

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus de-spoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse;
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse!)
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can.

"SQUIRE BOASTFUL."

A KING had a squire called "Squire Boastful," because he promised a great deal and performed little. The king's jester thought he would teach "Squire Boastful" a lesson, and he did so.

One day the king had some very nice roast birds for dinner. He called his squire and said:

"Hans, go to the woods and shoot ten birds for my supper."

"Not ten only," answered the squire, "but a hundred will I shoot for you!"

"Good!" replied the king, "if you can shoot as well as that, you may bring me a hundred; you shall have a dollar for each."

The jester heard this and went to the woods before the squire, to where the birds were most plentiful, and said:

"Little birds fly! fly apace!
Hans the Boaster comes to this place,
Now for your lives pray run a race!"

So when Hans reached the woods there wasn't a bird to be seen; all had hidden in their nests. When he went back to the king empty-handed, he was sent to prison for a hundred days because he had not kept his word.

When he was free again the king said to him one day, "I must have five fishes for my dinner."

Hans remembered the hundred birds, and tried to rein in his boastful tongue, "I will bring you fifty fishes instead of five."

"If you are such a good fisherman you may bring me fifty," said the king, "and you shall have five dollars for each one."

So the jester ran to the sea and cried:

"Little fishes, swim apace!
Hans the Boaster comes to this place,
Now for your lives pray run a race!"

And when Hans reached the sea-shore not a fish could he catch. They had all gone to the other shore. When he returned to the king again empty-handed, he was put in prison for fifty days because he had not kept his word.

When he was once more at liberty the king said to him: "I must have a rabbit."

Hans remembered his imprisonment and replied:

"Sir, I will bring you at least ten."

"If you are such a good hunter bring me ten; you shall have ten dollars for each one," answered the king.

And the jester hastened to the forest and cried:

"Little rabbits, run apace!
Hans the Boaster comes to this place,
Now for your lives pray run a race."

And Hans hunted all day and never shot a single rabbit, so he had ten days more in prison because he had not kept his word.

When he was at liberty the king said, "I must have a stag for my dinner."

Hans remembered the sufferings his previous boastings had brought upon, and replied, modestly:

"I will go to the woods and try and find one for you sir."

Scarcely had he got to the woods when he shot a very fine stag. He took it joyfully to the king, who exclaimed: "See! when you do not promise impossibilities you are able to keep your word."

And the jester laughed in his sleeve, for "Squire Boastful" never boasted after that.

THE SILKWORM.

IT is generally believed that silk was spun in China so long ago as 2,500 years B.C. For a long time the Chinese kept the secret to themselves, but about two thousand years after the discovery, the process of manufacture began to be known elsewhere. The Professor cannot tell all about the wonderful insect in this short column, but if you want to know more concerning it, you can read Louis Figuier's "Insect World."

The eggs of the silkworm are just about the size of mustard seeds. Before the silk time comes the insect passes through five stages. The final stage lasts about nine days, and during this time the little fellows eat like mad. If you were in a large silkworm establishment you would think there was a thunder shower without the thunder, the worms make so much noise as their little jaws crunch the mulberry leaves.

The owners have to be very careful with the eggs, for they must be kept on sheets of paper in a warm room, but where no sunlight can fall upon them. When the worms are ready to come out, nets are placed over the eggs, and on these nets mulberry boughs are laid. Then the worms crawl up on the green branches and are fed with leaves cut up into little bits of pieces—because they are babies, you know. How these little things will eat! Why, they have to feed them from the very first seven or eight times a day. After each moulting time fresh leaves are given to the worms, and when the chrysalis stage comes on, they are given sprigs of heather, into which they climb and spin the cocoons. This happens about thirty-six days after the eggs are hatched.

The worm spins its cocoon from threads of silk which come from large glands in the under lip. The length of this thread is about one thousand yards, and it is spun, without a break, in four days. Inside of this cocoon the worm becomes perfectly white. By and by this white skin is pushed off, and in sixteen days the moth appears. But he finds

himself a prisoner inside of the cocoon. He is, however, furnished with a liquid, and he uses this to effect his escape. He wets the silken prison at one end, so that the threads separate without breaking, and out flies the moth into the free air.

But only a sufficient number for breeding purposes are allowed to escape, because it injures the cocoons to have the threads moistened, so as soon as the covering is spun, the chrysalis inside is destroyed by steam which passes through wicker baskets. The cocoons are then sold to the silk-spinners, who put them into hot water to wash off the gum which sticks the threads together, and who then beat them gently with a tiny broom. The threads get caught on the end of the broom and can thus be separated and then wound on wheels in strands of any strength desired. This is, as you can imagine, a very delicate process. Indeed the whole business requires the greatest care, for the silkworms are often attacked with disease which will sometimes carry off whole establishments.

Men have tried to make silk directly from the mulberry tree, but with no success at all. They also took the sticky matter which the worm secretes and tried that in connection with the leaves; and although the result was a little more satisfactory, still it wouldn't answer the purpose, and it proved that not only must the worm manufacture the silk but also spin it itself before the perfect thread could be produced. And yet men call themselves "lords of creation!"

BORROWING.

HAVE your own things. Accustom yourselves to being careful to keep on hand your own stock of writing paper, pens, pencils and India rubber. Do not depend on mamma's work-basket for a thimble or needles, nor on her bureau-drawer for ruffles and handkerchiefs. Do not consider that you have a right to borrow papa's knife, nor to make a foray on Brother Tom's room for strings and wrapping paper. Everybody should be independent of the home world, so far as some personal belongings are concerned. If you allow yourselves to form the habit of going here and there with "Please lend me this," and "Do oblige me with that," you will often annoy people who are too polite to show their feelings, and you will sometimes incur mortifying refusals. It is usually much better to do without the use of an article, than to borrow it. This is especially true of things to wear. There are girls who put on their sisters' hats and aprons quite indiscriminately. There are boys who never have a collar in their box, nor a tie that isn't a perfect string, and not fit to be seen.

Remember that a very wise man has told you, "The borrower is servant to the lender." This has many meanings, or rather, the meaning of it makes itself plain in many ways, as you go on in life. You will have a truer self-respect if you decide that you will, so far as you can, stand on your own feet, and not borrow your neighbor's crutches.

THE fact that the Scriptures contain things hard to be understood, is no reason for laying them aside, but a very strong one for taking more pains to understand them.