

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Owlings.

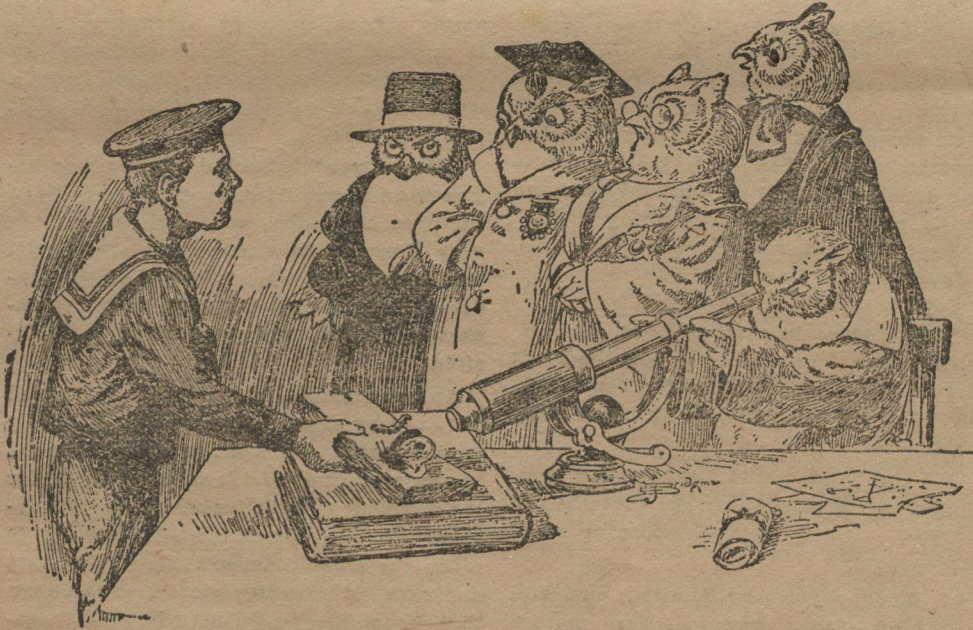
(L. J. Bridgman, in 'The Christian Endeavor World'.)

Says Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard College: 'There is a common notion, one unhappily shared by many able students of nature and by the most of those who regard themselves as naturalists, that by entering this profession they become in some manner curiously enlightened as to the mysteries of the universe—in a way, made free to form safe judgments concerning all that goes on in that realm. There is

But the caterpillar's crawling
Ceased upon one shining day,
And he wove a curious basket
Where he stowed himself away.

'Ah!' the Owlings said serenely,
'Tis a very pretty death!
He is absolutely done for
There is neither life nor breath!

Said the stranger, 'Wait yet longer,
And see what this thing will do.'
Then they waited. To their wonder,
All the stranger's words came true.



THE OWLINGS.

much of the ancient notions concerning the powers of priesthood in this claim to far-reaching knowledge, a claim which is too freely accepted as valid.'—'The Individual.'

On a lone little island
In the broad Pacific sea
Lived a people called the Owlings,
Who were wise as they could be.

Clinging fast upon some driftwood,
Floated there a man one day;
And the Owlings asked him questions
In a scientific way.

'See!' said he, 'my only shipmates
Drifting on the log with me
Are this squirming caterpillar
And the butterfly you see!

'They are brothers, and the crawler
Soon will fly as does his brother.'
This the Owlings heard in silence,
Then they winked at one another.

They observed the strange insecta,
Watched the caterpillar crawl;
And they measured even bristles,
Every part, however small.

Then one day a sage professor
Said, 'My friends, this crawling thing
Has no sign upon his thorax
Of beginning of a wing.

'Though we have not seen this species
In our island, yet we know
That the creature all his lifetime
On his numerous legs must go.'

So the Owlings all concluded
That the stranger man had lied.
Any other supposition
Hurt their scientific pride

At the butterfly above them
All the Owlings gazed intent,
Said the stranger, 'There are some things
More than scale and measurement!'

The 'Rainbow's' New Member.

(Grace Willis, in the 'Sunday School Times'.)

Three pairs of black legs dangled from
the edge of the veranda.
'Let's have a club,' proposed Josephine
White, the owner of the longest pair.

'What for?' asked Beulah Brown.
'For fun.'
Joyce Greene was the smallest of the
trio.

'Just us three?' she queried.
'Yes, just us three,' answered Josephine.
'I think it would be nice; for we go to-
gether, you know, and our houses are all
in a row—'

'Hear her make poetry!' exclaimed Beulah.

'We could meet and bring our patch-
work, and then,—oh, I know just the very
thing! You know, Aunt Alice is matron
in the Children's Hospital in the city, and
she could tell us something to do for the
children. Won't that be lovely?'

'And what would our name be?' asked
Joyce.

'The Rainbow,' suggested Josephine, 'be-
cause our last names are all the names of
colors.'

'But a rainbow isn't brown and white
and green,' protested Joyce.

'That wouldn't matter. Shall we do it,
girls?'

'Yes,' replied the two.
So the club was started.

Aunt Alice wrote a beautiful letter in
response to Josephine's, and told the girls
how they could make scrap-books by past-
ing in children's stories that they could
cut from their papers, with plenty of
bright pretty pictures, and how they could
each ask for a place in their own yards
to plant seed, and have a garden for the
hospital, and send flowers packed in damp
cotton.

That was in the early spring, and the
girls grew enthusiastic, and the neighbors
learned about the club and were interest-
ed, and contributed many new pieces for
the patchwork blocks the girls were mak-
ing, which were to be made into a quilt for
a certain cot in one corner of a ward.

After the first box of flowers had been
sent to the city (and they had to draw
from the big gardens, for their little ones
did not yield enough), Aunt Alice wrote
that the club was very happily named the
'Rainbow,' for they brightened the long
hours for the little sick children.

There were four pretty, white houses in
a row in the little village, and it was a
matter of no little comment and amuse-
ment among the villagers that the names
of the owners of three of them should
happen to be the names of colors. Mr.
White built his house first, and then Mr.
Greene and Mr. Brown and Mr. Hubbard
built houses just like his; but Mr. Hub-
bard moved away soon after the house had
been completed, and it was 'For Sale or
For Rent' ever since. That was the house
at the west end of the row.

The three little girls who lived in the
houses were very fond of each other, and
the club prospered. There weren't any
other houses very near theirs, except a big
grey one across the road; but there were
no children there, and the girls felt very
cosy and select with their meetings and
good time.

No matter how often they met during
the week, they never failed to meet Satur-
day afternoon, with their patchwork; and
so it happened that the three sat on the
edge of the shady side veranda of the
Greene house one warm summer afternoon,
beating their heels against the lattice-
work, and doing very little sewing; for
there was an important topic up, and they
were rather excited.

'Theron told me, last night, at the store,'
repeated Josephine, 'that he knew for sure
that a man had bought the Hubbard house,
and was going to live there. And his name
is Pratt.'

The house had been empty for so long
that the coming of a stranger was regard-
ed almost as an intrusion.

'And supposing there should be a little
girl in the family,—do you think we ought
to invite her to join the club?' asked Joyce
timidly.

'I should say not, Joyce Greene!' return-
ed Josephine. 'Do you think we would
want to spoil our "Rainbow" by having a
'Pratt" in it? What kind of a color is
that, I should like to know?'

'Oh! but if she should live so close to
us, she would feel hurt if we didn't ask
her,' remonstrated Beulah. 'But it would
be kind of horrid to have a girl in it that
didn't have a color for a name.'

'Josephine, if you lived in another city,
and came here to live in that empty house,
and there should be three girls who had a
club, and they left you out, and had a