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THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

Henry Hudson, the great navigator, made his last voyage to the Polar Seas in 1610. In the summer of 1611 his crew mutinied and set him adrift in an open boat, with his son, John Hudson, and some of the most infirm of the sailors. They were never heard of more.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

Very recently Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and the demonstration made throughout England was convincing evidence of the honor and esteem in which they are mutually held by the world's best types of men and women. The special tributes paid to Mrs. Gladstone were as much in appreciation of her worth as a woman as testimonials to her wifely attributes. She was assured by the representatives of societies and others sent to Hawarden with presents that the people of England knew and valued her services to her country, and the words of affection from the "lower classes" tendered her were offered in recognition of her work for the race. She is a noble woman, aside from the fact that her position is so exceptional that her faults would naturally seem trivial, surrounded by the halo of her rank and her husband's fame. As a little child she exhibited the unselfishness which has made her name beloved in England. Her father said of her that she was his most gifted child, and always spoke with subdued pride of the strong character she exhibited in earliest youth. She chose as a school-girl this motto, "If you want a thing well done do it yourself," and has kept it as hers through life. The practical good sense manifested by her when young has been her magic wand through all the passing years. She is now a woman of seventy-six years, and is the same wise-minded, sensible person that she was when she wrote her chosen sentence in her diary full seventy years ago. The story of her life would read like a beautiful romance, so full has it been of work—domestic, social and philanthropic—and so overflowing with happiness. Love more than position or opportunity, has made her life so useful, and

this has been the potent factor in the great success of her husband. They have been lovers of their kind, and have sought the good of their fellow-beings rather than any selfish aims. The variety and interest which have marked Mrs. Gladstone's life would have been lacking to a large extent had she not felt such an overflowing sympathy for the people—for the poor and the trouble-burdened, the weary and the faint-hearted. One of her friends was one day lamenting to her that she could do nothing for others because she had not means.

"Oh, yes, you can, my dear; you can do everything; you can love them."

"But that would not help the poor or the sick or the dying," was answered.

"Yes, it would; it would cheer and bless and comfort; try, and prove my words,"

said Mrs. Gladstone, and her visitor parted from her in tears, so heartfelt and earnest were her words.

An unmarried gentleman in London, whose wealth enabled him to live in ease and idleness, was induced by reports of Mrs. Gladstone's efforts to send her a sum of money to be used as she thought best. She wrote him a reply, in which, after thanking him for his donation, she said: "The poor will be grateful to you for your gift, but they will love you if you give them something of yourself." As he was a man who had not been in the habit of devoting himself to the service of others, he could not quite understand the purport of her words and wrote her so. The reply was most characteristic:

"You have a beautiful tenor voice,"

she said; "the sick in the hospitals would love to hear you sing, and it would give happiness to tired heads and aching hearts to have you show such interest in their fate as your personal presence would prove. Go and bless them."

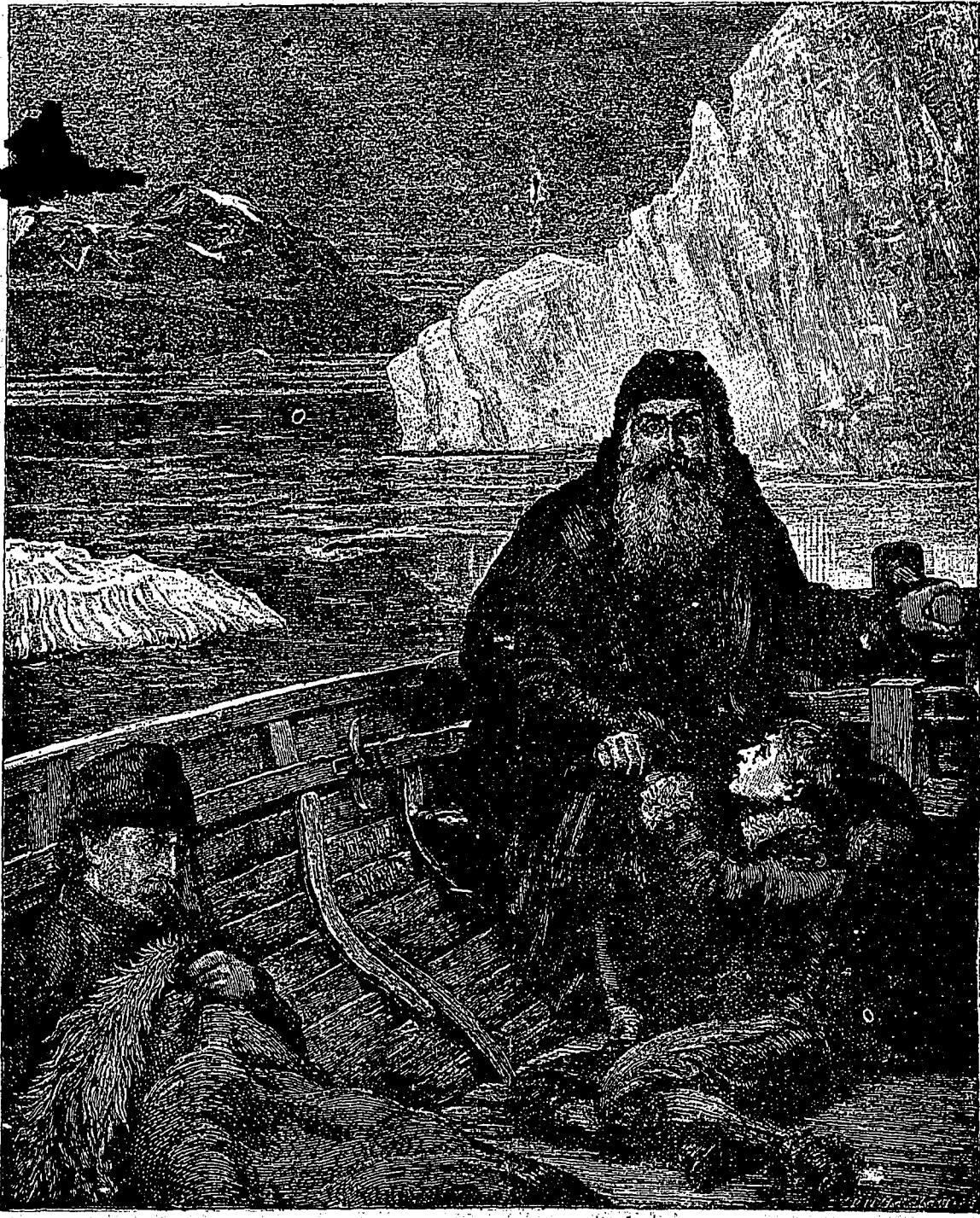
And the spell this woman cast about him caused him to offer to sing in the hospital wards, and after a few experiences of a kind he had never dreamed of before he gave up the greater part of his time to the children's wards and a share of his income for fruits and flowers and solid comforts for sick children.—*Mail and Express.*

WARNING TO SINKERS.

An American clergyman, the Rev. Dr. George C. Baldwin, tells in the *Christian Quiver* the story of a Bottle of

In a place of extra labor in 1862, in establishing and building a place of worship on Vail avenue, in our city, I became so exhausted that my health depended upon giving me a vacation, and I received a hundred dollars in gold to pay its expenses. Securing the companionship of a neighboring pastor, the Rev. J. E. Cheshire, we went to New York and took ship for Charleston, intending to go to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi river, and thus swing around a circle homewards.

When about to go to our ship a kind friend in New York brought me a dozen bottles of Scotch ale, saying, "You are much debilitated and must not drink strange waters. This beer will not only satisfy your thirst, but act as a good tonic." What I, a pronounced temperance man, should do with a dozen bottles of beer, was not apparent. What I did do with them I proceed to tell. Very soon after we were out at sea I easily disposed of eleven of them, but decided to keep one for an emergency. That came on the railway between Charleston and Montgomery. It was June. The atmosphere was hot and sultry. The car was crowded. My thirst became intolerable, and I said to my companion: "We are hundreds of miles from home. Nobody in this car knows us. Our example, therefore, can do no harm. Get out of my valise that bottle of beer, for I must have something to drink."



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