

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NEATNESS.

How neatly all the seeds are laid
Within the ripening pod!
How carefully the cells are laid!
This is the work of God.

How carefully the sides are closed
Against the winds and rain!
For if He left the seeds exposed,
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere
In what my Father doeth,
He condescends to make with care
The smallest flower that grows.

Let children who would learn from Him,
Neat habits seek to gain;
Or they will waste much precious time,
And do their work in vain.

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 repre-

sent 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.*

ONE SUMMER DAY.

One day Danny and me ran away till long past nap-time, without meaning to run away at all. We were catching a great pinkish-whitish-yellowish butterfly; but we never caught it *really*. It flew and flew along, and kept stopping for a minute on something until you'd think sure you'd catch it, and then off it would go again. After a while it flew away up high in the air, and when Danny and me looked around, we found we'd chased that butterfly clear to Mr. Sumner's fence.

Aunt Nelia always says, "Never get over the fence;" but we thought we would just *this once*. But if there wasn't a mean, cross cow over there,—and when we got right into the middle of the field, she went and ran at us. We ran like everything with that cow after us, and scrambled over another fence into another field, full of tall green grain. We'd never been in this field before. We walked along in the grain, and only just the top of our heads stuck out a little bit. It was real nice there, and Danny said we'd play we were the children of Israel going through the Red Sea. Because the grain divided so nice, and let us go between it just the way the Red Sea divided and let the children of Israel pass through. I said, "Let's call it the Green Sea, because it's so green," but Danny said, "No, call it *Red*, or else it won't sound like the Israelites."

We talked so loud, the man that owns the field must have heard us, or else he saw the tops of our heads, for he hollered out, all of a sudden, in an *awful* voice,—

"You young ones! Get out of my grain, or I'll cut your ears off!"

O my! we were a *great deal* more scared than when the cow scared us! We ran towards home just as fast as we could, and I think—that man after us, going to cut off our

ears. When we got in the field where the cow was, we forgot the cow until we saw her, and then we ran some more, and when we got to our own field we were tired and hot enough. We just dragged ourselves home, *any way*.

Aunt Nelia said, "Why, children, where under the sun have you been? Go right and take your nap." And don't you think I was just *glad* to take my nap that day, and I guess Danny was, too! But wouldn't it have been *perfectly dreadful* if that man had cut off our ears?—*Youth's Companion.*

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.