

Young People

Miracles

"An egg a chicken! don't tell me!
For didn't I break an egg to see?
There was nothing inside but a yellow
ball,

With a bit of mucilage round it all—
Neither beak nor bill,
Nor toe nor quill,
Not even a feather
To hold it together;

Not a sign of life could any one see.
An egg a chicken! You can't fool me!

"An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick
Up the very shell that had held the
chick—

So they said—didn't I work half a day
To pack him in where he couldn't stay?

Let me try as I please,
With squeeze upon squeeze,
There is scarce room to meet
His head and his feet.

No room for any of the rest of him—so
The egg never held that chicken, I know."

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble, and helped him as
mother's can.

Took an egg from the nest — it was
smooth and round;

"Now, my boy, can you tell me what
makes this sound?"

Faint and low, tap, tap;
Sharp and quick,
Like a prisoner's pick.

"Hear it peep, inside there?" cried Tom
with a shout,

"How did it get in, and how can it get
out?"

Tom was eager to help—he could break
the shell;

Mamma smiled and said, "All's well that
ends well.

Be patient awhile yet my boy. Click,
click,

And out popped the head of a dear little
chick.

No room had it lacked,
Though snug it was packed;
There it was, all complete,
From its head to its feet.

The softest of down, and the brightest
of eyes,
And so big—why, the shell wasn't half
its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. "Mamma,
now I see

That egg is a chicken—though the how
beats me;

An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and
declare,

Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof
of it there.

Nobody can tell
How it came in that shell;
Once out, all in vain
Would I pack it again.

I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine?"

Mamma kissed her boy. "It may be
that we try

Too much reasoning about things, some-
times, you and I.

There are miracles wrought every day
for our eyes

That we see without seeing or feeling
surprise;

And often we must
Even take on trust
What we cannot explain
Very well again.

From the flower to the seed, from the
seed to the flower,

'Tis a world of miracles every hour."
—"Youth's Companion."

Why the Morning Glories wear Pretty Dresses

By Phila Butler Bowman

One day Mary planted a handful of
morning-glory seeds, and as she was a
very little girl, she planted them very
close together, and they lay for a long
time sleeping very contentedly.

Then, one day the robins came hop-
ping along the spring lawns, the frogs
began calling "kr-e-e—kr-e-e" with a
long thrilling note, telling as plainly as
they knew how that spring was really
come; and the dandelions showed them-

selves in the fields, just like pretty gold
pennies dropped suddenly from a giant
hand on the green for child fingers to
pick up. And, one day, the morning-
glory seeds poked their little green noses
up above the warm earth and looked
about them to see what the world was
like.

They must have found it a very good
world to live in, for the next morning
each little seed had unfolded two green
leaves above a short stem. From that
day it was wonderful how the little
green stalks grew; and as they were so
close together, and each sending out
tiny tendrils like fingers, they clung to
each other like little children, not quite
sure of their way until they became one
strong, green, swaying vine reaching
always up toward the sun.

The vine climbed and climbed until

little Mary had to put up a stick for it
to cling to.

It climbed to the top of the stick and
sent out little floating tendrils. Then
the gardener came to help Mary. He
fastened a long cord to the top of the
window, and the morning-glory vine kept
climbing until it stretched above the
window, and was a beautiful green vine
with hundreds of pretty leaves.

As it grew, it sent out tiny buds, and
as the buds grew, they talked to each
other about the warm sun and the good
rain and the wind that rocked them in
their vine cradles.

At night, when little Mary put on her
white nightgown and cuddled down
among the pillows, the vine told the buds
pretty bedtime stories.

It was really bedtime for the buds,
too, for their eyes were beginning to
close, so the big vine had wonderful tales
to tell of the rosy dawn, of the blue sky
with its white clouds and of the great,
far, unchanging purple mountains.

How the buds did love the bedtime
stories! And each day, when they felt
the warmth of the sun, they would say,
"Dear Mother-vine, shall we open our
eyes and blossom to-day?"

And the mother-vine would answer,
"Oh, no; not yet. You are only buds
now, and you have no color. You will
be beautiful when you blossom."

So they talked together in whispers,
for they were shy at the thought of
being beautiful

"Oh, if I could be pink and rosy, like
the dawn!" said one bud. "The vine
says the color of the dawn is like a rose-
petal and like the pink of a baby's
finger."

"Could anything be more lovely than
that?"

"I should like to be blue," said an-
other bud. "Would not that be a glad
color? Blue like the sky, with little
touches of the white of the clouds, for
the clouds send us the rain; and the vine

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