

## A Mother's Love.

BY LILLIE F. BARR.

SOME DAY.

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

SOME DAY,

'Mong 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—  
Oh, 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 your tears,  
In such dark hours be not afraid;  
Within their shadow I have prayed.

SOME DAY,

Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,  
My face will suddenly recall;  
Then you will pause 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!

## Captain John Smith.

BY JENNY L. ENO.

THE adventures of this remarkable man, were we to believe his own accounts of them, would quite overshadow those of Robinson Crusoe, and rival those of Sinbad the Sailor. This particular John Smith was born in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1579, and early evinced a desire for travel and adventure. His parents died while he was quite young, and he is said to have left home soon after, in the cowardly character of a runaway. At the age of fifteen he was travelling on the continent as a page. Soon tiring of this, he ran away and enlisted under the Protestant Banner in France. Wherever there was anything wonderful to see he wandered, and Egypt now attracted him. On one of his voyages he was thrown overboard for some misdemeanour, but saved himself by swimming to a rocky island, and there remaining till taken off by a passing vessel.

We next find him fighting the Turks, in Hungary. Here he was wounded, taken prisoner, sold as a slave, and carried off hundreds of miles into a dreary country. His propensity for running away soon helped him out of this scrape. Improving an opportunity, he arose against his master; then, mounting a horse, he fled through trackless forests to Russia,

and, after some further adventures, made his way back to England just in time to join Captain Newport's party, which was setting out for the New World.

Smith was now in his element. The council to direct the affairs of the colony—of which council he was a member—charged him with sedition, and treated him unjustly; but what cared he while a vast, unexplored country lay before him, its people ready to be astonished at his exploits.

The Indians captured and carried him around to their villages as a curiosity; at last bringing him to the chief, Powhattan. A solemn council was held, and Smith was condemned to death. All have heard the story of how Powhattan's daughter, the gentle Indian girl, Pocahontas, rushed forward, as the fatal blow was about to be struck, and besought the savages to spare him. Some of the details of this story are thought to have originated in Captain Smith's inventive mind; but the Indians certainly released and let him go back to Jamestown. He found the colonists suffering—especially for food—and on the point of leaving the country in despair. He persuaded them to remain, and, by sharp bargaining, secured a supply of corn from the natives. In 1608, Captain Smith explored Chesapeake Bay in an open boat, and made a map of it and the surrounding region.

In spite of many hardships and difficulties, John Smith managed the colony well, and for once in his life did not run away. He was injured by an explosion of gunpowder, and obliged to return to England. He made other voyages to America, and is said to have given New England the name it now bears.

He died in London, in 1631, and was buried in one of its churches.

## The Petition of the Left Hand.

THE following is stated in *Hall's Journal of Health* to be a translation of an article, written in French, by Benjamin Franklin, and published in a French almanac in 1787:—

I take the liberty of addressing myself to all the friends of youth, and to beseech them to have compassion upon my misfortune, and to help me to conquer the prejudice of which I am the innocent victim.

I am one of the twin sisters of our family. The two eyes in the head do not resemble each other more completely than I and my own sister do.

My sister and I could perfectly agree together if it was not for the partiality of our parents, who favour her to my great humiliation.

From my infancy I was taught to look upon my sister as if she were of a higher rank than I. My parents allowed me to grow up without any instruction, while they did not spare any cost on the education of my sister. She had professors of writing, draw-

ing, music, and other useful and ornamental performances; but if I happen to touch a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was severely reprimanded, and more than once I was even beaten for being clumsy.

It is true that my sister likes my company, and does not despise my co-operation occasionally; but always claims superiority, and only calls upon me when she needs my assistance.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I do not believe that my complaints are dictated by vanity. Oh, no! they have a more serious basis.

My sister and I are charged by our parents with the work of procuring the necessities of life. Now, if some sickness should befall my sister, and make her unable to work—and I tell you in confidence, my sister is subject to cramps, rheumatism, gout, and many other ailments—what will become of our family? Alas! we shall perish in misery; for I shall not be able even to draw up a supplication for obtaining charity. Even for this present petition I have been obliged to use a stranger's hand.

Oh, how my parents will yet regret having established such an unjust distinction between two sisters who resemble each other so nearly!

Will you be so kind, ladies and gentlemen, as to make my parents realize how unjust it is to be so partial in their treatment of their children, and how necessary it is for them to bestow their care and affection upon their offspring in equal measure?

I am, ladies and gentlemen, with the greatest respect, your most humble servant,  
THE LEFT HAND.

## How to Read.

TO READ much is one thing; to read wisely is another—and a far better thing. *St. Nicholas* gives some advice on the subject, which will be of invaluable service to those who follow it:—

"After reading a book or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes of quiet thought to the subject which has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first, until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory—so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

"Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought. You will soon learn in this way to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room, in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labelled, has its own particular place, and is ready for use the instant there is need of it."

## Take Off Your Hat.

THE Hon. Philip Honye, of Chicago, relates the following:—

"I was going along the other evening, when a savage dog flew out at me, evidently ready to rend me in pieces. Now, what do you suppose I did? Whipped out my pistol? Not a bit of it. I simply lifted my hat. Don't laugh. The dog stopped, looked at me, growled, and finally crouched back to the doorstep, and began wagging his tail. I have done the same thing over and over again, with the same result.

"Dogs, in my opinion, think—in a crude way. They see a man such as I walking along, say, with a hat on his head, and so forth. To him I present a complete picture, just as a dog with flapping ears, swishing tail, and four legs, presents one equally complete. Now mark! The four-footed picture cannot, so to speak, disintegrate. No dog ever saw another dog take off its tail, or throw away one of its hind legs. This human apparition suddenly begins to take himself to pieces. He lifts off his hat. The dog doesn't know what is coming next, perhaps. He begins to think. He is overawed. He meets with a power which is beyond his comprehension, and he succumbs.

"Mind you, this is only my theory; but I have tried it several times, and I always found it to succeed."

The question of African liquor traffic is attracting great attention in England. The appalling statement is made, that where one missionary had been sent to Africa to evangelize the heathen tribes, 70,000 barrels of rum had been sent for the purposes of barter. It is said that the Niger Trading Company has adopted the policy of the prohibition of intoxicating liquors in trading with the African tribes. This policy has been adopted for financial reasons. It has been found that rum so demoralizes the natives as to ruin trade. This company is also bringing a strong pressure to bear on the Congo Free State, and on the German and Belgian Governments to adopt the same policy.  
—Mission Notes.