

## YOUNG CANADA.

### TOM'S CYCLONE.

"Tom, Tom, where are you?" It was Tom's mother, standing in the doorway, calling him. A mysterious voice was heard coming from under an old carpet spread over the lawn: "Here I am, mother. I'm makin' a cyclone!" And a few seconds after Tom emerged, very red in the face, and covered with dust, looking as if he had been through a cyclone himself. "Making what?" asked Mrs. Higgins, in astonishment.

"Makin' a cyclone," repeated Tom, stoutly. "If you and Aunt Louise want to see it when it's done, you can come out. It will be ready in about half an hour. The admission will be five cents." And Tom crawled back again to finish his cyclone.

Mrs. Higgins went back to her work in the kitchen, but her curiosity was excited, and at the end of half an hour she called Aunt Louise, and they went out upon the lawn. Tom met them near the door, gravely demanded the five cents, which was paid after a little murmuring, and the two spectators were shown to some seats overlooking the entire scene.

Tom had called in nearly a dozen neighbours' boys to help, and the yard seemed alive with them. The old carpet was fastened by two corners to stakes driven into the ground. The other two corners were held up by two of the stoutest boys, so that the carpet was about two feet above the ground. Underneath the carpet had been built a miniature city of wooden blocks and mud bricks. The streets were laid out with great care, and, although some of the architecture was surprising, the general effect was imposing. Tom, with a stick in his hand, pointed out the different places of interest.

"This is a 'Piscopal Church. Here is a school-house. That is a row of saloons. This is a college; and this is a hotel. Are you ready? Blow!"

This sudden announcement rather took away the breath of the spectators. But as Tom afterwards explained, "cyclones always did surprise folks." The two boys at the loose end of the carpet shook it up and down vigorously. The other boys, stationed at the back and on the sides created currents of wind with brooms and tin pans, and old pieces of bagging, and added to the general confusion by deep groans supposed to represent thunder. This last was an idea from Tom's fertile brain. The effect caused by the up and down movement of the carpet and the straight ahead currents was exceedingly curious. The "'Piscopal" church was whirled completely around, and finally, to the intense delight of every one, was turned over and stuck, steeple downward, in the ground. The hotel was blown all to pieces, and scattered to the four quarters of the city, while the saloons fell over like a row of bricks, and lay almost quiet during the remainder of the tempest. Finally the performers stopped from sheer exhaustion, and the cyclone was over. The boys went home. Tom gathered up the ruins, washed himself, and came in to tea.

"Tom," said Aunt Louise, "what will you do with the proceeds of the cyclone entertainment?"

Tom paused in the midst of a big bite from a slice of bread.

"Send it to the cyclone sufferers," he responded promptly.

That night, when Mr. Higgins came home, his wife told him the story of the cyclone, and in the morning Tom's proceeds were sent off to Iowa, together with a generous cheque from Mr. Higgins himself.—*Advance.*

### WHAT WILL YOU BE?

We see two boys standing side by side; both are intelligent-looking and kind-looking; but one becomes an idle, shiftless fellow, and the other an influential and useful man. Perhaps when they were boys no one could have seen much difference between them; when they were men, the contrast was marked. One became dissolute step by step; the other became virtuous step by step; as one went up the other went down.

It is a question of great moment—What will you be? One determines he will do right, and improve his powers and opportunities to the utmost. He is industrious, learns his business, becomes a partner or proprietor, and is known as a man of influence and power. Another does not determine to be bad, but is lazy, and neglects to improve his opportunities. He shirks work; he "fools around;" next he is seen with tobacco, and probably beer and whiskey follow; his appearance shows he is unhealthy; he does not do his work well, he loses his position, and becomes intemperate and probably a criminal.

There are many to-day who are standing at the parting-place. You can take *one* path, and you will go down as sure as the sun rises. If you prefer hanging around a saloon to reading good books at home, then you are on the road to ruin. If you do not obey your parents, if you run away from school, if you lie, if you swear, you will surely go down in life.

If a boy steadily improves his time, tries to learn his business, obeys his father and mother, is truthful and industrious, is respectful and pleasing towards others, he will succeed. No one can stop his doing well in life. He has determined that he will be a noble specimen of a man, and every good person will help him.

### HOLD ON.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when about to strike, pinch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when about to run away and disobey a father or mother—running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, or shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others about you are angry.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for

it is of more value to you than gold, beautiful houses, or gay fashionable clothes.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good through time and throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue. It is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

And, best of all, get a firm hold of Jesus; then no evil can overtake you. He will carry you safely through this world; and in the end will take you to that home where you will be safe and happy for ever.

### THE SENSE OF HONOUR IN BOYS.

There is a great confusion in boys' notions of honour. You should not go to the teacher with tales of your schoolmates, but when questioned by those in authority over you, parents, guardians, or teachers, it is your duty to tell who did a mischief or broke a rule, no matter what results to yourself or how unpopular you become. Boys have a false honour which hides mean and skulking actions in each other, which ought to be ridiculed out of them. The most cowardly injuries and injustice among boys go unchecked, and the weaker are abused and bullied in a way every decent boy should resent, because this false notion of comradeship leads them to lie, prevaricate, or keep silent to screen the guilty. Teachers and friends ought to put down this ignorant, petty "sense of honour," for something more intelligent and upright. When you know of a wrong, and keep silent about it when asked, you become a partner in the wrong, and responsible for its original meanness. It is a pity that boys and grown people do not carry the same strictness of principle they show in screening bullies and frauds into points of genuine honour and courage.

### DON'T BLOCK UP YOUR WAY.

I was sitting in the office of a merchant not long since, when a lad about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman:

"I would like to get a situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I don't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly every one smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars, you will be above working as an apprentice; and if you have not money enough, your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Who wins? The boy or man of bad habits? No! The boy or man who can swear, cheat, lie or steal, without being found out? No! But he wins who is not ashamed to pray to God in the hour of temptation for help—for strength more than human when adversity overwhelms. He who reads God's Word and trusts it; who is not governed by the motive, Is it expedient? but is it right?—he wins.