

THE PENINSULA METHODIST

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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The Oldest Methodist Weekly.

An animated controversy has been maintained, during the month of December, between Dr. Buckley, of *The Advocate*, and Dr. Parkhurst of *Zion's Herald*, on the rightful claim to precedence in age, of their respective papers. The warmth of the disputants, we think, wholly disproportioned to the importance of the question, and we can but condemn the offensive personalities, into which our respected conferees have allowed themselves to be betrayed. Surely, we need not remind either, of the philosophic wisdom with which they must be so familiar, that "grievous words stir up strife." The discussion has this redeeming feature, that it brings out some facts of historic interest, in reference to our periodical publications.

What we give, is conceded by both parties to the controversy.

1. "The first weekly publication in Methodism," was a paper published in Boston, by a committee, of which Elijah Hedding, afterward bishop, was president, under the name *Zion's Herald*, whose first issue bears date, Jan. 9, 1823.

2. Two years and nine months later, Sept. 30, 1825, our brethren in Charleston, S. C., started a paper in that city, called *The Wesleyan Journal*, under a committee composed of William Caper, James O. Andrew, (both afterwards bishops), and three others.

3. Three years after *Zion's Herald*, Jan. 1826, a paper was started in Philadelphia, called the *Religious Messenger of the Philadelphia Conference*, edited and published for the conference by John Clark; Rev. Charles Pitman being one of the committee.

4. The first number of *The Christian Advocate* published by the Book Concern in N. Y., Mr. Barber Badger, editor, bears date Sept. 6, 1826, nine months later than our Philadelphia *Messenger*.

5. March 3d, 1827, the Book Agents purchased *The Wesleyan Journal* and changed the name of the *Advocate*, to *The Christian Advocate and Journal*.

6. In August, 1828, *Zion's Herald* was purchased by the Book Agents, J. Emory, and B. Waugh, both afterwards bishops, and the name of the *Advocate* was again changed, by adding the words "and *Zion's Herald*."

7. In January 1830, *Zion's Herald* appears again, published in Boston, by an association of preachers and laymen, and has been continued until the present.

On this last point, the question is raised, was this a resumption of the old paper which started in 1823 and was "united" with the *Advocate* in 1828, or was the original *Herald* absorbed in the *Advocate*, and the *Herald* of 1830, a new enterprise, without any continuity with its predecessor. Dr. Buckley stoutly maintains, that the present *Herald* dates no further back than 1830, while Dr. Parkhurst as stoutly maintains its claim to the earlier date.

This discussion has brought out two points of special interest; (1) the honor of original enterprise in publishing "Methodist weeklies" belongs to those who have started unofficial papers, and (2) the need there is for the unofficial to supplement the official press.

We trust our two respected friends, who preside respectively in the editorial sancta of the National Metropolis and the Hub of creation, will soon subside into a calmer mood, and illustrate to us lesser fry, the amenities, rather than the asperities of the controversial quill.

It is not absolutely essential, to the existence of the Church, that it be determined beyond a preadventure, to which of these papers, the crown of hoary antiquity belongs; therefore, with our great General, THE PENINSULA METHODIST would say, "Let us have peace."

In Memoriam.

Within the last week, another great sorrow has come to the family of the editor of this paper, and we are sure there will be no lack of genuine sympathy for him and his children, among those who read these lines. The first born of his daughters, a most dutiful, loving, and devoted daughter, an humble, earnest, and devout disciple of the Lord Jesus, and affectionate sister, for five years past, making up as far as possible for the irreparable loss of a fond mother, a true and faithful friend, a consistent member of the Church, Mary Russell Thomas, has reached the

end of this earthly life, and entered the joy of her Lord."

After battling heroically with relentless disease for several years, she was obliged to yield at last. For three weeks she was confined to the house; and near midnight, of Friday, Jan. 3, 1890, with a beautiful smile upon her countenance, as if some glad surprise had greeted her clarified vision, she ceased to breathe. "She was not, for God took her."

Eighteen years ago, while a student in Wesleyan College, this city, from which she was graduated in 1875, she became a subject of saving grace, and at once united with the Church; attesting her new zeal and love for Christ by engaging in Sabbath school work in Epworth Mission. As she began, so she continued through life, to be faithful and true to every conviction of duty.

From the kindly sympathetic letters with which our friends have sought to soothe the anguish of our sorrow, we select a few expressions of appreciation.

Rev. Dr. Huntely, of Annapolis, Md. whose acquaintance she made while with her sister she visited Clifton Springs, New York, writing to that sister, says "she was ready. I learned to think most highly of her when at Clifton. Her almost maternal interest in you, showed the loyalty of her nature," adding his appreciation of her queenly character."

Rev. Robert W. Todd writes us, "we learned, during our very pleasant associations with you and your household, to very highly estimate the Christian and womanly virtues of your daughter Mary. A life so pure could only end well."

One who knew her long writes, "Mary had come to be recognized, by all who knew her, as faithful Mary." But we forbear; these will suffice as samples of the impression made by her modest, earnest and devout Christian life. Though naturally reticent as to her feelings, she did not leave us without a few significant expressions of her confiding trust in Christ.

When one of her physicians, talked with her of the dissolution of "the earthly house of this tabernacle," as possible in the near future, she said to

him "I have made up my mind, to be perfectly resigned;" and later still, when her pastor asked the direct question, can you put your trust in Christ in this time of weakness and suffering, she replied, "O yes; and I wonder how any one can do without this hope in Christ, in such circumstances." In the strength of this faith, her extreme sufferings were bravely borne with unflinching patience, and without one word of repining.

Most tenderly impressive religious services were held in her late home, Tuesday morning, in which Rev. Bros. Jacob Todd, J. B. Quigg, W. L. S. Murray, R. C. Jones, of the Wilmington Conference, and Rev. Bros. W. J. Paxson and J. B. McCullough of the Philadelphia Conference, participated. Bros. A. T. Scott, N. M. Browne, A. Stengle, D. H. Corkran, R. I. Watkins, J. Dodd, and L. E. Barrett, testified their respect and sympathy by their presence.

A most pleasing feature of the mournful occasion, was the beautiful singing of the two hymns, "Asleep in Jesus," and "Nearer my God to Thee."

Dr. Todd, who received the dear departed into the Church eighteen years ago, now had the duty, as her pastor, of officiating at her obsequies, and comforting the bereaved with the blessed hope, of her entrance to the Church triumphant.

In the afternoon, her mortal frame was tenderly laid away in the cemetery beside that of her mother, to await the resurrection of the just. "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Cards have been received announcing the approaching marriage—at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 8—of George Edgar Vincent and Miss Mary Louise Palmer. The prospective bridegroom, unless we are mistaken, is the son of Bishop Vincent, a graduate of Yale, an invaluable assistant in Chautauqua work, and the editor of an important column in the New York *Mail and Express*. *Zion's Herald* tenders its cordial congratulations and good wishes.

The PENINSULA METHODIST acknowledges similar courtesy, and joins the *Herald* in heartiest congratulations and good wishes.

A Theme for Sermons.

A specially urgent theme is the necessity of purging our government from its disgraceful complicity with the liquor traffic. It is a terrible thought that our national authorities stand between the people and the liquor business, rendering the one powerless to act and the other stronger to entrench itself in wealth and station. The revenue which our government derives from the traffic in strong drink will never compensate it for the ruin it permits to overtake homes and hearts, nor will it shield it from the just judgments of Almighty God. It is not the proper business of a government, especially one so rich and independent as ours, to legalize and protect a traffic, the evils of which are as wide as earth and as deep as hell. It has power through its federal and state authorities to strike a blow which would soon crush out the entire diabolical trade. Unless it does so, it must ever bear the condemnation of righteous men, and sooner or later the judgments of an angry God. It is as certain as history that God has pronounced judgment, not only against those who supply others with the means of sin, but against those who profit by those sins.

"Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity. . . . Thou art filled with shame for glory; the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory." Isaiah, after denouncing "the drunkards of Ephraim;" and "the priest and the prophet who have erred through strong drink," turns to the rulers with these words; Wherefore, hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people. . . . Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then shall ye be trodden down by it." The same prophet elsewhere exclaims in words as applicable to these evils as if spoken but yesterday: "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees . . . to turn aside the needy from judgment that widows may be their prey and that they may rob the fatherless. What will ye do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation which shall come from far? To whom will ye flee for help, and where will ye leave your glory?" And again, in immediate connection with his "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine," we find his "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; and put darkness for light, and light for darkness; which justify the wicked for reward." And the royal psalmist exclaims, "Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with

thee, which frameth mischief by a law?" The palatial homes and saloons occupied by many of our liquor dealers are suggestive of the words of Jeremiah: "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that saith, I will build me a wide house and large chambers, and cutteth him out windows, and it is ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion."

Brothers in the ministry! Take hold of this question. Call upon the national and state authorities, upon congress, upon legislatures, upon executive officers, to inaugurate a new era of official action. Begin the agitation for the upbuilding of a public sentiment which shall lead to a revolutionizing of our present system of financial profit from the drink curse.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

The Reason of the Hope Within Us.

The malady of the epoch is materialism. We live in an age, when a simple unquestioning faith is not a sufficient basis for a man's belief; for the high culture which the world's great factor,—civilization—has brought to mankind, has changed the tenor of his mind in many respects. We are not one of those who believe that the human race is in a period of decadence; for on the whole, never in the annals of the world's history, has mankind been better than now, owing to the resistless current of civilization, and especially of Christianity, which has swept over the mental and moral cosmos, touching the human brain and heart as with a baptism of fire. But this very culture while sowing its seeds of wonder everywhere it passes—when it touches religion, becomes a burning interrogation point.

In the centuries of ignorance and superstition, man could have a more simple and a blinder faith; thinking not of inquiring into the reason of what he believed, nor of studying the philosophy of religion.

But to-day all that is changed; the marvelous progress of science and all branches of knowledge, has opened new avenues to the thirsting mind, and he search for novelty—"the unknown"—has become the pursuit of the thinking man. Eighteen centuries ago, when Christianity was in her cradle, and the greatest of Christ's ministers preached on Mars Hill to an ignorant multitude searching for the truth; it was the "unknown God," whom the poor heathens and idolators were searching for;—to Him was their altar raised. To-day it is the "unknown" that is still sought, but the "unknown" which answers man's materialistic ideas, and his mind is not easily won by pure faith alone.


And here the noblest and most elementary task of the simple-hearted, but learned Christian, begins: To give the "reason of the hope that is within him." When skeptic and atheist ask him, "the Christian why he believes, and the Christian why he believes, and scoffing at his simple faith, propound arguments inspired by the science of the evil spirit, it is not sufficient to say: "I believe," without knowing *what* in *why*; but the point is to combat the infidel on his own ground. The material world, which he places above the immaterial, which to him may or may not exist, is great in its place, but it cannot answer the needs of the thinking part of man. When the doubter declares the old and too oft repeated argument, he "believes only what he perceives through the senses—a thousand facts can prove the fallacy of his statement. He believes in the operations of his own intelligence, and knows it is a combination of mind and matter, or he may hold it to be merely the latter, but he is at a loss to know how to explain *why* and *what* this is. He does not believe in miracles, which to him are but "a violation of the laws of Nature." Yet he is forced to believe in a miracle, when he sees the process of time change the tiny grain into the towering tree; when the mere speck, as it were, wherein reside the elements of perfection, passes through corruption in the heart of Mother Earth, before its resurrection in blossoming beauty. And the stars which are suspended in space—the mysterious secrets in the laboratory of Nature—all these physical wonders which are but the hem of the garment Deity has woven for Himself out of chaos,—are nothing short of miracles, even if they are ceased to be regarded as such, and the skeptic does not hesitate to accept blindly, that which he cannot account for. But the belief in the spiritual, where the soul must reason with itself alone, is a step further—it is the "Rubicant" from the finite to the infinite. We do not want to believe in Christianity alone, because we have been taught to believe it, nor because it may be easier for us to take that which is nearest at hand, without further trouble and research.

No;—the Christian's aim is higher; he wants to believe in that which is the highest revealed manifestation of God's will; and judge it as such, from its teachings, its durability, and its fruits.

Every searcher for the truth, whether he be inclined towards or prejudiced against Christianity, is under absolute obligation to study the Bible and its teachings carefully, in a conscientious and intelligent manner, without any preconceived ideas or prejudices; and in his secret heart must confess *what* is the nature of its teachings.

Let him study also, if he will, all the

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other religions of the world, just as carefully, and compare their respective doctrines and teachings. He will then be more able to discern for himself the value of the stern doctrines and precepts for action, invented by man in despotic and semi-barbarous countries, and that of the simple religion, whose spirit breathes but peace and exalted charity.

The durability of Christianity has been, and is being proved by fact, which is History's basis; its steady growth, and its inner nature, promise it a double immortality. The fruits of the Christian religion, are seen and palpably realized by every one of God's creatures who lives in a Christian land. It is hardly necessary to name them, it would almost be an offence to any Christian. But if Christianity had done nothing else but emancipate woman from the horrible slavery and degradation, which are taught and practiced by all heathen and oriental religions, unrestrained by the humane influences of Christianity—this work would have been sufficient to have won for herself the laurels of victory.

The most daring infidel acknowledges this, if he is honest, and we have heard many say, that they do not like to see a woman who disbelieves and lightly treats a religion that has done so much for her, and has given her the position of honor she occupies to day, in the Christian and civilized world. The man, who has instilled into his mind the fascinating but subtle poison of the doctrines and writings of such men as Schopenhauer, Voltaire, and Von Hartman, sooner or later regrets it, when hope is past redemption, if he has not been strong enough to resist.

For, like the liquid poison, which flashes like fire through the veins, and stops the functions of the heart and brain, so the mental poison destroys in weak minds, the hope and faith of the soul, and is far worse, for its work is done for eternity!

Go—search in the Philosophy of Despair, which the apostles of infidelity offer you. What consolation can you find therein? Question Schopenhauer and others of his school, what they can and will give you in exchange for the faith in the Redeemer and in Immortality?

If they offer you something better—take it! But "above all, to thine own self be true;" if the material pleasures of this life, the contempt of mankind, which is part of the philosophy of pessimism—and then the extinction of the body and soul together—be all they can give you in return for a religion that bears in it the germs of immortality, then if you are honest, the Philosophy of Hope will be more attractive to you than the dark, cold philosophy of Doubt and Despair!

But, while the one side of Christianity is *faith*; this is not all; it must be joined to *works*.

The Christian religion is an active and progressive one; to live in its normal state and thrive, it must warm itself in the great sun of love, borne up on the wings of conviction and divine aspiration, must speed onward to the final goal, strewing the innumerable seeds of truth along the wayside, sowing and watering the barren and the fertile soil.

There is a sphere for every Christian to fill, and none is exactly like the other. The pastor in his church, is the shepherd of his fold and his is the sacred duty to shelter his sheep and lambs, and feed them with the "bread of life," and keep them, as far as possible from going astray. He must also search for lost and wandering sheep, and bring them to his fold. To him is given the Divine command, to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

But other duties are not less noble nor important. The father and mother have souls to form and develop for the battle of life and for eternity; and what a grand world it would be, if every parent brought up his and her children "in the way they should go," for no influence is, after all, stronger and more lasting than that of education, and the responsibility of parents is one of grave importance. And so everyone of God's creatures has a sphere to fill, which none can, but him. To preach by example, is as important, if not more so, as by precept alone. To really believe on Christ crucified, to preach Him, we must first love Him and live in Him. It is the most cutting sarcasm which the world can bestow, to throw reproach upon the inconsistency of the life and actions of a follower of the great Master.

The soul of the flower lives in its perfume, and the soul of Christianity is revealed in a Christian life. The development of character is necessary. Great elements are not sufficient to a given end; great development is necessary. In the uncouth carbon the elements of pure light are hidden, laborious working, developments, lets forth the imprisoned rays of crystal light from the carbon, and it becomes a lustrous gem! In the shapeless marble, an angel form is concealed; but the chisel and hammer, fulfilling their work of development, when applied with knowledge, lets forth the angel, within whose stone cold bosom glows the soul of art.

An ideal religion soars high, sustained by faith and works; it rises slowly in the balmy atmosphere of serene delight, and basks in the warmth of the Sun of life, then sinks in green pastures of peace, to rest mid the tu-

mult of the world; and feeds on the sweet buds to-day, and on the ripening fruit to-morrow. The perfect development of Christian character is, we may say, always accomplished through trials and suffering.

There are no great heroic souls, that have not first tasted of galling disappointments, in the manner most individually painful to each; for there is an awful individuality in human suffering. But from the bleeding wounds of the brave heart, spring up blossoms of peace, resignation, and a new purified joy, rooted in the Divine will, with buds of promise and hope. Tears of anguish have watered the bruised and fertile soil, and have given new life to the tender saplings; but the showers and the pruning knife were needed for growth and beauty, as well as the sunshine; and one but strengthens the value of the other. But suffering, in God's mind, is a means, not an end, to man's good. Happiness is what God destines for all His children. The human heart should be a song of joy, a living poem, every syllable of which is a sweet melody. The heart whose pillar is the ideal religion, alone can sing the prolonged canticle of love; and everything in the world, without religion; promises no eternal satisfaction.

Be true; for truth is the basis of Christianity; have love, for love is the spirit thereof; and practice faith and works; for all these united form the Key to the philosophy of Christianity, and answer all needs, human and divine.

C. V. C. B.

The Household Angel.

The glad hearted, cheery woman who makes the best of everything is a treasure to any home. She may make mistakes, she may forget, she may spoil a dish in mixing or in baking, but if, with the mishap, she sends in a gleam of sunshine—a smile, a laugh, or some gay and kindly word—people forget their disappointments, and make the best of what they cannot help.

And how much better this is than the unvarying precision of one who has no faults, and no patience with those who have; who never makes mistakes nor allowances for those who do. Accuracy and precision are excellent, punctuality and promptness are most valuable, but "love is the fulfilling of the law," and Christian charity is greater than faith, hope, faultless house-keeping, or anything else.

If you're borne with sunshine in your heart, thank God for it, and let it shine out. But if not, turn your gaze to the Son of righteousness and catch the brightness that beams from his face. "They looked unto him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed."—Common People

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"Three General Conferences."

BISHOP J. P. NEWMAN.

A remark of mine, reported in the Nashville papers, during the session of the Central Tennessee conference, has been the occasion of some controversy in one or two of our church *Advocates*. There is a little misapprehension and misrepresentation, as to the circumstances and import of that remark. One of our church papers, Dec. 25, has this: "There is a ground swell of indignation, against the suggestion of a policy to divide Methodism on a race or sectional lines." Why should there not be a ground swell, and such as to shake a continent? And why should not the indignation of an incensed people burn like a mountain on fire? I favor the consolidation of all Methodisms. Hence I thought of three general conferences—one of colored Methodists, those outside of our own church, who now number about 900,000 members, over 7,000 preachers, and nearly 8,000 churches. These would be better off in the Methodist Episcopal church, and we bid them welcome, but there may be reasons to justify their present independence. As they now are, there is local friction where in town or city there exist two or more rival Methodist churches, where one can do the work, and where only one should be for the spiritual and financial advantage of all concerned.

But a union in the ecumenical conference, composed of all the bishops and such other representative delegates as may be elected, to meet once in six or eight years, without legislative or judicial functions, but to consider all connectional interests at home and in foreign fields, might go far to unify this immense force, and save us from the real or apparent competition of rival churches in the same place, preaching the same doctrines, and possessing, practically, the same church government. This would not disturb great geographical lines, but would save all from a world of heart-burning and waste of means. The Methodist Episcopal Church South is now in the north and in the south, and let her go where she can do the most good. The African Methodist Episcopal church and the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church are both in the north and south, and let them flourish. The Methodist Episcopal church is cosmopolitan. Her motto is, "The world is my parish." In her organic structure and administrative polity, she is competent to be the universal church. Where she sends her missionaries, her teachers, and her money, there she should hold her converts and train them under her Disci-

pline for the Lord. She should hold to absolute unity. She is in the south to stay. She knows no south as a geographical limit to her mission. She is in the south with her 220,000 white members and with her 227,000 colored members, a magnificent light, more brilliant than ever entered the dreamy brain of Edison. She is there, a heroic Protestant, to protest against the wrongs of the past and the prejudices of the present; and there, as a living witness to the indissoluble union of these states and the equal rights of all men, white and colored, before the law. Her property in schools and churches (\$12,000,000) attests the unselfishness of her mission. She has done more for the elevation and education of the people of color and of the whites in the southland than all the other denominations together.

The power to preserve is as needful as the power to create. She is the mightiest protecting force of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of the colored race there is in all the south. To abandon them now, when unsolved problems vex the greatest minds, would be to outrage justice and prostitute honor; and to withdraw her strong arm of protection from the loyal white people in every southern state who remained true in the days that tried the souls of men would be a crime against patriotism and a rank offense against our national life. The Methodist Episcopal church never divides. Divisibility means annihilation. She should never ask her people to secede, for secession is death. She should never request her children to "set up for themselves," for she has room enough and to spare in her parental mansion. But true to all the higher instincts of duty, with a boundless desire for success for the sake of Christ, and with a holy ambition to combine against a common foe, she is bound to seek some bond of union, wherein all Methodisms shall stand on equal ground, to exercise all lay, ministerial, and episcopal functions without regard to race or nationality. Give us such a Methodism, unified in an ecumenical conference, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

Conference Committees.

I, for one, am glad that the Conference committees have, in whatever manner, or from whatever cause, become the subject of discussion. This discussion, I can only hope, will go on until we reach some conclusion that will either vitalize the committees, or put an end to them. As matters now stand, what are called the "standing committees" proper are for the most part, merely solemn trifling, and it seems to me that Bro. Gregg should rather

rejoice, to be spared the infliction. Who cares what the reports are—so that they do not deviate from the track of well-worn commonplaces—and who reads them after they are printed, and what do they amount to, anyhow? Such a committee as that on Education, or, occasionally, that on Temperance may have a genuine interest and some practical value, but for the most part our committee work is, I repeat, mere solemn trifling. It is anomalous, anyhow, for a body which has no legislative functions and only a very limited range of administrative duties to have "standing" committees. They are very necessary in legislative bodies, where certain great interests continually demand, or are in danger from legislation, or in administrative bodies that really shape their own action, but as to most of the subjects reported upon by our so-called "standing" committees, the Discipline has determined everything beforehand. Our boards of trustees have property interests to guard, our board of church extension has a disciplinary work to do, the examining committees attend the renewal of the membership of the Conference, and there are two or three other things of the same sort, but most of our committees would be better abolished, and the time spent upon them given to such exercises, as would increase the flame of devotion and the stock of knowledge for our ministerial work.

But if we are to have standing committees, the only proper plan is that of Congress, to give every member a place on some such committee every year, giving preference to the older and more experienced members as chairmen. This would do away with any appearance of unjust discrimination, and if in addition to this, those who are nominated a year in advance would use the time in preparing reports containing fresh thought and information, the entire result might be much more satisfactory. But would it not be just as well, except in cases requiring administrative action, to have no committees but let most of the matters which now take that channel remain in obedience, except as some one feels moved to move the adoption of a resolution? Several of the subjects in the minutes, under the heading "Resolutions," are quite as important, and the resolutions quite as well expressed, as any of the reports. In fact, probably in the majority of instances, the work of preparing the report is shoved off on one member of the committee, and the others are hunted up and their signatures obtained anywhere and everywhere. But then, what does a good deal more, that is done at conference amount to?

J. P. OTIS.

Wilmington District.

ZION.—Rev. E. H. Hynson, pastor. A good meeting at Zion; eleven received on probation; a chapter of Epworth League organized and a purpose to organize at each appointment.

HOPEWELL.—Rev. John Jones, pastor. Five conversions; Book Concern Day observed; all benevolences up to apportionments. "Trustees meet once a month, and conduct their business in harmony and brotherly love." The missionary committee has been very helpful to the pastor, prayer-meetings have been held and one mission is represented at each prayer meeting. Said the chairman of the committee, "lack of interest is often traceable to lack of knowledge." The committee on church extension, "said the letters sent out by Drs. Kynett and Spencer have not been consigned to the waste basket, but so used with other information, that the apportionment is met." The committee on tracts had been especially active, and on temperance, the committee made a fine report, in which the hope was expressed that the day might soon come when more interest would be developed, both in Sunday school and church, and the statement was made that liquor men were doing all they could to do away with the Local Option Law. The committee on education stated, that a chapter of the Epworth League had been organized; Ladies' Hall, apportionment well nigh met, and Children's Day, a grand success. Such reports as the above, so replete with interest, so carefully prepared, and so full of facts, ought to be heard by the whole membership. Many consider the standing committees of no importance, but in every case where the pastor has given them the proper information, and encouraged them in their work, they have demonstrated the wisdom of the General Conference in providing for their appointment.

CHARLESTON CIRCUIT.—Rev. T. B. Hunter reported that every church on the charge had been improved, during his three years pastorate, and the parsonage rebuilt and refurnished; seventy-five pastoral visits, and all benevolences are being taken. Charlestown church is not insured although urged, both by presiding elder and pastor. Bro. Hunter, at the beginning of last year, made out a list of the committees at each of the four appointments with the page and paragraph in discipline marked, setting forth their duties, and left the list in the pulpit Bible so it could be referred to at any time. This plan was very much appreciated, and of great service to the members of the committee. The service at Principio, Sunday evening, was one of great spiritual power, ten penitents bowed at the altar with quite a number of the members, and a gracious baptism fell upon the church. Revival services will continue for sometime.

W. L. S. MURRAY.

Memorial Services over the Comrades of Thomas A. Smith Post, No. 1, G. A. R. that fell asleep during the past year.

Comrade Samuel Lewis, chairman of the memorial committee, called the meeting to order, and St. Paul's M. E. Church choir, under the lead of comrade Zac. Pickels, sang an appropriate piece. The chaplain and officers then surrounded the altar, and the chaplain read the beautiful memorial ritual, the Post comrades responding. Chairman Lewis gave a brief history of each comrade's life and services, during the War, and afterwards. Mr. Joseph Pyle, a friend and a contributing member of the post, gave an interesting and profitable address on the soldiers of the war. Rev. L. E. Barrett, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, made one of the most patriotic and impressive addresses we have been permitted to listen to, since the war. The choir rendered another appropriate piece, when the beautiful services closed, according to the ritual of the G. A. R.

Another memorial service was held at the same hour in St. Paul's M. E. Church, by the Dupont post No. 2, Dept. Commander Ayres, and Revs. L. E. Barrett, and Vaughan S. Collins, pastor of Scott M. E. Church participating; also a special quartette rendered excellent music.

Short Conference Items.

Rev. T. E. Martindale has decided to remain at Salisbury. His people say it would cause serious trouble to move now; and their substantial aid and sympathy in his great trouble, makes him unwilling to leave them.

Rev. S. M. Morgan may go to Easton Sunday, and Sunday week.

Rev. Herman Roe preached there last Sunday, and Sunday week.

Rev. W. W. Wilson moved into the parsonage at Smyrna, New Year's day.

Rev. T. E. Terry failed to preach on the subject announced, Dec. 29th, owing to la grippe.

A. R. C.

The Bishops of the Church.

Bishop Taylor is pushing the battle on the "Dark Continent."

Bishop Newman is feeling about as good as new, and is resting a little while, in his home in Oshawa.

Bishop Joyce is spending a few days in Cincinnati.

Bishop Fitzgerald is at his new home in Minneapolis.

Bishop Vincent believes in the Epworth League.

Bishop Walden did not organize a Conference in South America, as there were not a sufficient number of ministerial missionaries. He is writing a series of articles on his trip, for the *Central Christian Advocate*.

Bishop Mallalieu will deliver an emancipation day address, at the New Orleans university.

Bishop Foss is looking after our

church interests, in and around Philadelphia. He recently preached most acceptably at Bridgeville, Del., and on his return, the writer had the pleasure of discoursing on conference matters with him. He is pretty well posted, in Wilmington Conference affairs and men.

Bishop Thoburn thinks we may expect half a million converts in India, among the low caste natives during the next 10 or 20 years.

Bishop Fowler is in poor health, and it is stated that "he must rest, or go under." We hope a little rest will completely restore him, for we want to see and hear him next March.

A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

Things Undoubted.

The error of doubters is in making prominent those things which ought to give them little or no practical concern. They bother their heads about the authorship of the pentateuch, the credibility of the whale story, and the alleged discrepancies of the Scriptures, when these things have precious little to do with practical life. There are some things which are unquestionable. The influence of Christianity is good. The moral teachings of the Bible are wholesome. The character of Jesus Christ is spotless. The teachings of Jesus are as pure as his life. A man can do what Christ demands. Not a single divine precept is harmful. The commandments of God constitute the bed-rock of pure morality. Were the injunctions—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—universally heeded, this world would soon become a paradise. Men know, that it is perfectly safe to do as Jesus directs. They know, that they will not err if they heed his instructions. They know that they will never feel remorse for following his example. Why, then, do they hesitate? Why do they cast about for stumbling blocks, and quibble over non-essentials? They see that it is right and reasonable to do the will of God. Why do they not walk in this light? Reader, consider these things. You are the creature of God. Your stay on earth is brief. You will soon meet your Maker face to face. You are assigned to your present probationary life to build up your character and to prepare your spirit for heaven. It is God's will that you should trust him; do it heartily. It is his will, that you should hate iniquity and love right eousness; let your whole soul enter into this noblest of all passions. Do these things, and your doubts will vanish. Do these things, and your heart will find its long-sought rest in the smile of your Redeemer.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

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25 " " " " " "	500
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Youth's Department

Which Was the Stronger?

Lottie and George, who lived in a small inland town, were glad to make a visit to their Uncle Goodwin at the seaside. Everything about the place was much more elegant than the children had been accustomed to at home. However, they gave few thoughts to handsome grounds and furniture, but a great many to their fine-looking cousin Tom.

"He is taller and stronger than any other boy I know," said Lottie, "and he looks full of courage."

"Yes," replied George; "his eyes too, are very bright. Mac, the coachman, told me yesterday, that Tom could climb the rocks along the sea-coast as nimbly as a goat."

"I wouldn't be afraid to go with him all along those rocks," said Lottie.

"I am sure he would not let you fall," said George, generously. He remembered that Lottie was sometimes afraid to trust herself in his care.

"I wish you were as tall and manly looking," said Lottie, but feeling sorry the moment she had said it.

George's face flushed a little, but he replied gently: "I wish so too, sister, though I suppose that can never be; still, I may look stronger when I get quite well."

Lottie put her lips up for a kiss, and said she knew he would; anyhow, he was her dear brother. Perhaps George guessed that the wish was still in Lottie's heart, notwithstanding her kisses and tender words, for he moved away to a window that looked out on the sea, and stood there some time, quiet.

Next to her mother and father, Lottie had always thought more of her brother George than any one else. For the last few days, however, she seemed to forget every one but cousin Tom.

The children had permission to stay at the seaside a month, and every day something pleasant was happening. In clear weather they were always out on some frolic to the rocks, exploring caverns that had been hiding-places for robbers and their booty, or taking a sail on the bay. On rainy days they found plenty of entertainment in the house. Aunt Sara's closet was supplied with children's books, while Tom had a play-room closet full of the most curious toys that could be gotten, not to say anything about the little machines he had tried to invent.

Five miles up the coast was a spot that Tom talked much about. Early one morning they packed a basket of good things, and set off in the boat to visit the place. Uncle and Aunt Goodwin stood on the bank waving their good-bys; the sunlight made each

drop of water look like a diamond, and Lottie nestled in the corner of the boat beside her brother George, wondering if ever before any children had had as good a time.

"Jane has put up biscuit and cold ham, and enough pies and cakes to share with the fisherman's children," said Tom, dropping his oars and looking into the basket when they were a short distance from the shore. "But I slipped in something better," he continued, taking up a bottle and holding it in the sunlight. "I got it in father's wine cellar. Nothing like taking something to keep one's strength on the voyage, you know. Will you have some, Lottie?"

If a pistol had been fired close to Lottie's ear, she could scarcely have seemed more surprised or frightened. She moved away from Tom close to her brother.

"Why, it will not bite you," said Tom, laughing.

Lottie remembered what she had read in the Bible about wine biting like a serpent.

"Will you take some, George?"

"No," said George, firmly.

"Well, you are two greenies!" said Tom, contemptuously.

Lottie could scarcely believe her ears at this rude speech.

Tom seemed ashamed of himself a moment later, and tried to talk in a polite way to George about the good it did him to take a drink.

Lottie looked at the two, and thought she had never seen her brother look so strong as when he refused to do what he deemed wrong.

"Once I thought as you do, but the boys soon laughed me out of that nonsense," said Tom.

"O Cousin Tom," cried Lottie, "I imagined you so strong!"

"So I am," said Tom, grasping the oars and pulling so as to send them on rapidly.

"I don't call that kind of strength much, if you haven't the kind that can help you to stand against a laugh," said Lottie.

After this Lottie kept close to George, and never forgot the lesson that the best kind of strength is moral courage, and that the brave boy is he who will dare to do right though the world laugh.—*Morning Star*.

What a Little Girl Did.

In this neighborhood recently, a feeble church has been endeavoring to build a house of worship for itself, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that their more wealthy neighbors have been building it, but the church-members have contributed according to their ability. Being anxious to raise more money than the people were able

to contribute, one of the officers of the church procured some cards with the name of the church printed on one side, and on the other side these lines:

"If you cannot give your millions,
You can give the widow's mite;
The smallest gift for Jesus
Is precious in his sight."

These cards were given to some of the children of the church to sell for ten cents each.

A little girl took some of them to a shop in which her father worked, and passed around from one to another, soliciting purchasers, until she came to a man who was regarded by his fellow workmen as one who had no interest in religious things, and was not disposed to give money to any good object.

"Will you buy one of my cards, sir?" said the child.

"I don't want any cards. What is it for?"

She explained that she was trying to raise some money to help build the church.

"What! a little girl like you trying to build a church?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply.

"Read that to me," said he.

She read the verses.

"Well, here is ten cents for you," and he took the card.

Expressing her thanks the child turned away, only to be recalled.

"You can take the card," said the man, "and sell it to some one else, and get ten cents more."

"Thank you, sir," she said, this time looking at him with beaming face. She turned away the second time, but was again recalled.

"Little girl," he said, "will you read me those verses again?"

She read them, when much to her surprise, the man took out his pocket book, and handed her a ten-dollar bill. With reiterated thanks, the child went away rejoicing.—*Christian Standard*.

Jim's Mate.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

"See here, Andy! my ticket is for two weeks; a big orchard the fellow said, and sheep, and cows, and things; milk by the bucket, old boy, I tell you what we'll do; we'll go halves; you jes' take my ticket, and 'low you are Jim Benner, and see if you don't get shipped right off to the country. Now, let's say you been there a week; you ups and tells you ain't Jim Benner; what then? Why they packs you back to town, and they has me out 'stead of you."

Jim Benner, a big boy of twelve, was gravely proposing this plan of transferring his fresh-air trip to his little chum, Andy Burke, a curly-headed chap of half Jim's size, and not much

more than half his age. But Andy was timid, and doubted his own ability to carry out the bold stroke.

"You go first, Jim," he said, "then you let on you ain't Jim, and send back for me; and whiles I'll keep your box and black shoes."

Jim saw the weak point in this scheme, and doubted very much whether he could disprove his identity, but Andy evidently could not be trusted to carry out the first plan, so the next thing to do was to try the second dodge. Alas! neither boy shrank from the falsehood; they did not yet feel themselves to be the children of that great Father in heaven, who hateth a lie.

So Jim went to the country, while little Andy took his stand and did his small best to "shine" Jim's customers; and every day he watched eagerly round the corner for Jim to come back and let him take a turn at the orchard and the sheep and the cows and the bucketsful of milk.

Meantime Jim had fallen on a soft place. Farmer Stone's was all that the boy had dreamed of, and more, and the poor city wail was treated to the best of everything.

"Now, Jim Benner," said Farmer Stone, "you, are full welcome to all you can get out here, and the only return I ask is that you will never use an angry word and never tell a lie while you are here."

Of course Jim promised. "And there now," he said to himself, "Andy's chance is up, 'cause I can't say I ain't Jim Benner 'thout telling a lie, and I promised not to tell a lie."

But as the days went on, and Jim watched the ways and heard the words of this God-fearing, God-serving family he longed more and more for his little mate to share his new view of life; and one charming day, while Mother Stone was working the milk out of the butter, Jim made a clean breast of the promise he had made Andy to change names with him. There was some salt drops on Mother Stone's face that had nothing to do with her work; and the next day, as the little bootblack watched the corner, Jim appeared with a ticket for Andy's journey to Clover Hill.

"I've just made up my mind," said the farmer's wife, "that them two boys is not to go back to the city. You step around lively, father, and get a place for the little chap, and we'll have work enough for Jim."

"Seems likely that's what the Lord sent 'em out here for," said farmer Stone. "They was busy keeping some of His commandments—'bout loving one another and preferring one another—and now He's passed 'em on to us to learn the rest."

And this is the way Jim and his mate came to be farm boys, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, no stumps of cigars to smoke, no dirty police reports to read, but long days of honest work, long nights of good sleep, quiet church going on the Sabbath, and a blessed chance to fear God and keep His commandments.

Temperance.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—*Scripture.*

Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.—*Shakespeare.*

Prohibition Producing Fruit.

Evidence that the widespread prohibition sentiment of the country is being felt in the national capital was furnished by a Washington correspondent of the *New York Sun*, to the effect that Mrs. Harrison and most of the cabinet officers' wives would serve no wine to New Year's callers. The reason assigned was, that "the sentiment among the people, which has made Kansas, Iowa and Maine prohibition states, has affected in a great part the rest of the Union;" and a senator's wife remarked, that "the leading ladies in all the aid societies of the churches in her little town held a prayer-meeting just before she started for Washington, and asked God to enable her to resist the evils and corruptions of the capital." All this is good news. The work of the temperance women is telling upon the wine habit. The public conscience is being reached. When people in high station feel compelled to defer to the opinions and sentiments of reformers, you may know that there is advancement. Let the work go on. Encourage the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and all other temperance organizations. Keep up the agitation. Educate the people. Bring moral influence to bear upon the president, upon governors, great statesmen, legislators, and others in office. Reach all you can. Sway all you can. Rescue all you can. Such work for God and home and native land will some day have its full reward.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

A fund is being raised, to help the Nebraska prohibitionists make their fight. The money will be used to pay legitimate expenses, such as hall hire, printers' bills, traveling expenses, etc. The scheme is wise and timely. The whiskey people will use dollars by the thousand, and will strain every nerve to win this battle. There are reasons, why we think their chances are good. But we hope we are mistaken. A prohibition victory in Nebraska this year means a great deal. And defeat means a very serious loss. All parts of the country should help Nebraska.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

The *New York Mail and Express* says: "Our conviction that the close of this century will not see an open dram shop in the United States, remains unshaken. The heart and conscience of this nation has decreed their suppression, and the righteous indignation of those who love their fellow men will soon brush aside the fine spun

theories, plausible sophistries, and selfish schemes, that have so long prevented a union and a forward march on practical lines."

The venerable Luther Lee who departed from this life a few days ago, was a man who had the courage of his convictions. He left the Methodist Episcopal Church when it was faltering in its anti-slavery convictions and testimony and became prominent in the organization of an out and out anti-slavery Church. And when slavery was no longer a question, because the war of the rebellion had blotted it out, he returned to the Methodist Episcopal Church, as the more effective instrument for the salvation of souls. The world and the Church have need of such men.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

The *Texas Christian Advocate*, referring to a proposition for a triennial congress of British Methodism, says: "What is there to hinder a periodical Methodist congress composed of representatives from all Methodist churches on this side, at least of Methodism in the United States. Such a congress, for the discussion of the general interests of Methodism, would promote fraternity and harmony among the different branches of the Methodist family and otherwise result in much good. We offer this as a substitute to the motion to unite Methodism in this country under the jurisdiction of three General Conferences."

We know a Nashville mercantile firm who, on discovering that the freight on a bill of goods from Philadelphia had from some cause been put a figure lower than the regular rates, immediately transmitted a check for the difference. The members of that firm—two staunch Presbyterians—are more than professing Christians. They possess the genuine article, the sort that includes old-fashioned honesty among the Christian virtues.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Bishop Taylor has one missionary under his superintendency of the right stamp, whom he describes in his report to the General Missionary Committee as having "faith, love, push and patience." Such qualifications would not be regarded out of place in all pastors outside of Africa.

Bishop Newman is at his work again. In a year he traveled 27,000 miles; held nine Conferences; delivered twenty-two lectures, fifty-six addresses, and seventy-four sermons.

Bishop Andrews will probably reach San Francisco Jan. 25, on his return home from his episcopal visit to China and Japan.

The *Mid Continent* is thus mischievously facetious: "Rev. Sam Small has made application for ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church. When they ordain him, let them change his first name to Samuel."

Quarterly Conference Ap- pointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.	QUAR. CON.	PREACHING.
JAN.		
Port Deposit,	10	7.30 12 10.30
Mt. Pleasant,	11	1 11 3
Rising Sun,	13	9 12 7
Cherry Hill,	20	9 19 2
Newark,	18	2 19 10.30
Union,	25	7 26 7.30
Grace,	24	9 26 10.03
Wesley,	27	7 26 3
Newport,	25	7 26 10.30
FEB.		
Marshallton,	1	7 2 10.30
Ebenezer,	3	1 2 2
Christiana,	1	1 2 7.32
Red Lion,	8	2 9 10.30
New Castle,	10	7.30 9 10.30
Summit,	10	7.30 9 7
Kirkwood,	10	7.30 9 2
Del City,	15	7.30 16 10.32
Port Penn,	15	10 16 20
St. Georges,	15	2 16 7.30
Asbury,	22	7.30 23 10.30
St. Paul's,	24	7.30 23 7.30
Swedish Mission,	25	7.30 23 3
Kingswood,	26	7.30 23 10.30
Cookman,		

W. L. S. MURRAY, P. E.

DOVER DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.	Date.	S. Service.	Quar. Conf.
JAN.			
Preston,	11 12	10	S. 2
Federalsburg,	10 12	3 7	F. 2
Galestown,	12 13	10	M. 2
Harrington,	17 19	10	F. 9
Honston,	18 19	2	S. 10
Farmington,	19 20	7	M. 9
Bridgeville,	24 26	10	F. 7
Greenwood,	25 26	3	S. 10
FEB.			
Seaford,	2	10	F. 7
Dec 31	1 2	2 7	S. 10
Cannon,	9 10	10	M. 7
Milford,	8 9	2	S. 2
Ellendale,	9 10	7	M. 9
Lincoln,	15 16	7	F. 7
Georgetown,	15 16	2	S. 10
Harbeson,	15 16	7	S. 2
Millsborough,	21 23	10	F. 7
Lewes,	22 23	2	S. 10
Nassau,	23 24	7	M. 7
Milton,			
MARCH			
Dover,	2	10	Tb. 7
Camden,	1 2	3 7	S. 10

JOHN A. B. WILSON, P. E.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.	QUAR. CON.	QUAR. MEETING.
CHARGES.		
JAN. 1890.		
Roxanna,	11 3	12 10
Frankford,	10 3	12 7
Whitesville,	16 10	12 10
Gumboro,	16 3	12 10
Parsonsburg,	17 10	19 10
Powellville,	23 3	19 10
Cape Charles,	27 10	26 10
Reid's Wharf,	29 3	26 10
FEB.		
Parksley,	3 3	2 7
Onancock,	1 3	2 10
Hallwood,	8 3	9 10
New Church,	8 10	9 7
Barren Creek,	11 3	9 10
Sharptown,	12 7	9 10
Bethel,	13 10	9 10
Laurel,	14 7	16 10
Concord,	15 3	16 10
Annessex,	20 3	23 10
Asbury,	19 7	23 10
Crisfield,	20 7	23 7
Delmar,	22 10	23 10
Quantico,	25 3	mar. 2 10
Fruitland,	26 3	2 10
MAR.		
Salisbury,	3 7	2 10
Smith's Is.	6 3	2 10
Tangier Is.	5 7	2 10
Holland's Is.	4 3	2 10

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MISS E. J. BENHAN.

REFERENCES:
Rev. Jacob Todd, D. D., Rev. A. N. Keigwin,
1-6m

From Gumboro, Del.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS: We have some things to rejoice over, and some things to be sorry for. Our Gumboro people held their Christmas treat, Dec. 25th, and our Bethel folks, theirs, Dec. 26th. Everything passed off very well, and many presents were distributed from the trees. The pastor and his wife were kindly remembered. Some fine poultry for the parson's family and a dress for his wife, were found on the Gumboro trees. At the close of the treat, Rev. Francis B. Short made a very appropriate speech and presented the pastor with a nice carriage robe from Good Hope appointment. The Bethel people also gave tokens of their regard.

About 12:30 a. m., Dec. 30th, the store of James E. Betts, in Gumboro, was discovered by L. T. Hearn, to be in flames. Bells were rung, and soon the fire was surrounded by the people, but the flames destroyed not only his store, but his dwelling, and a house of L. T. Hearn's which was occupied by Mrs. Mary Parsons. We all sympathize with these friends in their loss. May God bless them.

Yours in the work,

W. W. JOHNSON.

Church Dedication.

The Ayres' M. E. Church, Pittsville, Md., whose dedication was announced for Oct. 6th, but postponed on account of the weather, was formerly dedicated to the service and worship of Almighty God, Sunday, Dec. 22d, free of debt.

This enterprise commenced by Rev. Geo. Bowman, pastor of Parsonburg charge, in July 1888, by the erection of a rough tabernacle, for Sunday-school and preaching purposes, has developed, in the short space of eighteen months, into a full fledged Methodist Episcopal Church, with a membership of over one hundred, and the future of the church, under God, in the hands of the best, representative men of the community.

Practical prohibition has been assured to this community, through the agency of this church, by the conversion of nearly all the frequenters of the saloons; and also of those who signed the tavern keeper's bonds. To God be all the glory!

The presiding elder of the district, Rev. T. O. Ayres, presented the new church with an unique and handsome pulpit set. Wm. H. Jackson, Esq., of Salisbury, Md., well known at this end of the Peninsula, as one of our most liberal Methodist laymen, subscribed one hundred dollars to the church, and the day after the dedication, sent his check to the pastor for that amount. The church has reason to bless God, for such men.

Rev. T. E. Martindale of Salisbury, Md., preached the dedicatory sermon, and took charge of the finances.

From Berlin, Md.

BRO. THOMAS: I am glad to say, our work in this charge is still progressing. The blessing of the Lord has followed us, and we believe he will lead us forward. When the class and prayer meetings are well attended, I think, the church is alive; and these services are enjoyed by most of our people.

We were engaged in protracted meetings, nearly ten weeks, with but little intermission. While the results were not as large as we expected, yet thirteen precious souls found peace in believing.

This section of country has suffered from hard times, but we hope to meet our apportionments, and do better on the missionary collection than we did last year.

We want to paper the walls, and carpet the floor of the church at an early date, and have nearly enough money in the treasury, to pay for these improvements.

Aunt Jane Baker, as she is familiarly called, sister of the venerable Rev. Dr. John S. Porter, of the Newark Conference, is bright and cheerful. She entered her 92nd year, last October. Notwithstanding her advanced age, she favors us with her presence nearly every Sunday morning, when the weather is pleasant. I may add she does not stand for a little rain either, but is about as regular in her attendance upon the morning service, as any of the younger members. One might think from her age that, to young people, that she would be dull and uninteresting, but on the contrary, she is full of humor and sunshine. She very distinctly remembers Bishop Asbury, the apostle of American Methodism. When she was six years old, the Bishop visited her father's house. During this visit he took her up in his lap and gave her a piece of biscuit. This little love-feast made an indelible impression upon her mind. She says she is "packed up," and waiting for the Master's summons.

Your brother,

C. T. WYATT.

From Ebenezer, Del.

BRO. THOMAS: As we do not see anything from this place in the PENINSULA METHODIST, we thought it might be of interest to your readers, to hear from this corner of the vineyard. Christmas night our choir gave a service of song in the church, which was a success in every respect. Admission fees of ten and twenty cents were charged, and about \$33, were realized. Bro. J. W. Ewing of Lewisville was present, and sang some solos in a most acceptable manner.

Our church, under the ministry of Bro. J. Dodd, is being built up, as never before, and we hope Bro. Dodd will stay with us another year, at least. We believe our our stewards will have one of the best reports to make to the fourth quarterly conference, ever made from this charge.

Our class meetings, led by Bro. Robt. J. Davis, are well attended and greatly blessed of the Lord. Our cottage prayer meetings, led by Bro. Philip Groves, are wonderful on account of the presence of the Holy Ghost, and while there is no shouting, there are many melting scenes, and tongues are loosed to speak the praises of the living God.

Our trustees are about building a vestibule entrance to the church, and making some other needed improvements.

We are praying that this New Year may be the greatest ever known in the history of the church, in sanctifying believers and converting sinners.

ANDUS.

Jan. 1, 1890.

GALENA, MD.: Sunday-school children held their annual Christmas treat last Thursday evening; good attendance; music; speeches by the children, followed with an abundance of ice cream and cake.

The last Sunday of the year, a Christmas offering was made, to pay balance of debt on chapel, and the last dollar was raised, so that, with \$11 on valid subscription, the little house is free from all encumbrance.

Watch-night services were held, and a few of the faithful waited in silent prayer, for the departure of the Old and the arrival of the New Year. Extra services commenced Sunday, Jan. 5th; quarterly meeting Saturday and Sunday, the 11th and 12th.

FOSNOOHT.

Conference News.

Asbury M. E. Church.

Appropriate selections of Christmas songs were beautifully rendered by the choir, and a very forcible Christmas sermon was preached by pastor Hanna. At 6:30 p. m., the Christian Endeavor held a prayer meeting, in charge of sister M. R. Lincoln, and at 7:30 p. m., pastor Hanna finished his sermons on the tongue, by discoursing on the cure of the diseased tongue.

CENTENNIAL M. E. CHURCH.—An excellent service of song and Bible study was held from 2 to 3:30 p. m. Classes were formed with a view to a permanent organization, by the superintendent Bro. Foster; and at 4 p. m., an old fashioned experience meeting was held; it was truly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Dr. Simms preached at 7:30 from the text, "Unto them that believe, he is precious."

Miss Rachel Liddel and Sister Fox of Asbury, presided at the organ, in these services. Let earnest Christian workers, not otherwise on duty, come and help us, at 11th and Walnut. All non-church goers are welcome.

CHESTER—BETHEL, Rev. A. P. Prettyman, pastor, sends us a few items of interest from this charge. Bro. W. B. Gregg has recently made a short visit among his friends here, preaching at Bethel, Sunday morning, Dec. 22d. Rev. T. N. Given preached for us, Monday night, the 23rd; and our veteran brother, Rev. Samuel Hance, Sunday morning, Dec. 29. Though Bro. Hance is almost 92 years old, he preached with wonderful freshness and fervor. The congregation which was large, greatly enjoyed it. We have had 77 conversions to date.

Booth's Corner, Pa., Jan. 3d, 1890.

ROXANA, DEL.—Our meeting at Bethel has been in progress nine days; some twenty-six have professed conversion, and others are seeking.

Our watch night meetings at Roxana and also at Bethel were occasions never to be forgotten, because of the outpouring of God's spirit upon the people. The tidal wave of salvation at Bethel is still rising, and indications are good for a sweeping revival. Rev. R. B. Hazzard of Hurlock is assisting the pastor.

A. D. DAVIS.

CHARLESTOWN CIRCUIT, T. B. Hunter, pastor. Revival services began in Principio church, Dec. 29th; and from the first service, the spirit of God has been manifest, in the refreshing and strengthening of God's people, and in the quiet thoughtful attention of the unsaved, to the plain convincing truths of God, as they have fallen from the lips of our pastor.

Bro. Murray, our presiding elder, was with us Sunday night, our quarterly meeting occasion. The cloud which had been gathering through the past week now broke, and ten found their way to the altar of prayer.

Don't Mistake.

The weather and forget that you will need a heavy overcoat or ulster before the winter is over. We would like you to see the elegant overcoats we are selling at \$12.00; made from a splendid all-wool Kersey in four different shades, with satin sleeve lining, silk facing, velvet collar and stitched seams equal to coats sold everywhere at \$15. In Storm Coats we have just finished making some new lots, cut extra long and wide collars, from black and dark gray mixed fur Beavers at 25 per cent. less than ordered coats and as good in every way.

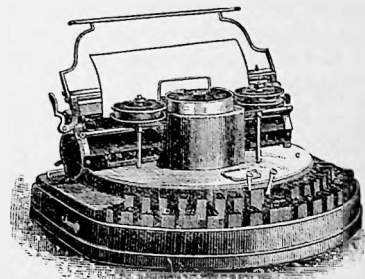
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OUR SERIAL STORY
Blanch Montague,OR
WHY WAS IT?
By CAUGHEY.

CHAPTER II.—SEA BLUFF.

The scenes described, in the preceding chapter, occurred in the latter part of June. A few days later, Walter Melvin; having obtained leave of absence from the bank, accompanied his mother to Oakington, where she went to visit her sister, Mrs. George Colton, who had been quite sick. Finding his aunt better, he left his mother with her and started east intending to spend a few days at the sea-side. It was three o'clock when Walter reached the depot, at Sea Bluff. Having dined on the way, and there being several hours till tea time, he did not at once take a coach for the hotel; supposing, as it was early in the season, he would be able to secure a room, without difficulty.

With satchel in hand he started for a stroll and leaving Surf Ave. he walked down to the beach where the receding tide had left a wide margin of sand, white and hard. After his ride in the close railway car, the fresh sea was delightful. He had only intended to follow the beach until he was opposite the hotels and then go at once to seek suitable quarters; but the novelty of the scenery and the exhilarating breezes made him for the time entirely oblivious of this little matter of business; and when he be-thought himself of it, he was nearly half-a-mile below the Alaska. Hurriedly retracing his steps, he was soon in the office, of the stately hotel. Walking up to the clerk's desk, he asked—in a frank, but abrupt and some what embarrassed manner, if he could get a room.

The clerk looked at him for a moment, and said: abruptly, "No."

Not a little astonished, and some what disappointed, Walter said nothing, but taking his satchel, crossed the open square in front of the house, and in a few minutes was making the same inquiry, with some degree of anxiety, of the shrewd looking clerk of the BALTIC, only to receive the same curt, "No."

These were the only hotels, that he was at all acquainted with, and he knew them only through the advertising columns of *The World*.

Again, Walter seized his satchel, and hurried into the street. His quickening step, and nervous manner in which he looked at his watch, showed plainly that the young man was becoming uncomfortably anxious about his shelterless condition for the night.

He had walked rapidly for several minutes, when his attention was arrested by the words, "Alaska Annex." He halted, for a moment to examine the building, which was a three story frame structure, it looked neat though unpretentious, and was some distance from the larger hotels, and farther in the town from the beach. Here, thought Walter, I surely can find a room. Having completed his survey of the exterior, he entered and some what nervously, asked for the third time in the half hour, if he could get a room. The clerk at once left the office, and entered an adjoining room, held a hurried conversation with the proprietor; after which he returned with the unwelcome answer, "our rooms are all taken."

Walter was about to leave, when he caught sight of his form, reflected in a tall mirror in an adjoining room. He surveyed himself for a moment, and noticing the genteel business suit, the little stiff hat, and his small suspicious looking satchel, he thought, "I wonder, if these people take me for a pick pocket or a burglar." This was a rather amusing idea, indeed, and he laughed to himself as he quitted the place, and once more sought the street; little did he know how near the truth was his conjecture.

What the clerks at the large hotels, had said, was true; the rooms had all been taken a week before. As for the house he had just left, there were several rooms not taken, but the critical manner in which Walter had stueied the exterior of the building before entering it, and the apparent hesitation he manifested on entering had awakened in the mind of the clerk a suspicion, which he had communicated to the proprietor, and hence the third refusal.

Walter now bent his steps toward the more thickly settled portion of the town; looking carefully about him as he threaded street after street, hoping to find some place where he might at least lodge for the night. Nearly every third house was a provision store, a cigar stand, a barber shop, or a beer saloon. He was well nigh discouraged, when his eye caught sight of a neat sign, on what first view seemed to be a large and elegant private residence. The sign read "Sea View Cottage—Boarding." In a moment he was at the door, and the bell call was answered by a lady some what past middle life. She was plainly but neatly attired; and in her frank honest eyes, Walter saw a welcome that made his heart glad. Whether the intuition of her woman's soul read the honest heart of the man before her, we cannot tell; but certain it is she entertained no suspicion against him for

she at once invited him to enter, and in response to his inquiry, offered him her best room, which at that time chanced to be vacant.

The hour for tea was past, but while Walter was making his toilet, a generous supper was provided, to which he did ample justice. He was tired out, and it was with a feeling of satisfaction, that he found the dining room empty; a circumstance which though so gratifying at the time, was afterward a source of regret.

Having finished his supper, he went into the large and airy parlor, here too, he found himself alone, and for an hour occupied himself in writing a long and amusing letter to his mother. As the mail train left at an early hour, he decided to find a letter box, or the post office, so as to mail his epistle that evening.

Had he known what that decision would cost him, he would not have left "Sea View Cottage" that night. How true is it that "heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate." All unconscious of what awaited him, he left the cottage, and soon finding a letter box deposited his missive, and was about to return, when the sound of music in the direction of the large hotels he had visited in the latter part of the afternoon reached him. Had he returned then to the cottage the bitter experience he soon met with might never have been known, and the strange scenes we are about to record, would never have come into these pages. But he did not return; a strong destiny seemed to control him, and with no fixed purpose, he turned and walked in the direction from whence the music had come.

The course he took, led him back the way he had come in the early part of the evening, but of this fact, he was scarcely aware, until he found himself again in front of the "Annex." He was about to pass, when he caught the notes of that sweet song, the "Ninety and Nine," coming from a room near by. He paused a moment, and as the words fell upon his ear, they fell upon his heart, and he found it impossible to walk on.

The singer was a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant in the city of Rockwell. We say she was beautiful, but our readers must take our word for it, for at this time, they will not be permitted to see her; but we assure them that she was beautiful, strikingly beautiful. Her's was a beauty so rare, so unique, so romantic, that it seemed, if indeed it was not, a freak of nature.

Walter could have seen the singer, if he had chosen to go upon the long veranda that extended in front of the window of the room; for the blinds were not shut. From the location he

judged, that it was not the parlor, in which she was sitting, but one of a private suite of rooms on the first floor.

It was not strange, that he felt a strong desire to see the possessor of that voice, every intonation of which had gone to his heart, thrilling him with an emotion, as indescribable, as it was novel. He could have satisfied his curiosity in a moment, had he chosen to do so, but every instinct of his pure soul revolted at the thought of such an ungentlemanly intrusion. He walked slowly on, and was scarcely beyond the house, when he turned and retraced his steps. This he did several times, walking slowly back and forth, and it was not until the last notes of the song had died away on the night air, that he consented to leave a place, that to him, had a mysterious, but irresistible attraction.

He had no thought that his actions had attracted any one's attention; and indeed there was nothing unusual in the facts, that a young man should pause on the street, or walk up and down the pavement, in front of a public building, to listen to music; but from the moment he stopped, until his departure, the suspicious eyes of the clerk, had watched him, from the half closed window of his office; and had wholly misconstrued his motives.

But, of these suspicions, Walter had not the slightest thought, as he walked slowly on, thinking of the song and the unknown singer. The night was very dark; the clouds that had obscured the afternoon sun still overspread the skies, and few persons were on the streets. As he drew near to the cottage, his foot struck something soft upon the pavement, and picking it up, he hastened to the nearest street lamp to examine it. To his astonishment, he found it was a strong calf-skin pocketbook. Placing it in his inner vest pocket, he hurried into the cottage, and entering his room, hastened to ascertain its contents. It contained a check for \$5,000, and \$4,000 in notes; the check being dated the day before, was drawn to the order of James Hartzell, and was signed by Spencer Wann.

It was impossible for Walter to determine from the check, whether the owner of the pocket-book was the man who drew the check, or the man in whose name it was drawn, and in this uncertainty, he resolved to keep it until morning, and then report it to the police.

Having arrived at this conclusion, he returned the money and check to the pocket-book, and placing it in his valise, he locked his room securely, and soon forgot the incidents of the day, in the sweet, refreshing sleep, tha-

only good health and a good conscience can give.

Little did Walter Melvin think, as he went to sleep that night, what developments his awakening would bring the next morning.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

"The Church," says the *Indian Witness*, "must raise an effectual protest against the flood of cheap, jingling music and cheaper words, which rise on every hand. The sacred interests of souls demand a return to the use of grand old hymns of the Church: hymns that are saturated with spiritual truth and fragrant with hallowed memories."

It is stated that Rev. J. T. Wightman, who has resigned the pulpit of the Chatsworth Independent Methodist Church in Baltimore, will apply for admission into our Baltimore Conference at its coming session. There is room with us, for all that stock who may wish to come.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

An Ohio Church has paid up the deficiencies in the salaries of its presiding elders and pastors, that have accrued during the last fifteen years. Accrued is a new word in this connection; as a rule, these shortages don't accrue; they just drop out of memory, forever and ever—or at least until the judgment day.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

A Philadelphia optician alleges that gum chewing is a great cause of defective eye-sight. The constant movement of the jaws affects the nerves, leading from the spine to the optic nerve. Not only is the eye-sight thus injured, but the eyes lose much of their life and brilliancy.

Some of the good people seem to be going too fast, and some seem to be going too slow, on the temperance question; but they will all move together by and by, and "get there." That is to say, they will close every bar-room in the land.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

The *Christian Guardian* says: "The best preventative to drifting away from the Methodist Church will not be found in an imitation of the greater laxity of other Churches; but in so training and instructing our young people that they will have an intelligent and loyal attachment to their own Church. Those who are thoroughly grounded in Methodist doctrine, and most familiar with Methodist history, are not likely to drift away from the Church."

In some "Practical Hints on Pulpit Oratory," Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson takes occasion to say: "There is a winning manner, and there is a repelling manner. To be winning is to be wise, but it must not be overdone. We have a friend, an evangelist, who got into the habit of calling his audience 'dear souls.' Inadvertently he would say, as he passed from place to place, 'dear Belfast souls,' 'dear Dublin souls,' and before he knew it he was saying, 'dear Cork souls,' and convulsed his Irish audience. Such an evangelist may be held up as a frightful example of an error to be avoided."

The widow of Chief of Police Watkins, of Parsons, Pa., killed by a passing engine while intoxicated, was recently awarded \$2,500 damages, which the saloonkeeper, who sold him the liquor, must pay.

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Obituaries.

Memoirs, if brief and correct, will be published as written. If not brief, they will be condensed. Poetry can in no case be admitted.

In Memoriam.

Mary A. Taylor, a "mother in Israel," entered into rest early Sunday morning, Dec. 15th, 1889, aged seventy-six years. Her death was very sudden. Saturday afternoon she was out calling, and just before retiring seemed unusually cheerful. "In the midst of life we are in death."

She did not profess conversion until she was forty-five, but in the language of Bishop Foss, she was "well born."

Her love to God and the Methodist church was all absorbing. Her attachment to the church was strong, and she was particularly fond of the class-meeting. Whenever mother Taylor was not at service, we felt sure she had an excuse which was accepted of God.

Her religious experience was deeply spiritual. She was at our protracted meeting Friday night before her death, and when the invitation was given, for mothers who had children out of Christ, to kneel at the altar, this aged saint with a burdened heart, came forward and prayed most earnestly for her sons. Only a few days before this, she expressed herself as greatly troubled, about their conversion.

With her latest breath she requested that her pastor preach from the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her;" and it is worthy of remark, that she was convicted under a sermon from that very text. When her articulation became indistinct, her daughter, Mrs. Maria Baker, asked her if Jesus was with her, she nodded her head and clasped her hands.

In her death the church has sustained a great loss, but she has exchanged the cross for the crown. She was a strong and faithful friend to the preachers; never failing to defend them when assailed in her presence.

Her funeral was held in Berlin M. E. Church, Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 17th; the pastor being assisted by Rev. Frank M. Carpenter of Bishopville; after which her body was deposited in the church yard, amid the tears of many loved ones.

C. T. WYATT.

Berlin, Md., Jan. 3, 1889.

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The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JAN. 12th, 1890
Luke 1: 46-55.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.
[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

THE SONG OF MARY.

GOLDEN TEXT: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour" (Luke 1: 46, 47).

46. *And Mary said*—Scarcely anything is known of Mary, save that she was a descendant of David, and dwelt in Nazareth, and was betrothed to Joseph the carpenter. She appears but rarely in the Gospel history and the time and place of her death are unknown. "It is remarkable, considering the honor which has been conferred upon her by God, and the almost divine worship which has been paid to her by so large a portion of Christendom, that the Bible itself tells us so little of her life and character. *My soul doth magnify the Lord.*—The word 'soul' in this verse, and 'spirit' in the next, are used interchangeably; when used precisely, the 'soul' is supposed to be the nexus, or connecting link between the 'spirit' and the body. To 'magnify' is, literally, to 'make great;' here to praise or extol. Mary's whole being is filled with rapturous thanksgiving to God for the honor conferred upon her.

"The Song of Mary; called the Magnificat, from the first word of the old Latin version, is the unpremeditated outpouring of a deep emotion, and may be divided into regular stanzas and lines. It is the last Psalm of the Old Testament and the first of the New. It is entirely Hebrew in its tone and language, and echoes the lyrics of the Old Testament. The mother of our Lord at such a time—especially in view of the effect produced on Elizabeth—would be doubtless inspired by the Holy Ghost to sing this song, so full of ardent love and thankfulness; she, the daughter of David's royal race, might well become in an instant both poetess and prophetess, and representing at that moment the last generation of hoping Israel and the hope of Israel itself, she was the very person to bring to the approaching Messiah the fragrance of the noblest flower of Hebrew lyric poetry" (Schaff).

47. *My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*—Steeped, as she was, in the Old Testament prophecies, her soul had trusted for salvation in the promised Messiah; and now God had honored her by selecting her to be the mother of Him who should save the people from their sins. Jesus was both the son and the Saviour of Mary. No better antidote to the baseless dogma of the Immaculate Conception can be found than this utterance of the Virgin herself.

"The festival of the Immaculate Conception (on December 8) was appointed in 1389, and observed by Roman Catholics in honor of the Virgin Mary, having been conceived and born immaculate, or without original sin. In 1617 Paul V forbade any one to oppose this dogma; so also did Gregory XV and Alexander VII. December 8, 1854, the Pope declared this dogma to be an article of faith, and charged with heresy those who should oppose it" (Biblical Museum).

48. *Hath regarded* (R. V., "looked upon") *the low estate.*—The royal line of David had

lost its high honor and become humble and poor. Not from such a condition would men expect the mother of the Prince of Peace to come; but God is no respecter of persons, and He saw that in Mary which entitled her to wear the crown among the daughters of her race. *Shall call me blessed*—or happy, or peculiarly favored. No sanction is here given to Mariolatry, that worship of the Virgin Mary by the Roman Catholics which makes a mere creature "the complement of the Trinity," or which makes of the Trinity a "quaternity."

"Some ten years before Mary uttered this hymn, Virgil, the Roman poet, had, in one of his finest strains, predicted the birth of a noble babe, under whose sway a new order of things should commence, and the renovation of the world be accomplished. It was suggested, doubtless, by the prevalent presentiment that a great deliverer was soon to be born, arising from the prophecies of the Messiah. But the worldly poet preferred to flatter his mother for the Messiah in the wife of a Roman consul. So differs the wisdom of God from the folly of man" (Whedon).

49. *Hath done to me great things*—As Matthew Henry remarks: "A great thing, indeed, that a virgin should conceive! A great thing indeed, that the Messiah, who been so long promised to the church, and so long expected by the church, should now be born." *Holy is his name*—"blessed is his name," an anticipation of one of the sentences in the Lord's Prayer. By the "name" of God we understand "all by which He reveals Himself to man." In this ascription Mary sets the example of offering worship to God alone, the Giver of all good.

"Let all have Mary's spirit. For though according to the flesh, she is alone the mother of Christ, yet, by faith this privilege belongs to all" (Gal. 3: 29) (Ambrose).

50. *His mercy is on them that fear Him* (R. V., "His mercy is unto generations and generations on them that fear Him").—Fear was emphasized in the Old Testament as love is in the New. The fear of God was the beginning of knowledge. *From generation to generation*—"unto generations and generations," or from age to age, God's mercy faileth not.

"Those that fear God as their Creator and Judge are encouraged to hope for mercy in Him through their Mediator and Advocate. In Christ He keepeth mercy for thousands" (M. Henry).

51. *He hath showed strength, etc.*—Dr. Schaff thinks that the past tense is here, in accordance with poetic usage among the Hebrews, used for the future, and that the words in this verse and the following are to be taken prophetically: "He will show strength," etc. Mary speaks of "what He will do as certain and accomplished." *With His arm*—the language of accommodation. God has neither body nor parts, but in order to speak of Him at all, we must resort to symbols, and the arm is the symbol of strength. This ascription of Mary was general rather than particular, and founded upon what God had done for her. *He hath scattered the proud, etc.*—verified over and over again in the history of Israel, in the repulse of the Assyrian, Midianite, Egyptian and Babylonian hosts who proudly defied the God of Israel; and about to receive a fresh illustration in Herod's overthrow. See Judg 7: 8; 2 Kings 18: 19. *In the imagination of their hearts*—in their plans of self-exaltation and conquest. "Proud" in a strict sense, signifieth men that have a

high opinion of themselves" (Pool).

"God's great power is represented by His finger, His greater by His hand, His greatest by His arm. The production of lice was by the finger of God (Exod. 8: 19); His other miracles in Egypt were wrought by his hand (Exod. 3: 20); the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, by His arm" (Exod. 15: 6) (Whitby).

52. *He hath put down the mighty* (R. V., "put down princes") *from their seats* (R. V., "thrones").—Not simply Herod is meant, but mighty kings of old, such as Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, etc. (See Isa. 14: 12-14). *Exalted them of low degree*—reversing the judgment of the world. Moses and David and Daniel were thus "exalted," or uplifted; and "in two or three passing centuries the son of this Nazarene man will subdue the Roman Empire, and the throne of Augustus shall be inherited by His worshippers" (Whedon).

"The Divine eye looks upon the high and low differently from that of man. They who seem to stand upon Olympus, and high mounted to our eyes, may be but in the valleys and low grounds unto His; for He looks upon those as highest who nearest approach His divinity, and upon those as lowest who are farthest from it" (1 Sam. 16: 7) (Sir T. Browne, quoted by Peloubet).

53. *Hath filled the hungry with good things*—hath nourished both the souls and bodies of men, supplying daily food and satisfying the longing soul with fatness. Both spiritual and temporal mercies appear to be included. *The rich hath he sent away empty*—The "rich" are the self-satisfied, who have no hunger for the "good things" just mentioned. Therefore, though they thought themselves full, they were really "empty;" and as they preferred an abundance of this world's goods to the enduring riches, God dismissed them empty of all spiritual comfort and satisfaction.

"The 'rich' are the self-righteous, who imagine themselves in possession of excellence of character and stand in need of nothing. The 'hungry' are those who are sensible of their ignorant and guilty and perishing condition. The truth of this verse is strikingly taught in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican" (Foote's lectures on Luke).

54. *Holpen*—helped; the original word means "to take hold of," "to prop up." In peculiar exigencies in the past, when Israel was threatened with other ruin, God had come to her help. In wrath He had remembered mercy. Now, when the fortunes of Israel had fallen to their lowest state, He still had thoughts of mercy, and was about to counter upon her His highest and richest gift.

55. *As he spake to our fathers.*—His help had been given and would be given, to Israel, in accordance with specific and multiplied promises, and, particularly, in accordance with the covenant made with Abraham, which was to find its fulfillment in the birth and mission of the Messiah—the promised Seed in whom all the nations of the earth would be blessed. The Revised Version prefers to regard the words 'as He spake to our fathers,' as parenthetical, and to connect 'to Abraham,' etc., with the word "mercy" in the preceding verse.

"This is a remarkable proof that Mary's expectations concerning the Messiah's appearance were not exclusive, but of a universal nature; for the seed promised to Abraham was to be a blessing to the whole world" (Lange).

The English Congregationalists have followed the lead of the English Baptists, and respectfully declined the invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury to a conference on Christian unity. This will be the final result of the English State Churchmen and the Protestant Episcopal Church, in this country, to get their Episcopate recognized by the other Protestant denominations.

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604 Market St.,
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From Cecilton, Md.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—We are glad to report the work as still moving forward, and God is in the midst of his people.

Christmas, with all its delightful associations has passed, and by those who look upon the day merely as a holiday, a day of exchanging gifts and of feasting, will soon be forgotten, but to others Christmas has a far different meaning, and with them will ever linger pleasant memories of it as a sacred day. I am sure it will long be so remembered, by those who were privileged to meet in our morning meeting, before the dawn of day, when a goodly number gathered, for prayer and praise, in the little upper room, which has been a Bethel to so many souls the last year; and a precious time did we have. All hearts were melted, and nearly every one bore testimony to an indwelling Christ. Had one appeared in our midst with the question, asked by the wise men from the East, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, "where is he that is born king of the Jews," scores could have answered, he is dwelling right here in my heart. He was in deed precious near to all present.

A solemn and impressive watch meeting was held the last night of 1889 and with it began our extra meeting.

Our Sunday-school took a new departure this year, in holding a poultry supper, as a treat for the children, instead of the usual Christmas tree. New Year's eve, the school, with parents and friends, assembled in Mr. Patrick Anderson's new building where tables were spread, seating thirty-six at a time; and a sumptuous repast was served, consisting of about everything that goes toward making up a first class supper. After all had been served, the tables were cleared, and the entire company treated to ice cream and cake, and the school to candy, oranges and apples. It is estimated that one hundred and sixty-four took supper. All enjoyed themselves, and expressed pleasure with the new order of things.

Great credit is due the officers and teachers, and adult scholars for their untiring efforts in providing this entertainment, and also to Bro. Anderson, who not only entered into the work with his usual vim and energy, giving both time and money to make it a success, but threw open the entire first floor of his large building, and gave its use free of charge. It is needless to add, that no one enjoyed this new-fashioned house-warming, more than he. At the close of the banquet, the pastor presented the superintendent, Bro. Smith, with a handsome cake.

We feel like saying to these faithful workers, toil on, "God is not unrighteous to forget your works and labor

of love." You are sowing seed for the reaping bye and bye.

Jan. 7, 1890.

M.

Asbury M. E. Church.

Pastor Hanna preached a grand sermon Sunday morning on the "Tongue." Earnestly exhorting the people to use it to glorify the God of their salvation.

In the evening he preached an excellent sermon to a crowded house on "Christian Influence," before and after death. Bro. Hanna called for several of the quarterly conference committee to meet this week, especially the missionary committee.

The meeting for the promotion of holiness, held at Bro. Harry Webb's, 507 W. Front street, increases in interest. Precious spiritual influences are realized from the glowing experiences of those who are striving to walk close with God. Strangers and others are cordially invited to attend.

Bro. Golly had charge Sunday afternoon. After singing some of the grand old hymns and reading a scripture lesson, one of the brethren led in prayer. The meeting was then opened for testimony. Dr. Simms was the first to tell of the goodness of the Lord to him; how six years and four months ago, the 15th of August, he received the blessing of entire sanctification; and not only had he received it then, but he had it at the present time. He had got to a place in his experience, where he enjoyed God. Sister White also testified to the keeping power of God under all circumstances. Her clear definite experience did us all good. Then Bro. Reed spoke of goodness of God to him. He had got much help by reading the *Christian Secret of a Happy Life*. As one after another told the "Old, old story, of Jesus and his love," we felt like saying with the disciples, "Did not our hearts burn within us, as he talked to us by the way." It was a grand meeting. You would have to be there, in order to fully appreciate it.

We had a very pleasant and profitable Holiness meeting in FLETCHER HALL, Saturday evening, Dec. 14. Bro. Sergeant had charge; and as one after another of the brothers and sisters told of the Lord's dealing with them; how He had led some of them for nearly half a century, we were much encouraged to press onward and upward with fresh vigor, toward the prize which lies at the end of the race.

We have a very pleasant letter from Dr. M. A. Richards, who is so pleasantly remembered by all who were associated with him in the New Hampshire Conference. His wife has much improved in health since their residence at Seven Mill, Ohio.—*Zion's Herald*.

Bro. Richards, it will be remembered, served as pastor in the Wilmington Conference in New Castle and also at St. Paul's, this city.

GALENA, MD.—Hardly recognized your paper last Monday, when it fitted into my study.

Protracted meeting began here Sunday night last, and we always count on success.

Our last quarterly meeting will be held next Saturday and Sunday. Rev. J. France our presiding, will preach at Locust Grove, at 2.30 p. m.

Nearly every one about here has been laid seige to by "la grippe," and your humble servant has not escaped. These are unfavorable outward circumstances, in reference to our revival; but we hope to over them, and sing our triumph.

Truly,

I. G. F.

Latest from Bishop Taylor.

NEAR MADEIRA, S. S. *Matadi*,
December 6, 1889.

DEAR BRO. WELCH:—We have thus far had a smooth voyage. My cough is much better, and my general health toned up.

Our Father has laid out plenty of work for me to do, before I shall leave the field. I shall accept gladly all that He will give, but, to do a work in Africa, at all commensurate with the needs and extent of the field, I need 100,000 helpers with their prayers and money.

WM. TAYLOR.

[Bishop Taylor left Liverpool, November 30th, and expected to land at Monrovia December 17th. The Africa Conference meets in Cape Mount, January 9th. From conference, the Bishop will go to Cape Palmas. He will, till the first of March, spend his time in Liberia, visiting the missions, and then go to Congo.

Amanda Smith arrived in Liverpool November 22d, and will remain without work, if possible, till next April, when she expects to return to America. She has suffered from life and labor in Africa and feels quite exhausted, but her appearance does not indicate it.—*The African News*.

Helping Under Difficulties.

"Elijah, dear, will you dress Willie this morning? I'm in such a hurry; and it won't take you but a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixby, cheerfully; "I'd just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here, my little man, come and let papa dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin, in a jiffy."

Willie, aged four, comes reluctantly from his playthings, and Bixby begins: "Now, let's off with your mighty gown, and—keep still, dear, or I can't unbutton it. There, now, we'll—sit still, child. What makes you squirm

about like an eel? Where's your little shirty? Ah? here it is—and sit still! Put up your arm—no the other one; and—can't you keep still half a second? Put up your other arm, and stop hauling and pulling so! What under heaven do you mean by racing off like that, with nothing on but your shirt? Now you come here, and let me put the rest of your duds on. Staud still, I say! Put your leg in here! Not that leg! There you go, squirming around like an angleworm. Now, if you don't keep still, young man, I'll—stop pulling at that chain; and—here, Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in ten years. Go to your mother, sir."—*Selected*.

The liver and kidneys must be kept in good condition Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great remedy for regulating these organs.

The Second Personally conducted Tour to Florida via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The first of the series of personally-conducted winter pleasure tours to Florida, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, left New York on January 7th, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, proved a marked success. The second of the series is fixed for Tuesday, January 21st. The party will leave New York by special train of Pullman sleeping and dining cars at 9.20 A. M., Philadelphia at 11.52 A. M., and arrive in Jacksonville the next evening. The special train will be in charge of the Tourist Agent and Chaperon, who will render the members of the party every assistance toward making the journey pleasant and comfortable.

Considering the very high grade of these tours the rates are exceedingly low. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations, and meals en route in both directions, will be sold from New York at \$50, Philadelphia at \$48, and at proportionate rates from other principal stations on the system. The tickets must be used on the special trains in both directions, and are limited to two weeks in Florida.

No other arrangement offers such a desirable medium for a pleasant winter visit to the tropics. The next party promises to be a very large one, and to insure engagements they should be made well in advance.

Itineraries may be procured of ticket agents, and berths and tickets may be secured in advance by addressing S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York, or W. W. Lord, Jr., Tourist Agent, 295 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Marriages.

ROGERS—TOWNSEND.—At the residence of the bride, by Rev. C. T. Wyatt, Jno. E. Rogers and Alice M. Townsend, both of Worcester Co., Md.

CRANSTON—BALL.—At the residence of the Bride's parents, near Milltown, Del., Tuesday evening, Jan. 2nd, 1890, by the Rev. John D. C. Hanna, L. Harvey Cranston and M. Etta Ball, both of New Castle Co., Del.

FISHER—HOPKINS.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Thursday evening, Jan. 2nd, 1890, by Rev. James T. Prouse, Charles W. Fisher of Nassau, Del., Amanda F. Hopkins of Cool Spring, Del.

QUILLIN—MURRAY.—In Frankford M. E. parsonage, by Rev. C. F. Sheppard, Jan. 2nd, 1890, William N. Quillin and Mary E. Murray, both of Sussex Co., Del.

MCCABE—HICKMAN.—In Frankford, Jan. 4th 1890, by Rev. C. F. Sheppard, Joshua B. McCabe and Mazella Hickman, both of Sussex Co., Del.

DR. TALMAGE IN AUSTRIA.

HIS SERMON IN VIENNA, WITH NOTES ON HIS TOUR OF THE HOLY LAND.

The Surprises in Religion—The Fascination that Surrounds Jerusalem and the Sea of Galilee—Solomon's Designs for His Capitol.

VIENNA, Jan. 5.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city today on "The Surprises of Religion." His text was I Kings x, 7: "Behold, the half was not told me." The sermon was as follows:

Appearing before you today, my mind yet agitated with the scenery of the Holy Land, from which we have just arrived, you will expect me to revert to some of the scenes once enacted there. Mark a circle around Lake Galilee, and another circle around Jerusalem, and you describe the two regions in which cluster memories of more events than in any other two circles. Jerusalem was a spell of fascination that will hold me the rest of my life. Solomon had resolved that that city should be the center of all sacred, regal and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work, and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the east, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the east were obliged to stop there, pay toll and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He manned the fortress Thapsacus at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over; oil, which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard, and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became an oil well; and honey, which was the entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported, and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every clime.

He went down to Ezion-geber and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen, and watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage, to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift, and long maned and round limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving eighty-five dollars apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stall and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out one hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and most luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them, and bring them there, and he put them into his cages.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's

gate, and the ox trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every hoof, and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel! Hark to the orchestra! Gaze upon the dance! Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway, and pass up to Solomon's palace!

THE MARVELS OF SOLOMON'S PALACE.

Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors and the suspended gallery and the approach to the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window. Bronzed ornaments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapters surrounded by network of leaves in which imitation fruit seemed suspended as in hanging baskets. Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three seemed to quiver. A laver capable of holding five hundred barrels of water on six hundred brazen ox heads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystalline brightness and musical splash. Ten tables chased with chariot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the seating place of the throne, on each end of the steps, a brazen lion. Why, my friends, in that place they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the altar fires with tongs of gold. Gold reflected in the water! Gold flashing from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold, gold, gold!

Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust covered caravan showing that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the

mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon, and the saffron, and the calamus, and the frankincense and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

The queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cup bearers bow. The meat smokes. The music trembles in the dash of the waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and walks through the conservatories, and gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.

She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into harps and psalteries and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in money—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a

place, and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this place, and about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I must add more than fifty per cent. to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me."

RELIGION IN HIGH PLACES.

Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood, the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weak minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the Gospel then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come the greatly prospered. Alas, that it is so!

If there are those who have been favored of fortune, or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this queen's company. I am glad that Christ has had his imperial friends in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, queen of Prussia; Maria Feodorovna, queen of Russia; Marie, empress of France; Helena, the imperial mother of Constantine; Arcadia, from her great fortunes building public baths in Constantinople and toiling for the alleviation of the masses; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and three thousand of his armed warriors to Christian baptism; Elizabeth of Burgundy, giving her jeweled glove to a beggar, and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Prince Albert, singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria, incognito, reading the Scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones, and music all its harmonies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its statuary, and architecture all its pillars, and conquest all its scepters, and the queens of the earth, in long line of advance, frankincense filling the air and the camels laden with gold, shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba was? It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits, and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon? She wanted to see for herself, and hear for herself. She could not do this by work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by Oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now; no time to be lost. Goad on the camels. When I see that caravan, dust covered, weary and exhausted, trudging on across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say: "There is an earnest seeker after the truth."

SEEK EARNESTLY FOR THE TRUTH.

But there are a great many who do not act in that way. They all want to get the truth, but they want the truth to come to them; they do not want to go to it. There are people who fold their arms and say: "I am ready to become a Christian at any time; if I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." But I am to be lost I shall be lost. But I am to be saved I shall be saved. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you; you must go and get it. Bring out the camels; put on all the sweet spices, all the treasures of the heart's affection. Start for the throne. Go in and hear the waters of salvation dashing in fountains all around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet—the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eshcol, the angels of God the cup bearers. Goad on the camels. The Bible declares it: "The queen of the south"—that is, "this very woman I am speaking of—the queen of the south shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold! a greater than Solomon is here." What infatuation the sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Ask,

and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Urge on the camels!

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. This story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolled on and on, and was told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had her anticipations raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

So religion is always a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; deathbeds have affirmed it with visions of glory, and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways, and the chapels, and the cathedrals. It has been cut into stone with chisel, and spread on the canvas with pencil; and it has been recited in the doxology of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of this banquet, and the luxuriance of his attendants, and the loveliness of his face, and the joy of his service, he exclaims with prayers, with tears, with sighs, with triumphs: "The half—the half was not told me!"

I appeal to those who are Christians. Compare the idea you had of the joy of the Christian life before you became a Christian with the appreciation of that joy you have now since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never, in the days of your spiritual bondage, had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready today to answer and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy and the grace and the goodness of God: "The half—the half was not told me!"

WELL, WE HEAR A GREAT DEAL ABOUT THE JOY OF THE EARTH.

the good time that is coming to this world when it is to be girded with salvation. Holiness on the bells of the horses. The lion's mane parted by the hand of a babe. Ships of Tarshish bringing cargoes for Jesus, and the hard, dry, barren, winter bleached, storm scarred, thunder split rock breaking into floods of bright water. Deserts into which dromedaries thrust their nostrils, because they were were afraid of the simoon—deserts blooming into carnation roses and silver tipped lilies.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told it, John told it, Paul told it, Ezekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told it—everybody tells it; and yet—and yet when the midnight shall fly the bills, and Christ shall marshal his great army, and China, dashing her idols into the dust, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and India, destroying her Juggernaut and snatching up her little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and vine covered Italy, and wheat crowned Russia, and all the nations of the earth shall hear the voice of God and fall into line; then the Church, which has been toiling, and struggling through the centuries, robed and garlanded like a bride adorned for her husband, shall put aside her veil and look up into the face of her Lord the King and say: "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath school books. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarant words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the queen of Sheba, the report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions, as frankincense and myrrh and cassia, to the great King. We must not rest. We must not halt. The night is coming on, and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge on the camels. I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon and the temples and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims.

Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters; recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh and put it upon a censer and swing it before the altar." And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne, and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry, world without end: "The half—the half was not told me!"

Men who wait for dead men's shoes generally find them worn out when they get them.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toil is past, and night has come—

The last and saddest of the harvest eves; Worn out with labor long and wearisome, Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Least of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves

That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain:—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight,
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,

For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,—
Yet these are all my sheaves!

Full well I know, I have more tares than wheat,—

Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,

Can claim no value or utility,—
Therefore shall fragrant and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives

Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Elizabeth Akers.

The practicability of carrying Christian principal into every department of business life is by some openly, and by others, secretly denied. One who has sought for many years to act in business in strict conformity to God's will gives the following out of many similar experiences:

In carrying out certain improvements in the city of London, my shop was required by the Corporation, and as I had the premises on lease, I was requested to send in a claim for compensation. This was my first contact with compensation claims, and I naturally made some inquiry regarding what was customary in such cases. All the persons I inquired of told me it was the invariable practice to claim a much larger sum than the disturbed occupier expected to receive. Agents, whose business it was to "conduct" such claims, told me the same, and wanted me to place my case in their hands. I declined. I felt firm in the Lord. I said in substance, "I will depart from the invariable practice; I will make an honest claim; I will ask for an amount in harmony with strict justice, and will trust in God to move the hearts of the representatives of the Corporation, to give it to me." When summoned before the committee of the Corporation, I explained my position with perfect openness and candor, and said I hoped they would not put a premium upon dishonesty by refusing to accede

to an honest claim. They seemed surprised; but their surprise was not greater than that of some of my business friends, when, after a delay of nearly a year, the Corporation compensated me on the exact basis of my claim. "Them that honor me, I will honor," saith the Lord.

Bishop Ryle of Liverpool, in a tract recently issued, asserts, "episcopacy is not absolutely necessary to the being of a church, however useful and desirable for its well being." He also adds in reference to certain well defined tendencies: "If we cannot maintain the Established Church of England without giving up Protestantism and admitting Romanism, we had better have no Establishment at all; and if the Established Church of England tolerates and sanctions the Romish mass and the confessional among her clergy, it is my firm conviction, that the people of this country will not long tolerate the Established Church of England."

Some more faith-cure foolishness has come to light in Brooklyn, N. Y. This time the criminally silly people were sentenced to the penitentiary. And justly so. If any man's religious faith prompts him to deny himself medical attendance and nursing in a dangerous illness, there is nothing in the constitution of the United States or of the several states that compels him to call in a doctor or take medicine. If he choose to die as a fool dieth, all right. But the constitution and laws do protect his minor children and his neighbors. He has no right to deprive his children of proper medical attendance, and if he does so and the children die, he is guilty of manslaughter. He has no right by violation of sanitary regulations, to spread contagious diseases among his neighbors, and if he does so he is guilty of a misdemeanor. That is the law; and that is sense. An individual's rights leave off at the exact point where his neighbor's wrongs begin. This Brooklyn example ought to do good.—*Michigan Christian Advocate*

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Trains will leave Wilmington as follows: For Philadelphia and intermediate stations, 7:00, 7:05, 8:15, 9:10, 10:30, 11:35 a. m.; 12:30, 2:30, 4:40, 7:4, 9:50, 10:35 p. m. Philadelphia (express), 2, 2:32, 4:40, 6:30, 7:50, 8:55, 10:07, 11:35, 11:51 a. m. 12:23, 1:59, 2:27, 5:22, 6:28, 7:40, 9:50, 10:35 p. m. New York, 2:00, 2:32, 4:00, 6:30, 7:00, 10:07, 11:35, 11:51 a. m. 12:23, 1:59, 2:27, 4:00, 6:22, 6:28, 7:00, 7:40, 9:50 p. m. For Newark Centre, Del. 7:42 a. m., 12:58, 6:21 p. m. Baltimore and intermediate stations, 10:05 a. m. 5:57, 7:58 p. m. Baltimore and Washington, 1:28, 4:46, 8:04, 10:08, 11:30 a. m. 12:06, 1:17, 2:52, 4:44, 5:10, 6:30, 7:45 p. m. Trains for Delaware Division leave for: New Castle, 6:00, 8:30 a. m.; 12:55, 2:50, 3:50, 6:25, 8:20, 10:05 a. m. Harrington, Delmar and intermediate stations, 8:30 a. m.; 12:55 p. m. Harrington and way stations, 8:30 a. m. 12:55, 6:25 p. m. For Norfolk 12:05 a. m.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 16, 1889. Trains leave Delaware Avenue Depot: EAST BOUND. Express trains. NEW YORK, week days, 7:13, 7:00, 10:26 a. m., 12:05, 2:43, 5:13, 7:46 p. m. PHILADELPHIA, week days, 7:13, 6:0, 7:00, 7:00, 7:50, 8:5, 9:50, 10:25, 10:25, 11:25 a. m., 12:08, 1:00, 2:43, 3:00, 4:10, 5:13, 5:25, 6:10, 6:46, 7:00, 7:50, 10:13 p. m. CHESTER, week days, 7:13, 6:05, 7:00, 7:00, 7:50, 8:5, 9:50, 10:25, 11:25 a. m., 12:08, 1:00, 2:43, 3:00, 4:10, 5:13, 5:25, 6:10, 6:46, 7:00, 7:50, 10:13 p. m. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., week days, 7:00 a. m., 7:43 p. m. WEST BOUND. BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON, 5:20, 8:47, 11:45, 1:45, 2:45, 4:15, 5:15, 6:37, 8:15 a. m. daily; 7:40 a. m. 1:10 p. m. daily except Sunday. Baltimore and principal stations on Philadelphia Division 4:5 p. m. daily. PITTSBURG, 8:47 a. m. 5:15 p. m. both daily. CHICAGO 8:4 a. m. 5:57 p. m. both daily. CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS, 11:45 a. m., and 1:15 p. m. both daily. SINGLER ACCOMMODATION 7:30 p. m. daily 12:25 a. m. daily, except Monday. LA DENBERG ACCOMMODATION, week days, 7:00, 11:00 a. m.; 2:45, and 4:55 p. m. Trains leave Market Street Station: For Philadelphia 6:50, 10:30, 11:55 a. m. 12:43, 2:35, 3:55, 4:55 p. m. For Baltimore 5:35, 8:30, a. m. 2:35, 3:55, 4:55 p. m. Baltimore and principal stations on the Philadelphia Division 3:55 p. m. daily. For Landenberg, way stations 6:50, 10:55 a. m. 2:35, 4:55 p. m. daily. Chicago 8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday. Pittsburg 8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday, 4:55 p. m. daily. Trains for Wilmington leave Philadelphia 4:40, 7:15, 10:00, 11:10 a. m. 12:00 noon, 1:40, 3:00, 3:10, 4:41, 5:05, 6:30, 7:40, 8:10, 10:10 p. m. daily. Daily except Sunday, 6:15, 6:40, 7:35 a. m., 1:45, 4:10, 5:10, 11:30 p. m. Rate to Western points lower than via any other route. C. O. SCULL, Gen'l Pass Agent. J. T. ODELL, General Manager. Telephone call No. 193.

Wilmington & Northern R. R.

Time Table in effect, Nov. 23d, 1889. GOING NORTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations a. m. a. m. p. m. p. m. p. m. Wilmington, French St. 7:00 7:25 7:41 7:10 8:40 Junction 7:15 7:37 8:02 8:22 Montchanin 7:26 7:48 8:16 8:34 Chadd's Ford Jc 7:47 8:08 8:36 8:54 Lenoape 8:10 8:31 8:59 9:14 West Chester Stage 6:50 7:50 4:55 West Chester Stage 8:5 3:55 6:52 Waynesburg Jc 9:16 4:32 7:30 St. Peter's 6:50 7:15 Warwick 7:27 9:29 4:47 7:47 Springfield 7:33 9:34 4:52 7:42 Joanna 7:57 9:58 5:16 Birdsboro 7:57 9:58 5:16 Ar. Reading P & R Sta. 8:30 10:25 8:46 ADDITIONAL TRAINS. Daily except Saturday and Sunday, leave Wilmington 6:17 p. m. B. & O. Junction 6:28 p. m. Newbridge 6:41 p. m. Arrive Montchanin 6:59 p. m. On Saturday only, will leave Wilmington at 5:17 p. m. arrive at Newbridge 6:41 p. m. Leave Wilmington 0:15 p. m. Newbridge 10:35 p. m. Arrive Montchanin 10:55 p. m. Leave Birdsboro 1:10 p. m. Arrive Reading 1:40 p. m. GOING SOUTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations a. m. a. m. a. m. p. m. p. m. Ar. Reading P. & R. Station 8:00 9:25 8:15 5:15 B. Station 8:31 10:10 8:45 5:48 Birdsboro 8:56 10:30 9:10 6:14 Joanna 6:00 9:01 10:58 4:15 6:19 Springfield 11:12 6:32 Ar. Warwick 11:12 6:32 St. Peter's 11:30 6:46 Lv. Waynesburg Jc. 6:18 9:15 4:32 Waynesville 6:55 9:50 5:08 Lenoape 7:41 10:25 5:46 Ar. West Chester Stage 6:50 9:30 4:55 Lv. West Chester Stage 7:56 10:37 6:02 Chadd's Ford Jc. 6:05 8:24 10:59 6:24 B. & O. Junction 6:31 8:41 11:10 6:36 Ar. Wilmington, French St. 6:42 8:51 11:20 6:45 ADDITIONAL TRAINS. Daily, Except Sunday. Leave Montchanin 6:05 a. m., Newbridge 6:20 a. m., B. & O. Junction 6:31 a. m. Arrive at Wilmington 6:42 a. m. Saturday only

Leave Reading 12:00 p. m. Arrive at Birdsboro 12:30 p. m. Leave Montchanin 1:10 p. m., Newbridge 1:40 p. m. Leave Wilmington 1:53 p. m. Leave Newbridge 1:50 p. m. Arrive Wilmington 7:23 p. m. For connections at Wilmington, B. & O. Junction, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lenoape, Waynesville, Waynesburg Junction, Birdsboro and Reading, see time-tables at all stations. OWENESS BRIGGS, Gen'l Passenger Agt. A. G. McCASLAND, Superintendent.

Western Maryland Railroad, connecting with P. W. & B. R. R. at Union Station Baltimore.

Commencing Monday Oct. 21, 1889, leave Hillen station as follows: DAILY. 1:10 A. M. Fast Mail for Shenandoah Valley and Southern and Southwestern points. Also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanical, Blue Ridge, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, and points on B. & C. V. R. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. 7:15 A. M. - Accommodation for Fairfield, Gettysburg, Hanover, and all points on B. & H. Div. 8:00 A. M. - Mail for Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippenburg, and intermediate points on Main Line and B. & C. V. R. also, Frederick, Martinsburg, Martinsburg and Winchester. 10:00 A. M. - Accommodation for Union Bridge and Gettysburg. 2:25 P. M. - Accom. for Glyndon. 3:21 P. M. - Express for Arlingon, Howardville, and H. Divisions. 6:09 P. M. - Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikesville, Owings' Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Dale, Finksburg, Patuxent, Carrollton, Westminster, Jefferson, New Windsor, Linwood, Union Bridge and stations west; also Emmitsburg B. & C. V. R. and points on Shenandoah Valley R. R. 5:15 P. M. - Accommodation for Glyndon. 7:00 P. M. - Accommodation for Union Bridge. 10:25 P. M. - Accommodation for Glyndon (Reisterstown). TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN. Daily - 11:45 A. M. Daily except Sunday 30.8.2. 11 A. M., 1:15 P. M., 5:10 and 6:00 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office 217 East Baltimore st. All train stop at Union Station, Pennsylvania Avenue and Fulton Stations. J. M. HOOB, General Manager. A. J. IRISWOLD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

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