

VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The grass grows green and the years grow brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward goes the breeze,
And what is all, when all is done?
A tide, with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

[Sd.]

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

A MORNING IN THE CENTENNIAL.

CLOSE to the Woman's Pavilion is a small building bearing a modest placard saying:

"THE FROEBEL KINDERGARTEN.

Open from 10 to 12, Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays." Sometime before the hour for opening, I entered the Visitors' Alcove, for I found it was already becoming filled; presently all of both the sitting and standing room was occupied. We were upon a raised platform, separated by a balustrade from the Kindergarten room. This room is well lighted and ventilated, and is given a bright, cheery aspect by the light-colored wood of the panels composing the walls and ceiling; the colored glass of some of the windows filled with pictures of pretty children, birds, and flowers; a fanciful mantel piece; flower-stands and hanging pots of flowers and ferns, and a canary in its gold-wired cage. Against the middle of one wall is a small organ, and across the room from it is a cabinet. The room is perhaps thirty by fifty feet. Towards one end, three long, low tables are arranged in a hollow square, and around them are twenty pretty little camp chairs. The top of each table is marked off in inch squares by lines formed by a light wood or ivory, inlaid in the black walnut.

While we fifty people sit expectant, let me tell something about the children whose entrance we are awaiting. These twenty were selected by the Kindergarten from perhaps sixty children, between the ages of three and seven, belonging to one of the Asylums of Philadelphia. There, as in most Asylums, the little ones lead a dreary life. For a large part of the day they are gathered together in a nursery without playthings, where the aim of the nurse in charge is only to keep them quiet.

You, in whose ears are ringing the glee-prattle and joyous shouts of little voices, and the tender patter of tiny feet, and who grow warmer at heart from such memories; who have felt the loving wreathing of soft arms about your neck, the "love-pats" of chubby hands upon your cheeks; who have played "tag" and "pic-a-back" and "hide and seek" with a frolicsome crew till you felt as they did, that you were a child with them—all of you, picture, if you can, these same active little sprites seated daily many hours together, kept quiet through fear. No unrestrained laughter! No dancing of those restless feet! No occupation for the would-be-busy fingers! No caresses, no tenderness, no *Ame!* Food and clothes and shelter for the little body, it is true, but with all its natural activities repressed—its soul starved! Now you are prepared to appreciate the so evident bliss of the little ones who belong to this Kindergarten.

The door opens. Into the open space which occupies two-thirds of the room, come, hand in hand, a troop of happy boys and girls, led by the

Kindergartner, singing a little song, of which "Follow, follow," is an ever-recurring refrain. They form a ring, and just then a rift of sunlight breaking in, crowns a curly head with glory, then lies down in sweet content upon the bare floor at her feet. Several eager voices say, "May we sing the Sunshine Song?" A smile and a nod is their answer. Up go the arms in a ring above the head, the fingertips touching, and down and up, down and up, in graceful wreathings, go the hands as they sing:

"This is the way sunshine comes down,
Sweetly, sweetly falling:
So it chaseth the clouds away,
So it waketh the lordly day;
This is the way sunshine comes down,
Sweetly, sweetly falling."

Then, earnestly, they sing:

"Wonderful, Lord, are all thy works,
Wheresoever falling;
All their various voices raise,
Speaking forth their Maker's praise:
Wonderful, Lord, are all thy works,
Wheresoever falling."

Then a suggestive glance from the Kindergartner sent the little hands up to shut out for a moment from our sight the beaming of those bright eyes, while the childish voices spoke reverently to the Father who gives them all that makes them happy, closing with:

"Help us, Lord, to love Thee more
Than we ever loved before;
In our work, and in our play,
Be Thou with us through the day."

After another song, chosen by the children, one said, "Please, let us play Chilly little Chickadees!" The sparkling eyes of the rest showed the Kindergartner that they were all of one accord in the matter; she named four children for the chickadees, and one to scatter crumbs. The four went into the middle of the ring and sat down on their heels and quivered as if very, very cold. The rest, dancing round them, sang:

"Chilly little chickadees,
Sitting in a row,
Chilly little chickadees,
Buried in the snow!
Don't you find it very cold
For your little feet?
Don't you find it hard to get
Anything to eat?"

They stopped, and the other chosen ones sang:

"Hungry little chickadees,
Would you like some bread?
I will give you all you want,
Or some seeds instead;
Anything you like to eat
You shall have it free—
Every morning, every night—
If you come to me."

The chickadees hopped up to the child, who seemed to scatter the crumbs, and made the motions of picking them up to eat; while the children in the ring danced round them, singing:

"Jolly little chickadees,
Have you had enough?
Don't forget to come again,
When the weather's rough."

Then they let go hands, and made the motion of good-bye, singing:

"Bye, bye, happy little birds!
Of the wee things warm,
Flying through the driving snow,
Singing in the storm."

And the little chickadees jumped up and ran outside, flapping their arms for wings.

Again and again they played this until all had their turn among the chosen ones. Then they went to their seats at the tables, singing as they went, and marking the time with motions of the hand as well as by step. They sat with clasped hands, watching with interest the placing of some boxes—one before each child. One of the little ones had been called to do this, and the precision with which he did it, and the evident anxiety of the rest that it should be thus done, was a beautiful illustration of the old maxim, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." In the same spirit they all drew their boxes toward them, and, at a signal,

turned them upside down, drew out the lid, lifted the box from the two inch cube which it contained, and then placed box and cover in an appointed place on the table. Then they had some pointing and counting exercises in which they were all interested, and by which many an adult in the alcove learned for the first time that a cube has six sides, twelve edges, and eight corners. This two inch cube was made up of eight inch cubes, and presently the unity of the whole, that had been preserved only by the watchful care of each tiny possessor thereof, was broken by the direction: "place the two front upper cubes upon the two back upper cubes." It was done with the care a mason would use in his best work. Immediately they all cried out, "Grandpa's chair," and began to sing:

"Grandpa's hair is very white,
And grandpa walks but slow;
He likes to sit in his easy chair,
While the children come and go.
'Hush! play quietly!' says mamma;
'Let nobody trouble dear granpapa!'"

It was amusing to see how dramatic these children were, and how softly they said "Hush!" Then they were given permission to make what they liked, and light houses, engines, steamboats, churches, wells, bridges, etc., were immediately constructed with the same delight, and the same painstaking as before. When they had all made something, they sat quiet, listening to the explanation each had to give of the object he had made. How those little brains worked to conjure such complicated works of art from the eight simple cubes before them! When any of these inventions suggested one of their songs, it was sung with a heartiness that made us feel that much of the boisterousness in boys which so worries many a household because of the whistles and shrill screams and uncouth sounds by which, it finds expression, might find much happier vent in song, if older people only spent as much time and energy in teaching them songs they must like, as they now do in their fruitless attempts to keep the boys still.—A. Y.

"HOLD THE FORT!"—The man who held the fort, and furnished the foundation for Sankey's little song, which religious people sing, and irreligious people whistle, was General John M. Corse of Chicago. It was in the last year of the war, when Sherman was at Atlanta, preparing for the famous March to the Sea. Allatoupa pass was a gap in the mountain, of great strategic importance. Its possession was indispensable to Sherman, for to lose it would have involved not only the success of his campaign, but the safety of his army. Corse knew the responsibility which rested on him and his men, and the brave fellows knew it, too. He told them there must be no surrender, and it was left out of their calculations. The bloody work began with a desperate assault by General Hood, desperate but unsuccessful.

After hours of fighting, Corse began to communicate with Sherman through the signal station on Kenesaw Mountain. The smoke of battle delayed the progress of the conversation, but finally it lifted, and the signal officer slowly read to Corse the inspiring words: "Hold the fort: we are coming!" The contest went on. Hood, too, knew Sherman was coming, and he increased the energy of his attacks, but to no purpose. Of course, every body knows Corse held the fort till help came, and the pass was saved.—*Boston Daily Herald.*

OLIVE LOGAN writes from London: "Carl Rosa's English Opera season has opened most brilliantly. His strong feature is his band, of which he is conductor, and which is very large, and composed of first-rate artists through and through. His company is uniformly good, but comprises no great name, except that of Mr. Santley; but our own pretty young countrywoman, Miss Gaylord, is one of his leading lady artists, and is deservedly a great favorite. Carl Rosa's company in the Soldiers' Chorus in 'Faust,' with Godfrey's brass band of the Coldstream Guards to accompany the singers, is, to speak with military appropriateness, a killing performance, and it goes off with broadsides of applause. 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.'"

Malignity generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison.—*Seneca.*