

# THE PENINSULA METHODIST FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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WILMINGTON, DEL., FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

VOLUME XVI.  
NUMBER 5.

## Grace Jubilee.

The event of the week, in Methodist circles in this city, is the Quarter Centennial celebration, of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. The elaborate programme, published in the PENINSULA METHODIST of last week, is in process of execution as we go to press.

A gracious spirit of revival came upon the congregation, during the past few weeks of special services as a fitting preparation for edifying jubilation and adding to the membership twenty-two probationers, and one member by certificate.

Last Sunday, the 26th ult., the spacious audience room, gallery and aisles were filled with interested hearers, morning and night. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., preached a most interesting sermon, in the morning, from the text, "Thus saith the Lord God, Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Jer. 6-16.

Revs. Vaughan Smith, J. L. Houston, W. L. S. Murray, W. C. Johnson, the pastor, Dr. Todd, and the writer, were present at this service; Dr. Todd leading in the responsive reading, of the 46th Psalm, Dr. Murray, reading the hymn, and the writer offering prayer.

At night, Dr. Murray, Presiding Elder of the district, preached an earnest and impressive sermon, from the solemn declaration, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," Heb. 10-31.

The music was an especial feature of the exercises. A choir of over seventy trained voices, led by Prof. N. Dushane Cloward, rendered old fashioned Methodist tunes grandly, as well as choice selections of anthems and psalms.

The pulpit, chancel, and the entire front of the pulpit recess, were most tastefully decorated. Long garlands of laurel leaves hung in graceful festoons from the ceiling, and were wound round the columns; while successive terraces of potted plants, formed a striking background for a beautiful cross, of heroic size, covered with white cloth, and wreathed in laurel, that rose in front from a rockery decked with flowering plants, and illuminated with electric lights. Across the arms

of the cross, were inscribed in laurel letters, the words "Rock of Ages," and on the capitals of the columns on either side of the recess, were the dates 1865 and 1890 enclosed in laurel wreaths. The entire front of the pulpit and platform was beautifully decorated with flowering plants and palms and laurel.

These evergreen garlands were also gracefully festooned about the beautiful lettered tablets on the left of the pulpit, and about the grand organ on the right.

Monday evening, a large congregation assembled to hear historical papers by J. Taylor Gause and W. H. Billany, giving the interesting facts of the inception and completion of this magnificent church enterprise, and its subsequent progress.

Like so many of our churches, Grace had its inception in the Sunday-school. Early in 1864, a property was bought on the northwest corner of 7th and Market streets, and in it a school was organized, which became the nucleus of Grace M. E. Church.

Rev. W. J. Stevenson, D. D., was appointed pastor of St. Paul's in 1863, and "to him," says Mr. Gause, "belongs the credit of planting the seed, tilling the soil, watering the plant, and praying over it. He was ever at the front in the struggle; personally planning the work and guiding the workers; inspiring others with courage, by his example, and awakening and energizing the entire membership of the church into active co-operation.

To him, more than to any other man is due the evolution of the germ thought, and the final consummation, of this grand achievement in material and spiritual church architecture."

The first formal declaration to build was made, Nov. 17, 1864, in a meeting in which W. J. Stevenson, George W. Sparks, Delaplain McDaniel, Henry F. Pickels, Job H. Jackson, C. F. Rudolph, Samuel M. Harrington, W. H. Billany, J. Taylor Gause, Dr. G. Pepper Norris, and Col. Edwin Wilmer were present, and pledged themselves to the inauguration and execution of the undertaking.

At a memorable meeting, Jan. 6, 1865, Bishop Simpson was present, "advising them to build wisely and well,

and making their hearts to glow as he spoke of the help and leadership of the Holy Spirit."

Jan. 27th, on motion of Col. Edwin Wilmer, a board of trustees were elected, consisting of Daniel M. Bates, Delaplain McDaniel, John Merrick, Dr. G. Pepper Norris, George W. Sparks, Jared McGaw, Job. H. Jackson, C. F. Rudolph, and J. Taylor Gause, with George W. Sparks as chairman. By vote of the ladies present, Grace was selected as the name of the new church.

Ground was broken, April 27, 1865, the original estimate of cost being \$80,000; but by reason of enlargement and perfecting of plans, the final cost exceeded \$200,000. Adding to this, the expense to date of carrying various loans, mortgages, and discounts, the total amount actually paid is \$330,809.40; the interest alone amounting to \$60,539.24, and the discounts to \$1,989.40.

The current expenses for the twenty five years amount to \$186,633.77, making a grand total, for building and sustaining the church to date, of \$517,305.07; all of which has been paid, the treasurer's balance sheet showing a balance in hand of \$162.10.

Grace's Conference collections aggregate \$71,926.19; of which \$45,157.34 were for Missions; \$32,290.22 of this having been contributed through the Sunday-school.

The corner stone was laid, Oct. 7th, 1865, and the chapel dedicated June 10, 1866; Bishop Edward R. Ames preaching on the occasion.

Jan. 23d, 1868, Bishop Matthew Simpson, preached the dedication sermon of the main church building.

Two hundred and five members including eighty-five probationers, received certificates of dismissal from St. Paul's, to form the new church membership.

In its history, Grace has had seven pastors; W. J. Stevenson, five years; Jacob Todd, six years; Alfred Cookman, Joseph E. Smith, Geo. W. Miller and J. Richards Boyle, each, three years; and L. C. Matlack, one year.

If nothing unforeseen occurs to prevent, Dr. Todd, the present successful pastor, will remain with his people another year, and thus complete seven years of service in this charge.

Tuesday evening, an interesting paper was read by Z. James Belt, on the "Financial history" of the church, and one by Francis W. Heisler, on the History of Grace Church Sunday-school Union and Missions.

Wednesday evening, Mrs. Henry F. Pickels read an excellent paper, on "Woman's work in Grace Church," after which, a social reunion was enjoyed, and choice refreshments served.

## Further Improvement.

Our friends will be glad to know, that the business of the Methodist Book Store including the Printing and Bindery departments, has so greatly increased, as to make it necessary to enlarge our borders.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather for building, we are obliged to go to work at once and add a fourth story to our new building, which will be used exclusively for the Bindery and Stock room.

The room at present occupied by the Bindery will be used for a composing room for the PENINSULA METHODIST, and the third story, for job and book printing, and press room.

With these increased facilities, we shall be better able to fill all orders, for book-binding, ruling and printing, with greater celerity and more satisfactorily to our customers, whether received from the trade or from individual parties.

Thanking the public for past favors, we respectfully solicit increased patronage for the future.

Dr. Mendenhall, the accomplished editor of the *Methodist Review*, whose serious illness for a few weeks past has excited so much apprehension and concern, throughout our Church, we are glad to learn, from the *New York Advocate* of this week, is making daily improvement in recovery. We earnestly pray that his life may be spared and that he may soon be well.

Bishop Daniel A. Goodsel will make Fort Worth, Texas, his official residence. We understood, our people have taken measures to erect in that place, one of the finest churches in the State.





last part of the seventh verse: "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth!"

Attention was fairly caught; caught, and attached to a lesson, not the best suited to the teaching of untrained scholars in a mission school." Trumbull.

Again, such language must be used as is understood by all in the class. The use of big words is no sign of learning, they more often show the ignorance to be surprisingly great. A Sunday school teacher said, "I have been labouring for the extinction of the cause."

He meant extension. It seems incredible, but a minister once said, "I am now going to eliminate the doctrine in this text." "Why did you announce your purpose to strike out the doctrine?" asked a deacon after the sermon. "I didn't," was the reply. "Certainly you did: you said you would eliminate the doctrine, and that means to strike out." He thought it meant expound.

This kind of show becomes disgusting in the extreme, and the boys and girls in our Sunday-schools, are not long in finding out just how much a teacher knows.

If they find him shallow brained, and trying to hide it by the use of big words, he soon becomes a laughing stock, and his influence is greatly lessened.

Sometimes, even a learned man may, so far forget himself, as to fail to descend to the level of the people whom he may be addressing.

"A learned theological professor was once engaged to address a Sunday-school. He read a number of verses from the Bible, and then said, "Children, I intend to give you a summary of the truth taught in this portion of Scripture." Here the pastor touched him, and suggested that he had better explain to the school what "summary" meant. So he turned round and said to the children, "Your pastor wants me to explain what summary means; and I will do so. Well, children, summary is an abbreviated synopsis of a thing."

Halleck says: "Simplicity is beauty. Simplicity is power." Simple words are the best at all times. "What a shock would every right-minded reader receive, if, upon opening his Bible, he should find, in place of the old familiar words, the following: "In the commencement God created the heaven and the earth," "The fear of the Lord is the commencement of wisdom. "Such language would fail to convey that force of meaning which is to be found in the word begin.

If you would improve your style of language so that you may be able to teach your scholars the better, be a student of the Bible. Coleridge said: "In-

tense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." What he has so well said with reference to writers may with even greater force be said of those who are public teachers in any sense.

Technical terms need translating, into the ordinary language of the people. To all who are prone to use grand terms, let me say, as Falstaff said to Pistol: "If thou hast any tidings whatever to deliver, prithee deliver them like a man of this world!"

There is also a spiritual quality in the teaching of the day, which greatly needs improving. Too frequently the spiritual interests of the scholars are forgotten in the effort to make them acquainted with all the particulars in any given lesson. The spiritual should never be lost sight of, for a single moment.

Everything said and done by the teacher should be subservient, to the one great object he has in view, namely, the conversion and sanctification of his scholars.

With the highest aims in view, strive to reach the heart-life of your scholars. The ideal is lofty, and you may grow dizzy and your eyes may be dazzled at the sight, but as you cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things," remember the words of the Master, "Without me ye can do nothing." Remember the words of Paul, "I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me."

R. IRVING WATKINS.

The *Congregationalist* tells about a New England pastor's way of doing it: "One of the happy ministers, whose churches are filled to overflowing Sunday evening, is in the habit of spending his Saturday evenings on the streets, mingling with the crowds who throng the sidewalks of that large manufacturing city. He studies the demeanor and the actions of the boisterous young men and the giddy young girls of the period. He catches fragments of their conversation. He tries to enter into their sphere of thought and ways of looking at things. He asks himself how he may pierce through the crust of their worldliness and indifference. When he discharges the gospel darts the following day, they are apt to go straight home, and that church is in a state of perpetual revival."

Tommy: "Paw, what is the difference between a politician and a statesman?" Mr. Figg; "A heap. While a man's alive and in other people's way he is a politician. After he has been dead thirty or forty years he becomes a statesman."—*Terre Haute Express*.

"Saint: A man with convictions, who has been dead a hundred years, canonized now, cannonaded then."—*Dr. H. L. Wayland*.

The number of qualified voters in the city of New York now exceeds 300,000, which is more than the total vote, cast at the last Presidential election, in either Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, or West Virginia.

### TRUST.

Why, fret thee, soul  
For things beyond thy small control?  
Do but thy part, and thou shalt see  
Heaven will have charge of these and thee.  
Sow thou the seed, and wait in peace  
The Lord's increase.

Canst thou divine  
The miracle of shower and shine,  
The marvel of recurrent spring  
That from the thorn can roses bring?  
The ebb and flow of tides that keep  
Time through thy sleep?

Not one of these  
But balks thee with its mysteries!  
Give, then, thy labor to an end  
Thou canst not clearly comprehend,  
Content that God who knowest best,  
Shall do the rest.

—Kate Putnam Osgood, in *Christian Union*.

Jones, who had been listening to the outpouring of some Congressional Boanerges, said to a friend as he came out into the open air: "Well, that's what I call real oratory."

"But he doesn't understand the English language."

"Never you mind; when I went to school and studied Greek, I read the orations of Demosthenes; he didn't understand English either, and yet they call him a great orator."—*Judge*.

### Mecca of the South.

The special personally conducted Pennsylvania Railroad Florida Tours, have formed the theme for so many conversations with those who have, through their medium, visited the South's mecca, as well as others now contemplating the trip, that their familiarity with the traveling public simply makes it necessary for the company to announce the date of each departure, to insure the "specials" limit, one hundred and fifty persons.

The luxury of traveling in a train composed of Pullman Vestibule Sleeping, Drawing, and Dining Cars, with the watchful and constant attention from the accompanying Tourist Agent and Chaperon, meals en route in both directions free, from a *cuisine* renowned, and the privilege of a two weeks' sojourn south included in the \$50 price of tickets from New York and \$48 from Philadelphia, needs no comment, so liberally does it appeal to lovers of comfort and luxurious travel. The second tour left Broad Street Station January 21st, and upon its arrival at Jacksonville, the sun-bronzed passenger of the first tour will board the train for home. The departure of the third of the series is fixed for Tuesday, February 4th, a time of the year when southern travel is heaviest. Itineraries, details, and all information can be had at the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket offices, or by direct communication with S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York, or W. W. Lord, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

## SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

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CONSUMPTION

2-17-07

## Correspondence.

From Nanticoke, Md.

DEAR BRO.: We have been "gripped" severely. We can produce garden truck and fruits, oysters and fish, in abundance; but for the last three weeks, "la grippe" has well stocked the people, in the ratio of about 2 to 3, which we think an over abundance in distribution, as well as in quantity.

This season of the year, the oyster question takes precedence of all other questions, among our laboring classes. Over them, the oyster sits enthroned. There have been the usual number of "box-socials," "oyster suppers," etc., held in the interest of benevolent causes, but they have failed to "pan out," as well as formerly. We wish you would suggest some new device, to start the springs of generous giving in men's breasts; something that will everlastingly hold good.

Our pastor, Rev. D. F. Waddell, D. D., seems to lose no power and force, in expounding the Word. There now; I have let the secret out. Well, the Doctor has fairly won his laurels; having pursued a course of study in the National University, Chicago. More anon.

Yours,

E. J. R.

## Reflections.

Dear Brother.—The roll of time, with its inevitable changes in the natural and social spheres, is very apt to bring others in the business departments; some by the laws of the case, and others by the caprices or fancies of men; and these last may, to speak gently, be mere matters of taste, and harmless in their effect. Such, it would seem, have happened in the circles of journalism; and *The Peninsula Methodist*, with some of its contemporaries, has switched into this new line, and donned a new form in its weekly issue.

But in the matter of improvement, there are both pro and con sides to the question. It may be admitted, that change is necessary to progress; still things are not always made better by change. In reference to the adoption of new measures, one of the older statesmen made himself heard in the halls of congress, by repeating the statement, with an emphasis of warning, "Mr. Chairman, change is not always reform!" The new shape assumed by *The Peninsula Methodist* is not a question of magnitude, its columns can still teem with choice intelligence, and sparkle with the same genius, whatever may be its shape; and in the course of time, it can put on another form, or return to its former garb; but so far as the shy pen of this correspondence is concerned, the preference is given to the paper's former self. For purposes of preservation and binding, the new may be better; but for the convenience of the current and ready reader, the old style is much to be preferred.

Here it may be apropos to remark, that the spirit of fault finding is too rife in our generation, and that of eulogy, not always becomingly discriminating. The former may sometimes be used for purposes of selfish antagonism, the latter to secure personal favors; either case deserving disdain. First at this point it may be said, that it is generous, to allow freedom of opinion and of its expression in the press, even in matters of high importance, and surely it will not be condemned, when well taken in smaller affairs. But in all cases, those who exercise this liberty should be noble-minded enough, to differ with editors and correspondents, giving no quarter to their views, if unsupported by evidence, and yet leave every hair of their heads untouched. Truth does not require, that we dislike a man because we cannot accept his views. Shall my antagonist in argument despise me, because I contest his opinions? Fair play, ye followers of Wesley of Luther, of Paul, and of the Lord Jesus! Did the Saviour hate the sinner, because he denounced his sins? Was the apostle the enemy of those to whom he wrote, because he told them the truth? The temperance question, and other points of law and order, are matters of great importance; but is it not manly, to allow freedom of opinion in debate? If not, farewell to all honest discussion. Shall the reign of terror dominate the press, and lay an embargo upon the thoughts and utterances of men? Bright genius of civil and religious liberty utter thy protest!

Ye men of the tripod, and of the quill, take a clear view of the field! Proper discrimination is the caution of wisdom. To get engrossed over minor points, sometimes allows the major to escape the view. To be as wise as serpents and harmless as doves," is the divine Teacher's admonition, and it is sure to be neglected, with mischief to follow, when anyone attempts to be "wise above what is written," or exercises zeal without knowledge."

SIRE.

EDITOR'S NOTE. We repeat, what we have said again and again, that the *PENINSULA METHODIST* invites discussion of all moral and religious topics, with all possible liberty of opinion. It is at least, a *misunderstanding*, for any one to charge us, with any disposition to proscribe debate. Come on brethren; give us your best thoughts on temperance, Sabbath-keeping &c.

Anacostia, Washington, D. C.

MR. EDITOR.—I have noticed, there have been many changes in 1889, on sea and land. During this year, my kind father passed away from this troublesome world, and has gone to live with Jesus; leaving behind him, five sons and two daughters who are all trusting in the Lord. My mother, who also survives him, is a member of

the Methodist Episcopal Church; as was my father. I gave my heart to God when I was fifteen years old, and never have regretted doing so. I have been attending churches in the country and in villages, and have not seen but four young men, of my age, who were trusting the Lord; this seems strange, as the gospel has been preached to them time and again.

In our revival meetings here, this winter there was one soul saved. We had good attendance, and good behavior, and the preaching was enough to melt any sinner's heart.

I live two miles from the church, in which class meetings which I love are held every other Sunday morning, our leader living in Washington.

I heard a good sermon, not long ago, from the text, "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, as the shadow of a great Rock, in a weary land."

Being impressed by my observations during the past three or four years, that our time on this earth is short, I think it is well, that everybody so live as to be ready to go, whenever the summons may come.

I am glad to feel sure, I am safe within the shadow of the great Rock.

May this letter be as good seed, sown in good ground, producing much fruit.

OWEN B. RICE.

Jan. 25, 1890

From Rock Hall, Md.

What is the matter with Rock Hall? We have not seen anything in the *PENINSULA METHODIST* for a long time, about our part of God's vineyard. So I propose to answer the above query, in part at least, through your valuable paper, if you have no objection.

In the first place, however, allow me, Bro. Thomas, to congratulate you, on the change recently made in the *PENINSULA METHODIST*. It is a grand one indeed, and I have more than once wondered why you did not make such a change long ago. The heading is beautiful, and the dress is neat and attractive. The change will be a great incentive to enlargement of the subscription list, if the present subscribers will not be too selfish. We ought to pass the paper around, from one to another, and everyone of us try, to get at least one new name to add to the list. God bless you in your work; and may the *PENINSULA METHODIST* get brighter and better, as the years roll by!

Now for an answer to the query, at the commencement of this letter. The past year has been with us, a very remarkable one, in the fact, that it has been a profitable year to the watermen of whom our church and neighborhood are mostly composed, and a very unprofitable one to our farmers. Our church has been spiritually active; many of the converts in last winter's revival, nobly weathering the blasts of the enemy; and front ranks of God's redeemed. Our class meetings (thank God, for old-time Methodism in our church!) have been largely attended, as well as the prayer-meetings, the school exercises; clear down to the anniter, the Lord Jesus Christ, on which morning, at six o'clock, an impressive service was held, consisting of Bible reading by the pastor, prayer, and testimony; by everyone bearing witness to the goodness of God, in making the year the best of their

lives. In the evening, we commemorated the birth of Christ; using J. O. Foster's Christmas service, "Tidings of Joy;" after which confectons were given the scholars, and presents exchanged between teachers and scholars.

Among the pleasant incidents of the holidays, were the presentation of an Oxford Teacher's Bible, to Bro. Wm. N. Ayres, superintendent of the school, and a fine Church Hymnal to Miss Maggie Hersch, our efficient organist.

A large congregation attended our Watch-night service, consisting of addresses, prayers, and renewed consecration to the work of the church. The Sunday night following, our protracted meeting began; and though there have not been many sinners converted, yet the members of the church have profited greatly. Some who have tried to work their way to the celestial city, independent of the church's help, have renewed their allegiance to Christ and his Church, and it is encouraging to see them so truly penitent, and so earnest to retrieve, as far as possible, the errors of the past. God bless and keep them! They have weighed heavily on our hearts, for a long time; but thank God, their prospects for the future are bright.

Our fourth quarterly meeting was held Sunday night, the 20th ult.; presiding elder France delivering a powerful sermon to an overflowing congregation; many after having to go away, because they could not find room. Two conversions crowned the evening service. Monday morning conference was held; the stormy weather preventing a large attendance. The reports of pastor and various committees were encouraging; showing progress along all lines, with a few exceptions. While we were not as well up in our finances, as we would like, we are confident that our people will come up before conference, as they have done heretofore. An enlogistic paper was read, and adopted by the conference, in reference to our beloved pastor, Rev. Newton McQuay and his noble companion, who have labored with untiring zeal and devotion, since they have been among us, and well deserve our highest commendation. As this is their fourth year, it is likely they will be sent to another field next year. If they are not returned to us, I pray that their lot may be cast in pleasant places and among a people worthy of them. The pastor's nominations for the official boards, were confirmed, without a jar or hitch; the brethren accepting responsibility nobly, and showing their readiness to obey the call of God and the Church.

I don't think our pastor could have made better selections. Should he not be returned, his successor will find a set of willing workers in the different boards of the church, having for their motto, "For the glory of God, and for the good of men."

The Mite Society has done a grand work during the year; adding many things, for the comfort of pastor and family, in and around the parsonage.

The W. C. T. U., are thoroughly alive on the burning question of the day, under the inspiring motto, "God, and home, and native land." Recently, a branch of the Union has started here, which is becoming strong in numbers, and I hope is destined to be a power for good in the cause of pure morals and holy living among all classes.

The temperance question is a live one in this section; and we intend to keep it a live question, God helping us, until not only



every open grog-shop, but also all liquor clubs and jug brigades, shall become defunct. What we need is a thorough education on the temperance issue. I like Bro. T. O. Ayres' suggestion, in the PENINSULA METHODIST of Jan. 14th, entitled "Political Temperance." The temperance question ought to have a broad discussion, in all our Church papers, without fear or favor, because from the religious press only can we have the whole truth on this subject; secular papers being more or less one sided, and striving for party advantage or some selfish end. What a shame! How it ought to stir us to action, that rum is playing such sad havoc with the people of this beautiful land of ours. Seventeen millions in the Christian Church, if of one mind and one heart in opposition to the rum demon, might say to it with authority, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther." God help us, to see our duty, and give us grace to do it!

Well, Bro. Thomas, I fear I am tiring you, and consuming too much space in answering my own query, so I will now lay aside for the present, that which is said to be "mightier than the sword," and bid you good-bye, with a "God bless" you and your work.

Yours, for God's glory,  
J. R. RYAN.

Jan. 27, '90.

#### Episcopal Personals.

Bishop Newman attends the Omaha Preachers' Meeting regularly. Monday mornings, and delivers a thirty minutes' talk on some subject useful to the preachers.

Bishop Fowler doesn't tell as many stories as he did before he joined the Episcopal board. But when he does get one off, a party does enough laughing to last him a month.

Bishop Bowman fairly captured the people of Chattanooga by his lecture on India. The *Methodist Advocate* says: "As to the speaker, he can be set against any man of his age, 72 years, for clearness of utterance, flexibility and melody of voice, erectness of pose, force of thought, vividness of description, and freshness of appearance. He would not suffer in comparison with any man. He makes no effort at oratory, and yet he is a fine orator, and can play upon the emotions of his audience at will."

Bishop Mallalieu is in Mexico, and writes us that his post office address until March 1, will be Mexico City, 5 Calle de Guate. He gives eighty acres in Mississippi, on which is Woodland Academy, to the Southern Education Society.

Dr. Aaron Rittenhouse has resigned the professorship of English Literature and History in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., having been elected Secretary of the Pennsylvania Sunday-school Association.

Dr. Adam Miller of Chicago, preached at Centenary church, Chicago, last Sunday, his eightieth birthday.

Bishop Andrews, reached San Francisco, January 22, homeward from an episcopal visitation of the Corea, North China, and Central China Missions, and the Foochow Conference. Reports from these fields indicate that his presence was a benediction to them as his return will be to us.—*Central*.

Bishop Taylor makes an eloquent and thrilling appeal for help to rescue Africa's millions from the grip of the Rum Fiend. Who will respond? Where are the missionaries to volunteer from among Africa's children now in America?

#### An Habitual Drunkard.

The *Christian Advocate* (N. Y.) says the children of Dr. Buell, a wealthy physician of that city, "succeeded in getting his property placed under a conservator, on the ground that he was 'an habitual drunkard.' Several times he has come into Court, declaring that he had reformed, but his probation was continued. At last it is reported to the Supreme Court, by the official referee, that he is no longer an habitual drunkard, and that his property should be turned over to him." Dr. Buckley mentions this, "as a hint to those who have the misfortune to have friends, who, as habitual drunkards, are squandering their property. The law gives them this method of protection. If the case is clear, it is just, and may be a means of reformation." Those who suffer from the wrong-doing of drunkards, whether habitual or occasional, are entitled to every possible protection, and we are heartily in favor of all wise measures that will reduce to a minimum the evil results of the drinker's folly.

The man or woman, who dethrones reason, by drinking to excess, voluntarily disqualifies himself or herself for the exercise of the rights and privileges of a rational human being, and should be dealt with accordingly. Personal freedom, in such cases, must be restrained in the interest of others. A man may have liberty, to drink what he pleases, but he must not have liberty to subject his family and neighbors to the wild freaks of a frenzied brain and inflamed passions.

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## The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, FEB. 2d, 1890.  
Luke 2: 25-35.BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D.  
[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

## JESUS BROUGHT INTO THE TEMPLE.

GOLDEN TEXT: "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel" (Luke 2: 32).

25. *Simeon*—the same name as Simon. Nothing whatever is known of him save what is here recorded. Every effort to identify him with Simeons living at the time, particularly the famous Rabbi Simeon son of Hillel and father of Gamaliel, has failed. See illustration below. *Just* (R. V., "righteous") and *devout*—righteous and religious; keeping the law strictly, and conscientious in the performance of all duties, such as prayer, fasting, almsgiving, etc. *Waiting for* (R. V., "looking for") the consolation of Israel—for the comforter of His people (Isaiah 40: 1), an office and work predicted of the Messiah. Simeon's "waiting" was encouraged by a specific promise. See next verse. *The Holy Ghost was upon him*.—The Old Testament saints were not without those gracious influences which were granted in their plenitude to the followers of Christ. We have here explicit testimony that Simeon was divinely wrought upon, just as was noted in the cases of Zacharias and Mary. His words on this occasion were spoken under prophetic impulse, and the secret of his "just and devout" life was the presence and power of the Spirit.

"Christ was the Consolation of Israel, the Deliverer from enemies, the Saviour from sin, the Light in darkness, the Hope in trouble, the Comfort in death" (Peloubet).

26. *It was* (R. V., "had been") *revealed unto him*—a persuasion which came to him he knew not how, but which carried with it the conviction of absolute certainty. *Not see death*—should not die. For similar expressions see Psalm 89: 48; John 8: 51; Hebrews 11: 5. *The Lord's Anointed*, the Messiah sent by Jehovah. This promise was probably given in answer to earnest prayer, and when Simeon had reached advanced age.

"This revelation is now given to every man, that he need not taste of death till by the eye of faith he may see the Christ of God. He is offered freely. He has come. He waits to manifest Himself to the world" (Barnes).

27. *He came by* (R. V., "in") *the Spirit*—guided by a special impulse of the Spirit. Perhaps he would not at that hour have entered the Temple had he had not been conscious of a divine monition. *After the custom of the law*—bringing the five shekels—redemption, money—and the "turtle doves" or "young pigeons" (v. 24) for sacrifice. Every first-born male child was regarded in the earlier law as a priest, to be separated and set apart for the service of Jehovah. This requirement, which was established because of the sparing of the first-born in Egypt, was compromised by the selection of the tribe of Levi for the service of the priesthood, and by making it a rule for all parents to present their first-born male child for redemption.

"The redemption of the first-born is done away with in Christ, since in His kingdom we are called to be priests unto God, made

so by and in Christ" (1 Peter 2: 9; Revelation 5: 10) (Abbott).

28. *Then took he Him up* (R. V., "received Him") *in his arms*.—He was not content to see; he must hold and embrace the Child for whom he had waited with such a patient and holy yearning. Around that Child's brow no halo was flung, and there was nothing to distinguish Him from another child to the eye of sense, but Simeon recognized Him at once, and without a doubt. *Blessed God*—praised God; offered thanks. His utterance, called the *Nunc Dimittis*, from the introductory words in the Latin version, is, like the *Magnificat* and *Benedicite*, poetic in form.

"How he knew it, we cannot tell; but, as Mary stood presenting her Child, he recognized in Him the 'Messiah of God.' The ceremony over, his full heart cannot restrain itself. Moving towards the young mother, he takes her Babe in his arms, and gives thanks to God in words of touching beauty" (Geikie).

29. *Lord*—better, "master." *Now lettest thou thy servant depart*—now release, or emancipate, Thy servant. Life has lasted long enough with Simeon, now that its chief object has been gained. *In peace*.—His ready to welcome a tranquil exit from life. *According to thy word*.—See verse 26.

"Simeon represents himself under the image of a sentinel whom his master has placed on an elevated position, and charged to look for the appearance of a star, and then announce it to the world. He sees this long-desired star; he proclaims its rising; and asks to be relieved of the post he has occupied so long" (Godet).

30. *Seen thy salvation*.—All that he really saw was a helpless babe; but, being filled with the Spirit, he saw all that that Babe would bring to pass; he saw the work of deliverance already accomplished.

31. *Thou hast said*—made ready. *All people*—both Jews and Gentiles. The "salvation" which Simeon saw was not to be confined to a particular race or age, but to go forth to all lands and endure to the end of time.

"Ever since the fall, God had been preparing this salvation. The whole previous history of the world, with the training of the Jews, the education of the nations, the experiments men made for themselves in religion, was a preparing of this salvation. But it was especially prepared, in what we have studied so far in the life of Jesus" (Peloubet).

32. *A light to lighten* (R. V., "for revelation to") *the Gentiles*.—The "salvation" is here described as a "light," dispelling the darkness of heathendom, driving away all ignorance and error, and shedding abroad the brightness of truth. Jesus is the true Sun of Righteousness. Of Him it was predicted that nations should come to His light and kings to the brightness of His rising. *The glory of Thy people Israel*.—The work of the Messiah—His salvation—would prove to be the true "glory," or "ornament," of His people. There is no beauty like "the beauty of holiness."

"Observe that the illumination of the Gentiles is mentioned, before the glory of Israel; for when the fulness of the Gentiles shall have come in, then all Israel shall be saved (Bede).—Not Moses, David, Solomon, etc., but Jesus; is the glory of the Jewish nation" (Gray).

33. *And Joseph* (R. V., "his father").—Undoubtedly Jesus was popularly regarded as the son of Joseph; and even Mary (in v. 48) speaks of Joseph as His father. "Our

Lord, however," says Schaff, "is never represented as calling Joseph by this title. The use of it, by Luke, in the legal and popular sense, involves no contradiction of his previous statements. To have avoided the term would look like the overcarefulness of an inventor." *Marvelled* (R. V., "were marveling")—and it was while they "were marveling," or wondered, at this confirmation of what the shepherds had told them, that Simeon gave them a special and less hopeful message.

"Their 'wonder' is made more prominent than their faith" (Schaff).

34. *Blessed them*—invoked upon them a solemn benediction. *Said unto Mary*—not to Joseph. *This child is set*—"lies," or "is laid;" the metaphor probably is that of the "stone of stumbling" (Isaiah 8: 14). Jesus would prove either a stumbling block, or a foundation stone. *For the fall and rising again* (R. V., "rising up")—downfall and uprising. According to our present version this describes only one class—those who are first humbled under a sense of sin, and then exalted by faith and forgiveness. But as the word "again" is not implied in the original, the words may refer to two classes—those who stumble through unbelief in Christ, and those who through faith in Him are raised up. Says Whedon: "It does not mean, that those who rise are those who have fallen. Christ is the test, by faith in whom men shall rise, or fall by unbelief. The Jewish nation fell; the apostles, the primitive church, the believing Gentiles rose." *A sign which shall be* (R. V., "which is") *spoken against*—a "sign" indeed, conspicuous and remarkable, but not the kind of "sign" expected or wanted from heaven. No words of prediction respecting Christ have been more exactly fulfilled. Both He, and the truth which He taught have been the mark of calumny and hatred in every century, and thousands to-day reject both.

"Christ brought downfall to the hopes of those, who expected a temporal prince and a political millennium, and ruin to those whose desire for the kingdom of God was really a personal ambition for place and power in it, as the Pharisees, and notably Judas Iscariot among His own disciples. He brought 'rising again' to those, who were willing that God should overthrow their plans and ambitions, and accepted from Him the grander gift, of a universal kingdom prepared for all peoples" (Abbott).

35. *A sword shall pierce*, etc.—Mary's motherhood would not be one of unmixed blessedness. She had rejoiced, but she was yet to sorrow; and her heart would be pierced through and through at seeing her Son exalted, and not upon the throne of David, but upon a cross, the object of bitter scorn and hatred. *That the thoughts of* (R. V., "out of") *many hearts may be revealed*.—The moment Christ is preached, every man is compelled to take an attitude towards Him, which reveals the very secrets of his heart. The cross is the touch-stone, which brings to light infallibly the hidden disposition of a man.

"This was conspicuously the result of our Lord's earthly ministry. It brought out latent good, as with publicans and harlots and robbers, rich and poor disciples, gladly; latent evil, as with Pharisees and scribes and rulers. And what was true of his work then, has been true in greater or less measure ever since. Wherever Christ is preached, there is a manifestation of the yearning after righteousness, or their secret bitterness against it (Ellicott).

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## The Brooklyn Divine at Hawarden.

Dr. Talmage, took luncheon and spent the afternoon, Jan. 24, with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle; and the two men had a long talk on religious and political questions. Mr. Gladstone said: "Talk about questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can, and will correct everything that needs correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. During the many years I was in the Cabinet, I was brought into association with sixty master minds, and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world, is in bringing the human mind into contact with Divine revelation." Then, placing his hand on Dr. Talmage's shoulder, Mr. Gladstone warmly eulogized the Doctor's Christian zeal, and expressed his great gratification at the marvelous publicity given to his sermons, which are now distributed in all lands and read in all languages.

After luncheon, the two great men linked arms and took a walk over Mr. Gladstone's vast estate; its proprietor commenting lovingly on his wonderful trees, as though they were human beings. He then inquired eagerly, if Americans paid proper attention to tree culture. Dr. Talmage asked Mr. Gladstone, if the cause of Irish Home Rule would be victorious. Mr. Gladstone brightened up, and responded emphatically: "Yes, when the next election comes. It seems to be a dispensation of God that I should be engaged in battle. At my time of life, I should be resting. I never had any option in these matters. I dislike contest: but when Ireland, once the refuge of persecuted Englishmen, showed herself ready to adopt a righteous constitution and do her full duty, I hesitated not a moment to espouse her cause."

As to America, he said: "No one outside of the United States is bound to love it, more than I am. Pointing to numerous beautiful gifts from America, he said, "Everywhere I have practical expression, of the tender thoughtfulness and kindness of the American people."

Toward evening, when bidding Dr. Talmage farewell, Mr. Gladstone said: "Give my highest regard to President Harrison; and express to Mr. Blaine, my deepest sympathy with him, on account of the loss of his beloved son."

"What is an agnostic?" asked Rollo, who was reading something by Huxley. "An agnostic," replied Uncle George, "is a man who loudly declares that he knows nothing and gets mad and abuses you if you believe him. He says he doesn't know anything, but he really thinks he knows everything."—*Burdette*.



## 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.*

### The Curse of Alcohol.

The London paper *Temperance* publishes the following description of the drink curse in England:

The voice of science has laid it down unconditionally, that all the young, and all who are in perfect health, do not need intoxicating drinks, and are better without them. Many of the highest scientific authorities tell us further, that even the moderate use of them is the cause of many painful disorders, and thousands of premature deaths.

In the middle classes, the use of two wines—claret and sherry—is nearly universal; and even in the last few days, the rival venders of these wines, have been telling the world, that each of them consists of strange concoctions, which are the causes of gout and all sorts of gastric disorders. Further we know, by the universal experience of the world, that wherever drinking is nationally common, drunkenness becomes nationally ruinous. And for this reason; alcohol is one of a number of lethal drugs, which have the fatal property of creating for themselves a crave which in multitudes becomes an appetite; an appetite which strengthens into a vice; a vice which ends in disease; a disease which constitutes a crushing and degrading slavery. To myriads of human beings, it creates a needless, an artificial, a physical temptation, which first draws, then drags, then drives as with a scourge of fire. In their helpless misery blind, A deeper prison and heavier chains they find, And stronger tyrants.

Aristotle said of human nature, generally, that "We are prone rather to excess, than to moderation;" but this natural propensity, this fatal bias, this original sin, is infinitely strengthened, when it works not only as a moral impulse, but as a physical law. No drunkard, since time began, ever meant to be a drunkard. To be a drunkard means nothing less than awful shipwreck of mind and body, the curse of life; the agony of conscience, the obliteration of nobleness and hope.

Why, then, are there 600,000 drunkards in England? Why is it, that through drink, we have seen "the stars of heaven fall and the cedars of Lebanon laid low?" The flood was scarcely dried, before Noah, discovering drink, introduced into his own family and among mankind, a curse and an infamy,

Which since hath overwhelmed and drowned  
Far greater numbers on dry ground,  
Of wretched mankind, one by one,  
Than e'er before the flood had done.

In the gloomy cell of an Indian jail, a number of prisoners were listening to a gentleman, entreating them to study the Scriptures. Wishing to ascertain if they possessed the precious volume, he put the question, "Have any of you the Bible?" After a pause, a soldier, under sentence of death for murdering a black man, broke the silence, and, amidst sobs and tears, confessed he once had a Bible. "But," said he, "I sold it for drink. It was the companion of my youth; I brought it from my native land. O, if I had listened to my Bible, I should not have been here!"

We are willing to see all our women at work, and to organize their forces, but we want no nuns, no nunneries, no "mother superior" in all our Methodism. We are willing to grant all that is claimed for Roman Catholic sisters; we are willing to say they are self-sacrificing in their devotion to the Church and their order, and to give them the honor due to all true and noble women, but we think and say, not one of them is any better than the Protestant girl, who in a different way devotes her life to others. Our own mother is just as good and pure and true, as any "mother superior" in any convent on earth. She has more nearly fulfilled the end of woman's being, in meeting the claims of the Church, the world, and society. She has been an affectionate and dutiful wife, borne children, nourished and trained them in the Lord, entertained strangers, used hospitality without grudging, visited the sick, and ministered to the needy, and for more than fifty years, has stood by her husband, and encouraged him in his work as a preacher. To-day, she loves Christ and his Church and humanity, as never before, and is ready for the Master's call. There are millions of women in Protestantism—mothers, wives, and sisters—as good as any nun on earth. We see them every day. They are in all our churches.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*

The *Chronicle* gives some statements from Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., in reference to education in Alaska. There are 10,000 children, and about 1,500 in schools. More schools are needed. The people are teachable, but whiskey is free, notwithstanding the positive prohibition of the law by Congress. The officials take no pains to enforce the laws. That is, of course, discouraging. Dr. Jackson is going to Washington.—*California Christian Advocate.*

### A Good Appetite

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### Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.				
	QUAR. CON.	PREACHING.		
	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.

Charge.	Date.	S. Service.	Quar. Conf.	
	FEB.			
Seaford,				
Dec. 31	2	10	F.	7
Cannon,	1	2	S.	10
Milford,	9	10	M.	7
Ellendale,	8	9	S.	2
Lincoln,	9	10	M.	9
Georgetown,	15	16	F.	7
Harbeson,	15	16	S.	10
Millsborough,	15	16	S.	2
Lewes,	21	23	F.	7
Nassau,	22	23	S.	10
Milton,	23	24	M.	7
	MARCH			
Dover,	2	10	Th.	7
Camden,	1	2	S.	10

JOHN A. B. WILSON, P. E.

### SALISBURY DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

CHARGES.	QUAR. CON.	QUAR. MEETING.		
	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	4	10
Laurel,	14	7	16	10
Concord,	15	3	16	10
Annamessex,	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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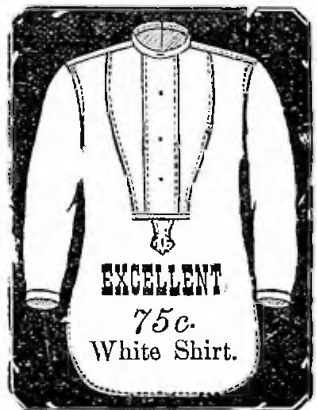
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1-6m





## Conference News.

**SILVERBROOK.**—While our grief at the loss of little Helen Hyrons, a very attractive child, was still fresh, the wedding bells were rung for the marriage of our pastor's daughter, an excellent young lady, of fine social qualities, to Mr. George Vanddyke, one of Silverbrook's worthy young men, and a member of the church.

Scarcely had these cheerful sounds died away, when death came again and snatched away another beautiful life, that of a Sunday-school scholar in the class of sister Katie Morris. Her funeral services were very sad, and the grief of the parents very great, at the sudden transfer of their only child from earth to glory. But, leaning hard on Jesus, they got the victory. The pastor, Rev. C. K. Morris, spoke tenderly of the child, of her love for those at home and for the Sunday-school; after reading a portion of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and admonishing the congregation to prepare for death, so as to be ready whether it come slowly or suddenly. Turning to the grief-stricken parents, he comforted them, with the hope of meeting their little darling again. The choir, Bro. Coley, leader, rendered beautiful selections.

When Bro. Chas. A. Foster, a former superintendent of the Sunday-school, and one of the pioneers of the church, spoke touchingly of his acquaintance with this little child; having been specially drawn towards her by her readiness to learn Scripture verses. A beautiful flower has bloomed in this earthly garden for a brief season, but has now been transplanted to the Paradise of God, to bloom forever.

**WESLEY M. E. CHURCH.**—The early progress of this church was very slow, and attended with much opposition; now however, under her efficient pastor, Rev. W. G. Koons, her faithful officary and earnest membership, she is making rapid strides in prosperity, recognizing God as their leader. Filled to overflowing with large congregations, the church will soon have to enlarge its borders.

Bro. Koons preached a very earnest sermon on the "Burning Bush;" the people catching the spirit, and responding in loud amens. At the close of his sermon, he called on Bro. Porter, one of his leaders, to pray; after which Bro. Kelley from Union gave a very spirited exhortation, reminding us of our experience as a boy, when the preacher after preaching withunction, would call on a local preacher or exhorter, to clinch the sermon, in the name of the Lord."

**CENTENNIAL.** Asbury's infant child, is growing, and God is blessing the work of Rev. J. D. C. Hanna, the pastor, the local brethren, exhorters, and laymen. The Sunday-school is gaining in numbers and interest; six persons have been added to the church by conversion in the present revival. In the following homes, the Lord is honored in special religious meetings; Bro. Matthew McGarvey, 319 E. 8th St., every Monday, 7.30 p. m.; and Bro. Henry Webb's 507 west Front st., every Thursday, 7.30 p. m. Grand meetings with manifestation of gracious power, are held in these homes.

### Memorial.

The following is sent us by Bro. Wilcox: Whereas, During the last quarter, the circuit and church at Farmington, Del.,

has sustained a serious loss in the death of Bro. James Rust. Therefore

Resolved, 1. That in the death of Bro. James Rust, the church has lost one of the oldest, most devoted, and most faithful of her members and officers.

2. That, though he is gone, his works do follow him, and the community will long feel the influence of his blameless life, his sterling integrity, and his faithful devotion to all the interests of the church;

3. That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the quarterly conference record, and a copy be sent to his family, and that copies be sent to the county papers for publication.

JNO. A. B. WILSON, P. E.  
GEO. W. WILCOX, pastor & sec'y.  
Jan. 21, '90.

Sunday, Jan. 19th, the M. E. church, known as White's, on Farmington circuit, G. W. Wilcox, pastor, was re-opened with appropriate exercises. Rev. T. L. Price, of Harrington, Del., preached a very interesting sermon, to a large congregation. The building has been nicely painted outside, the interior walls have been papered and the woodwork re-painted, making it much more comfortable and attractive; and the people are rejoicing in the fact that all the improvements have been paid for.—*Denton Union.*

At the fourth quarterly conference for Denton charge, a resolution was adopted, assuring their pastor, Rev. I. N. Foreman, of the Christian sympathy felt by his people for him in his protracted illness, and of their earnest purpose to stand by him in his affliction. Arrangements, we learn, have been made for supplying Bro. Foreman's pulpit, until he shall have recovered his usual health.

**GALENA, MD.**, I. G. Fosnocht, pastor, writes: Our extra meeting, which was suspended for a few weeks, on account of the prevailing epidemic, was resumed, Sunday night, 26th ult., Rev. W. F. Pitman, a very cordial Presbyterian brother rendered me some assistance. Will keep you posted, should any extraordinary work break out.

### Asbury and Centennial.

Pastor Hanna preached two effective sermons Sunday Jan. 19; one on temptation, and the way of escape, and the other, on a foolish bewitching world, and how to be delivered therefrom.

The Centennial Sunday-school is growing in interest. Sister Stimmler's adult female Bible class steadily increases; also those of Mr. Stockell and Mr. Burns, and Mr. Perkins' infant class.

Our old time experience meeting at 3.30 p. m., is a precious means of grace; and burning words of testimony are given there every Sunday. The song service, 7 p. m., and preaching at 7.30 p. m., are very interesting. Dr. Simms preached Monday evening. Two precious souls have been converted and joined Bro. Noah Cunningham's class, that meets every Tuesday evening.

The holiness meeting in FLETCHER HALL, led by Bro. A. Sergeant, is held every Saturday at 7.30 p. m. Saturday week Bro. Sergeant read a portion of Scripture, and commented on it; urging very effectively that a holy life was the best thing to disarm opposition, and to convince the world of the reality of religion. Bro.

Merritt, Bro. Chance, Sister Low Faud Bros. Hodson, Harkness, Leonard, Foster, and others, all testified of the precious things of salvation, and rejoiced in the power of the Lord; and thus closed a successful meeting.

**PREACHERS' MEETING,** in Fletcher Hall, last Monday, D. H. Corkran presiding; R. Irving Watkins, secretary; devotions led by C. A. Grise. An invitation to attend "Grace Jubilee," was presented by the pastor, Rev. Jacob Todd.

The order of the day being taken up, Rev. T. Snowden Thomas made an address on "The Temperance Question," especially in its legal aspects, after which remarks were made on the address and the topic, by Bros. Stengle, VanBurkalow, Collins, Todd, Scott, and Houston.

Curators reported for next Monday, Feb. 3, a sermon by Rev. A. P. Prettyman, pastor of Chester-Bethel.

Adjourned with benediction by Presiding Elder Murray.

Rev. A. D. Davis, of Roxanna charge, in a business letter to this office, adds the following, "Because of 'la grippe,' we were compelled to close our meeting at Bethel, at the end of the fourth week. We had a grand success however; the church was greatly quickened, and seventy three persons professed conversion, most of whom will be saved to the church.

Two hundred and nineteen persons have professed conversion on this charge, the present conference year, and we are praying for greater showers of blessing to fall on us yet, before conference. Bro. Galloway has engaged to help me, in a meeting to commence in Roxanna, the first Sunday in March. Prayer for us!

The Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will meet at the Book Rooms, corner Fifth avenue and Twentieth street, New York City, Wednesday, February 12, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m.

A. SHICKLE, Chairman.

The meeting of the Epworth League board of control at Chicago, Feb. 6, will attract wide attention.

Rev. Vaughan S. Collins, president of Wilmington district Epworth League is a member of this board, for the sixth General Conference district.

If you have not already organized a league, write for literature to Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, and send word to your district organizer, that you would like him to come over and give you a start.

Edward B. Perry, the great blind pianist, will give under Academy auspices, a recital in the Court House Hall, Dover, Del., on the evening of Feb. 5th, 1890.

Rev. W. J. Stevenson, D. D., pastor of Ebenezer M. E. Church, Reading, Pa., has been cordially greeted by his many friends, during his visit to our city, on the occasion of the "Grace Jubilee." Dr. Stevenson has given Wilmington Methodism eight years of pastoral service; three years in charge of St. Paul's, from 1863-1866, and five years in charge of Grace; from 1866-1868, and again, from 1877-1880.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, editor of *Zion's Herald*, is making a tour through the South with the purpose of examining our educational institutions and of studying the race question on the ground.

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### Overcoats

### Overcoats

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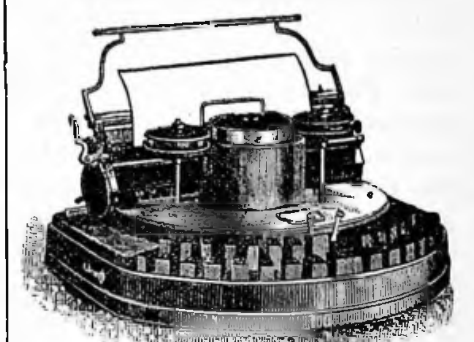
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MISS E. J. BENHAM.  
References { Rev. Jacob Todd, D. D.  
Rev. A. N. Kelgwin. 4-6m

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OUR SERIAL STORY  
Blanch Montague,  
OR  
WHY WAS IT?

By CAUGHEY.

CHAPTER V.—BLANCHE MONTAGUE.

We must now return to the beautiful girl, whom we left, retiring from the beach with her father, at the close of the preceding chapter, and whom we now introduce to our readers, as Miss Blanche Montague.

Nature had richly endowed her with rare personal charms. A fine physique a beautiful face, and a bright intellect, were her birthright.

Her father and mother, both Christians, had carefully taught their children in early youth, the beautiful precepts of the Gospel of Christ; and the triumphant death of their mother, had made so profound an impression upon Blanche's mind, that in the following spring, she sought and found, in her own experience, the Christ of her mother's faith. At once uniting her self with the Church, she developed rapidly, in religious character, under the watchful care of her father, and the fostering interest of Christian friends; growing up into a beautiful woman, physically, mentally and morally.

Christopher Montague, her father, had devoted himself to the rearing and training of his motherless children; and well did they reward his patience, and loving devotion. Horace, his only son, had graduated with the first honors of his class, and was now just entering business life; while his only sister, Blanche, had reached the last year of her school life. When she came home, for her summer vacation, she threw herself into her father's arms, exclaiming, "one more year, dear papa, and I shall come home to stay, to be with you always, and then I will show you, what a nice little housekeeper I can be."

Her father kissed her fondly, and as he pressed her to his bosom, tears came into his eyes, and a half smothered sigh escaped his lips.

Blanche started up in surprise. "Why! papa, what is the matter, she exclaimed, are you ill?" "It is nothing," he said cheerily, "and I am half ashamed of these tears; but my heart is tender; I have never been quite the same, since I lost your beautiful mother, and the thought that I may some day lose you, for the moment overcame me. But it is past now, and I will try not to think of it again, until I am compelled to, for the thought always gives me pain."

Blanche looked troubled, as she said "I don't understand you, papa. I am

not going to leave you. You are not going to lose me. I am young, and strong and I am going to live, and be good, for your sake; and as far as possible, fill my dear mother's place in your home, and try to help you forget every sorrow, and be always happy."

"No, Blanche," he said; "I do not think you are going to die; you are in perfect health, and I have never had any reason to fear that death would rob me of you, soon; but, my child, you are a part of the great world of women, the noblest and best of God's creation. Your sex gives you a special mission, and you have a high destiny to achieve. If you fail in this, you frustrate the great purpose of your being. You are no longer a child, you will soon be called upon, to take your place in the great world, and in your own home, will wear the glorious crown of wifehood and motherhood."

This was the first time, Mr. Montague had spoken to his daughter of the future before her, but he felt it was his duty to do so now. She was fast developing into a lovely young woman; and he knew that admirers would soon be seeking her society, and various temptations would appear in her path. He dreaded to have her go forth, entirely at the mercy of those whose false and idle notions might make her life a failure. As she had no mother to counsel her, now, her father resolved to be entirely frank with her; and dwelling upon the character and mission of woman, and her proper sphere in the world, he referred to her half orphaned condition, and the loneliness in which she would be left, in the event of his death. He also spoke of the desolate life of many, who have never married; eulogizing the home, as woman's noblest sphere.

"Eden," he said, to quote a greater divine, "is gone, forever gone. Her flowers have withered; her beauty has fled; her purity is sullied; her glory is departed. There is but one fragment of that Eden left, and that is the marriage rite. It has floated down to us, through the ages, and is the brightest ray that falls across the sin-darkened threshold of man's home to-day."

Blanche listened to her father, with mingled wonder and alarm. It seemed so strange, to her inexperienced heart. The thought of loving anyone but her father, and of marrying and having a home apart from him, had never entered her mind. Her firm resolve was to make the most of her school privileges, and then to return to her father, to be the light of his home; thus rewarding his love and generosity, by devoting her life to his happiness.

What her father had said, seemed like a cruel blow paralyzing her hopes, and darkening her bright visions of the future.

She sat for some time in silence. At last, rousing herself and flinging her arms about her father's neck, she sobbed out: "O papa! I don't want to leave you. I don't love any one else. I don't want to love any one else. I don't want to be married and leave you. I am so happy with you, it would make me miserable to marry, if I had to leave you."

The tears that chased each other down her cheeks told her father, how truthfully this pure and gentle girl had spoken.

Looking at her for a moment, and putting back from her fair brow, the wavy tresses of her golden hair, he kissed her again and again, and said, "there, daughter, dry your tears, I did not mean to distress you. It will be several years yet, before I'll be willing to have you marry any one. Besides, it may be a good while, before any one, whom I would be willing to have you marry, will seek your hand. Indeed, I know but few men, into whose care, I would consent to place such a treasure as you."

Blanche looked up into her father's face, and a mischievous smile played about her beautiful mouth, as she archly said, "and pray, dear papa, what sort of a specimen of humanity, must the man be, whom you would have me marry? Must he be handsome as Apollo, rich as Croesus, wise as Solomon, pious as Job, and as jovial as Mark Twain?"

Her father was delighted to see the wonted cheerfulness of his daughter returning, and laughingly replied, "No, my child, I am not anxious for you to marry an exceedingly handsome man, neither would I care to have you wed with one excessively homely, for a grotesque physique is often indicative of a mis-shapen and ill-balanced temperament. Neither would I require him to be rich. Wealth is a good thing, under proper circumstances, but riches alone will not bring happiness. True nobility of character, a sound mind, and good health, are better than gold."

As to his wisdom, piety, and good nature, I would require neither a Solomon, a Job, nor a Twain; but a man of sufficient culture, refinement, piety, and geniality, to be your equal.

Thus did Mr. Montague and his daughter talk together, the first evening after her return from school, as they sat together in the large, cool sitting-room of their beautiful home, Rosedale, in the suburbs of Rockwell.

A fortnight later, Mr. Montague and his daughter, left their home in the city, and in company with Horace, having the remotest thought, this trip to the sea side, would have so great an influence upon their future destinies.

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S THE USE?

If you meant to catch a robin,  
And instead you get a crow,  
Is there any use in whining,  
In lamenting and repining,  
Now I really want to know?

If you thought you had an orange,  
And it proved a lemon sour,  
Would it change the acid flavor  
To a sweet and pleasant savor,  
If you scolded for an hour?

If a friend should prove unfaithful,  
That you thought was leal and true,  
Can you win him back by fretting  
At your comrades, quite forgetting  
They have not played false to you?

Will it ever lighten trouble,  
Ever help you in disgrace,  
Will it make you strong and able,  
If you, like the man in fable,  
Spoil your nose to spite your face?

Sighing fills no purse with dollars;  
Weeping neither makes nor mends;  
If to-day we court Dame Sorrow,  
She will clasp us fast to-morrow,  
While we search in vain for friends.

So we'll keep our faces cheery;  
We will crush our sorrows dumb;  
And with strong hearts for life's  
burdens,  
We will win sweet Heaven's guerdons,  
Taking each howe'er they come.

—Annie M. Libby.

1. Dr. Pierson knows his Bible, and he preaches from it. That Bible of his is a personal book. In years of study, he has prepared it for use. That is indeed a wonderful Bible. The margins are written over in a most clear and handsome hand, with exegetical notes, explanations, and illustrations; so that there is scarcely a page that does not contain some suggestive interlineations. Dr. Pierson knows his Bible, and uses it in preaching, as we have not heard any other minister. Here is very largely the secret of his power with an audience. He is all the time bringing forth from the word, "things both new and old." He is a specialist with the Scriptures. Why not? Is not this the one theme that the minister is called to know and declare?

2. He knows men. He has mixed with men. He has evidently seen, touched, and handled them, in all situations in life. He knows, therefore, like the skilled physician with his remedies, how to apply the truth to human necessities and conditions. It is said of the ideal preacher, that "he knew what was in man." This is a most essential qualification, in order to practical and successful ministrations from the pulpit. For lack of such close and hearty sympathy with the hearer, very much even of thoughtful preaching fails of interest and helpful application. The "why of it," therefore, with Dr. Pierson, is that he knows his Bible, and he knows men.—Zion's Herald.

A West Point cadet who violates the law against cigarettesmoking, is obliged to pace back and forth, rain or shine, for twelve hours, with a musket on his shoulder.



#### An Error Corrected.

Under this caption, Rev. W. J. Du Hadway, of Scaford, Del., writes the following letter to the *Sussex Journal*, which we transfer to our columns, as of more than local interest;

MR. EDITOR:—A correspondent of the *Journal*, in his report of a recent marriage, solemnized by me in the Methodist Episcopal Church of this town, gives the astonishing information that "two, or parts of two ceremonies" were used on the occasion. It is a matter of small importance for me to tell the public, that in this particular instance, your correspondent was wholly mistaken; but, convinced that the error into which he has fallen respecting the matrimonial rite prescribed by the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a common one, I conclude that it is proper to give the public a little information on this subject. The "Form for the Solemnization of Matrimony," like most of the remaining ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church was originally taken from the Book of Common Prayer, and is still almost identical with the form prescribed in that venerable liturgy. But as our ministers are not obliged to use the entire ceremony, and as many persons desire a ceremony as brief as is consistent with validity, a popular notion has sprung up, that the Protestant Episcopal ritual contains something more and something different from that of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But the fact is just the reverse of this, for while our ritual contains all that is found in the Book of Common Prayer, it also contains about two hundred words more; and, then, as extemporary prayer may be used also; the addition is of indefinite length. But a further comparison of these two ceremonies—the Methodist Episcopal and the Protestant Episcopal—will compel the candid critic to accord to the former, excellencies not found in the latter. Our ritual has been revised and improved, since its adoption from the Prayer Book. For example, the rather inelegant expression in the introductory part of the ceremony, "the face of this company," has been changed into the more modern and suitable phrase, "the presence of these witnesses." Again, the improved, ceremony as found in our Discipline makes reference to the original union "in time of man's innocency;" also to the "marriage in Cana of Galilee which Christ adorned and beautified with his presence" and to the fact, that the Scriptures declare marriage to be a type "of the union that exists between Christ and his Church." None of these beautiful and appropriate references are to be found in the original form, as seen in the Book of Common Prayer. But the most inelegant expression of all, which we find in the

original form, is in pronouncing the married pair, "man and wife" instead of "husband and wife," as in our Discipline. The feminine of man is woman, and consistency would require the couple to be pronounced "man and woman," which, however, they are already, without any ceremony. But this little critique is sufficiently long, to convince the reader, that for length and elegance of expression, the "Form for the Solemnization of Matrimony," as prescribed in the Methodist Discipline is superior to any with which it is usually compared in the public mind.

W. J. DUHADWAY.

#### Liquor Signs.

There is one thing we like the Prohibitionists for: they keep the temperance question alive. They are persistent in calling public attention to the great evils that are caused by drink. It is a cursed traffic, and they refuse to let it alone. "Mister," cried a little boy to the keeper of a saloon, in front of which lay a sot, "mister, your sign's fallen down." Prohibitionists will call attention to the sign, and the whisky-seller hates them accordingly. There are many liquor signs, quite as significant as the prostrate drunkard. Some men carry it on the end of the nose, so red and flaming, that a man could almost light his cigar by it. Others display it in blotched faces and bloated forms. There are wan and pale faced wives, in wretched homes, who tremble, when well-known footsteps come staggering through the hall: that's a sign. And there are ragged, half-fed children cowering in terror on the hearth-stone, from which cheerfulness and comfort are banished; that's another sign. It is well that somebody calls attention to these liquor signs, and for that the Prohibitionists deserve credit, even though we may not all indorse the practicability of their scheme of reform.—*Texas Siftings.*

The famous "influenza" is prevailing throughout the country very generally. Along the Atlantic sea board it is worse than elsewhere, both as to the number of cases and fatality. This city has not escaped, by any means, but so far but few, cases have proved fatal. Usually the patient is suddenly seized with a raging fever, severe muscular pains in almost all parts of the body, and general depression. These symptoms continue for a few hours, or days, and then usually pass away. Sometimes the disease runs into lung or bowel troubles, and proves serious or fatal. It is to this generation a peculiar malady.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

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"O, mother, I've done a dreadful thing," said Elsie, coming to her mother with tears in her eyes.

"What have you done, Elsie?" "I've lost Will's silk umbrella."

"Why, Elsie, how came you to do it?"

"I took it down town with me this morning—it sprinkled a little, you know—and I must have left it somewhere, for when I was coming home I missed it."

"And did you go back?" "Yes, I went to every store I had been in, but I couldn't find it."

"Did Will say you might take it?" "No; he never would let me, because he always said I would lose it. I wanted to carry it just once, it was so nice. But, O dear, I wish I hadn't."

"I am very sorry, said her mother, gravely. "It is the first nice one Will has ever had, and I don't know when he will have another."

"No," said Elsie, in great distress, "I'd do anything to give him another, if I could. But I can't, and he'll be terribly angry with me."

"I am afraid he will," said mother, really pitying the little girl for her dread of her brother's anger. "But I guess you deserve it, dear, for taking his umbrella without leave, so you must only bear it as well as you can. We will make a few more inquiries before we tell Will."

The inquiries were made, but the umbrella had fallen into dishonest hands, and was never more heard of.

"You had better tell Will at once, Elsie," said her mother.

"I wish you would tell him, mother."

Her mother was quite willing to make the trouble as light as she could for Elsie, and began watching an opportunity for approaching Will on his best side.

"I don't think it was anything to make a great fuss over," said Will, the same evening, flinging down a book he had been reading.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"This story, about a boy who lost a great prize because of another boy having burnt up some papers without knowing that they were the notes for his essay. It was a dreadful disappointment to him, of course; but when it was once done, and no help for it, what could he do, but get over it the best way he could?"

"But if you try to put yourself in his place, you will see that it must have required a great deal of Christian forbearance to forgive at once the boy who had done the mischief."

"Ho! a boy who amounted to any-

thing, would never think of making a fuss over what couldn't be helped."

"And a really manly, true-hearted boy would take pleasure, in trying to prevent his friend from suffering too keenly over the fact of having unintentionally injured him?" said his mother, more seriously.

"Of course," agreed Will.

"I am glad you think so, for I am going to give you a chance of showing how a boy of that kind, a real boy, not in a story book, can bear a little injury, unintentionally done him."

"What do you mean now, mother?"

"Poor little Elsie is feeling very badly, because of something which she knows will vex you, and I wish, my dear boy, that you would strive to show a spirit of brotherly kindness in the matter."

"What has she done?" asked Will. "She has lost your silk umbrella."

A quick color flew to Will's cheek. "I know it is a very annoying thing,"

went on his mother. "Elsie thinks you will be very hard on her about it, and she has a great dread of your anger. Don't you think, dear, it would be a grand thing, for you to surprise her by speaking kindly about it—by forgiving her fully and freely?"

"What business had she to take it?" said Will, evidently trying to overcome a desire to speak excitedly.

"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge, and she knows it."

Just then Elsie's voice was heard in the hall, and Will arose from the piazza steps on which he had been sitting, and walked quickly around the house and out of sight.

He felt as angry as Elsie had said he would. He had a great liking for the small luxuries, which were scarce in the family. The umbrella had been given him by an aunt who had visited them, and he had taken great pride in the stylishness of its oxydized silver handle and its slender proportions when encased in its silken cover. It had been a small joke with his sisters, that he only took it out when sure it was not going to rain.

It was gone, and he knew that it would be a great relief to his vexation, to pour out his anger upon Elsie, who had no business to touch his high-prized property. He could in fancy see exactly how she would shrink before him, and how the tears would come to her blue eyes—just as she deserved, he declared to himself.

And then came the thought of the boy in the book, who had won the victory over a sense of injury very like to this which was possessing him. This was putting him in his place, sure enough.

Will walked for an hour, under the trees in the old orchard. Better thoughts came to him, through the

gathering shadows of the twilight. What a short-lived satisfaction would there be, in the bitter words which would rankle like thorns in his little sister's heart. What lasting sweetness, in lifting from her the burden of the fear of his severe fault finding.

"I'll wait, till some day I want it, and then I'll ask her where it is, and when she tries to tell me, I'll kiss her and laugh," he said, as at length he turned toward the house.

"But no, I won't. She'll keep on fretting over it, till she knows I know."

"Elsie!" he called at the steps.

"What is it, Will?"

His mother raised her head in anxious attention.

"Bring me my umbrella, please."

"O, Will," came in a faltering little voice, as she walked slowly toward him.

He did not wait for her to go on, but threw his arms around her with a laugh.

"Yes, you'd have a hard time bringing it, wouldn't you? I know all about it, you naughty little thing. If that's what you've been wearing such a doleful face about, these few days, you'd better set your mind at rest."

"O, Will, aren't you mad with me?"

"Not a bit."

"You dear, dear brother, I thought you'd never forgive me."

It was, as he knew it would be, a long time before Will had another silk umbrella. But it will be far longer, before he will forget the satisfaction growing out of the result of the hard-fought battle with himself, a satisfaction to be tasted anew, with every remembrance of his victory.—Sidney Dayre in New York Observer.

THE BOOK OF THE NEW YEAR.

The book of the New Year is opened, Its pages are spotless and new; And so, as each leaflet is turning, Dear children, beware what you do!

Let never a bad thought be cherished, Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile, And see that your faces are windows Through which a sweet spirit shall shine.

And weave for your souls the fair garment Of honor and beauty and truth; Which will still with a glory enfold you, When faded the spell of your youth.

And now, with the new book, endeavor To write its white pages with care; Each day is a leaflet, remember, To be written with watching and prayer.

And if on a page you discover At evening a blot or a scrawl, Kneel quickly and ask the dear Saviour, In mercy to cover it all.

So, when the strange book shall be finished, And clasped by the angel of light, You may feel, though the work be imperfect, You have tried to please God in the right.

And think how the years are a stairway, On which you must climb to the skies; And strive that your standing be higher, As each one away from you flies. —Richmond Christian Advocate.



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### "Progress in Africa.

BY BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.

"The extent of European territorial annexation of Africa, provisional, protective and positive, is quite surprising." "The London Times says, that of the 11,000,000 of square miles in Africa, six and a half millions are attached to some European power, and of the four and a half millions unattached, half lies within the desert of Sahara." See AFRICAN NEWS p. 332.

In its territorial dimensions this progress is enormous, beyond all parallel in the history of land grabbing.

Not to speak now of the motives and methods, by which 6,500,000 of square miles of Africa's soil have been "annexed to Europe," we have to accept the fact, and anticipate the progress that may be expected to follow in two directly opposite lines—the one deteriorative and deadly—the other renewing and life-giving.

The development of material progress, opening the highways of commerce for steam, both by water and by land, will give the right of way to both. These great arteries of commerce, just opening, are already charged to the flood, with rum and gin of the most poisonous and deadly sort.

The development of material progress, opening the highways of commerce for steam, both by water and by land, will give the right of way to both. These great arteries of commerce, just opening, are already charged to the flood, with rum and gin of the most poisonous and deadly sort.

From a single city in Germany the steamers of one steamship company carry to Africa "6,000 tons per month, or 72,000 tons per year." Some of the steamers of another company carry from the same city 10,000 tons per month, or 120,000 tons per year—not gallons, but tons by measurement. These are index facts—mere rills of a Mississippi of rum.

A powerful German line of steamers to the West Coast and to the Congo, a French line, two Portuguese lines, two powerful English lines to the west and southwest coasts, and two more to South and Eastern Africa, besides many ships belonging to private trading companies, aggregating more than a 100 steamships, carry from nearly all the European nations and from England, more rum and gin, than any, if not of all, useful articles of commerce. And the devil is so anxious to implicate our own America in the guilt of this nefarious traffic, that, at this moment, he has a vessel from Boston, sneaking in with a freight of 250 tons of rum.

which, if not checkmated, will precipitate them to a drunkard's hell, beyond the reach of providential intervention or relief.

What can we do?

The difficulty of securing State 'prohibition' in America, and municipal "local option" in England, may indicate the greater difficulty of persuading all the interested States of Europe, to pass an effective prohibitory law for Africa.

In America our progress in effective prohibition is hopeful, though small yet; but our progress in voluntary personal total abstinence is great and growing, and gives promise of widespread prohibition, as one of its own achievements.

This, with the power that gave it birth, and the source of its health and fruitfulness, viz, an open Bible, a preached Gospel, with its churches and school-houses, is the hope of America, and this hope of America is the only hope of Africa.

Holiness people of my country, do you see? Philanthropists of my beloved country, do you hear me? Patriots of my great country—men of mind and might and money—I am sure you cannot be indifferent spectators of this scene? How can we keep out of it? We don't want the African's country, but can we not come to the rescue of the African himself? Can we not, on a scale characteristic of American breadth and genius, adaptability, push and patience, panoplied from heaven for this great work, plant a hundred thousand industrial schools and churches in Africa, and man them, and lay the foundation of Christian communities, composed of saved African natives, well instructed in the Scriptures, and in all the industries essential to the development of a holy, healthy civilization?

My missions in Africa are but in their infancy, and yet we have already several stations entirely self-supporting and have more than a hundred natives, who give good proof of the saving power of God in their hearts, by Christian lives, and by the honest industry of their hands. O my countrymen, will you not help me, rapidly to plant and develop industrial self-supporting schools, and churches in far interior Africa? I know of no plan so well adapted to the wants of Africa, as this. I have left behind, all else that is dear to me, and have given the best end of my life to this work and this way of working. How much will you give for this same work?

Let your gifts be made to God, for Africa, and forward any amounts, small or great, to T. B. Welch & Son, Vineland, N. J., who will acknowledge them and forward to the Treasurer.

My regular annual reports will indicate the onward march of the movement.

STEAMSHIP *Matadi*,  
OFF GRAND CANARY,  
December 11, 1889.

The Romanists make bitter war upon Indian Commissioner Morgan, and superintendent of Indian schools Dorchester. The matter of their confirmation by the senate, has been pending for several days, and will probably be settled before this paragraph reaches the reader's eye. We are sure the nominations should be promptly endorsed, but not nearly so sure that they will be. The burden of the Romanist complaint, is that Morgan is a Baptist, and Dorchester a Methodist, that certain Roman Catholic teachers in Indian schools, have been removed, that the removals would not have taken place had these teachers been Protestants, and that the said Morgan and Dorchester are incompetent to do official duty, because of their prejudice against popery. Both of the officials have made lengthy replies to these charges, which now lie before us. They show the Romanist charges to be utterly false and silly. Dr. Dorchester, in a letter to the secretary of the Indian Right's Association, says:

The truth is, no removals of Roman Catholics were made except under stress of necessity. It would not have been creditable to the Roman Catholic Church, to have had them continue as her representatives in the Indian school service. I gladly recommend the continuance of all, who were creditable in character and efficient in work. The onus was thrown upon us, to remove unsuitable and incompetent persons, or retain them simply because they were Roman Catholics. To have done the latter, would have made our administration a sectarian one. This we could not be party to. We were guilty of no favoritism towards other denominations. More Methodists (I am a Methodist) were removed or recommended for removal by me, than Roman Catholics; but we were not aware of the relative number in each class, until after the work was all done, when we counted up the lists, because our attention

was called to it by the Catholic complaints.

The Indian Rights Association (a purely non-sectarian institution) has investigated most carefully, the charges made against these gentlemen. The secretary writes us, that there is not the slightest reason, for all this fuss. The officials, he says, have done their duty courageously and properly; and have not been influenced by churchy considerations. The Roman church had put in a host of notoriously incompetent teachers, and officials under a former administration, and the new officials found the Indian department so demoralized, and utterly prostituted to the work of Roman proselyting, that something had to be done. That something was done. Hence the Roman Catholic howl. 'Twas ever thus. —Michigan Christian Advocate.

London Truth laments the death of the Bishop of Durham, as deplorably premature. It says, "It is, indeed most sad, to recollect that so great a scholar should have really been prematurely hurried out of life, by the pressure of episcopal work, which any ordinary prelate, could perfectly well have performed." Dr. Lightfoot refused the see of Litchfield in 1867, but accepted that of Durham, twelve years later.

As is well known Dr. Wilbur Fisk and Dr. A. G. Haygood declined the episcopal office among us, and Dr. Buckley says they acted on the hypothesis stated above, that "any ordinary prelate" could perfectly well perform the episcopal work.

This is more complimentary to the non-elect among our brethren, than to those who were successful in the race. With us, however, "episcopal work" seems to include about every thing even extraordinary "prelates" can do—authorship, round-the-world itineraries administrative functions in temporal and spiritual affairs, as well as the indefinite range of duties express, implied, and inferred in the presiding of annual, district, and general conferences; so that for some time to come, as has been the case for the past century, we opine there will be found but solitary instances of brethren acting on the above "hypothesis."

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THE EVER BLESSED NAME.

QUAINT BUT EFFECTIVE PARALLELS BY DR. TALMAGE.

The Very Name of Jesus Has in It a Melody Which Affects the Soul—It Is Wrong to Bestow Harsh Names on Children. There Is Much in a Name.

QUEENSTOWN, Jan. 26.—While the steamer Aurania, from Liverpool, was lying in this harbor a few hours today waiting for the mails, many of the passengers went ashore. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., was among the number, and took advantage of the opportunity to preach. His subject was, "What Is in a Name?" and his text, Philippians ii, 9: "A name which is above every name." The eminent preacher said:

On my way from the Holy Land, and while I wait for the steamer to resume her voyage to America, I preach to you from this text, which was one of Paul's rapturous and enthusiastic descriptions of the name of Jesus. By common proverb we have come to believe that there is nothing in a name, and so parents sometimes present their children for baptism regardless of the title given them, and not thinking that that particular title will be either a hindrance or a help. Strange mistake. You have no right to give to your child a name that is lacking either in euphony or in moral meaning. It is a sin for you to call your child Jehoiakim or Tig-lath Pileser. Because you yourself may have an exasperating name is no reason why you should give it to those who come after. But how often we have seen some name, filled with jargon, rattling down from generation to generation, simply because some one a long while ago happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and enterprises have sometimes without sufficient deliberation taken their nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by the significance of a name. There are men who all their life long toil and tussle to get over the influence of some unfortunate name. While we may, through right behavior and Christian demeanor, outlive the fact that we were baptized by the name of a despot, or an infidel, or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we all could have started life without any such encumbrance. When I find the apostle, in my text and in other parts of his writing, breaking out in ascriptions of admiration in regard to the name of Jesus, I want to inquire what are some of the characteristics of that appellation. And O, that the Saviour himself, while I speak, might fill me with his own presence, for we never can tell to others that which we have not ourselves felt.

First, this name of Jesus is an easy name. Sometimes we are introduced to people whose name is so long and unpronounceable that we have sharply to listen, and to hear the name given to us two or three times, before we venture to speak it. But within the first two years the little child clasps its hands, and looks up, and says, "Jesus." Can it be, amid all the families represented here today, there is one household where the little ones speak of "father," and "mother," and "brother," and "sister," and not of "the name which is above every name?" Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think before we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in which you could forget the Saviour's designation? That word "Jesus" seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble, and tremulous, and

indistinct, still this regal word has potent utterance.

Jesus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it out so loud That heaven and earth might hear.

Still further, I remark it is a beautiful name. You have noticed that it is impossible to dissociate a name from the person who has the name. So there are names that are to me repulsive—I do not want to hear them at all—while those very names are attractive to you. Why the difference? It is because I happen to know persons by those names who are cross, and sour, and stappish, and queer, while the persons you used to know by those names were pleasant and attractive. As we cannot dissociate a name from the person who holds the name, that consideration makes Christ's name so unspeakably beautiful. No sooner is it pronounced in your presence than you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see the loving face and hear the tender voice, and feel the gentle touch. You see Jesus, the one who, though banqueting with heavenly hierarchs, came down to breakfast on the fish that rough men had just hauled out of Genesaret; Jesus, the one who, though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus. Just as soon as that name is pronounced in your presence you think of how the shining one gave back the centurion's daughter, and how he helped the blind man to the sunlight, and how he made the cripple's crutches useless, and how he looked down into the babe's laughing eyes, and, as the little one struggled to go to him, hung out his arms around it and impressed a loving kiss on its brow, and said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Beautiful name—Jesus! It stands for love, for patience, for kindness, for forbearance, for self sacrifice, for magnanimity. It is aromatic with all odors and accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes I see that name, and the letters seem to be made out of tears, and then again they look like gleaming crowns. Sometimes they seem to me as though twisted out of the straw on which he lay, and then as though built out of the thrones on which his people shall reign. Sometimes I sound that word "Jesus," and I hear coming through the two syllables the sigh of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary, and again I sound it, and it is all a ripple with gladness and a ring with hosanna. Take all the glories of book bandery and put them around the page where that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath it on the wall.

Let it drip from harp's string and thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant: "Blessed be his glorious name forever. The name that is above every name."

Jesus, the name high over all, In heaven and earth and sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday school girl, to the snow white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The old man comes in from a long walk, and tremblingly opens the doors, and hangs his hat on the old nail, and sets his cane in the usual corner, and lies down on a couch, and says to his children and grandchildren: "My dears, I am going to leave you." They say: "Why, where are you going grandfather?" "I am going to Jesus." And so the old man faints away into heaven. The little child comes in from play and throws herself on your lap, and says: "Mamma, I am so sick, I

am so sick." And you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, until in some midnight she looks up into your face and says: "Mamma, kiss me good-by, I am going away from you." And you say: "My dear, where are you going to?" And she says: "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek which you thought was the mark of the fever, only turns out to be the carnation bloom of heaven! Oh, yes; it is a sweet name spoken by the lips of childhood, spoken by the old man.

Still further: it is a mighty name. Rothschild is a potent name in the commercial world, Cuvier in the scientific world, Irving a powerful name in the literary world, Washington an influential name in the political world, Wellington a mighty name in the military world; but tell me any man in all the earth so potent to awe, and lift, and thrill, and rouse, and agitate, and bless, as this name of Jesus.

That one word unhorsed Saul, and hung Newton on his face on ship's deck, and today holds 400,000,000 of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England today means more than Victoria, in Germany, means more than Emperor William; in France, means more than Carnot; in Italy, means more than Humbert of the present or Garibaldi of the past. I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, Satan his hard task master, in a bondage from which no human power could deliver him, and yet at the pronunciation of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronounced in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in iniquity, defiant of God, full of scorn and jeer, jocos of the judgment, reckless of an unending eternity at the mere pronunciation of that name blanch, and cower, and quake, and pray, and sob, and groan, and believe, and rejoice. O, it is a mighty name! At its utterance the last wall of sin will fall, the last temple of superstition crumble, the last juggernaut of cruelty crush to pieces. That name will first make all the earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. It is to be the password at every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The red horse of carnage seen in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death, are to fall back on their haunches, and the white horse of victory will go forth, mounted by him who hath the moon under his feet, and the stars of heaven seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion, Austria has been wonderfully depleted in power. France had to surrender some of her favorite provinces. Most of the thrones of the world are being lowered, and most of the scepters of every Bible printed, every tract distributed, every Sunday school class church established, is extending the power of Christ's name. That name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall, and in Siberian snow-corn pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other names. That crown is to cover up all other crowns. That empire is to absorb all other dominations. All empires shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail.

Returning Justice lift aloft her scale; Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend, And white-robed innocence from heaven descend. Still further: it is an enduring

name. you chamber over the fence of the graveyard and pull aside the weeds, and you see the faded inscription on the tombstone. That was the name of a man who once ruled all that town. The mightiest names of the world have either perished or are perishing. Gregory VI, Sancho of Spain, Conrad I of Germany, Richard I of England, Louis XVI of France, Catharine of Russia—mighty names; once, that made the world tremble; once, none so poor as to do them but now, none so poor as to do them reverence, and to the great mass of the people they mean absolutely nothing; they never heard of them. But the name of Christ is to endure forever. It will be perpetuated in art, there will be other Bellinis to depict the Madonna; there will be other Ghirlandjos to represent Christ's baptism; there will be other Bronzinos to show us Christ visiting the spirits in prison; other Giotto's to appall our sight with the crucifixion. The name will be preserved in song, for there will be other Alexander Pops to write the "Messiah," other Dr. Youngs to portray his triumph, or Cowpers to sing his love. It will be preserved in costly and magnificent architecture, for Protestantism as well as Catholicism is yet to have its St. Marks and its St. Peters. The name will be preserved in the literature of the world, for already it is embalmed in the best books, and there will be other Dr. Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity," and other Richard Baxters to describe the Saviour's coming to judgment. But above all, and more than all, that name will be embalmed in the memory of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Will the delivered bondman of earth ever forget who freed him? Will the blind man of earth forget who gave him sight? Will the outcast of earth forget who brought him home? No! No!

To destroy the memory of that name of Christ, you would have to burn up all the Bibles and all the churches on earth, and then in a spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven, and put a torch to the temples and the towers and the palaces, and after all that city was wrapped in awful conflagration, and the citizens came out and gazed on the rain—even then, they would hear that name in the thunder of falling tower and the crash of crumbling wall, and see it inwrought in the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of the Lord on high would be happy yet and cry out: "Let the palaces and the temples burn, we have Jesus left!" "Blessed be his glorious name for ever and ever. The name that is above every name."

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet him in heaven? You know he has many names. Will you call him Jesus, or the Anointed One, or the Messiah, or will you take some of the symbolical names which on earth you learned from your Bible?

Wandering some day in the garden of God on high, the place a-bloom with eternal springtide, infinite luxuriance of rose and lily and amaranth, you may look up into his face and say: "My Lord, thou art the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Some day, as a soul comes up from earth to take its place in the firmament and shine as a star for ever and shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, thou art a brighter star—the morning star—a star forever."

Wandering some day amid the fountains of life that toss in the sunlight in golden and crystalline urn, and you wander up the round banked river to where it first tumbles its silver on the



rock, and out of the chalice of love you drink to honor and everlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, thou art the fountain of living water."

Some day, wandering amid the lambs and sheep in the heavenly pastures, feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the presence of him who brought you out of the wolfish wilderness to the sheepfold above, you may look up into his loving and watchful eye and say: "My Lord, thou art the shepherd of the everlasting hills."

But there is another name you may select. I will imagine that heaven is done. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. Heaven has gathered up everything that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions full. Heaven full. The sun shall set afire with splendor the domes of the temples, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it shall be noon in heaven, noon on the river, noon on the hills, noon in all the valleys—high noon. Then the soul may look up, gradually accustoming itself to the vision, shading the eyes as from the almost insufferable splendor of the noontide light, until the vision can endure it, then crying out: "Thou art the sun that never sets!"

At this point I am staggered with the thought that notwithstanding all the charm in the name of Jesus, and the fact that it is so easy a name, and so beautiful a name, and so potent a name, and so enduring a name, there are people who find no charm in those two syllables. O, come this day and see whether there is anything in Jesus. I challenge those of you who are farther from God to come at the close of this service and test with me whether God is good, and Christ is gracious, and the Holy Spirit is omnipotent. I challenge you to come and kneel down with me at the altar of mercy. I will kneel on one side of the altar and you kneel on the other side of it, and neither of us will rise up until our sins are forgiven, and we ascribe, in the words of the text, all honor to the name of Jesus—you pronouncing it, I pronouncing it—the name that is above every name.

His worth if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.  
O that God today, by the power of his Holy Spirit, would roll over you a vision of that blessed Christ, and you would begin to weep and pray and believe and rejoice. You have heard of the warrior who went out to fight against Christ. He knew he was in the wrong, and while waging the war against the kingdom of Christ, an arrow struck him and he fell. It pierced him in the heart, and lying there, his face to the sun, his life blood running away, he caught a handful of the blood that was rushing out in his right hand, and held it up before the sun and cried out: "O Jesus, thou hast conquered!" And if today the arrow of God's spirit piercing your soul, you felt the truth of what I have been trying to proclaim, you would surrender now and forever to the Lord who bought you. Glorious name! I know not whether you will accept it or not; but I will tell you one thing here and now, in the presence of angels and men, I take him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my life, my joy, my salvation, my heaven! "Blessed be his glorious name forever. The name that is above every name." "Hallelujah! unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen and amen and amen."

One man in six in the British navy is a total abstainer.

**Good Literature.**

Let the following ring and jingle in the ears of all Protestant parents, who are either too stingy or woefully ignorant of the influence of good Christian literature in the home, or have not had the subject properly presented to them by those whose business it is to see that all our families are supplied with good books and periodicals. The subject matter that I wished might haunt Protestant parents, is the following. It is an extract from what Judge Morgan, of the New York Supreme Court, said before the Roman Catholic laymen's congress, held in Baltimore:

"Efforts should be made to promote Catholic reading. It is our duty to support liberally good Catholic journals and books, and acquaint ourselves with Catholic doctrine and opinion on important questions constantly coming to the front and demanding right answers, and just, practical solutions."

"There are comparatively few Catholics who cannot afford the cost of a Catholic journal, or who do not spend more for a story paper or novel than the price of one."

An intelligent reader can read between these lines and see plainly that for the promotion of Catholic "doctrines and opinions" the Catholic Church is depending largely upon its church literature. They are pushing the interests of their own church publications, and as far as they are able will not tolerate Protestant church periodicals in their homes. They believe their church to be right, and they hold up their own church publications.

Is there not a lesson here for all Protestant Christian families? Should they not at least have in their homes one or two of their own church papers? Parents that are able, and have children growing up around them, have but little love for their own church if they fail to take and read carefully one or two of their church papers. Parents should push out all trashy and vicious literature, and have come into their homes once a week a nice, clean, religious, family church paper.

**A Beautiful Example.**

It is rarely that we read anything more touchingly beautiful than the way in which Catherine Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, tried to comfort her own heart and the heart of her husband, after they were suddenly deprived, by death, of "five most blessed little daughters." Other parents, who mourn because of empty cradles and desolate places at the fireside, may be strengthened by their example. Mrs. Tait writes:

Now, constantly with our daily prayers for them, we say the thanksgiving and commemoration: "Lord, thou hast let thy little ones depart in peace."

"Lord Jesus, thou hast received their spirits, and hast opened unto them the gate of everlasting glory."

"The loving Spirit leads them forth into the land of righteousness, into thy holy hill, into thy heavenly kingdom."

"Thou didst send thy angels to meet them, and to carry them into Abraham's bosom."

"Thou hast placed them in the habitation of light and peace—of joy and gladness."

"Thou hast received them into the arms of thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with thy saints in light."

"There they reign with thine elect angels and thy blessed saints departed, thy, holy prophets and blessed apostles, in all joy, glory, felicity, and blessedness, for ever and ever. Amen."—*Christian Guardian.*

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**Communion Wine, un-fermented, for sale at this office.**

Quart Bottles, per doz. \$10.00  
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We also upholster, paint, varnish, polish and repair furniture at moderate prices. We guarantee satisfaction in all our dealings. Remember the place.  
**ALBERT BUEHLER & CO.,**  
513 SHIPLEY STREET,  
WILMINGTON - DELAWARE.

**P. W. & B. Railroad**  
 Trains will leave Wilmington as follows.  
 For Philadelphia and intermediate stations,  
 7:00, 7:45, 8:15, 9:10, 10:30, 11:35 a. m.; 12:30, 2:30,  
 4:40, 7:45, 9:50, 10:35 p. m.  
 Philadelphia (express), 2, 2:52, 4:40, 6:30, 7:50, 8:55,  
 10:07, 11:35, 11:51 a. m. 12:23, 1:35, 2:27, 3:22, 6:28  
 New York, 2:00, 2:52, 4:00, 6:30, 7:00, 10:07, 11:35  
 12:31 a. m. \*12:23, 1:35, 2:27, 4:00, 5:22, 6:28, 7:00, 7:40,  
 8:50 p. m.  
 For Newark Centre, Del. 7:42 a. m., 12:58, 6:21 p. m.  
 Baltimore and intermediate stations, 10:08 a. m. 5:57,  
 8:58 p. m.  
 Baltimore and Washington, 1:28, 4:45, 8:04, 10:08,  
 11:30 a. m. 12:56, \*1:17, 2:52, 4:44, 5:10, 6:30, 7:45 p. m.  
 Trains for Delaware Division leave for:  
 New Castle, 6:00, 6:30 a. m.; 12:55, 2:50, 3:50, 6:25,  
 7:45 p. m. 12:05 a. m.  
 Harrington, Delmar and intermediate stations, 8:30  
 a. m. 12:35 p. m.  
 Harrington and way stations, 8:30 a. m. 12:55, 6:25  
 p. m.  
 For Seaford 3:50 p. m.  
 For Norfolk 12:05 a. m.

**Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.**  
 SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 10, 1889.  
 Trains leave Delaware Avenue Depot:  
**EAST BOUND.**  
 \*Express trains.  
 NEW YORK, week days, \*2:13, \*7:00 \*10:25 a. m.,  
 \*12:03, \*2:45 \*5:15, \*8:45 p. m.  
 PHILADELPHIA, week days \*2:13, 6:00 \*7:00 7:00  
 7:00 \*8:50, 9:00, \*10:25, 10:25 \*11:25 a. m. \*12:18, 1:00  
 \*2:43 3:00, 4:10 \*5:13, 5:25, 6:10 \*6:45, 7:00, 7:50 \*10:13  
 p. m.  
 CHESTER, week days, \*2:13, 6:05, \*7:00 7:00 1:50,  
 \*4:00 \*10:25 10:25 \*11:25 a. m. \*12:03 1:00 \*2:43, 3:00  
 4:10, \*5:13, 5:25, 6:10, \*7:40 7:50 \*10:13 p. m.  
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., week days, \*7:00 a. m.,  
 \*2:45 p. m.  
**WEST BOUND.**  
 BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON, \*5:20, \*8:47,  
 \*11:45, a. m.; 2:45, \*4:15, \*5:15 \*5:37 \*8:15 all daily; 7:40  
 a. m. \*2:10, pm daily except Sunday.  
 Baltimore and principal stations on Philadelphia  
 division 4:50 pm daily.  
 PITTSBURG, \*8:47, a. m. \*5:15 p. m., both daily.  
 CHICAGO \*8:47 a. m. \*8:37 p. m. both daily.  
 CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS, \*11:45 a. m., and  
 \*8:15 p. m., both daily.  
 SINGLERLY ACCOMMODATION 7:30 p. m. daily  
 12:25 a. m. daily, except Monday.  
 LAURENBERG ACCOMMODATION, week days,  
 7:00 11:00 a. m.; 2:45, and 4:55 p. m.  
 Trains leave Market Street Station:  
 For Philadelphia 5:50, 6:40 \*8:30 \*10:55 a. m. 12:43, 2:35  
 3:25, 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 Philadel-  
 phia division 3:25 p. m. daily  
 For Landenberg, way stations 6:50, 10:55 a. m. 2:35,  
 4:5 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,  
 \*8:15, 10:00 \*11:10 a. m. 12:00 noon, 1:40 3:00 \*3:40  
 \*4:41, 4:41, 4:55, 6:30 \*7:40, 10:10, 10:10, p. m. daily.  
 Daily except Sunday, \*6:15 6:10 7:35 a. m. \*1:35, 1:10  
 5:30 11:30 p. m.  
 Rates to Western points lower than via any other  
 use.  
 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.
Wilmington, French St.	7:00	9:25	4:17	5:10
B & O Junction	7:15	2:57	5:02	5:22
Montebello	7:26	2:48	5:16	5:34
Chad's Ford Jc	7:47	3:03	5:40	6:02
Leape	8:10	3:19		6:14
Ar. West Chester Stage				
Lv. West Chester Stage	6:50	2:30	4:55	
Coatesville	8:18	3:55	5:52	
Waynesburg Jc	9:15	4:52	7:30	
St. Peter's	6:50			
Warwick	7:15		4:47	
Springfield	7:27	9:20	4:47	7:47
Joanna	7:33	9:34	4:52	
Birdsboro	7:57	9:56	5:15	
Ar. Reading P & R Sta.	8:30	10:25	5:46	

**ADDITIONAL TRAINS.**  
 Daily except Saturday and Sunday, leave Wilming-  
 ton 6:17 p. m. B. & O. Junction 6:28 p. m. Newbridge  
 6:41 p. m. Arrive Montebello 6:59 p. m.  
 On Saturday only, will leave Wilmington at 6:17 p.  
 a. arrive at Newbridge 6:41 p. m. Leave Wilming-  
 ton 10:15 p. m. Newbridge 10:35 p. m. Arrive Mont-  
 ebello 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.
Lv. Reading P. & R. Station	8:00	9:25	3:15	5:15	
Birdsboro	8:31	10:10	3:45	5:49	
Joanna	8:56	10:50	4:10		
Ar. Warwick	6:00	9:01	10:58	4:15	6:14
St. Peter's			11:12	8:19	
Lv. Waynesburg Jc	6:18	9:15	4:32	6:46	
Coatesville	6:45	9:59	5:03		
Leape	7:41	10:25	5:46		
Ar. West Ches- ter Stage					
Lv. West Chester Stage	6:50	9:30		4:55	
Chad's Ford Jc	7:56	10:37		6:02	
Montebello	8:05	8:24	10:52	6:24	
B. & O. Junction	6:31	8:41	11:10	6:38	
Ar. Wilmington	6:42	8:51	11:20	6:45	

**ADDITIONAL TRAINS.**  
 Daily, Except Sunday.  
 Leave Montebello 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 Montebello 1:10 p. m. Newbridge 1:30  
 p. m. Leave Wilmington 1:53 p. m. Leave Newbridge 7:00  
 p. m. Arrive Wilmington 7:23 p. m.  
 For connections at Wilmington, B. &  
 O. Junction, Chad's Ford Junction, Len-  
 ape, Coatesville, Waynesburg Junction,  
 Birdsboro and Reading, see time-tables at  
 all stations.  
 DOWNESS BRIGGS, Gen'l Passenger Agt  
 A. G. McCausland, Superintendent.

**Western Maryland Railroad, connect-  
 ing 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,  
 Frederick, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechan-  
 icstown, Blue Ridge, Hagerstown, and except Sun-  
 day, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, and points on B &  
 C V R R.  
**DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.**  
 7:15 A. M. - Accommodation for Fairfield, Gettys-  
 burg, Hanover, and all points on B & H Div  
 8:00 A. M. - Mail for Williamsport, Hagerstown, Ship-  
 pensburg, and intermediate points on Main Line  
 and B & C V R R. also, Frederick, Ammitsburg,  
 Martinsburg and Winchester.  
 10:05 A. M. - Accommodation for Union Bridge and  
 Gettysburg.  
 2:25 P. M. - Accom. for Glyndon  
 3:21 P. M. - Express for Arlington, Howardville,  
 Sharville, Owings Mills, Glyndon and all points on  
 Band H Division  
 4:00 P. M. - Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikes-  
 ville, New Windsor, Linwood, Union Bridge  
 and points on Shenandoah Valley R R  
 5:15 P. M. - Accommodation for Glyndon  
 6:20 P. M. - Accommodation for Union Bridge.  
 11:35 P. M. - Accommodation for Glyndon (Reister-  
 town)  
**TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN**  
 Daily - 11:48 A. M. Daily except Sunday - 8:0, 8:42,  
 11 A. M., 12:15, 2:40, 5:10 and 6:07, 6:10, 6:00 P. M.  
 Ticket and Baggage Office 217 East Baltimore st.  
 All trains stop at Union Station, Pennsylvania  
 Avenue and Fulton Stations.  
 M. H. HOOD, General Manager.  
 A. L. REID, Gen'l Pass. Agt.



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**George L. Norris.**  
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 Saws gummed, hammered and sharpened.  
 Also dealer in all kinds of sheet steel, oils, belt-  
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 1200 octavo pages, 400 beautiful il-  
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 First class Peach Trees 4c., best selection for profit; Dwarf Pear  
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