

of those concerning whom the great Dickens said: "I love these little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." In those circles the weary man of business renews his lease upon life and warms the cockles of his heart; he is brought closer to nature, closer to truth, closer to God—as he strolls in the sunbeams that dance among the trees and flowers thriving about the palaces of nature in "the kingdom of never-grow-old."

In the ballads and the tales of the nursery there are lessons of life and of love; lessons of philosophy and of logic; lessons of truth and of poetry; there is simple eloquence and real earnestness. Those who have not accustomed themselves to wander in this kingdom are not able to appreciate these things, but many whose feet are familiar with the ground will bear testimony to these claims.

There are men who could not, with patience, sit through an evening of Wagner; men who do not know one of music's notes from another, and yet, if one doubts that there is music in the hearts of these men, let him, some winter evening, peer through the portals of "the kingdom" and he will be given a touch of the soul of music compared with which the products of "the harp that once through Tara's halls," are hardly worthy of mention. Some of these notes may grate harshly upon the ears of the Wagnerian; the disciple of Thomas may imagine that he detects indications of discord; the follower of Beethoven may assert that all is not harmony; but those who, like the Irish lover in "Cousin Kate," are "of the kingdom," will be able to grasp the celestial character of the melody. There is real music in the "patty cake, patty cake" of "the baker's man," in the "trot, trot, trot" of the journey "to Banbury Cross;" in the "Hey, diddle, diddle" of "the cat and the fiddle," in the "Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye, four and twenty blackbirds baking in a pie," or in "Oney, orry ickery, Ann; Fillison, Follison, Nicholas, John; Queevy, quavey, English navy, rinkum, tinkum; Buck."

Those who are "of the kingdom" can testify that out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom. One of the best known of the district judges in the city of Omaha, long ago learned to leave his dignity upon the bench and to forget it while recuperating in the sunshine of "the kingdom." Not long ago the judge left his home in the morning before his infant child had awakened. Arousing from his sleep, the little one rubbed his eyes and calling to his mother, asked, "Where's my daddy?" He was told that the judge had gone to his daily labors. "Did he kiss me before he went away?" asked the child. The mother replied in the affirmative.

For some time the little one lay still and then called, "Mamma, come and feel my heart."

The mother, with some curiosity and considerable anxiety, complied with the request, and asked, "What's the matter with your heart?"

The little one replied, "My heart's a beatin' hard."

"What is your heart beating hard for?" asked the mother.

"My heart's a beatin' hard for my daddy to come home!" replied the child.

The sweetest singer of all the ages gave to men the sweetest song of all the years when he said: "Of such are the kingdom of heaven!"

As the forget-me-nots of the angels, strewn before the foot-sore man, make life's pathway easier to tread, these little "heart beats" make themselves felt over the broad expanse that separates the nursery from the counting room, spur men to greater effort and inspire them to nobler purpose.

The man in the Kentucky hemp fields, who had wandered in a maze of doubt and skepticism, was so impressed

with his new found affection for a noble woman that he finally planted his feet firmly upon "faith's foundation stones" because he conceived that there must be a good God, else there could not be such a holy love. Within the radius of the child's pure affection, within the embrace of the little arms, within the feel of the little "heart-beats," there is no room for doubt, there is no place for skepticism. The purity, the love, the faith of "one of the least of these" points as unmistakably to divine origin as the needle points to the pole. Love and faith, and hope and charity, all these, as well as rest and recreation, await those who would make the happy pilgrimage over hallowed ground—in "the kingdom of never-grow-old."

Rudimentary Instinct

"Why is it," asked the elderly man with the contemplative air, "that we instinctively choose the tables and chairs next to a wall in a restaurant? Why are the tables in the center of the room always the last taken?"

"Don't know; never thought of it," responded his companion. "But I'll bet you have a theory to account for it."

The elderly man smiled knowingly, and continued:

"You will notice that the corner seats are always first taken. It's the same in street cars or railroad coaches. Every man or woman instinctively takes to a corner and screws his or her back into it. Have you noticed, too, that when passing people along a wall you will always edge inward if you possibly can."

"Why is it? Simply instinct—an instinct the origin of which dates back to prehistoric times, when men had not yet learned the use of metal weapons. It is the instinct we inherit from our cavedwelling ancestors, who had only clubs with which to defend themselves. Instinct is only an unconscious disposition to make use of previous experiences."

"When the prehistoric man wanted to eat his meat in peace he huddled into some cranny in a cliff or against the side of a big rock. In that position he felt secure, for nothing could attack him from the rear, and he could observe everything that approached his way. It must have taken ages of experience to have bred that instinct so deeply within us, for even now, when cave bears and mastodons do not frequent our eating resorts, we prefer walls and especially corners every time."

"I suppose, too, that's why man naturally walk on the outward side of women along sidewalks. In case a winged ichthy-osarus should swoop down on them he could bang her over against the shop windows and stand off the beast."

"It is another rudimentary instinct which has survived the need of it. Man instinctively protected woman by having a cliff on one side of her and himself on the other, and to this day she expects it."—San Francisco Sunday.

Idle Men in Ireland

I asked a strapping young fellow who sat on a truck on the quay at Londonderry with a little bit of a pipe between his teeth why he did not go to work. "God bless you, sor, can you find it for me?" said he, with the readiness of his race. It was a doleful tale they told me in that town in the "Far Down." The shipping was dull, trade was bad, and, worst of all, their shirt factories had just closed and this threw the girls out.

It was no strike, simply a case of no orders.

As I sat on a jaunting car on a road in Donegal I passed a company of boys who trudged along barefoot with their shoes slung over their shoulders. I learned that they had just returned from Scotland, where they usually go every summer to gather in the harvests for the Scotch farmers. But there was nothing for them in Scotland this year and they were walking from Londonderry, some fifty or sixty miles, to their home in the Rosses. The crops were not poor, but the introduction of American agricultural implements during the past few years wrought such havoc with their industry that this one occupation, which the poor of that country looked forward to every year, is rapidly being taken away from them. Then there is nothing to do but fall back on the potato crops on the bits of the land at home.—J. O'Donnell in European Letter to the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Political Outlook

Political conditions in August are not a very valuable indication of the wheat is going to happen. It is recorded that on the 22d of August, 1864, Abraham Lincoln made this memorandum, which he put away care-

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