

**A Mother's Love.**

Some day

When others braid your thick brown hair,  
When others call you "dear" and "fair,"  
And hold your hands and kiss your face,  
You'll not forget that far above  
All others is a mother's love.

Some day

Among strangers in far distant lands,  
In your new home beyond the sea,  
When at your lips are baby hands,  
And children playing at your knee,  
O then, as at your side they grow,  
How I have loved you, you will know.

Some day

When you must feel love's heavy loss,  
You will remember other years;  
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,  
And mix my memory with thy tears.  
In such dark hours be not afraid,  
Within their shadows I have prayed.

Some day

Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,  
My face will suddenly recall,  
Then you will smile in sweet surprise,  
And your soul unto mine will call  
In that dear, forgotten prayer,  
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day

A flower, a song, a word, may be  
A link between us strong and sweet;  
Ah, then, dear child, remember me,  
And let your heart to "mother" beat.  
My love is with you everywhere—  
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day,

At longest, it cannot be long,  
I shall with glad impatience wait,  
Amid the glory and the song,  
For you before the Golden Gate,  
After earth's parting and earth's pain,  
Never to part! Never again!

**A True Gentleman.**

An old English dramatist calls Jesus of Nazareth "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." He is correct, if the true meaning of the name is borne in mind, though the remark may at first seem a light one. The Master was gentle in everything; in carriage, temper, aims and desires. He was mild, calm, quiet and temperate. He was not hasty, not overbearing, not proud, not oppressive, not exorbitant. He was not only quick to forgive those who had injured Him, but He sought them out, as in the case of Peter, that He might offer them His forgiveness. Again and again He illustrated, by His acts, His own words to His disciples: "If, therefore, thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

A story of the Crimean war may, perhaps, illustrate these words of the Master, and also teach us that the true gentleman is anxious to forgive an injury. During the first winter of the siege the British soldiers suffered from cold, wet, hunger and disease. A young surgeon, anxious about his regiment, was somewhat exacting in his requests to his colonel, who did not always follow the doctor's suggestions. On one occasion, the surgeon was urgent in pressing the colonel to do something which he, as commanding officer, did not think necessary. The refusal to follow the surgeon's recommendation so irritated him, that, losing his temper, he angrily said:—

"Colonel, you are the only commanding officer I ever served under, who seemed to me to be indifferent to the welfare of his regiment."

It was a rude, insubordinate remark. The colonel flushed, but, restraining himself, simply pointed to the door of

his tent. The angry doctor departed, and for two days did not go near the colonel's tent. On the afternoon of the second day, as the surgeon was seated in his tent, nursing his wrath, the colonel's Scotch orderly presented himself with the following message:

"The colonel's compliments, an' he'd be glad if yo'd stop up an' partake of some refreshments wi' him, which he's just gotten frae ane o' the ships."

The kind-heartedness which prompted the colonel to be the first to offer reconciliation, though an apology was due to him, caused the surgeon's anger to vanish. He started on a run, determined to ask the colonel's pardon. But as he entered the tent the colonel held out his hand and said:

"Not a word about what happened the other day. Do not speak of it. Do not think of it. Perhaps I was more in the wrong than you were; so tell me again what you want me to do, and if I can help you I will."  
The young surgeon was overwhelmed. He felt keenly the reproof conveyed in this quiet way, and respected the nobility that could gently restore a subordinate to favour.

**Do.**

The girls who have pored over the pages of the little book called "Don't," are now invited by an exchange to accept advice in regard to things they should do.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex: the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do be exact in money matters; every debt you incur means loss to some one, probably less able than you to bear it.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with relation to their contents; a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do recollect that your health is of more importance than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast. Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere.

Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned, there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, do hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration, if you mean a mile, say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes, at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

**Be Happy.**

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household, there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for a companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," and his assertion proved conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the cloud of disorder and unamiability.

**Is It "Blood Money?"—Was John Wesley a Fanatic.**

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

"I DON'T believe a word of it. It isn't blood money," said a prominent Methodist layman recently; and judging from the fact that Methodists have recently gone to the polls and deliberately voted "for license," instead of "against" it, we are led to enquire who are the true Methodists? And as there is an effort made by Methodists to justify the reception of a revenue from the liquor traffic by the Government, simply "because the traffic exists, and it should therefore be taxed," the question forces itself, what did Wesley teach on this subject? In a letter written to the Hon. W. Pitt, in 1784, and quoted in the *Wesleyan Magazine* in 1850, Mr. Wesley says, "And this duty last year, (if I am rightly informed) amounted only to twenty thousand pounds; but have not the spirits distilled this year cost twenty thousand lives of his majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for the twenty thousand pounds—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which was occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches have any souls? . . . But I may urge another consideration to you. You are a man. You have not lost human feelings. You do not love to drink human blood. You are a son of Lord Chatham. Nay, if I mistake not, you are a Christian. Dare you, then, sustain a sinking nation?"

In 1773, in his "Thoughts on the Present Scarcity of Provisions," he says, after showing the amount of grain consumed by the distilleries, "not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into a deadly poison; poison that naturally destroys not only the strength and life, but also the morals of our countrymen. 'However, what is paid (the duty) brings in a large revenue to the king.' Is this an equivalent for

the lives of his subjects? Would his majesty sell a hundred thousand of his subjects yearly to Algiers, for four hundred thousand pounds? Surely, no! Will he then sell them for that sum to be butchered by their own countrymen? 'But otherwise the swine for the navy cannot be fed.' Not unless they are fed with human flesh. Not unless they are fattened with human blood. Oh, tell it not in Constantinople, that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

In his "Works" (Vol. VI, p. 576), speaking on this subject of revenue, he calls it the "price of blood." "It is amazing that the preparing or selling this poison should be permitted (I will not say in any Christian country, but) in any civilized state. 'Oh, it brings in a considerable sum of money to the government.' True, but is it wise to barter men's lives for money? Surely that gold is bought too dear, if it is the price of blood. Does not the strength of every country consist in the number of its inhabitants? If so, the lessening their number is a loss which no money can compensate. So that it is inexcusable ill-husbandry, to give the lives of useful men for any sum of money whatever."

In his sermon on the use of money, in 1760, he says of the traffic: "But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners in general. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood, is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood! thou that art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day,' canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so, for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee."

Need we hesitate to be as radical as was John Wesley? Or have the claims of political parties so blinded our eyes that we cannot see the truth?

SOMEBODY says we spend too much for foreign missions. The same people say it costs too much to run our home churches. Is that true? England pays \$680,000,000 for intoxicating liquors; \$350,000,000 for bread; \$290,000,000 for woollen goods; \$175,000,000 for butter and cheese; \$150,000,000 for milk; \$100,000,000 for tea, coffee, and cocoa; \$70,000,000 for cotton goods; \$55,000,000 for education, and only \$5,250,000 for Christian missions. Reflect on these figures a while.

DR. BOXTON recently related that, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, he said: "What do you do when you've outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one. "We let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed that she had the advantage of him there.