The Family.

CHRISTMAS.

Suristmas is coming to the children crying the weeks that are hurrying by—rhildren, who live at home, as what it is to room his with stockingless for the the lee and sleet.

" thinks hade Tim ; vas do for him? vily.bread in the pich are led i he dây îs ilone i a min.

> 4 t nse fors, hors, know, ia Claus,

as a true Christian minister and a gentleman." as a true Christian minister and a centleman."
From his own hips had he (tho lecturer) learnt that the great and burning desire of Mr. Gladstone's heart was to give liberty, peace, contentment, prosperity, and justice to Ireland; and to this work, as the crowning act of his great, grand, and glorious public life, no believed that God and the people would yet call him. Mr. Gladstone was a devout, god-fearing, and truly Christian man. An old inhabitant of Hawarden having a son who was becoming wayward and disobedient, Mr. Gladstone sent for him, and in his study talked earnestly with him, and so presented the future before him that the lad's heart was touched and he promised reformation. "Then," said Mr. Gladstone, "that you may have power to carry out this promise of reformation, let us now kneel down together and ask God's help and blessing?" The result of that interview was a complete reform of the young man, who to-day was one of the most respectable tradesman in Hawarden Mr Gladstone often prayed with the dying, Mr. Wainman mentioned an affecting instance in which, immediately on returning from Midlothian, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone went to the bedside of a dying tenant, Mr. Gladstone in prayer commending his soul to G. d. Mr. Wain-man also mentioned that Mr. Gladstone presented a gold watch as an encouragement to a tallor's, she invariably criticised the sermon pretty sharply apprentice who had exhibited skill in making him when we reached the church porch. But her pew He was very tired; even his mind moved feebly. When he was strong again he would assuredly take stone's last birthday, he and Mrs. Wainman were call and law students, clerks, college lads; her invariably criticised the sermon pretty sharply this place. He was very tired; even his mind moved feebly. When he was strong again he would assuredly take to provide to luncheon at the castle, and the lecturer cousins, or her cousins, friends, or friends of her time—what was it she said about desirving suc

tent; much less for despair. God has been the past, and he will be our hope in the jour motives be pure, and our only aim in the Divine will that we may do that l open up the way, and what is best applished. My attitude at this moment ag and inquiry, and for my guidance infinion of thoughtful intelligent and

-English priper.

HOUAKE SCENES.

of the recent earthquake at brains the railroads leading s both shocking and eccentric. It uke, and on one road the moving aght between two twists, that were a huge S, and could neither advance arn. A train on another road started from ville at seven o'clock in the morning, on Tues-

Alle at seven o cieck in the morning, on a uesand should have reached Charleston, twentyinites distant in an hour. It did not arrive
antil the morning of Wednesday, having been
thirty-six hours on the way. The passengers
passed through some fearful experiences.
While the train was running rapidly, the car in
which the passengers were seated soudenly turned
to the right and reastly touched the ground

over to the right, and nearly touched the ground. Then, righting itself, it went as far over to the left. Recovering its upright position, it moved back-Then, righting itself, it went as far over to the left.
Recovering its upright position, it moved backward and forward, sprang up into the ale as it is a little room on Kater street, and cooks for a ship at sea. The wonder is that it did not turn outer, and endanger every passenger limit.

The conductor sprang twice for the believes, but was thrown back each time. A young man, as he hasn't much time to give to it, his relooping average eighty cents a week. He lives on the street, and cooks for a ship at sea. The wonder is that it is a little room on Kater street, and cooks for himself—what he does cook."

No wonder his skin is yellow over his bones. The conductor sprang twice for the believes, for the division of the church for the education. There is a find in the church for the education and since the cooks.

but was thrown back each time. A young man, more agile, caught the rope, the engineer applied the air-brakes, and the train stood still. Ladies fainted and strong men quailed, not knowing what had caused the eccentric movements. When they got out of the car, they were amazed to find the train, engine and all, on the rails.

They had reached Summerville, and soon felt

the upheavals and undulations which indicated the workings of an earthquake. The affrighted negroes ran into the streets, yelling, praying, and singing.

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.

"O Lord," shouted one negro, "just spars me

as his lungs warranted. A conductor, a practical Christain, shook him by the shoulder, and bade him get up and help quiet the women and children, or bring chairs and blankets out of the houses for their comfort.

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. One of the family, a little boy just seven years old, ran to his aged grand-mother's room, helped pull her out of bed, and assisted in getting her down stairs and out on the lawn. It required ten minutes, but the little hero did not leave her till he saw the old lady wrapped up and sitting in a chair on the wet grass.

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," and then turned over and went to sleep. The next morning, as soon as her little eyes were opened, she said, "Ma, ma, God did not eyes were opened, she said, "Ma, ma, God did not let the earthquake come last night because I begged

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. "Pa, pa," he called out, "If God wants to shake the house, let Him shake 11, but I want you to come and lie down by me, and go to sleep.

Several families, living near each other in Summerville, gathered after the first terrible upheavel 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 bleased them in the midst of that praying band?— Youth's Companion.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Witan wingld crystals fill the air,
And all the fields grow white and fair,
And breaks the Christmas Day,
The olden game of chief and lord,
Of Robert and the Truce of God, fulc at 🍰 Well may the children play.

THE BLESSED SEASON.

REJOICE I Tis the season of laying, The leastiful season of giving a The wish every spirit is moving. To make brighter and richer our living With the love of the Christmas-time

We tell over again the sweet story Of the Child of the promise so holy, Whose life was a mission of glory, Who alike blessed the foly and lowly With the loy of the Christmas-time.

And so the sweet impulse is given, Love worketh in hearts as a leaven, flonds sordid and selfish are riven, And earth seemeth nearer to heaven With the peace of the Christmas-time.

—A. M. Gannett.

DANIEL PONGE'S SUCCESS. BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Or all the members of the Third Church, Mrs. testified to the wonderful sociability of both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. While conversing in the study, hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported in the Irish difficulties to be encountered in the Irish line in thereupon Mr. Gladstone replied, "Difficulties to be encountered in the Irish line in the rew, but there are, but there is no need for distinction in the past, and he will be our hope in the law and shaded by forest trees. It was open to them on Sundays. The lads filled the manner of the months of the past, and he will be our hope in the late took care should be plentiful and delicious, and the was it sho said about destroing succountered in the Irish hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was enough, provided they were stransported to them hospitality was the desirying stransported to them hospitality was the desirying stransported to her hospitality was the desiry of the she took care should be plentiful and delicious, and the week, they were at home in the family of a good woman, who treated them as sonr. Mrs. Tate had her own ideas of Christian work, and this was one of them; but we have no time now to discuss it.

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. After din-ner she drew Waldo aside.
"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. What does he mean to do in it?"

"Serve God, I suppose," Waldo said, with an un-easy 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. He has supported himself for two years by copying,

is a fund in the church for the education and sup-port of Just such poor young theological students." "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,

of a shrewd, practical woman. After his ordination, Daniel Ponge was given, at his own request, mission work in the part of the turn, I found a stranger in the Third Church city where he lived. Kater street could hardly be pulpit. now! Spare me first! Then spare these other could write unto the harvest. It is a narpeople!"

One young white man went around holding a
Bible under his arm as a charm. When a shock came, he would drop on his knees and pray as loud! kinds have tended; Scotch, Irish, German, black held up her head after that. Altered social posiand white Americans. Ponge knew all the tidy women sitting at their door-steps in the evening, and every child in the street was his friend. These people, however, as a rule, belonged to some thurch. But near to Kater street were large out lying quarters of laxiness, want, and vice, from the courts out of which drunken Irish women were hauled to the police station, to magnificent brown stone mansions, in which dwelt bosses who could not write and who kept up their sway over their subjects, principally by barrels of whiskey kept on tap in the cellar. Mr. Ponge went to work among these people. He took them all in. The boss was as much a child of God in his opinion as Mrs Mac-Gurk or Wah Lee. He set them to work to help each other. He brought them first into reading and coffee rooms, into clubs, beneficial societies and industrial schools, and then into prayer-meetings and church. He had, it is probable, a good deal of executive ability, but the secret of his power lay in his single-minded, fiery real. He had been sent into the world to save souls, and he had not a breath of time to give to any other work. His face was familiar in the prisons, in the almshouse Gehenna, out of which the dead foundlings were carried yearly by hundreds, and in every hospital and asylum. His salary certainly amounted to thore than eighty cents a week, but he gave it away so fast that he was more hungry and shabbier than

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 liv-

ing 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."

a congregation as ours."
"I suppose," she said, quietly, " if Daniel Ponge were preaching to the Apostles and martyrs, he would only see in them fellow sinners in need of a Saviour. He has but one idea, 'Jesus and him crucified."

The doctor went on his round of pastoral visits

a little ruffled. Mrs. Tate really permitted her tengue a license akin to blasphemy. Ponge preaching to the Apostles, indeed I if was in the fall of this year that Mr. Ponge broke down, and lay ill in Kater street with malarial fiver. His physician (young Waldo, by the

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 eacrifice. 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 temarkable young preacher who had so startled them with his ferviol 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," and re-sumed, "The work in our church is light, You Clarkson Tate was the one whose religion took the have time to rest. And, indeed, you have deserved most practical turn. Neither prayers nor music this success. I am glad it is coming to you. I ever brought the tears to her cool gray eyes, and know four ministers who are ambitious to step into

He wrote an elaborate sermon once a week on some then she retired to spend her Sunday in her own such subject; but out of the pulpit he was a real-way. They were free of the house; they could ous entomologist. Everybudy knew that his heart read in the quiet library, or play with the children, or look at engravings, or sleep, if they chore, under the trees until tea-time—in a word, for one day of the trees until tea-time—in a word, for one day of the grant place of his own sout for years had been on his bugs and beetles. This pale young fellow, with his fiery cloquence, pleading with each man the cause of his own soul against his frivolous, sensual, vicious body, drew eager, admitting throngs. Every sitting in the church was taken, and chairs filled the aisles when it was known that he would preach.

The next spring Dr. Roach died suddenly. Mrs. Tate came home from a church meeting and hur-

ried 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 I 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 Flumer's cheek, which was of the tint of

the wild rose, did not deepen in hue. "It will need refurnishing," she said, gently. "I hope Daniel will put it into Barber'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 when the loved passionately. There was a chiege in him. There were tew poor people in this church. The members all seemed to be good moral profile, purging on teisurely to heaven. There was no need. of the appeals and fervour, 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, than your doctor or lawyer. It's very absurd in him, I suppose,"

"Absurd I 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.

opinion.

I lost sight of him for many years. On iny re-

tion 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 Bya 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 fer-vor 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 negociates 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
Rathalic arbeits for a said to call the To creak a jet when pay would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facctious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart;
So did not l'aul. 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 till sides and henches fall Your only one till sides and benches fail, No 3 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.

-Cowper.

The teatre for initheir غر ed, they atthed to listen persisted until

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," "faithful-ness," "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 fearned speaker upon a scientific subject they paid no attention to his instructive words, but seemed busy with matters of their own. 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 consoler 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