

THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, January 14, 1897

To our beloved Christian Endeavorers.

As I look back over a long
& happy life, the only angels on the
road are deeds done for Christ;—
— and the only ghosts are the
memories of lost opportunities.
It is infamy to die & not be
missed; but to live for our blessed
Master & our fellow-men is the
beginning of Heaven.

Yours in Christ Jesus

Theo. S. Clayton

January 10th
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THE GOLDEN RULE

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Vol. XI. No. 16

Boston and Chicago

January 14, 1897

Golden Rule Proverbs.

God fills the open hand.
Little sins are Satan's citadel.
If God rules at all, he rules in all.
Error must hurry; truth can wait.
Passions perish; principles prevail.
God's angels are never absent from Gethsemane.
The heavenly mind is proved by the earthly walk.
The man who walks with God does not need to tell the world so.

AS WE SEE THINGS.

THE poster craze is said to be subsiding. Let it.

LOUISIANA is planning to honor with a statue one of her most distinguished sons, the great ornithologist, Audubon.

PREMIER LAURIER, like Mr. Gladstone, has refused knighthood. After all, it takes more than purple to make a king.

SOME newspapers have seriously announced that Mars is signalling us. Mars can't deny it, so this is safe news to print.

A NEWSPAPER remarks that probably, next to Queen Victoria, this world could less afford to spare Miss Wildard than any other woman; and the newspaper spoke the truth.

It is reported that Rev. F. B. Meyer is to conduct a series of meetings in New York City during next month, similar to the series just held by Mr. Moody. America will welcome him heartily.

LATE despatches state that the pope has received new and truer light on Roman Catholic Church problems in America, and that his sympathy and support are given to Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Keane, and the liberal or patriotic class they represent. May it be so.

READERS of Caleb Cobweb's dissertation this week will see the point of this statement: A popular actor has come back to Boston after an absence of two years. Liberal posters advertise his performance, but quite forget to mention what play will be produced.

It is said of the house of Richardson the novelist, recently torn down in London, "He built it to suit himself, and it pleased every one but his wife." Yes, and she was the one above all others to be pleased by the selfish man, because she had to live therein and do all her work there.

A NOBLE work is being done by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. She is taking care of poor women in New York who are afflicted with cancer, and she hopes to found for such sufferers a permanent home. She is at work in one of the most miserable quarters of the city.

THE House bill to abolish saloons in our national Capitol is now before the Senate. A letter to your senators, expressing with distinctness your sentiments on this question, would be a practical bit of Christian citizenship. It should be sent at once; and can you not influence others, especially men of prominence, to do the same?

THEY are talking earnestly now—but none too earnestly—about the need of lessening the outrageous, and often unnecessary, city noises. We expect to see the time when, in deference to the rights of the human ear, all wheels, and especially those of street-cars, will be made of rubber, and newsboys will be restricted to a sweet conversational tone.

PRIESTLY interference in Quebec politics is growing more and more unbearable. The scandal has become so rank

that one candidate, in whose behalf ecclesiastical influence was exerted, has resigned his seat to avoid exposures. All such actions but hasten the dawn of liberty's day. We believe that Manitoba will both have and keep a non-sectarian school system.

THE extent of corruption possible in these days to "respectable" men is well indicated in the charge of Judge Payne, of Chicago, that there exists in that city a conspiracy among reputable people to wreck building and loan associations, and to pocket the savings of the poor people, who make up the bulk of the stockholders. This sort of rascality, which is frightfully common in these days, needs to encounter oftener such citizens and officials as Judge Payne.

THE terrible responsibility placed upon a myriad men by our modern systems of rapid transit is illustrated by a tragic event recently chronicled by the papers. A railroad gate-keeper had always said that if an accident occurred at his crossing he would kill himself rather than stand an investigation. The other day an accident did occur there, a wagon being struck by the train. Witnesses say it was through no fault of the gate-tender's, but nevertheless he disappeared, and soon after it was found that he had drowned himself. What a pressure is placed nowadays upon men's hearts and brains!

A Shameful Order.—There has been sent to President Cleveland an appeal from citizens of the United States now living in Jerusalem. A meeting of these citizens was held to protest against an order of our government directing our diplomatic officers to withhold all government protection from those that may reasonably be suspected of not intending to return to the United States. There have been in the past just criticisms and great indignation against the weakness shown by our officials in their dealings with Turkey, a weakness that has not unnaturally won for us the contempt of that nation. Our missionaries and other citizens in the Sultan's realms have been in danger enough from that cause. In the time of their peril to give the unspeakable Turk what is practically a notice that they are abandoned to his tender mercies, and that not even the pretence of protection will be given them, is base beyond belief. The inaction of the European powers has been denounced from the first, but which of them has taken a step to be compared with this for cowardice? "Jingoism" is to be abhorred, and no Christian can wish to see war; but to deny protection guaranteed by treaties, and to do so under such conditions, is another matter. No language is too severe to be used in denouncing so unpatriotic and outrageous a step. If the order has been correctly reported, we look to see it speedily overruled by President Cleveland as a disgrace to the nation.

Civil Service Reform and the Post-Office.—When Mr. McKinley becomes president, he will have to meet a tremendous pressure from the applicants for the 66,303 fourth-class post-offices in the country. These positions now constitute the chief spoils of the "practical politician." Twelve years ago 15,000 governmental positions were under civil service rules; now there are 90,000, the godly number of 40,000 having been added under the single administration of President Cleveland. Surely it should not be long before fourth-class post-offices, also, are added, and the president and Congressmen relieved of the greatest incumbrance and hindrance to the performance of the duties they were elected to perform. The effect of promiscuous removals is well shown by the following figures, presented to the last meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League. The long-continued enjoyment of office by one party, that ended with President Arthur's administration, brought the efficiency of the railway postal service up to the fine record of one error in 5,575 distributions. Then, with President Cleveland's administration, came many changes and removals, and the record fell to 3,364. With President Harrison

came another political slaughter, and a second fall in the record to 2,834. Six years of civil service reform (this department being placed under its rules at that time) had brought up the record a year ago to 8,894, and at present the system has resulted in the remarkable showing of nearly 10,000 distributions to one error. Is not this businesslike? And why not do all the government business after the same fashion?

Preaching and the Press.—Several great cities of this country within recent weeks have witnessed unusual evangelistic efforts. Monster meetings, addressed by great speakers, have been held by the score. Mighty good has been done. The whole land has heard the story of the uprising. And this has been due in large measure to the fact that the meetings and the sermons have been reported far and wide by the press of the country. Again it has been shown that the newspapers are eager to print religious news, when they believe that the people want it. A thousand people hear Mr. Moody's voice; a hundred thousand read his reported words. In the case of Mr. Moody, also, especial attention is paid to his meetings by the papers because he believes in the papers. When they do wrong, he is fearless to condemn them; but when they do well, he is frank to praise them, and to urge his hearers to support them. This is the right method. A general application of it by Christian people would have a tremendous effect upon the character of the daily press of the country. When your paper prints objectionable matter, tell the editor so, and get your neighbor to do the same. When its treatment of news is commendable, say so. And keep on saying so, and supporting the clean publication. Such a plan will do more to purify modern journalism, and to make the press a preacher of righteousness, than ten thousand tirades against corrupt newspapers.

A Church Home Indeed.—That great Baptist Church, Tremont Temple, in Boston, has fitted up the sixth floor of its beautiful new building for the especial comfort of the many young members of the church who are at work in the business section wherein the church is situated. There is a fine kitchen, and a large tea-room. The tea-room is bright and cheery in all its furnishings, and here nourishing food will be furnished at a low price. Near by are cosy rooms for men and others for women, with desks to write at, lounging-chairs for comfort, places for sewing, for newspaper reading, for games,—in fact, a delightful Christian home, in the midst of the whirl and uproar of busy Boston. The plan is as practical as it is beautiful, and will do much to commend to young people the religion of the Christ of Bethany.

General Walker.—In the untimely death from apoplexy of General Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the world has lost one of its ablest scholars. He was a brave and distinguished soldier; so modest, moreover, that in his history of his own army corps, a book of more than seven hundred pages, he mentions himself only seven times, and then in the briefest of terms. As an educator, he pushed his great institution of learning to the very front rank; and while he won renown as a teacher and administrator, he won also his scholars' love as a courteous and kindly gentleman. But it was as a student of political economy that his fame was world-wide. He was superintendent of the census of 1870,—by far the best up to that time. He was United States commissioner to the international monetary conference at Paris in 1878. He was a leader in many learned societies, and the recipient of many medals and titles from universities and other learned bodies. His numerous books upon his chosen theme are thorough, judicial, masterly. He had not yet reached his fifty-seventh birthday, and his early death is a great misfortune. It is rare indeed that a life combines so fully and so finely the executive ability of the man of affairs with the quiet, determined research of the scholar.

For The Golden Rule.

A Man We All Love.

Some Reminiscences of Dr. Cuyler.

By Peter Carter,

Of the American Tract Society.

THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER was born at Aurora, on Cayuga Lake, N. Y., January 10, 1822. A few days ago, therefore, he was seventy-five years old. He was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Burlington, N. J., for three years. He then became pastor of the New Presbyterian Church at Trenton, N. J. He was called to New York in 1853 to the Market Street Reformed Dutch Church, immediately after his marriage to Miss Annie E. Mathiot, of Ohio. In 1860 the newly organized Presbyterian Church on Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, called him for its pastor, and here he remained thirty years. During this period he preached 2,750 discourses. The total number received into the church was 4,203.

His dear old mother once told me how it was that he became a minister. He graduated from Princeton College in 1841, when he was nineteen. His father, who was a lawyer of brilliant promise, died when Theodore, his only child, was four years old. The Cuylers at that time seem to have largely followed the law as a profession, and great pressure was brought to bear on him to be a lawyer. One of his relatives offered to give him his fine law library if he would enter the legal profession.

But the Lord had another purpose for him, and a greater work for him to do. His dear mother had long consecrated him to the gospel ministry. Fearing that he might be persuaded into the study of law, she sent him abroad, which was the first of his many trips across the sea. While he was absent in Europe his mother engaged a room for him in Princeton Theological Seminary, so strong was her faith that he was to be a minister.

On his return, he went with his mother to Ludlowville, N. Y., to visit an uncle residing there. On a certain Saturday he took a one-horse sleigh and drove to the post-office some two miles distant, where he had another relative.

As he entered the house, his friend said to him: "You are the very man I want. There is a great deal of religious interest among the young people here, and I have called a meeting at my house of those who are seeking salvation. The meeting will be held in an hour, and I want you to address it."

After the meeting a young lady came up and thanked him for what he had said, and a young man came and spoke to him about Christ, and said that he had done him good by his talk that day.

Another meeting was called for the next day (Sabbath), and young Cuyler was urged to come again and address that meeting also. On his return he told his mother what had occurred. She urged him to go back again on the Sabbath, and offered to go with him.

The service was even more successful than the first; many were impressed by his earnest words. On his way home he thought to himself, "If a brief address has done good, why not preach all the time?"

That little address settled his future course in life. Mother and son spent much of that Sabbath night in prayer for divine guidance, and in a few days he started for Princeton Seminary.

At a still earlier period in life, when he was ten years old, his mother, realizing the terrible evil of intoxicating drink, drew up a pledge, promising to abstain from everything that would intoxicate, and mother and son signed it. There were pledges in those early days to abstain from distilled spirits, but it is believed that this was one of the very earliest pledges against wine, cider, and beer.

From that day onward he was a valiant advocate of total abstinence. There are few men in the United States who have accomplished as much as he for this blessed and much-needed reform. His influence has always been on the right side on all public questions.

The death of two children some years apart caused him to write two books, "The Empty Crib" and "God's Light on Dark Clouds," that have poured consolation into thousands of bereaved hearts on both sides of the sea. His weekly religious articles in different papers are reprinted in scores, perhaps hundreds, of religious periodicals in all the English-speaking countries of the world. Mr. Spurgeon, reviewing one of Dr. Cuyler's books in his magazine, "The Sword and Trowel," said, "There is no need for us to say more of this series of all-alive chats than that they are Dr. Cuyler's, and just like him. For sentences that strike and stick, gems that gleam and glow, and thoughts that thrill, commend us to our American friend."

In the printed record of the Brooklyn pastorate it is said, "In frontier settlements his pithy sentences are read aloud at devotional meetings." This happy faculty of adaptation with tongue or pen to all sorts and conditions of men received a good illustration when the venerable Washington Irving, after hearing him address a company of children, came up and whispered in his ear, "My friend, I should like to be one of your parishioners."

His tracts on religion and temperance have been scattered broadcast over the world. His latest book, "Beulah Land," as a reviewer well remarks, "is fully equal in sweetness, beauty, and power to the best he has ever written. There is, if anything, an added force and a new and more intense glow to those thoughts and counsels of his later years."

His wonderful geniality makes him a universal favorite. Lovable, cordial, friendly to everybody and every one's friend, he has led a life alike of highest purpose and highest accomplishment. His fondness for the young keeps him in constant touch with them. They say that street-car conductors, when they see him coming even at a distance, wait for him. He has a pleasant word for all.

Dr. Cuyler knows perhaps more public men abroad than any other American minister. He knew Spurgeon well, and

the great Scotch preacher, Dr. Guthrie, and loved them both. He knows Gladstone and other eminent statesmen, and preachers, like McLaren, and Newman Hall, and others.

Even advancing years bring no cessation of his vital force, or lessen that cheery freshness that marks all he says or writes. Two years ago he spent Saturday and the Sabbath at our home, in Bloomfield, N. J., and preached for us on the Sabbath, giving us two capital sermons, delivered with all the grace and force of a man of thirty.

Saturday evening was brightened with his flashes of wit and humor, and stories of eminent men whom he had known and loved. He spoke of Dr. Bushnell, the brilliant preacher and writer of Hartford, Conn., who was thought by many to be the finest thinker in America since Jonathan Edwards. Dr. Bushnell had been very ill, and the first time he went out after his illness, when he was still feeble, he met a friend who said, "Why, doctor, I heard you were very ill." "So I was," he replied; "I went right up to the gate, and Peter sent me back again to be better prepared for heaven."

Perhaps no nobler tribute could be written of a servant of Christ than was paid by the poet Whittier when he said, "I know of no one whose life work as a Christian minister, and as an advocate of everything calculated to promote the welfare of suffering humanity, has been more faithfully and successfully done than Dr. Cuyler's."

It was while he was in Trenton that I first made his acquaintance, almost half a century ago, and we have been very loving friends from that time till this. The privilege of this loving friendship is among the precious things of my life.

I have been with him and his dear wife and loving helpmeet in their days of sorrow and of joy, and have

sympathized and rejoiced with them. May they long be spared to be blessings and comforts to each other; and when God's purposes concerning them here upon the earth are accomplished, may they have "ministered unto them an abundant entrance into the mansions of life and light."

New York City.

DR. CUYLER'S PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

By Amos R. Wells.

THREE quarter-centuries of gold!
For surely the imperial stone
That sages sought in days of old,
His lengthening decades own.

That stone works deeper witchery
Than ever graced a Merlin's rod,
Since half is human sympathy,
And half is love of God.

January 2, 1897.

DR. CUYLER AT HOME.

By William T. Ellis.

ON one of the quietest and pleasantest streets in Brooklyn, behind a modest and well-kept lawn, stands a comfortable and somewhat old-fashioned house, the home of Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. Here dwells the genial soul that is also at home in tens of thousands of hearts throughout the civilized world. Here, if you please, we shall go together for a short visit to this prince and father in Israel.

While a servant bears your card to the upper regions, you glance about the roomy house and note its "homey" appearance. The sound of the voices of children playing strengthens this impression of the homelike character of the dwelling. It is a spacious abode. A broad open stairway leads up from the hall. To the right is the parlor; to the left, the library.

The servant is little more than out of sight before a figure in a loose brown dressing-gown comes toward you, holding in his left hand your card, while the right is outstretched in greeting. And it is a cordial greeting that Dr. Cuyler gives, as he leads you to a seat in the library, himself occupying one of the generous leather-covered chairs directly in front of you. If you have seen Dr. Cuyler only in the pulpit, where you took his measure by his intellect, you are surprised to find that you have to look down to the man standing in front of you holding your hand. The physical Dr. Cuyler is a small man, and the thought slyly suggests itself to you that you could pick him up in your arms and run off with him, in which case your feet would carry more brains than they ever are likely to be called upon to bear. Seventy-five years have bent that form but little, although the snows of many winters have given a crown of white to the head. Sparse side whiskers of white frame the kindly face, the skin of which is loose and wrinkled.

In voice and in thought Dr. Cuyler still retains the fire of youth, and one does not have to be long with him before one knows for a surety that this preacher of seventy-five has not yet crossed the ministerial "dead line."

But stay these impressions, for Dr. Cuyler speaks, and it behooves you to listen. He bends over toward you, looking up into your face, while he talks concerning the business that is the prime object of the call. The subject of writing extra articles comes up.

"I have to refuse all these requests that come to me, for my hands are more than full. What with my regular work for *The Evangelist*, *The Independent*, *THE GOLDEN RULE*, and a religious syndicate, to say nothing of addresses and sermons, for which I have more calls than ever before, I find myself unable to do anything more."

"I am like my old friend Horace Greeley, whom they would never let rest. 'Uncle Horace,' I once said to him, 'when are you going to cease work?'"

"Ah," he replied; "I've had a pet air-castle that I've been building for years. It is that some day I may get off the *Tribune*, and leave the city and its rush, and settle down to spend quietly my last days on a little farm, that I may tend with my own hands. But each year my air-castle seems to be getting farther and farther away." And with these last words Dr. Cuyler made an upward and outward motion with his hands, to re-enforce the somewhat pathetic earnestness of his words, and you know that his own thought is in the words of his illustrious friend.

Dr. Cuyler feels, I fear, that he has a little bit of a grievance against the public for liking him so much. "When I left the pastorate, five years ago," he said, "I thought that I would have plenty of time at my own command. But, bless you, I'm busier than ever. Why,



DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER

At the age of 35.

do you know"—and he assumed the air of a man about to present an overwhelming argument—"I have n't been near the Brooklyn Library for three weeks."

One would suppose that this veteran student would be freed from the rule of books, but not so does he think. Doubtless the fact that he is constantly mining new ore is one reason why the coin that comes from him is so bright and pure and valuable. In the same connection, this author of fifteen books and more than four thousand articles was led to speak somewhat of his manner of working.

"I cannot 'dash off' an article. I must take pains. I do not do any careless work." This last was spoken with an earnestness that I wish every young writer might hear.

We chatted at length about writers and their work, and Dr. Cuyler made many interesting comments on men who have spoken widely to the public. His criticisms showed a keenness of discernment and an up-to-date common sense that were remarkable.

"Now there's P—" (a deceased author of devotional works), "who made up his books from his sermons. Most of his articles and books were his sermons worked over. A great many present-day writers do that, but I can recognize them every time." Dr. Cuyler keeps as sharp an eye as an editor on the younger and newer writers of the day.

He mentioned one or two for whom he predicted great usefulness. Of Dr. J. R. Miller, of whom he boasted gleefully as "a pupil of mine, and the brightest I ever had," he spoke in most kindly and fatherly fashion.

His own reason for not publishing volumes of sermons is this: "I take the core out of a sermon, and make it into two articles. Thus the thought gets a far wider circulation than would be possible to a book, and the two articles are given a much greater reading than one longer one possibly could have." Which again is worth thinking about by prolix writers.

Dr. Cuyler's partial deafness relieves his visitor of much of the burden of conversation,—who would be so foolish as to speak when Dr. Cuyler will talk?—and a mere word or two to suggest that in which we are especially interested is enough. Thus he was led, on this occasion, to touch upon the various tasks that fill his days. He spoke of the hours he spent "under the catalpa," in the rear of his house, when the weather permits, writing his celebrated articles, some of which bear this title. He told of the great correspondence that eats up so many hours, more especially since all of his letters are answered personally, and with the pen. His correspondents "don't want to be discourteous, yet they take up the larger part of almost every morning."

Of course he does not escape the crank. "The other day I got a letter from a missionary in India, who wanted me to tell him fully, and at once, how to become a successful writer. He wanted to know what made my articles succeed, so that he might start in at once on the same kind of work. Why, he might as well have asked me to tell him how I digest my breakfast. Mrs. Cuyler and I laughed over the letter, and then it went to the wastebasket." At which evidence that Dr. Cuyler's warm heart does not too greatly tyrannize over his head I greatly rejoiced.

Before he will permit you to depart, Dr. Cuyler must exhibit some of the treasures with which his library and home are filled. "These," pointing to large signed portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Neal Dow, "Mrs. Cuyler calls two of her 'scalps.' The photographs were sent to her by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Dow, who are our prized friends." So you inspect other interesting objects about the room, a beautiful old shepherd dog, evidently an

intimate companion of the host, keeping you company as you move about.

"You must see this also," leads you into another part of the house, where hangs a great portrait of the International Young Men's Christian Association convention in London, three years ago. Dr. Cuyler is in the centre, seated beside the founder of the movement, Sir George Williams, by whom the photograph was sent. You recall Dr. Cuyler's long-time activity as a Y. M. C. A. worker as he speaks of this great convention. "Sir George is growing old. We all are growing old,"—somewhat sadly,— "but he founded the greatest work ever begun by a young man."



DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER
At the age of 75.

The farewell of this grand old man was, like his welcome, most hearty and cordial. He grasped my hand vigorously, and held it lingeringly as I went out. He followed me to the door, and while his hand rested on my shoulder (I felt it as a benediction) he pointed out the church over which he was for thirty years pastor, and the steeple of which was in plain sight. "His church and mine," he called it, in speaking of the present pastor, Dr. Gregg, as though he himself still were ministering actively to it. There was

a world of affection in his tone.

He stood at the door, a typical host, watching me cross the lawn and leave the gate, speaking after me, in loud and vigorous tones, some parting directions and farewells. Thus I see him now, a beautiful, benevolent, glorious sunset picture.



THE EASE OF LIVING.

A Golden Rule Meditation.

Now that I have come to understand that the only tasks I need to do are not my tasks at all, but God's tasks, how easy is all my work! The strength which I am to apply to those tasks is not my strength, but the strength of the Almighty. Nay, the very patience and perseverance I am to exhibit in them are not to be the fruits of my own feeble spirit, but the fruits of the Holy Spirit. And the joy in my work, which is to vitalize it all and beautify it all, not even that is to be mine, but is to be Christ's, who came to give it to the world.

Thou art not only the Life, but thou art my life, O Christ. Thou art my daily conquest of ensnaring sins, thou art my hourly recovery from hourly defeat. Thou art my large outlook in the midst of pettiness, my fountain unfailing when the rivers run dry, my health in the poisonous times of prosperity and success.

Do I find it hard to bear about with me a temper peaceful and serene? Let me strive no longer. That is thy gift.

Do I doubt, because I seem to make no permanent headway against my temptations? Let me doubt no longer. It is thy war, and the victory, when thou dost choose to take it, is thine.

Do I fret and fume at any annoyance or hindrance or lack in my lot? It is not my lot at all, but God's lot, if he dwells in me; and shall his lot be less than perfect?

In short, I will make no more difficulty about my living. I have placed my life in God's hands, having placed myself there. Help me, O God, up to the least fraction of time, up to the final fragment of power, up to the outmost circles of desire, to take my life from thee.

For The Golden Rule.

O ROCK OF MY SALVATION.

By Rev. Edward N. Pomeroy.

O ROCK of my salvation,
When I am stayed on thee,
Abroad is agitation,
Tranquillity with me.

Afar thy shadow falleth—
My shelter and retreat;
No terror here appalleth,
No snares beset my feet.

Thou beatest back the billow
When sorrow's surges roll;
Thy peace is 'neath my pillow,
Thy strength within my soul.

The clouds may brood above thee,
The tempests smite thy breast;
Nor gloom nor storm can move thee,
My Refuge and my Rest.

O Rock of my salvation,
I stay myself on thee;
Thou art my habitation
Through thy eternity.

Wellesley, Mass.

For The Golden Rule.

CONCERNING CALEB.

By Kate Sanborn,

Author of "The Wit of Women," etc.

I READ with interest Professor Cobweb's Telephone Talks, and agree with almost every word he says. But when he tells us "how to lie awake gracefully" (see GOLDEN RULE for December 10). I feel that as an Insomniac Graduate, and Past-Grand Master Expert, I must differ slightly from his opinion.

Caleb is evidently working his brain until it shrieks for relief and a return to normal conditions. I have often thought it was my duty to tell other excitable, exhausted, overtaxed people how to sleep.

Horace Greeley said in a letter during some great national crisis: "I have not slept for three nights. If this keeps on, I shall soon lose my reason." I did not sleep for nearly five months, except when thrown into a lethargic slumber—no, stupor—produced by dangerous drugs, which physicians give so freely.

I will not waste time and space by egotistical reminiscences of a tragic experience. I will only say that I had no appetite, my stomach being poisoned and rebellious, my poor mind jerked hither and thither with more incoherence than from "pineapples" to "perforated spoons," for the second might be used to enjoy the first. I tried to write, but my thoughts were beyond my control, or else my brain seemed like an empty room, a blank. At night the room was light and full of saucy imps, one sitting in my left ear to torment me with his mocking taunts, assuring me that the only sleep for me was death; and then would come a shrill laugh of triumph. I came near the verge of insanity.

And now I can sleep ten hours without waking, and often feel oppressed by drowsiness when people who do not interest me are talking. I was cured by a common-sense nurse, a woman who has saved many lives by her tender care and disobeying the doctor's orders!

All the bottles of medicine were emptied. I was induced to get outdoors and walk, although feeble and shaky and dreading to be seen. At bedtime, a hot bath, with sea salt or ammonia or sulphur in the water, and then massage by the hour, until I would at last pretend to go to sleep to get rid of her!

She not only slept, but snored outrageously the moment her head touched the pillow, and the stertorous breathing added to my desperation. She found me one night, with pink cotton sticking out of each ear like long horns, hoping in vain to drown her discordant tune, standing over her, wondering if I must wake her to have temporary relief.

I was at last induced to eat very simple but nourishing food, to give up tea and coffee, to drink hot milk, to see a few friends, to be interested in something, to get out of myself and my woes.

When the dear woman was obliged to leave me, I followed her to the country. The maelstrom of city duties and delights was left behind forever. I worked hard outdoors, shovelled dirt, sawed wood, picked up stones, cleared fields of weeds, stayed an hour daily in the barn, petting the horses, carding the cows.

I had animal pets of many kinds, and all helped me. The canaries' song taught me to sing and rejoice in a small place; the dogs amused me by their tricks and affection, and lured me to many a long walk; my flower garden taught me to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, the great secret of health.