

"Now I lay me down to Sleep."

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from the further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh! for an hour in that dear place!
Oh! for the peace of that dear time!
Oh! for that childish trust sublime!
Oh! for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet music of that treble tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
—Eugene Field, in *Chicago News*.

Paul's all things to all Men.

One of the most conspicuous traits in the character of the great Apostle Paul was his love for the souls of men, which manifested itself in self-sacrifice and condescension, and the wise prudence of the methods chosen to reach the high ends he sought. Said he, "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

Many persons have questioned the rightfulness of the course of the apostle in the matters to which he refers. They have thought his accommodation of himself to the customs of the people was not only not right, but an evidence of weakness and timeserving. The discriminating student of Paul's epistles, however, will find nothing of this kind to detract from his sterling character. Paul was a man of principle, a man with clear and profound convictions. He was not a politician who had nothing in view but the applause of his fellow-citizens. He was a frank, sincere, conscientious preacher of the gospel of Christ. In his becoming all things to all men, he simply accommodated himself to the conditions and needs of the classes among whom he labored. In commenting on Paul's language quoted, Lange says, "Self-denying love is exercised, not only in the renunciation of one's own rights to support, and in unrequited toils and sacrifices for others' welfare, but also in condescending from the heights of superior knowledge and liberty to enter into the narrowness and weakness of others, to accommodate one's self to their spiritual defects and necessities, to freely conform to their ways so as to infuse in them confidence as toward one of their own kind, to speak with them in their own language—with children in a childlike manner, and with adults according to their several powers of apprehension, and so to become all things to all men. And this will be done so genuinely that those with whom we converse shall not feel it to be a condescension. On the contrary, our whole speech and deportment will seem natural through the blending power of a sympathizing love. Thus, will love fit itself to every variety of forms, and customs, and habits, and to all spheres of life, doing whatever may be requisite for kindly intercourse, and avoiding or removing whatever hinders it, and holding itself even ready to enter into all hearts and win them toward the highest good. And all this will be done for Christ's sake, and in accordance with the example of him, who, out of his own divine love, entered into human nature, stooping to its lowest bent of infirmities, in order to redeem sinners and lift them up to a life in God."

But the question may be asked, "How far is it proper to comply with the customs of the world in order to save souls or to promote the cause of religion?" Lange well says, "This conformity must be kept within the limits of truth. As in Christ, there was no self-seeking, no selfish fear of men, or vain desire to please men, so will it be with a proper accommodation. It will be unwarping by such faults."

Albert Barnes, in making an application of these principles as rules of life says: (1) In our intercourse with the world, its friendship is better than its hatred; (2) no principle or truth should be sacrificed to the world; (3) these things, however, should be matters of principle, and not mere fancies; (4) up to the point where principle is involved it is right to conform to the ordinary customs of life.

Ministers and other Christian workers should study Paul's tact, his wise prudence in adapting himself and his methods to the peculiar customs and even prejudices of those among whom he labored. He accommodated himself to them, became all things to them, that he might win them to the cross of

K. D. C. the great household remedy for stomach troubles.

Christ. Paul was a man of tact, not a man of policy.

There is a significant and vital difference between tact and policy, says *Zion's Herald*. Every Christian, and especially every Christian minister ought to cultivate tact. Tact is natural; policy is artificial. Tact is a gift; policy is an acquirement. Policy is the overcultivation of tact. Tact is knowing how to mingle with men without treading on their toes. Policy is being able to tread on people's toes without their knowing it. Tact is kindly and generous, policy is selfish and unscrupulous. In the true spirit of tact a man always thinks of others before he thinks of himself. It is their interests he is concerned to serve; it is to make life smoother and happier for them that he cultivates his gift.

Tact is sincere; policy is deceitful. Tact is frank; policy is sly. Tact looks you in the eye; policy gazes over your head. It is a commendable thing in a man to have tact; it is not always commendable to have policy. Christ had tact; the Emperor Augustus had policy. The early Christians had tact; the Christians of the Roman hierarchy had policy. As a rule, institutional success has been won by policy; genuine spiritual success has been won by tact. Pope Leo is a man of policy; Mr. Moody is a man of tact. If the great evangelist should begin to use his gift of tact for ulterior, and selfish, and worldly purposes, he too would become a man of policy. The distinction seems clear; policy is sophisticated tact. Let us beware of it.

"The highest principle, as some one has said, 'is the highest expediency.' That principle is found in Paul's 'all things to all men.'"

Putting on the Harness.

BY REV. DONALD M. CORMICK.

We read in Scripture of "the time when kings go forth to battle." According to the usage of ancient warfare this was in spring. The soldiers remained in the field till the approach of winter, and then withdrew into winter quarters, having finished a campaign.

There is a time when our churches should gird on the armor and go forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and then withdraw into winter quarters, having finished a campaign. There is a time when our churches should gird on the armor and go forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty, but our church campaign is just at the very opposite period of the year to the military one. It is a fact but too painfully patent, that during the summer months church life becomes languid, and church operations are in a large measure suspended. Whether ministers or people are most to blame, or whether both are alike culpable, it is hardly worth while inquiring. We all know that a restless spirit is abroad, and all are more or less under its influence. Concentration of thought or energy is all but impossible, especially when the united efforts of many voluntary agents are indispensable. Beyond the routine ordinary duties all else is hopeless. Fresh undertakings must be postponed and new work must wait for a more convenient season. Some there are who think all this an indication of Christian degeneracy, but rightly considered it is not so. It is certain those who work hard cannot always work and all church which for several successive months pursues its course, under full pressure, will do well, now and again, to slacken speed, and look to its engines. Such as travel on a jog-trot pace all the time need no rest; they know not the meaning of weariness, because they know not the meaning of work.

Most churches, however, have their hands full. Religious activity is all but universal in our day. This is one comfort and joy, that God honors his servants, and calls them to be co-workers with him. The time is here when all the faithful should put on the harness and follow their Captain to the field. We ought to enter on another winter's campaign strong in faith, and hope, and courage. There is room for all consecrated hearts, work for all consecrated hands. We need not hesitate because our talents are few, nor stand aside because our education is defective. The weapons of our warfare are no carnal, and our Leader is always by our side. The battle ground is well known, the enemy soon recognized. Sin in every form must be opposed, and whatever hinders the progress of the gospel must be removed.

To accomplish anything, there must be unity of purpose and steadiness of aim. This can only be secured by studying and respecting the wishes of our great Commander. We must have discipline. He provides the ammunition. Let those who intend to war a good warfare for Jesus this winter neglect not the means appointed to arrive at efficiency in the holy art. We must not neglect the assembling of ourselves together, whether for worship or for work. Relying on his promise and looking for his blessing, we may confidently press on to conquest and success.

K. D. C. cures nervous Dyspepsia.

What is Passion in Poetry?

What is this quality which we recognize as passion in imaginative literature? What does Milton signify, in his masterly treatise on education, by the element of poetry which, as we have seen, he mentions last, as if to emphasize it? Poetry, he says, is simple—and so is all art at its best; it is sensuous—and thus related to our mortal perceptions; lastly, it is passionate—and this, I think, it must be to be genuine. In popular usage the word passion is most a synonym for love, and we hear of poets of passion, votaries of Eros or Anteros, as the case may be. Love has a fair claim to its title of the master passion, despite the arguments made in behalf of friendship and ambition respectively, and whether supremacy over human conduct, or its service to the artistic imagination, be the less. Almost every narrative poem, novel or drama, whatsoever other threads its coil may carry, seems to have love for a central strand. Love has the heart of youth in it.

—And the heart
Giveth grace unto every art.
Love, we know, has brought about historic wars and treaties, has founded dynasties, made and unmade chiefs and cabinets, inspired men to great deeds or lured them to evil; in our own day has led more than one of its subjects to imperil the liberty of a nation, if not to deem, with Dryden's royal pair, "the world well lost"—a strenuous passion indeed, and one the force of which pervades imaginative literature. But if Milton had used the word impassioned, his meaning would be plainer to the vulgar apprehension. Poetic passion is intensity of emotion. Absolute sincerity banishes artifice, ensures earnest and natural expression; then beauty comes without effort and the imaginative note is heard. We have the increased stress of breath, the tone and volume, that sway the listener. You cannot fire his imagination, you cannot rouse your own, in quiet cold blood. Profound emotion seems, also, to find the aptest word, the strongest utterance—no, the most voluble or spasmodic—and to be content with it. Wordsworth speaks of "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," while Mill says that "the poetry of a poet is feeling itself, using thought only as a means of expression. The truth is that passion uses the imagination to supply conceptions for its language. On the other hand, the poet, imagining situations and experiences, becomes excited through dwelling on them. But whether passion or imagination be first aroused, they speed together like the wind-swept horses of Achilles.—E. C. Steadman, in the *Century* for October.

Martin Luther's Wife.

Believing that "a good wife is of the Lord," Martin Luther chose a good woman, Catherine de Bora, a lady of noble birth, a nun, and, if we may credit Holbein's portrait, a very pretty woman. Better still, she was a faithful and affectionate wife, though her temper was not the sweetest and her tongue at times could scold. Luther loved her dearly. With him, indeed, reverence for woman was at once a natural instinct and a point of doctrine. He observed that when the first woman was brought to the first man to receive her name, he called her not wife but mother—"Eve, the mother of all living," a word, he says, more eloquent than ever fell from the lips of Demosthenes. So when Catharine frowned he smiled, when she scolded he bantered. With the gentlest soothing he chided her anxieties, and, with the most self-denying devotion, he sought to make her life happy. And a happier home, it is said, than the home of Luther, was not in that land of domestic tenderness. In one of his letters to his wife he says: The greatest favor of God is to have a good and pious husband, to whom you can intrust your all, your person and your life, whose children and yours are the same. Catharine, you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an empress; thank God for it. And more playfully he says another time; If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way. He addresses her sometimes as "my love Catharine, or Catharine, the Queen, the Empress, the Doctress," or as Catharine, the rich and noble lady of Zeiledorf, where they had a cottage and a few rods of ground.

Who is the Worst?

In spite of the example of Christ and the lessons of the Scripture and the dictates of right reason, how apt we are to look for such as shall be called wickedest, among profligates and harlots and drunken brawlers instead of among those who wear silk and broadcloth and perhaps go to church

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

with considerable regularity. It is not otherwise today than it was in the Saviour's time. The publicans and sinners, the outwardly vicious, go into the kingdom of heaven before the Pharisees, because there is really not so much iniquity in their souls; they are not so hard to touch. Nothing like the denunciations that fell from Jesus' lips against the respectable people was ever pronounced against those disreputable evil. The latter did not need it or deserve it. The former were the hard cases, sealed, signed, and delivered to the devil by their own deliberate acts.

What made the priests and Pharisees so hopelessly bad? They were sinning against great light. They knew better, but most wilfully persisted with open eyes in violating their conscience. Robbers and murderers are usually those who have had very little chance to be anything else. Not to the professional criminals of the land who drank in sin with their mother's milk must we look for examples of greatest guilt. He is the worst man who sins against greatest light, on whom all good influences have been brought to bear, but who has defiantly steeled himself against them all. And they are not the most dangerous classes whom we are accustomed to call so. It is the educated, long-headed, smiling villain, who robs within the bounds of law, and builds up his millions in utter disregard of the sufferings of the multitude that are forced to contribute to his coffers and hopelessly toil for his enrichment, that threatens most harm to the State, and should be put down without mercy that the nation may live.

Private Rights and personal Liberty.

On the question of liquor traffic rights, Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist church of Canada says: The cry is raised that it is an interference with private rights and personal liberty to prohibit in any or all of its branches the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Let us look at this. I have no right to injure another; and ought not to be at liberty to increase my wealth by inflicting upon many the utmost poverty and wretchedness. The law of the land should deal with me promptly and decisively in such a case. If I invade certain property rights I am arrested. If I assault the person I am brought to judgement. If I utter false money I am put upon my trial under law. If I utter libellous or treasonable speeches, there are enactments for the sacredness of character and the security of the crown. If I import contagious diseases I am quarantined and likely punished. If I build magazines or slaughter-houses that annoy or imperil the people, I find out there is rule in the land. If I endanger other buildings with my combustible fabrics, or put the health and life of fellow-citizens in jeopardy by vile accumulations and faulty drainage, I bring down upon my head a whole Board of health or the police or the Fire Department. There is prohibitory law in the land. But if I sell liquor over the bar, take the wife's clothes, comforts and the love of husband away from her and the bread and raiment from the children, and send them all to a hovel and a heap of straw in disgrace, ignorance, and unutterable distress, there seems to be no law against me. Indeed, the law protects me. I can go on with my vile and heartless work, and take other people's money to the desolation of a multitude of homes. Have those wives and children no right to the protection of the law? Who made them outlaws? Who robbed them against their cries and tears? Who denied them education and respectability? In this country, as matters stand, that responsibility and guilt are on the heads of Christian voters; for they could do the whole terrific wrong to cease within a twelvemonth if they would.

Whom shall Christians forgive
Perhaps but few questions are so little understood as this question of Christian forgiveness. Many err in forgiving too readily. God forgives only those who repent, and we should do no more. God loves all; so should we. But God does not forgive all; neither should we. Two questions present themselves: First, have we a standard by which to forgive? and, second, What is that standard?

Then, first, we have a standard—God's Word. Second, what does it teach? "If he repent, forgive him" (Luke xvii. 3). We have no more right to be more merciful and generous than God is than we have to be less merciful and generous. And that is the trouble to-day. We are too merciful. Many a Christian treats an offending brother just as kindly, just as considerately, as he does an unoffending brother. This is a mistake. A broad

Use **K. D. C.** for indiscretions of diet.

distinction should be made between a brother who has wronged us and one who has not; and this distinction should be carefully observed until the erring one make reparation.

That God loves all is true; but he loves those most who most nearly resemble him; and so should we. It should be borne in mind that there is a vast difference between loving and forgiving; and right here many ministers make a sad mistake. They erroneously suppose that we cannot love a man unless we forgive him. This is a mistake. God loves all who have sinned against him, but forgives only those who repent. So the Christian should love all who have sinned against him, but forgive only those who repent. To forgive is to feel toward the offender just as if he never had committed the offensive act. No person can do that unless there first be repentance on the part of the transgressor. Christ does not command it, and those ministers who honestly, but erroneously, teach it are putting a burden on Christ's disciples which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear.—C. C. Haskell, D.D.

If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in your case?

B. Fay Mills, in one of his recent meetings, related this incident: A young lady was deeply concerned about her spiritual interests, and after a severe struggle started to visit her pastor to ask him to show her the way of life. As she entered the house, carrying out her purpose, she saw seated there several of her friends, who asked her where she was going. The temper immediately said: "Don't tell them where you are going, but answer them in some evasive way. At the same time the Spirit whispered to her: 'Be brave and conscientious about this. Tell them of your purpose, and ask them to go with you. She obeyed the latter voice. Her friends declined to accompany her, and she went on alone. When she came to the minister's house he came to the door to meet her. She paused from embarrassment for an instant, and then said: 'Doctor, I started to come to see you to ask you to lead me to Christ; but now that I am here I have come to tell you that I have found Christ. As they went they were cleansed.'

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