

**"OF SUCH IS THE
KINGDOM", AND OTHER
STORIES FROM LIFE**

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"Of Such is the Kingdom", and other stories from life by Richard L. Metcalfe

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RICHARD L. METCALFE

**"OF SUCH IS THE
KINGDOM", AND OTHER
STORIES FROM LIFE**



IN THE KINGDOM OF
"NEVER-GROW-OLD."

*“Of Such is
the Kingdom”*

And Other Stories from Life

BY RICHARD L. METCALFE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH



FOURTH EDITION

1907

THE WOODRUFF-COLLINS PRESS
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, U. S. A.

1871
1870
1871
1872

To My MOTHER,
THE SWEETHEART OF MY YOUTH;
AND
To My WIFE,
THE SWEETHEART OF MY YEARS

1562974

IN THE BEGINNING

Carlyle wrote: "If a book come from the heart it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small moment to that"; and this is the only excuse I have to offer for the publication of this little volume.

R. L. M.

ILLUSTRATIONS

In the Kingdom of "Never-Grow-Old" . . Frontispiece

"My Heart's a Beatin' Hard for My Daddy to Come Home"

"Course it Wasn't Stealing"

"The Fine Old Soldier Passed Down the Valley"

"The Boy and His Sweetheart"

"No Fro Rocks"

"With the Wet Shivering Dog in His Arms, the Man Applied for Protection at the Police Station"

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The poem on page 98 was written by Robert Cameron Rogers, Buffalo, N. Y., and has become famous in the song called "The Rosary."

"Of Such is the Kingdom"



IN A Pullman car going out of a western city the berths had been made down and many of the passengers had retired. A party of convivial spirits had concluded its session in the smoking room, and its members were making their way to their berths. The foremost man found his passage-way along the narrow aisle checked by a pair of tiny legs, and looking down he saw a little child kneeling at its mother's berth. Profound silence reigned in that car. The men in the rear pushed forward in order to see what had checked the progress of their leader. Exchanging significant glances, all of the members of this party removed their hats and reverently bowed their heads while there floated through the car—and doubtless upward and onward, and onward and upward—the sweet childish treble of :

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

That was a lesson—out of the mouth of a babe—in Christian reverence.

A very little girl sometimes grew absurdly rhetorical during her evening prayers. On one occasion