The Western Home Monthly

Young People

Miracles

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

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

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

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell; Mamma smiled and said, "All's well that

Be patient awhile yet my boy. 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, That egg is a chicken—though the how

An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and declare, is a chicken-see the proof Yet an egg

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, sometimes, 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 hopping 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 themselves 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 morningglory seeds poked their little green noses up above the warm earth and looked about them to see what the world was

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 far, unchanging purple mountains.

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 They must have found it a very good 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,

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?"

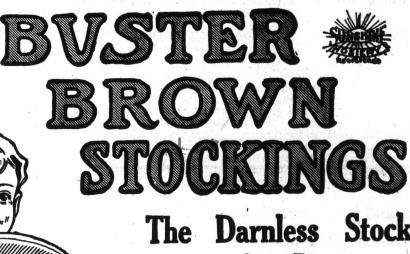
And the mother-vine would answer, 'Oh, no; not yet. You are only buds now, and you have no color. You will be beautiful when you blossom."

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 rosepetal and like the pink of a baby's finger."

"Could anything be more lovely than that?"

"I should like to be blue," said another 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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