

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

THE WAYS AND WORDS OF BRIGHT AND HAPPY CHILDREN.

A Philosopher Discourses of their Recreations and Quaint Sayings—A Pleasant Picture Drawn from Nature and Sparkling with Kindly Humor.

Through the cloud that laugh did run As part thereof, Mrs. Manning.

I overheard my little daughter singing, like many a chorister more advanced and accomplished, as regardless of sense, but with more abandon and light-heartedness. She descends from a flying halleluia chorus to a song-combination, resulting most curiously:

There is a tavern in the town,
Help it on, help it on;
When you see a noble cause,
Help it on, etc.

orbing roundly and spontaneously into a temperance crusade hymn, that the gentlemen of the grog-shop could not fail to endorse and liberally subscribe to. Surely this is an inspiration! Bring forward a series of such, O enterprising publisher! But my little will-o'-the-wisp sings and dances on; and after a moment's interlude of pleading for a clean white tire, glances off into a popular school-carol of—

Forty little urchins,
In which her younger sister joins with sweet "babblement" and lisping baby-song—

"Tant' t'eeep a rule?
Bees' t'iss is p'-a-sant,
Teacup' p'ub' 'coo-o,
(Teaching public school.)

I am carried back to the days when grandfather stood me on a chair or table to sing for a penny before the company; and, by such an operation, amazingly stimulated my vanity and cupidity, without properly developing my vocal organs in any appreciable degree. O, could I have done it as well as this little warbler, I should not now be ashamed!

Maridie is, withal, a serious child by times, and never forgets her prayer at evening; nor did she forget, for several successive weeks before the last Christmas, to pray for a doll carriage on which her heart was set, and which her mother, unwilling to disappoint her faith (as I believe the tenderer and stronger than a mother ever is) did not neglect to provide for her. Children frequently declare their originality and independence by supplements to their ritual, as did a little neighbor of mine, even to the amendment of the most authoritative and comprehensive of all forms, with the luxurious gloss—"Give us this day our daily bread"—and pies!

Jamie, (having arrived at that happy period to which aspiring childhood ever desires to come, when the frock—that shameful badge of adolescence and femininity—is taken away,) and the dainty pants are given instead,) went to wait on a lady who had kindly volunteered to assist his mother in her sewing. Eagerly he watched and somewhat impatiently, the growth of the tiny garment, in which his legs were to feel as if they were made of gold, as it developed under her steady hand; with many "ah-hem," as if some burning thought lay unspoken, and with many a furtive glance and sidelong hitch of boyish uneasiness, until he broke forth with—"I think you're a nice woman, but awful slow!"

Onnie, that pudgy boy of ours, is bright, and not yet advanced to the knowledge of his smartness. He is old enough to be self-conscious in this priggish age, and a few years will doubtless rectify this dullness of self-apprehension; for the constant endeavor of friends may be trusted to bring in that crowning intellectual virtue. Meanwhile it is refreshing to have him as he is. He has a most delicious pouting lip, and a certain directness of speech and downrightness of character. Pray Heaven he lose it not! Being accustomed to receive pennies for errands accomplished, he was on one occasion put off with apples in a season when they were plentiful. Apples! only apples, and there in the dish! "There, Onnie, you may have them," says our neighbor. But Onnie will by no means touch them. There he is—the incarnated image of indignation and disappointment, under his torn straw hat, subsiding at last into the contentuous protest—"Only free! There's seven of us!" "We haven't lived here quite a year yet," was a like halt indignant remonstrance to his Sabbath teacher, who, like Herod, though with more humane contention, questioned closely concerning the Advent of the Babe, whose babe? There was a lack of definiteness in the questioner, as well as of instruction in the pupil. What should he, poor innocent, know of the gossip of the neighborhood? Ask the clacking ones who have who have always belonged here!

There is a robin's nest built in the crotch in a maple in front of our home. The friendly fellow does not consider our street a public place, at all. Yesterday I noticed Jack for the first time. The winged habitant, with a worm in his beak, gave a side-long glance up from the ground, and was speedily beside Jill, who received the butcher's meat from him, and dealt it out to the gaping mouths protruding eagerly above the brink of the nest. Waiting not for broil nor fry, she sits patiently transforming worm into robin, and never thinking of herself. Meanwhile Jack has skipped, presumably to forage for his larder. Does he raise choice worms in his muck-beds? O yes, his factor, Providence, breeds the

best; and he knows in which corner of the farm to pick them out. Later in the day we heard a sound of consternation, when the whole brood—of ours, not the birds—rushed to the door, and saw the red-breasts circling round, and going madly from tree to tree, uttering bird-shrieks and innumerable chidings; and we also saw the reason, for there was that Jamie, with more mirth than mischief, hugging the tree and looking into the nest—"There! what makes that boy go up and down that tree, to frighten the birds?" Dear mother, you must ask him who made the birds, and the boy. I think the robins will not suffer from him, except the annoyance from teasing; and they seem to know it from the manner of their going on. How they berated him and screeched his ticket-of-leave, and cried "Jim! Jim! go 'way, Jim!" in terms of which our less passionate speech is incapable. Slowly as he commenced to descend, they plucked up courage to come at him, as if they would like him to be minus an eye or two, while with less of terror in their tones, they upbraided him resentfully for his idle concern in their affairs. They are not likely to grow into a thorough assurance that he intends them no injury, though beast and bird go in perfect safety with him. They shake their wise heads and say—"O we know boys!"

He reminds me of another: ah, what delight had he in teasing! But a graver memory comes over me, having its ludicrous side. Never will we of the home circle forget the morning when little Nate came over from the old home-place, where he had been making his customary call, bringing the alarm that something was wrong with grandma. She sat at the stove with her feet on the fender, and her head almost buried in her lap, sobbing as if her heart was broken; and he, dear child! feared she had burnt her feet! How near, once again, tragedy and comedy had come together! Alas! sorrowful mother! she was mourning for one of her babes, for most of whom, indeed she lived to mourn! She was weeping in memory of one who late had been a wholesome, stout fine-bearded man, but now a sunken corpse; and seeing through her tears the berth where yellow fever had ravished him, and the deck from which—

His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Dropt in his vast and wandering grave.

And thou, too, child Natie! the great sea was waiting for thee,—patiently, for a few years; but in the wild storm she will show her secret impudence and swallow thee down! She is wide; she has many graves.

But hark! I hear the songful voice of Maide again! What is the spring of joy in the heart of the little daughter? She goes up and down the long hall, leaping, singing, glancing here and there, like an embodied Gladness, in its most ecstatic condition. The low sunbeams seem to sport and laugh with her in their quiet way; and in "sympathetic mirth," even the kitty that goes sprawling after her. So, that I may become no stranger to her gleesome-mess, and the secret of it, I call aloud: "What's the matter, Maide?" "Oh, my Hattie loves me!" "My Hattie loves me!" She gives me a new silver napkin-ring! And away she springs, a very Tito in her innocence of care, and all graver thoughts that sadden womanhood. Dear little soul! is it more to you that your Hattie loves you than that you have the toy? Tomorrow some other trinket, some new pleasure, blooming out of the burial of the old, will teach you "how swiftly Time's a-flying;" but that your Hattie loves you, ah! this is indeed perennial treasure!

O blessed vision! happy child!
And will the days draw near, when—
Pain may be your guest,
Lord of your house,

when the silver is tarnished, and the gold grown dim, and you know to please by any lack how very needful, how greatly missed, how exceedingly wonderful a thing is Love? Oh, no, no! May "Nature, lengthen out your season of delight;" may your heart be ever full, as it is today. A joyous shout, with steps rebounding, is my reassuring answer.

PASTOR FELIX.

The Magazine.
The March Atlantic has a valuable article on "Dangers from Electricity," by J. T. Trowbridge. The opening article of the number, however, is a paper upon the "Trial, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno," by William R. Thayer; this is followed by a paper by Charles Worcester Clark on "Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con." George Parsons Lathrop shows us "The Value of the Corner," and there is an admirable paper called "Loitering through the Paris Exposition," which tells, among many other things, of all the concerts given at the cafes of the Exposition by the various nationalities—Gypsies, Japanese, Hungarians, and many more. Dr. Holmes is particularly amusing in "Over the Teacups," and seems to wish that people would write less poetry. He closes with some odd verses on the rage for scribbling. Mr. James's story and Mr. Bynner's serial are continued. The reviews are clever, as usual. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.]

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.]

Feb. 26.—Mrs. R. A. Borden, of Moncton, and children have been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Smith, at Sussex Corner.

Miss Ada Sharp is visiting in St. John, as is also Miss Ada Roach.

Mr. Frank McCully and Dr. C. Murray, of Moncton spent yesterday in Sussex.

Mrs. McDonald, of Woodstock, is in this village, the guest of Mrs. S. N. Freeze.

Mrs. and Mrs. William Kaye have much sympathy expressed for them in the loss of their little daughter, Jennie, who died on Saturday last, after a short illness.

Mrs. Frank Rowan, of St. John, spent Sunday here.

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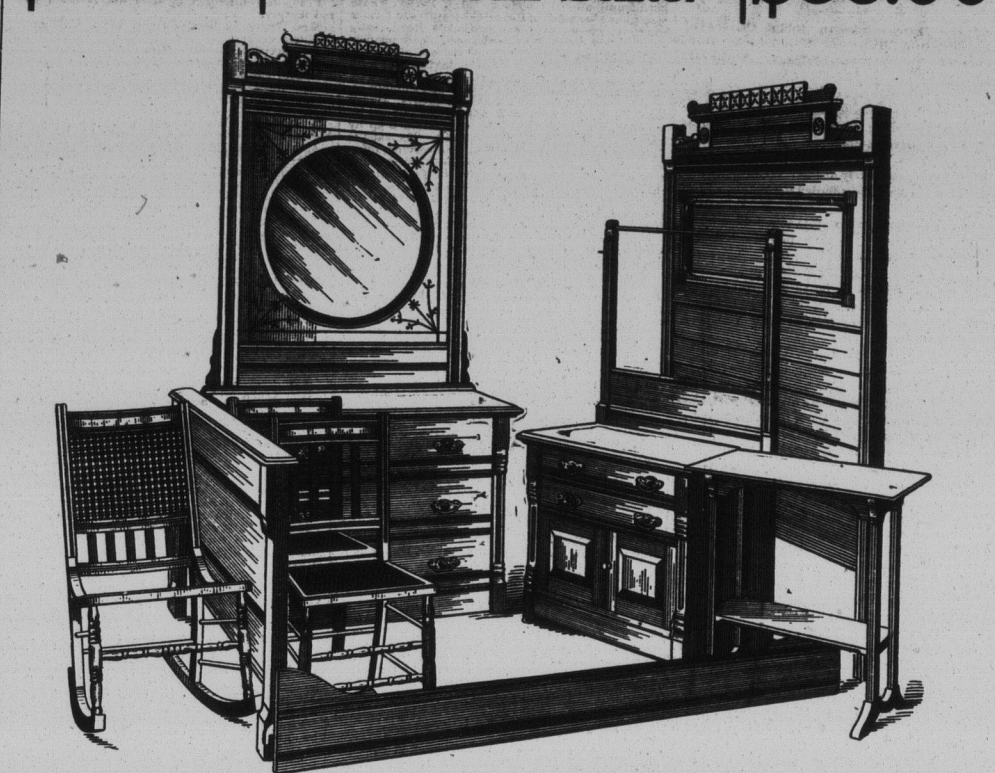
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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

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October 24, 1887.

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TWO BIRDS.

I saw two birds perched on the eaves. Where messages in silence run. Their feathers gleaming as on fire. Their breast as golden as the sun.

I watched them for a while as they sat drowsing in the sunlight. Content to dream throughout the day. And chest of song the tranquility.

But suddenly I saw one bird spread out his shining wings to the sun. And ere he passed from sight I saw a joyous carol in the sky.

Then fearing solitude too long, the other followed in his wake. And gave the air a grievous sound. As though his tiny heart were torn.

And as I listened came the thought. Why are their songs so different? Is it that each a message caught? Or e'er the singing voice it went.

For he who first went seemed to say. "Sweetheart, to wed! Sweetheart, to wed! Sweetheart, to wed! The other's voice seemed quaver. Thy love is dead! Thy love is dead!"

—The—

HIS FIRST BATTLE.

The stars had gone out; the horizon; the air was wafted by the breeze fanned eyelids of Alayne disturbed and restless.

Presently, he roused himself. He threw himself into the saddle about him.

To the right a foggy curtain the spectacle, the fresh killing gun. Directly in front of him rose the menacing front of the army fortress; in the distance toward the east, the snow-capped Alaguerz and Ararat snatched fires of the coming sun like heralds.

"How beautiful," began the smile on his lips quickly. The other followed in his wake. And gave the air a grievous sound. As though his tiny heart were torn.

The dazling spectacle of was gone for him in a moment. Trembled, his heart contracted pain.

"I, too, shall soon be dead," he thought. "Those those silent banners, will carry as motionless as the others a great pity for himself, for the brief happiness allotted earth."

"It will be finished today," he thought. "Everything—today! But thrust from him the cow which all at once seemed upon him."

Was it not by his own going to war? He had hurried in time for the taking of K. Alachine turned his eyes from the litter to the left of the hill mass of the advancing army.

Before his battery march regiment of Radolf's. It almost noiselessly. The fact were pale and lined with fatigue. Two young officers the regiment were talking to them seemed to laugh.

Alachine rubbed his eyes again at these officers. Weing! Yes—laughing joy of fiery courage flowed heart.

What, after all, faithful in war and battle clear and blue the heavens. The sun, how gay these young how tranquilly marched that corps, now blackening the shining in the gathering light.

At this instant, a courier by his dress, begrimed with powder, his horse covered dashed up to the battery.

breath; he was soaking. It his restless eyes literally excitement. In a second round-questions rained Zaitzeff and Litvinof, the battery, caught him by the "The battle! the battle!"

"Tell us how goes the battle," "Badly," stammered the Tapa taken by the enemy, ment cut down, General Golinski killed, Colonel Varinski and Prince Dab and God knows how many prisoners!"