, friend, who are you? What do you want, man?"

The traveler whom the porter thus addressed was a tall, weather-beaten man, with long white hair that fluttered from beneath his cap of furs, and whose figure, naturally tall and robust, seemed taller and larger from the vast cloak and bear skins with which he was enveloped.

"I am a merchant from a far country," said the stranger; "many wonderful things do I bring to your emperor, if he will purchase of my valuables."

"Well, come in, come in, Sir merchant," said the porter; "the king keeps high Christmas feast, and on this night all men may seek his presence. Wilt take some refreshment, good Sir?"

"I am never hungry, nor thirsty, nor cold."

"I'm all—there—straight before you, Sir merchant—the hall porter will usher you in—straight before," muttered the old porter, as he returned to his fire and his supper. "Never hungry, thirsty, nor cold—what a good poor man he would make; humph! he loses many a pleasure though," continued the porter, as he closed the door of the lodge.

The strange merchant presented himself to the hall porter, and was ushered by him into the presence of the emperor.

"Whom have we here?" said Constantine as the stranger made his obeisance. "What seekest thou of me?"

"I bring many things from far countries. Wilt thou buy of my curiosities?"

"Let us see them," rejoined the emperor.

"I have three maxims of especial wisdom and excellence, my Lord."

"Let us hear them," rejoined Constantine.

"Nay, my Lord; if thou hearest them, and likest not, then I have lost both my maxims and my money."

"And if I pay without hearing them, and they are useless, I lose my time and my money. What is the price?"

"A thousand florins, my Lord."

"A thousand florins for that of the which I know not what it is," replied the king.

"My Lord," said the merchant, "if the maxims do not stand you in good stead, I will return the money."

"Be it so, then; let us hear your maxims."

"The first, my Lord, is on this wise: NEVER BEGIN ANYTHING UNTIL YOU HAVE CALCULATED WHAT THE END WILL BE."

"I like your maxim much," said the king; "let it be recorded in the chroni-