

# HONEY AND SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1890.

[No. 11.]

## A Skilful Packer.

WE have all read, in "The Arabian Nights," how a gigantic genie came out of a small pickle-jar. If we look about us this spring we will see this wonder undone by any hedgerow.

These lilac buds are no larger than the tip of a woman's little finger; yet some of them contain a spray with several leaves, and from others there will come a great spire of flowers.

The sticky horse-chestnut buds will open to let out into the sun four or five great spreading leaves surrounding a pyramid of blossoms.

How snugly they are folded away in these little brown buds! No shop man could wrap parcels half so cleverly as Mother Nature does. No French maid ever packed her mistress' finery with half the skill which Nature has shown in the folding of baby blossom or tender leaf.

Girls know that dresses which have been lying for a long time folded away in a drawer or trunk are creased when they are taken out.

So are the leaves, when they have come out of the buds where they have been tightly folded for so many months. After a while the breezes will shake out all these little wrinkles, but when the foliage is new and fresh we can see them plainly.

Some leaves have been rolled like music in a portable case, or like a window-shade around its roller. Some have been folded like fans, and some have been doubled lengthwise down the middle as a school girl folds her composition. May-apple leaves come up looking like closed umbrellas, and then open just as umbrellas do. The crinkled spring foliage is very pretty and interesting, too, for the creases show how Mother Nature contrived to get so many leaves into so small a parcel.

And where is the food which has been prepared for these awakening buds? Growing leaves and flowers, like growing children, need plenty of nourishment, and Dame Nature has provided whole storehouses full of food just such as young foliage and baby blossoms need.

The crocus and daffodil get their food from little storehouses underground.

If we dig up a root early in the spring, before the flowers have opened, we shall find it white, firm, round, and fat. The flower-stem is able to



SWIMMING IN THE SURF.

shoot up so fast, because it is nourished by this abundant good fare, just as a boy who is outgrowing all his clothes is doing it by means of unnumbered breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. The blossom owes much of its beauty to this stored food; and if the supply were to give out, the colours of the flower would grow dim.

By the time the blossom dies the little storehouse will be emptied, but then the crocus will have found long leaves and active roots, and will be able to gather enough nourishment from the soil and the air to satisfy all its wants.

The lilac leaves grow so fast, because they are well fed on food that has been saved on purpose for them all winter long. It has been stored away just under the bark, so that the lilac's storehouse is in its branches.

All the boughs which are now beginning to put forth leaves and flowers are full of gum and sap. These juices have been "saved up" all winter in

the wood and bark, and now they feed the swelling buds, the unfolding leaves, and the opening flowers.

There is plenty for all, and each is getting just the sort of food it needs, for Nature, like a wise and loving mother, guards the slumbers and provides for the wants of her children.

## A Word for the Boys.

IF we are to have drunkards in the future some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing, and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't.

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise tomorrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. This is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting in practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would; but your temptation will come, and it, probably, will come in this way. You will find yourself sometime with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that," or will you take the glass with

your own common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go on with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

VISITOR—"Well, my little man, have you any brothers?" Freddy—"Yes, I have one, and my sister Stella has two." "Why, how can that be?" Freddy, in some astonishment—"Me and my little brother, of course?"