

The Family.

CHRISTMAS.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" the children cry...

"I think little Tim is do for him?"

"A Class, use boys, know,

as a true Christian minister and a gentleman. From his own lips had he (the lecturer) learnt that...

EARTHQUAKE SCENES.

of the recent earthquake at Summerville, South Carolina, towards the railroads leading...

While the train was running rapidly, the car in which the passengers were seated suddenly turned over to the right...

Ladies fainted and strong men quailed, not knowing what had caused the eccentric movements. When they got out of the car, they were amazed...

Great stalwart black men held their children up high above their heads, and offered them to God in sacrifice, imploring Him to take the infants and spare the fathers.

But the earthquake brought out the heroism as well as the cowardice of human nature. Some of the heroes were children. A Charleston family, living in a brick house, jumped out of bed when the shock swayed their dwelling.

In Asheville, a little girl, the granddaughter of a clergyman, hearing her mother talking of the dreadful calamity, became very nervous. After she had gone to bed, she said to herself, "Dear God, please don't let the earthquake come to hurt us to-night."

On the second night of the disturbance, after a severe shaking in Summerville, a father was walking the room in a state of nervous apprehension. His little three-year-old boy was in bed in the same room.

Several families, living near each other in Summerville, gathered after the first terrible upheaval in a large yard. There were forty children of all ages among them, and they, without a word from their elders, gathered together, joined hands in a circle, knelt on the ground, and in their own words offered prayer.

Was not He, who took little children in His arms and blessed them in the midst of that praying band?—Youth's Companion.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

When wind-blown crystals fill the air, And all the fields grow white and fair, And breaks the Christmas Day...

THE BLESSED SEASON.

Rejoice! 'Tis the season of loving, The beautiful season of giving!

We tell over again the sweet story Of the Child of the promise so holy, Whose life was a mission of glory.

And so the sweet impulse is given, Love worketh in hearts as a leaven, Bonds sordid and selfish are riven,

DANIEL PONGE'S SUCCESS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

On all the members of the Third Church, Mrs. Clarkson Tate was the one whose religion took the most practical turn. Neither prayers nor music ever brought the tears to her cool gray eyes...

One day John Waldo brought a young man with him, by the name of Daniel Ponge; a raw-boned, gaunt, coarsely clad lad, with large and peculiarly luminous eyes that looked out of their bony sockets at Mrs. Tate with a disturbing power.

"Who is your friend?" she asked. "He has that unmistakable pallor that comes from hunger, but he looks as if he thought life was too short for eating or talking or frivolity of any sort."

"Serve God, I suppose," Waldo said, with an uneasy laugh. "Dan always seemed to me to have some of the spirit of the old prophets. He is a farmer's son from Berks County; he has educated himself and is almost ready for ordination."

"Yes, but Dan has a prejudice about accepting help. He says what is not worth working for is not worth having, and he sees no reason why your clergyman should be pauperized at the outset, more than your doctor or lawyer. It's very absurd in him, I suppose."

"Absurd! I should think so!" said Mrs. Tate, indignantly. But after that she was particularly kind to the young man, who was utterly alone in the city, and much needed the kindness and care of a shrewd, practical woman.

After his ordination, Daniel Ponge was given, at his own request, mission work in the part of the city where he lived. Kater street could hardly be called a field white unto the harvest. It is a narrow, scrupulously clean little avenue, with small, comfortable houses on either side...

Dr. Roach, the pastor of the Third Church, met him at Mrs. Tate's, and asked him once or twice to fill his pulpit while he was absent. The people came out silent and awed after listening to him. It seemed to them that they had heard a note of that trumpet which shall summon the dead and the living to judgment.

"How did our young friend succeed?" said Dr. Roach, on his return, to Mrs. Tate. "He must have been a little nervous at preaching before such a congregation as ours."

The doctor went on his round of pastoral visits a little ruffled. Mrs. Tate really permitted her tongue a license akin to blasphemy. Ponge preaching to the Apostles, indeed!

way) went to Mrs. Tate. "Insufficient diet and overwork have brought him to this pass," he said. "I suppose he thinks the souls of those laundry men and thieves are worth the sacrifice. I don't; but I'm outside the pale. You are inside, Mrs. Tate, and I wish you would think the matter over and see if anything can be done."

Mrs. Tate thought the matter over. Just at that time an assistant was needed in the Third Church. The people remembered the remarkable young preacher who had so startled them with his fervid zeal. A word here and there, and the thing was done. The call was given.

"But I shall shirk my work," said Mr. Ponge to his kind friend. She had removed him to her house when he began to recover, and he lay on a pallet under the trees, like the ghost of his old lean self.

"Can you take it up again now?" was her only answer. He knew he could not. He had scarcely strength to breathe.

"The mission is a sheer impossibility," she resumed. "The work in our church is light. You have time to rest. And, indeed, you have deserved this success. I am glad it is coming to you. I know four ministers who are ambitious to step into this place."

He was very tired; even his mind moved feebly. When he was strong again he would assuredly take up his work in Kater street again. In the meantime—what was it she said about desiring success? He wondered, with a faint color came to his cheeks, who were the four ministers that had tried for this place.

Mrs. Tate's phrase expressed the feeling of the Third Church. Mr. Ponge, as he gained strength, was "a great success, and he deserved his promotion." Dr. Roach was a moral, scholarly man, fond of fine-drawn arguments on abstruse points. He wrote an elaborate sermon once a week on some such subject; but out of the pulpit he was a zealous entomologist. Everybody knew that his heart for years had been on his bugs and beetles. This pale young fellow, with his fiery eloquence, pleading with each man the cause of his own soul against his frivolous, sensual, vicious body, drew eager, admiring throngs. Every sitting in the church was taken, and chairs filled the aisles where it was known that he would preach.

The next spring Dr. Roach died suddenly. Mrs. Tate came home from a church meeting and hurried in to her niece's room.

"There can be no doubt, Evaline, that Mr. Ponge will be offered the dear old doctor's place at once. It is a great step in one year. That miserable mission, and now the Third Church! But he certainly deserves it."

Miss Plumer asked what the salary would be, and whether the parsonage was included. "Yes. It will be a lovely home for you, dear. You ought to be a happy woman."

Miss Plumer's cheek, which was of the tint of the wild rose, did not deepen in hue. "It will need refurbishing," she said, gently. "I hope Daniel will put it into Harber's hand. They are the most stylish upholsterers in town."

All the world, in a few months, agreed with Mrs. Tate. Daniel Ponge's life was successful. He had a high position, a large salary, a wife whom he loved passionately. There was a change in him. There were few poor people in this church. The members all seemed to be good. Ponge, being on leisurely to heaven. There was no need of the appeals and fervor, which he now began to think, with Evaline, were probably too pronounced to be in good taste. He began, now, too, to be anxious that his church keep up its yearly subscriptions to the great organized charities. He was appointed to deliver certain important discourses, too, in other cities, and he had to be careful that he did not disappoint the expectation which his fame had provoked. These things occupied his mind, and left no space for other matters.

In ten years Daniel Ponge had grown fat, dull-eyed, quiet of speech, and a conservative in opinion.

I lost sight of him for many years. On my return, I found a stranger in the Third Church pulpit.

"Poor Dr. Ponge!" Mrs. Tate said. "He had the worst luck! His only son died, and then his throat became so affected that he was totally unable to preach, so he resigned. Poor Evaline never held up her head after that. Altered social position was too heavy a cross for Eva. His salary went with the position, of course. They went up to a little village in Center County, and there Eva died. I have heard that her death broke him down completely. He certainly was a most devoted husband. Why such a good man should be so afflicted is more than I can understand."

The next summer, among the iron miners in Center County, I happened to meet Daniel Ponge. He was teaching a little school in the woods. He was an old, gray, bent man, but the passionate fervor of his youth had returned to him. Not only to the children, but to the miners' huts, to the farm houses, to the lonely cabins of the charcoal burners on the mountains, he went with the same urgent errand—the story of Jesus and His love. He had lost all interest in the world, he talked of nothing else, cared for nothing else. To every human soul he met he came with this one message.

"The time is so short," he said, "the time given me was short and much of it was—lost." The rough people on the hills called him the "crazy gospeller," but they listened to him as they did not to other preachers; they respected and loved him. They had an odd feeling that the half-starved, suffering life had reached a great height of success in its self-sacrifice. But that was not Mrs. Tate's view.

Some one who had known him in other days once spoke to him of his church and his wife. He was silent; a contortion of pain passed over his face. "The Lord gave," he said, at last. "And the Lord hath taken away. He knew."—Congregationalist.

He that negotiates between God and man As God's ambassador the grand concerns Of judgment and of mercy, should beware Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful To court a grin when you should woo a soul, To break a jest when pity would inspire Pathetic exhortation; and to address The skittish fancy with facetious tales, When sent with God's commission to the heart; So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip Or merry turn in all he ever wrote, And I consent you take it for your text; Your only one (I'll sides and benches fall, No) he was serious in a serious cause And understood too well the weighty terms That he had taken in charge, and could not stoop To conquer those by jocular exploits Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.

from the church said to another, "I consider the conduct of the choir to-day as positively disgraceful!" But the other answered, "Choirs always take to themselves Sunday liberties, and young people will be young people, you know."

I was obliged to confess to myself that these young people who had sung hymns of penitence, and of praise, and of thanksgiving, had seemed very irreverent, but I quieted my fears for their character by the hope that they would not generally make light of sacred things, but in most cases would show themselves reverent.

The next opportunity that we had of noticing them was during the Sunday school session. There was a large class of these young people in front of us, and the teacher, a noble specimen of Christian manhood, was addressing them. I knew from the expression upon his thoughtful face that he was speaking of things that he thought important to their best and highest interests. Now and then I caught a word, such as "truthfulness," "faithfulness," "earnestness," and "self-respect," and I felt that this teacher was trying to press home the teachings of the lesson. At that point when his manner seemed most earnest, and his voice full of feeling for his subject, a young lady in the back seat whispered to her companion; the teacher did not seem to notice it, but for at least a moment the attention of the entire class was drawn from the serious words of the earnest man, who was himself so reverent before the awful truths which relate to the soul's life or death.

The next time that I found my eyes opened to notice irreverence was at a lecture—a company of young people sat near, and during the discourse of the learned speaker upon a scientific subject they paid no attention to his instructive words, but seemed busy with matters of their own. "Such a loss!" one remarked, on leaving the hall, adding, "If these young people ever realize what an opportunity they have missed how they will regret it."

"But," answered another, "they did not understand the subject, and of course would not attend to the speaker's words."

"But are we to become irreverent towards everything which we do not understand?" one asks. We need to take warning of our infidels, who began their course as some of our irreverent young people are beginning theirs.—Christian At Work.

LECTURE ON MR. GLADSTONE.

THE Rev. E. Wainman, of Halifax, England, New Connexion minister, who resided three years at Hawarden, recently delivered a lecture in Queen's-road Church, Halifax, on "Hawarden, its Castles, and present distinguished resident, the Grand Old Man." Ald. Ramsden, J. P., presided. Mr. Wainman said that near Hawarden Castle was Mrs. Gladstone's orphanage, where she was clothing and keeping between 30 and 40 orphan boys and girls. Hard by was the ladies' home, where Mrs. Gladstone was supporting a number of old ladies who had been left destitute. Mrs. Gladstone had proved herself a model wife. She watched over her husband's health; attended to his personal interests, shared in his triumphs, and was his comfort in all his sorrows. Her personal interest in the lecturer and his family was often expressed. When he received his appointment to Hawarden for a third year, Mrs. Gladstone, on the day that she returned from London, called at his house and expressed her pleasure at the reappointment, kindly adding, "at the Castle we look on Mr. Wainman