

sweet and musical. Happy lads! The world is still to them full of wonders. Will the time ever come when familiarity will breed contempt, and the majesty and mystery become common and stale? Could one wish a better wish for a child than—

“May cloud and mountain, lake and vale,
Never to you be trite and stale
As unto souls whose well-spring fail
Or flow defiled,
’Till Nature’s happiest fairy tale
Charms not her child!

“For when the spirit waxes dumb,
Alien and strange these shows become,
And stricken with life’s tedium,
The streams run dry;
The choric spheres themselves are dumb,
And dead the sky.

“Only at times each dulled heart feels
That somewhere, sealed with hopeless seals,
The unmeaning heaven about him reels,
And he lies hurled
Beyond the roar of all the wheels
Of all the world.”

I hear the sound of hoofs upon the carriage-drive.

§ 4.—A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

KEEP CLOSE TO YOUR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

Blessed is that man or woman who never ceases to be a child! There is no better cure-all for physical ills; no cosmetic like it for wrinkles. For the young-old man or woman there are still what I call twinkles, love wrinkles, which laughter and good fellowship gather into the corners of eyes and mouth.

We often see the child and his grand-sire companions, but there is no reason why there should be a gap between, a long waiting for extremes to meet. Side by side mother and daughter, or father and son, or vice versa, may journey through life. The smooth pebble the child picked up from the bed of a brook is as worthy the attention of the father, as the gold which in sweat of brow and strain of nerve, he mines from the busy mart, and that childish

hand holding the pebble, may slacken the tension of nerve and wipe the sweat from the brow, while together they marvel over the bit of stone which the water, like a cunning workman, has made into a polished stone, no less a jewel, that man has not put upon it a market value. The true value of things is not always gauged by the man or woman. The child long ago found the philosopher’s stone which turns the baser metals into gold. Alas, that man reverses the process, and the true gold becomes the baser metal, and the wine of life the poison of death! The further we get from childhood, the greater the distance between ourselves and God. It is quite common for us to speak of Jesus as a lover of children, but do we not forget that God had the father and mother heart? May I not be permitted to say that childhood was in the heart of God from all eternity?

Suppose we were to enter a house, knowing nothing of the inmates, and should find in every room something dear to the hearts of children; in the parlor, pictures of children, flower-fancies, heads of animals, and in a corner a child’s toy; in the library, children’s books, as “Grimm’s Fairy Tales” “Alice in Wonderland,” or “Timothy’s Quest;” in the dining-room, on the sideboard, a silver cup, marked “D. A. R., from Papa,” and a baby’s bib folded in a napkin ring. Climbing the stairs we enter a nursery, to see in one corner a swinging basket cradle, and a double crib, with its two downy pillows, and perhaps tumbled spread; would we need to be told there were children in the house? Would we not be certain that a father or mother heart, probably both, had prepared all things, beautiful and needful, for the children? God’s world is a heaven for children. Men and women may pick flaws and quarrel with the creation, forgetting or ignoring the blasphemy of which they are guilty, but the child finds perfection, satisfaction, in cloud-land, earth-land, the water ways, with their creature