

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 word our laugh did run As part thereof.—Mrs. Brown.

I overhear 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 gentleman 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 e rule? Bess' 'as is 'n'-ta-sant, Teakye pub'y 'eno-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 contemptuous protest,—"On'y free! There's theven of us!" "We hasn't lived here quite a year yet," was a like half 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 has 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 redbreasts 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 Dropped 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 impatience and swallow thee down! She is wide; she has many graves.

But hark! I hear the songful voice of Maidie 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-ness, and the secret of it, I call aloud: "What's the matter, Maidie?" "Oh, my Hattie loves me! My Hattie loves me! She gave me a new silver napkin-ring!" And away she springs, a very Titu in her innocence of care, and all graver thoughts that sadden womankind. 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 swiftilly 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 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 cates 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.

Among the many remedies for Worms, McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup takes the lead; it is the original and only genuine. Pleasant to take and sure in effect. Purely Vegetable.—Adet.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH 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 Keach.

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

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

Mr. 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.

A number of people came from St. John yesterday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. McMonagle.

Among them I noticed Mr. F. W. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. R. Roach, Mrs. B. B. Humphrey and Mrs. Smith. Mrs. McMonagle's sudden death was a great shock to her many friends.

The deceased lady leaves one daughter, Mrs. Geo. H. Conley, of this village, and one son, Mr. Walter McMonagle, of Sussex Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Atherton, of Woodstock, are visiting friends here.

Miss Skinner, of St. John, and also Mr. Frank White, spent Sunday in Sussex, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Robertson.

Mr. McLean, of the Depot House, is very ill. Mrs. Wm. Hallett and Mrs. Sancton, of Truro, N. S., has been visiting at Hazel Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vaughan, of Point Wolf, are at the Depot House.

Mr. White Marks, of Salmon River, was in Sussex yesterday.

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's Bookstore.]

Feb. 27.—It was an omission not to have noticed last week the arrival in town of Miss Grace Dean McLeod, the talented and rising young authoress, whose contributions to Wide Awake and other serials that have elicited so much praise. She is in this town for the purpose of looking up materials for another story in connection with the early settlement of the place. The associations connected with the old forts, Cumberland and Lawrence adjacent, give ample scope to the imagination. If that beautiful and touching story, Agrinon, a Legend of the Miqmaq, could be reprinted now, it would no doubt be read with zest by very many.

The scene is laid in 1755 and the principal events took place at these forts. Miss McLeod was the guest of Mr. W. H. and Mrs. Rogers, who in the evening of the 26th, at a number of the leading clergy of the Episcopal Church are in town this week, taking part in the opening services of a pretty little church at Fort Lawrence. It is called "St. Alban the Martyr," and is near where the old fort stood, and handy to the ship railway. Among those present were Rev. H. A. Harley, of Fictou, Rev. J. B. Parkinson, of Londonderry Mines, and Rev. S. Gibbons, of Parrsboro'.

Mrs. Horace Eaton, of Parrsboro' was in town last week, visiting her mother, Mrs. W. H. Rogers.

Mrs. David Robb entertained a number of her young friends at a five o'clock tea last Thursday.

Mrs. Dickey, of Grace Cottage, had several of her friends to take a place in parliament. Mrs. Dickey is in Ottawa at present with him, but is expected home this week.

The funeral of the late Rev. G. F. Miles, was very largely attended. Quite a number from Moncton and Sackville were present. His son, Mr. Arthur Miles, died on Monday, six days after his father.

I quite forgot to note a pleasant party given by Mrs. Clifton Morse, just before Lent, in honor of her daughter, Mariel.

Miss Lucy Milner, of Sackville, was in town on Monday, the guest of Mrs. Dickey.

DIGBY, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Digby at Mrs. Gillebrand's.]

Feb. 25.—Mr. John Ambrose arrived home last Monday from a visit to his friends in the States. He has suffered very much the last week.

Miss Grace Campbell, of St. John, is visiting at Totten rectory.

Mrs. Andrew Ruddock and her mother, Mrs. Churchill, have gone to Grandville Ferry for a few days.

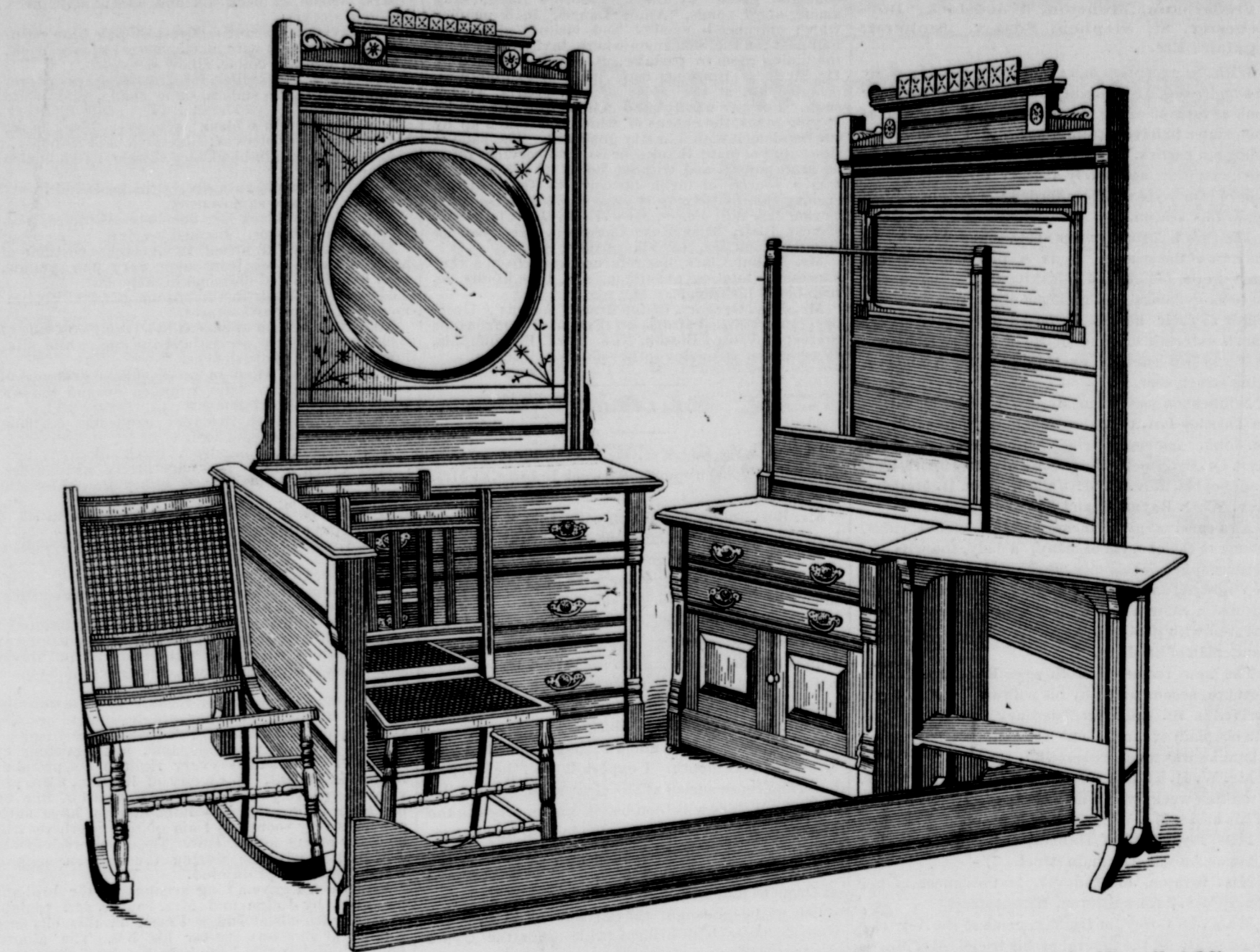
Rev. A. D. Merkle is recovering from a serious attack of rheumatism.

Dr. Fritz and Mr. Geo. Lynch also have had a fight with the grippe, and have come off victorious.

That old man, Mr. Lester Merkle, is so well again on her trips is, I understand, due to Mr. Harry B. Short, as he went to St. John and would not come over without her.

Among the social events of the last week and this were the exceedingly pleasant progressive euchre parties. One given Wednesday night the 13th inst., at Acadia Lodge by Mrs. Lester Merkle, to some 200 persons, again on her trips is, I understand, due to Mr. Harry B. Short, as he went to St. John and would not come over without her.

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