



MR. GLADSTONE.

## THE SMILE BASKET.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

I dreamed of a little child  
With a basket in his hand,  
To and fro he went,  
Up and down the land.

Sad-hearted folk he met,  
And won them by his wiles:  
For he carried—what do you think?  
A basketful of smiles.

## MR. GLADSTONE.

One of the most famous British statesmen was the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, who for a long time was "Premier," or prime minister, of England, and really governed the country. His whole life, from boyhood upwards, was remarkably interesting, and blessed to the good of his countrymen and the world.

Mr. Gladstone was born in Liverpool, in 1809. He was the son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., an eminent merchant of that city. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church College, where he graduated in 1831. Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament the following year, and quickly

distinguished himself by his splendid oratorical powers.

After the death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone became the leader of the House of Commons, retaining the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in Earl Russell's second administration. On the retirement of the Lord Derby cabinet, in 1869, Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the helm of state as first minister of the crown. In the same year he introduced a measure before Parliament for the dissolution of the establishment of the Irish Church, which passed into a law after a prolonged and obstinate resistance on the side of the Conservative party.

Mr. Gladstone acquired no mean celebrity as an author while forging his way to the van of modern statesmen. His contributions to the literature of his time are characterized by all the ripeness of scholarship, originality of thought and vigour of expression which have given him so high a rank in oratory and diplomacy.

In his private capacity, also, Mr. Gladstone was highly esteemed; and perhaps the most lovable phase of his life was that exhibited in his occasional reticacy at Hawarden. His neighbours and friends always welcomed the great man thither,

and speak with true affection of his gentle, unaristocratic intercourse with them, and of his active Christian labours in their parish church.

Mr. Gladstone's devout habits of thought and life are familiar to all. But what is possibly less known is the fact that, in his Oxford days, under the full stress of the Tractarian movement, Mr. Gladstone earnestly desired to be a clergyman, and only yielded to parental pressure in abandoning a clerical for a political career. Had the young Tractarian persevered in his intention of taking holy orders, there would probably have been some day another "Life of an Archbishop of Canterbury," which would have exceeded in interest any of Dean Hook's celebrated volumes. — *Sunday-school Visitor*.

## A PROMISE TO A MOTHER.

Once, when Abraham Lincoln was a member of Congress, a friend criticised him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as reason for the reproof, "There is certainly no danger for a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I meant no disrespect, John," answered Mr. Lincoln; "but I promised my precious mother, only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it."

"There is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement," insisted the friend.

"But a promise is a promise for ever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln. — *Westminster Quarterly*.

## HOW THE TOAD CHANGED CLOTHES.

There was a toad living in the garden which Lloyd called his own, and he fed it with crumbs every day. He liked to watch it as it hopped about among the plants, darting out its bright red tongue to catch any small insects which came in its way.

One day Lloyd ran to his mother in the greatest excitement.

"My toad is trying to get his skin off!" he cried.

It was true; and when Lloyd and his mother reached the toad they saw him pulling his skin over his head in much the way that a little girl would take off her high-necked, long-sleeved apron, only it was harder work for him to do it. But he tugged bravely away with his fore feet until he was free, and then what a bright new coat he displayed! And he looked so proud of it! — *Our Little Ones*.