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## Sunday School Banner.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., EDITOR.

TORONTO, MAY, 1892.

## Charities and Correction.

UNTIL the present century the policy of Europe, in dealing with crime and pauperism, was the best possible if the object had been to propagate and increase them both. The States of the New World necessarily copied many of the methods of the old. Unfortunately, along with much that was true and wise, they copied and perpetuated many old blunders. But with the advance of modern thought, especially with the enormous widening of the sphere of scientific knowledge, have come new and better ways of dealing with the defective, the criminal and the pauper.

To spread abroad and make popular the better ways in charity and reform is the object of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, which meets annually in one or other of our great cities, and will hold its 19th Annual Session in Denver, Colorado, next June. It combines the best philanthropy of all creeds and all shades of political opinion upon the broad platform of humanity. Its program for the year has just been issued, and is an interesting paper, its topics covering many of the social problems of the time.

The membership of this Conference is unique. It has no salaried officers and no selfish benefit

to offer to anyone, so its doors are open to all the world; whosoever will may come in, on a footing of the most perfect equality. The fact that you are interested in its work, makes you a member, and entitles you to a seat and a voice in its discussions. Anyone desiring further particulars as to reduced railroad fare, hotel accommodations, etc., may address Alex. Johnson, Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind., who will send circulars and answer inquiries.

## "Now I Lay Me."

WEARILY I turned the pages, as the daylight  
turned to gloom,  
And heard the children's voices growing softer  
in their room,  
I knew that with their mother they were at  
their evening prayer;  
And I closed my eyes and listened, in the  
twilight gathering there.

"Now I lay me"—It was Mary, and her voice  
was low and sweet;  
I could almost see her figure, kneeling at her  
mother's feet.  
"Down to sleep"—She soft continued, and I  
wondered if the blest  
Ever knew a sweeter slumber than the infant's  
dewy rest.

Then the words went on in murmur—those  
familiar words to me.  
I could see my own poor child-self bending at  
my mother's knee.  
"If I should die"—Had those words meaning  
in the prayer I used to say?  
"Before I wake"—The same petition that my  
child-self used to pray.

"My soul to take"—The prayer is ended and  
my baby's words have flown  
To the farthest depths of Heaven, to the pre-  
cincts of God's Throne.

Years had marked my brow with wrinkles,  
since that simple prayer I said,  
Since I prayed the Lord to keep me as I knelt  
beside my bed;  
And I doubt if once I pondered, as I lay me  
down to rest,  
That my life was in the power of that Lord  
who knoweth best.

But this night, the simple beauty of that child-  
prayer came to me,  
And when I knelt, the words unbidden, that I  
learned at mother's knee,  
Spoke themselves, and, as in childhood, I had  
prayed the Lord to keep;  
So the man with "Now I lay me" prayed as he  
laid down to sleep.

—John M. Whitman.