

### BABIES' WISDOM.

Rowley and Margaret are fast leaving behind them the age of babyhood, alas! Rowley wants to grow up fast, but Margaret does not, and just before her third birthday she was discovered in tears. When asked the reason of her grief she said: "I don't want to have a birthday, because I shall be three years old, and when I am old I shall die." Rowley had just found out that people who were very old died, and had imparted that information to his sister. She felt so much older on her birthday that she thought it necessary to try her party frock on, in case she should have grown out of it. The party frock, by the way, has holes in it "to let in the summer-time and make her warm."

One day they were modelling figures in permodelle. This led to a discussion as to how God set about making people.

"God makes your head first," says Margaret.

"No," says Rowley; "He makes your legs first."

"You silly!" says Margaret. "If He made your legs first you would get up and run away before your head was made!"

It will be seen from this that questioning as to their origin has given place to dogmatic assertion. There was a time when Rowley, watching his mother concocting a pastry boy, with currants for eyes and a candied peel mouth, enquired if she had made him also out of pastry. He knows better now, and the discovery that God made him and everybody and everything seems to have solved the Riddle of the Universe satisfactorily—for the present. It seemed a little difficult at one time to believe that God made "the next-doors"—people who disliked noise, and resented the coming of children to their quiet neighbourhood—but, of course, they might have got spoilt after being made.

Rowley has a good memory, but Margaret's is more than good: it goes back to the time before she was born. Once, on a snowy afternoon, she sat by the fire and confided to a sympathetic auntie the story of her life in another world.

"When mummy was a little girl," she said, "I lived with God. We lived in a dear little house, and had ever such nice things to eat" (Margaret is very fond of her meals), "and God got all the meals ready, and He taught us to fly. It was ever so nice, and sometimes I wish I lived there now."



ROWLEY.

Rowley has a passion for drawing, and it was difficult at one time to prevent him from decorating all the walls and doors in the house with his efforts at self-expression. He was argued with, and asked how he would feel if he were old enough to have a nice house, and a naughty boy came and scribbled on the walls. Very promptly he answered: "I should give the little boy lots of big pieces of paper to draw on." The hint was taken.

He received great praise one day for a very good drawing of a goose. There was nothing "niggling" about the drawing; it was done in chalks on a piece of brown paper, and was quite three feet across. He was evidently pleased with the effort himself, and explained: "I meant it to be a horse,

but it didn't come right, so I made it into a goose."

Margaret has very definite ideas about her future. She is going to be a lady who helps a farmer to sow corn; and she will have a very nice little cottage. She will also have one little girl, whom she will leave at home with mummie while she goes out to work. Rowley is going to have hundreds of children, and his professions are also going to be numerous. He has reluctantly given up his favourite plan of

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