

# HOME & SCHOOL.

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## August.

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The cloudless days have come upon the land,  
At morn and eve the sun so fiery looks,  
At noon we seek the shady bow'rs and  
nooks,  
And leave the burning rays upon the sand.

The farmer works away with busy hand,  
His daughter drives the cattle to the  
brooks,  
The student has forgot his toil-worn  
books,  
And seeks his rest upon a pleasant strand.

Oh that we all would work when 'tis our  
time,  
And learn to rest when God doth bid us  
to do;  
And so our Maker's glorious name adore.

Ere long our call will be to seek a clime  
In which there'll be no tiresome work to  
do;  
And then we'll be far from the world's up-  
rour.

## Natives of Hawaii.

WHEN Lady Brassey, the noted traveller, reached the Sandwich Islands, she and her party visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron. "Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids; and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff, a hundred feet high, into the sea at its base, as shown in the picture.

## Why Bees Work in the Dark.

A LIFETIME might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a beehive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a problem for the mathematician, while the changes the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystal-like appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change is due to a photographic action;

that the same agent which determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystal-like form. This, however, is the case. M. Sheibler, an eminent chemist, has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid.

. And this is why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light was allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.



NATIVE HIGH LEAP AT HITO.

## A Young Capitalist.

We find the following in a Newark paper:

"As Mr. O. B. Yatman was yesterday standing at the depositors' window of the Howard Savings Bank and counting out \$25 to deposit a gentleman at his elbow remarked jocosely:

"Well, I see that taking care of the Newark youngsters proves profitable and enables you to lay up money."

"Why, bless you, my friend," was the reply, "that's just where you're wrong. I can't save any money. This that I am depositing belongs to a bootblack, to a boy only sixteen years old. Look at this bank book. You see its for ——— who's one of my proteges, a street waif. You see also that he's been depositing through me as a trustee since April 1, 1884. Isn't that beautiful? You find \$25 here, \$40 there, and \$10 there, and now the aggregate of that little bootblack's savings is almost \$340. Why, bless you, there's many a clerk in Newark on a salary of \$1,500 a year who doesn't save half that sum. This boy pays his way, too. He's one of our little lodgers, and he pays for his board and lodging."

"Now I'll tell you how it happened. About eighteen months ago this chap, who was spending his money foolishly at night, had no home. His father and mother both died, and his stepfather is in jail. I told him he could start in business with a nice capital when he becomes of age if he wanted to. He inquired how. I said, 'Save your money, my boy.' Then he began to give me his savings each night. I put them in a safe place, and when they amounted to a respectable sum I came and deposited it all here, and for eighteen months I've been at it, and you see now he's a young capitalist—and only a bootblack.

"He's not the only one either. I've got others of my boys saving too, and I tell you they'll turn out smart men. They get the habit of saving and working and are self-supporting. They get the business habit. Why, bless you, they can give odds to many a rich man's boy now. But you thought it was my money, hey? Well, that's too good a joke. No, my friend, I can do for the young scamps what I can't do for myself. But good day, I can't wait. I must go and look after others."

And as Mr. Yatman pitched for the street he could be heard saying, as he chuckled to himself "Well, well, if that ain't too good. He thought, it was my own money."

God warns us because He loves us.