

For the Little People

A Cradle Song

By Jane Bushnell Dickinson

There the drowsy poppies grow,
There the south winds ever blow,
There is neither frost nor snow
In By-lo land.

Only sweetest songs are heard,
Never cross or selfish word,
Every heart by love is stirred
In By-lo land.

Yonder grows the dreamland tree,
Full of pleasant dreams for thee,
Dreams of joy in years to be;
O By-lo land!

Come with me, my little one,
Good-night to the setting sun;
Baby's happy day is done,
Now By-lo land!

He Found a Mother

By Mary Allaire

He stood at the end of a counter gazing out into Broadway. About him were woolly dogs and cotton cats, a Jack-in-the-box, and several games. Across the aisle were a number of girl dolls, who were so close to one another that they could not be lonesome. In the case back of the counter were a lot more dolls of all sizes and complexions, but all girls. It was night when I saw him first. Great crowds were rushing past. People were hurrying in and out of the store, but no one looked at him. Apparently no one wanted a boy doll. He had on a blue coat and trousers, a blue and white flannel shirt-waist, and a sailor hat—white straw with a blue ribbon band—with an elastic that went under his chin. His hair was yellow, and curled; his eyes were blue. After I went home I kept thinking of that dear boy alone in that store, without any one to love him, or even to show any interest in him. The girl dolls were being sold very fast, and probably by the next night would be all gone, and the dear boy would be still more lonesome.

It would be cruel for me to bring him home, for I am so busy that I cannot give Elizabeth—you know Elizabeth—any time. I must find a mother for this boy—some one who will be very tender and kind to him. In the morning I thought of a little girl who would be a mother to him. She had other dolls, but she seemed to have great capacity for loving dolls, and I knew if she once heard how much he needed a mother she would take him right into her heart.

Late in the afternoon I went to the store resolved that if no one had bought the boy I would, for I knew where to find him a mother.

There he stood, all alone. The dogs and cats were gone, nearly all the dolls, and all the games. He stood as if keeping guard over the remnants of the toy bazaar.

I bought him. Christmas morning I brushed him off carefully, took his hair out of curl-papers, put on his hat, and then tucked this note under his arm:

"I have no mamma. Please let me be your little boy."

I took him to the little girl. She had a new doll—very large and beautifully dressed. The little girl's mamma read her the note. She stretched out both her arms and took the little boy right to her heart. I left them feeling very happy, for the dear lonesome little boy had found a mamma, and a sweet little girl had found another child to love.

The Sandman

By E. C. Whitney

"Doddle, doddle, doddle!" and a merry laugh comes up from under the table by my side.

Under the table sits a little one-year-old, surrounded by spools, rubber toys, and a host of bits so precious to a little heart.

"Doddle, doddle, doddle!" but this time a gape in place of the laugh. The gape reminds

mamma that the little lady's bedtime is near-ing. Mamma looks at the clock, which says, "Baby has just a little more time to play."

Another gape. Surely baby sees the Sandman. One chubby fist and then another turns and twists in baby's eyes. Ah! now the Sandman is near enough to smile on her.

A little jerk, a pettish snarl, plainly tell mamma that the little spool won't stay on the top of the big one. It is so near night that I suspect the little spool is tired—too tired to stand up straight any longer.

Now the Sandman stretches out his arms to Baby Louise. She thinks she can run away from him, so she creeps up to "mamma, mamma," and buries her little round face in a lap which is always glad to hold it. But mamma doesn't want her to run away from the Sandman. He knows just the time each little girl and boy should go to bed. He is always gentle and pleasant with little folks.

Off comes one shoe, then off comes the other, and all the baby's clothes. Again the Sandman smiles; this time he is *very* near. Baby knows it, and drops her tired little head on mamma's arm. The little white nightdress is put on; the nice, warm milk is drunk; the baby is laid in her own little bed; mamma says the evening prayer, and kisses baby good-night.

Now is the time when the Sandman begins his work. He kisses his finger-tip and lays it on each small eyelid. Soon Baby Louise is fast asleep. Just as the little peepers are shut tight, the Sandman quickly pulls two small sand-bags from his pocket and lays one on each closed eye. Next he takes the baby in his strong arms and holds her so warm and close that baby smiles in her sleep.

Do you think the Sandman's work is all done? Oh, no! He does not run off to put some other baby to sleep, for there are just as many Sandmen as there are babies and little children. No little one should be afraid to go to sleep in the dark, for when mamma leaves the room the Sandman stays close by. The Sandman can see both in the dark and in the light. Maybe you would like to know how you can keep the Sandman close to you all night. First, you must lie very still, for the Sandman likes quiet better than anything else. Any sudden or loud noise drives him right away. He always sits on the baby's bed, and is very fond of being rocked gently or of listening to a soft song like a lullaby. Another thing he is afraid of is any sickness. It is very hard to get him to stay with a sick child, so if you want the Sandman to watch while you sleep, you must not tease mamma to let you eat things which she says will make you sick.

There is a good deal to learn about the Sandman, but I am going to tell you only one thing more.

Almost every little boy and girl has some mischief in his or her little heart. Why, even the little one-year-old who sits under the table by me does a good many funny things. And so the Sandman enjoys a little fun and mischief too. Sometimes he will squeeze baby just a little to see her smile in her sleep; sometimes he pulls one sand-bag slowly off baby's eye to make her fuss a little; and even lifts up the little eyelid to make her wake up quickly—then he laughs and darts off. Don't you think he is a funny fellow? I think he is like some big brothers, don't you?

When the sun is bright and high the Sandman slowly draws the sand-bags off each eye, kisses the baby very gently until she begins to smile and open her eyes—then leaves so quietly and quickly that baby never sees him go.

Are you not glad to know how the Sandman takes care of you, my little folks?

A Busy Family

It was near the flower market in Washington that I saw them first—the father, mother, and two children. They were in front of an iron fence that surrounded a park. Christmas greens made up into wreaths and crosses, and

in long ropes of green for decorating, were hanging on the fence. A board on two barrels was in front of them. On this board were piles of wreaths, long strings of holly-berries, and piles of holly. But the members of this family were too busy to bother with customers. Between the fence and the board was a stove, the top of which was about as large as this page. A stovepipe with an elbow projected above the stove, and out of this the smoke was pouring just about the height of the eyes of the men and women passing. On top of the stove was a frying-pan, and in it was some bacon. The mother was cooking the bacon, sitting on her feet on one side of the stove; the father, smoking a cob pipe, sat on the other side watching intently; and both the children leaned over the mother's shoulder as if the bacon were liable to hop out of the pan, and they must be ready to run after and capture it. I waited a few minutes, but breakfast was far more important than customers, and no one even glanced at me. "I'll try again," I decided, and walked off. The next morning I went again. There was the smoke pouring across the sidewalk, and there were the four, in just the same position, except that the father held a tin coffee-pot, black with smoke, close to the side of the stove. This time the pan held some small fish. There were the piles of wreaths, and ropes of green, and strings of berries. I waited again for some one to sell me a wreath, but they were too busy. After breakfast would be time enough to sell, they thought.

I doubt if they ever get rich, but they are certainly happy, and they love each other. You would have found that out in the way they spoke to each other, and the way the children leaned on each other.

For them there was something else in life than making money.

A Little Girl and Her Doll

It was Christmas afternoon. In the middle of the room was a beautiful Christmas-tree. The children who were gathered about the tree were children who did not have very much Christmas at home. There were dolls for the little girls and toys for the little boys, books and candies and a good time for all. After the children sang, the presents were given out. One tiny little girl about four years old, dressed in a pink calico dress that had been washed a good many times, was given a doll not quite half as long as this page. It was dressed in blue, and had on its curly head a white lace cap. The little girl looked in rapture at the doll for a moment and then ran with it to "her baby," as she called it, who was in her mother's lap at the end of the room. The baby took it carefully in his hands, and after admiring it for a few minutes, gave it back to the little mother. She hugged it closely to her and climbed up into a big chair. Here she sat, in the midst of the wildest excitement, unmoved. She rocked back and forth, then stopped long enough to kiss the doll rapturously and then hush it to sleep. When her book was given to her, she put it behind her; when her bag of candy was given to her, she did the same. There was nothing in the world for this little girl that compared with the little doll. When it was time to put on her coat, she was in terror lest something should happen to the wonderful doll. She left the room and went down the steps, gazing in rapture and tenderness at her darling, saying not a word, and remembering only the precious little bundle in blue and white held tightly in her arms.

He Loved a Smile

This story is told of a newsboy. A lady bought a paper of a ragged newsboy, and dropped with a smile a few extra pennies into his sooty hand, saying: "Buy you a pair of mittens; aren't you cold?" He replied: "Not since you smiled."

Christ and the Social Order

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott¹

And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. x., 7.

A kingdom is an organization. What Christ said to his disciples was that a new order, or a new organization, was at hand. This was to be their message. Jesus Christ did not come into the world, primarily, to save individuals from a wrecked society, to prepare men in this life for another life; he came primarily to organize a new social and industrial order, to teach men how to live here and now; and out of that order and that new life, and by it, to prepare for a larger life hereafter.

We are to interpret these words of Christ, The kingdom of God is at hand, by the condition of Israel and its history. The Israelitish people had an ideal of a kingdom. It is sketched for us in what are known as the Mosaic books. Scholars formerly believed that this ideal was at one time an actual kingdom; scholars now generally regard it as largely an ideal one, never fully realized. It is not important for my purpose to consider which of these two views is correct. It is enough to say that it was the ideal in the Jewish mind in the time of Christ. In this ideal commonwealth, then, whether it was historic or not, God was recognized as the Supreme Ruler. It was known as a theocracy. The authority, coming from God, came through men. There was, if not universal, certainly popular, suffrage. The people elected their own rulers by a common and general vote; and these rulers were gathered in representative assemblies, not as well organized, not as well defined, as ours, but not altogether unlike them—a popular chamber known as The Great Congregation, and a smaller chamber known as The Elders. The authority of the executive was defined. There were many things which he could not do. In an age of universal despotism, in this ideal Hebraic commonwealth despotism was absolutely prohibited, and pretty effectually prohibited. When, at a much later day, Ahab, a most despotic king, desired to get possession of a poor man's land, he could not do it without corrupting the court and securing the poor man's conviction on false charges of crime. In this ideal commonwealth the land belonged to God—that is, practically, to the entire community; and the individual had, at most, a right to it for only fifty years. At the end of that fifty years it was supposed to revert again to God, or to the community. It is true that it is very doubtful whether this provision ever actually was put in operation, but it is there in the ideal commonwealth. In this community provision was made for the poor. Education was provided for. A particular class were appointed whose business it was to educate the people, and parents were required to educate their children. Slavery and war were discouraged. The employment of cavalry for offensive war was absolutely prohibited. There was a priesthood, but the priesthood were not allowed to have any rights in the land. They were made dependent upon the voluntary contributions of the people. They were deprived of that kind of control which, in the Middle Ages, the priesthood exercised throughout Europe.

These are some of the general features, very briefly sketched, of this theocracy, this ideal commonwealth of the Hebrew people. If it ever existed in its fullness, it is certain that it soon fell into ruins. But the prophets were continually reminding the people of it and inspiring hopes of its renewal. The Old Testament prophecies abound with pictures of the time when the theocracy should be re-established, the kingdom of God should again come upon the earth. There is a time coming, said these prophets, when men shall beat their spears into plowshares and their swords into pruning-hooks, when nations shall learn of war no more, when law shall go out of Zion—that is, shall be enforced simply by the sense of obligation to God. There is a time coming when religious education will be so universal that no man will need to say to his neighbor, Know the Lord; for every one in childhood will have been taught to know Him. There will come a time when a new King will

come upon the earth and re-establish the old theocracy. And when he—the Messiah—comes, Palestine, his home, will become the center of a great civilization, and nations from afar will come, and the kingdom will widen and broaden until it takes in the whole of humanity. Nay, the very animals will feel the effect of the change, and the lion and the lamb will lie down together, and the poison of the asp will be gone; the little child can play with the poisonous serpent, the little child can lead the wild beasts. Under these twofold instructions—this ideal of a kingdom of the past, this glowing picture of a kingdom of the future—the coming of a theocracy was the universal expectation throughout Palestine in the time of Christ. This was not an expectation of a kingdom beyond the stars. In the days of Moses there was no knowledge of immortality. In the days of the Hebrew prophets there was only the faintest gleam of a conception of it. The expectation was of a kingdom to be wrought out upon this earth. It was an expectation of a new social, political, and industrial order.

Now, Jesus Christ did nothing to correct this belief. He did something to correct misapprehension respecting it, something to correct ideas as to how it should be brought about; but he nowhere intimated that there was not to be such a new social order. On the contrary, he affirmed, directly and explicitly, as well as impliedly, that this kingdom was to come. When angels sang their song at his birth, they heralded Peace on earth, good will towards men. When Christ taught his disciples to pray, it was to pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." His first sermon—the Sermon on the Mount—was an exposition of the laws of this kingdom. It was an exposition of the principles by which men should be governed in their relations one with another. He told them how they ought to settle their quarrels; how they should control their tongues; what were the principles by which they should be actuated in dealing with their enemies; with what spirit they should enter upon their industry. The Sermon on the Mount, from beginning to end, is an exposition of the laws and principles of a new social order upon the earth. That which characterizes this Sermon characterizes the great mass of Christ's teaching. If you will read your New Testament with this in mind, you may be surprised to find how little there is said in it about what we ordinarily call religion; how little about church-going, about Bible reading, about forms of public worship, about questions of theology—Trinity, Atonement, Vicarious Sacrifice, Doctrine of Inspiration; nay, how little even about the nature of God and of the future life. All that Christ says is said in the glow and glory of the love of a present God and of a light that streams in from the eternal world. He assumes that he is an immortal being speaking to immortal beings. He assumes that he is the Son of his Father and that we may become sons of that Father. But when you come to analyze his teaching, the great bulk of it is devoted to a consideration of the duties which men owe one to another. What does love mean? what does patience mean? what do the rich owe to the poor? what do the strong owe to the weak? what do the wise owe to the ignorant? on what principles ought men to administer the property which they possess?—these and such as these are the questions to which his teaching is chiefly devoted. He came the prophet of a new social order upon the earth. If he had not so come, we might well doubt him. Any one who assumed to tell men how they should live hereafter, and could not tell them how to live here, we might well doubt. Even if it were true that this world was a ship upon the rocks and that Christ had come to tell men how to escape, the first word the captain must give to his crew when they are panic-stricken is how they shall behave, now, while waiting for further orders. The foundation of preparation for the life to come is the life here.

Instructed in the principles of a new social order, the disciples went forth to preach the kingdom of God on the earth. Of course they could not believe that that kingdom of God was to be initiated by them. This transcended the possibilities of their faith. How could it be otherwise? Could these twelve men, facing the whole pagan world,

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