

The Family Circle

NO TIME TO LOSE

Young friend, you're fond of sport and play—

In that there's nothing wrong!

But, as I love you, let me say,

Don't be a boy too long!

You have your name and fame to make,

Your path to carve or choose—

Believe you me, though young you be,

You have no time to lose.

An early start in honor's race—

O that's the way to win!

A late set out, a lazy pace

Is very like a sin.

If you but think the matter o'er,

You'll come to share my views,

And say to me, 'Well, yes, I see,

I have no time to lose.'

And don't forget as on you go,

However high you rise,

The goal is set, not here below,

But far beyond the skies.

I got a hint myself to-day

From dear old Father Hughes—

'T.D.,' said he, 'at seventy-three

You'll have no time to lose!'

—Catholic Standard and Times.

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the snip, snip of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modest structure which had cost him not less than 90,000 dollars.

Just beyond the hedge was a public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on the one side of the hedge and they on the other.

'Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racket,' one of them said. 'You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?'

'Only six, Charlie,' was the reply.

'Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?'

'I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half,' replied Fred.

'Well, now, that was silly,' declared Charlie. 'I'd have given up three dollars for it.'

'You are too late,' replied Fred; 'I have promised it to Willie.'

'Oh, you only promised it to him, eh? and he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it.'

'I can do it, Charlie.'

'You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at.'

'Of course not,' admitted Fred, 'and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racket to Willie.'

'But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much more, and that will settle it.'

'No, Charlie,' gravely replied the other boy; 'that will not settle it, neither with Willie nor me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racket is his even if it hasn't been delivered.'

'Oh, let him have it,' retorted Charlie, angrily. 'Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious.'

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

'The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff,' was the millionaire's mental comment. 'He places a proper value upon integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious.'

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

'Fred, let us go over to the circus lot,' the other boy said. 'The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance.'

'No, Joe; I'd rather not,' Fred said.

'But why?'

'On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go.'

'Did she say you shouldn't?'

'No, Joe.'

'Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders.'

'But I will be disobeying her wishes,' insisted Fred.

'No, I will not go.'

'That is another good point in that boy,' thought John Brent. 'A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong.'

Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

'I can simply take your names and residences this morning,' he said. 'I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select.'

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

'What is your name?' he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

'Fred Fenton, sir,' was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

'You can stay,' he said. 'I've been suited sooner than I expected to be,' he added, looking at the other boys, and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

'Why did you take me?' asked Fred in surprise. 'Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me.'

'I know you better than you think I do,' John Brent said, with a significant smile.

'But I offered you no recommendation,' suggested Fred.

'My boy, it wasn't necessary,' replied John Brent. 'I overheard you recommend yourself,' and as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

This is a true story.

CHEERFULNESS

There is scarcely an evil in life which we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness be made to end in death by the brooding apprehensions of the sick. On the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things will banish the mildew, and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and this life, like the chameleon, takes its shade from the soil upon which it rests. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a perpetual serenity, and is in itself an offshoot of goodness.

THE SHEIK AND THE SAGE

The following pseudo-Arabian tale is taken from a German paper:—

The mighty Sheik Abdullah spake one day to the court sage, old Enekazi, as follows:—'You are always ready to give sensible advice, O Enekazi; perhaps you could tell me which of my councillors are really sincere?'

'A very simple matter,' replied the sage, confidently.

'I will tell you at once, mighty sheik, how it is to be managed. Go and compose a long ballad this very day.'

'Stop!' interrupted the sheik. 'You forget that I am no poet.'

'That's just it, mighty sheik. Go and write at once a long ballad and read to your assembled councillors.'

'But, Enekazi, bear in mind that I never wrote a line of poetry in my life.'

'So much the better. When you have read the long ballad to your courtiers, you will judge of the effect yourself. To-morrow I will come again and learn of your observations.'

The next day the wise Enekazi entered, saying:

'Did you follow my advice, mighty sheik?'

'Certainly.'

'And what happened after you had read your ballad? Inquired the old man, smiling.

'Oh, I was completely taken by surprise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet Ibu Yemin; another that I was a new bright luminary in the firmament of poetry; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard. In a word, they were all in ecstasies, and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies.'

'And what about old Henri Adin?' eagerly questioned the sage.

'Ah, he dropped to sleep while I was reading.'