

Peninsula Methodist.

REV. T. SNOWDEN THOMAS, A. M.,
Editor.

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

J. MILLER THOMAS,
Associate Editor.

VOLUME XI,
NUMBER 11.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1885.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
SINGLE NOS. 3 CENTS.

CLING TO THE CRUCIFIED.

Cling to the Crucified!
His death is life to thee—
Life for eternity
His pains thy pardon seal,
His stripes thy bruises heal,
His Cross proclaims thy peace,
His blood is all to thee.
It purges thee from sin,
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean.
Cling to the Crucified!

Cling to the Crucified!
His is a heart of love—
Full as the hearts above—
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee
His countenance is light
Even to the darkest night.
That love shall never change—
That light shall ne'er grow dim;
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.
Cling to the Crucified!

—Horatia Bonar.

Snow Hill in 1835.

It requires little arithmetic skill to determine the number of years between 1835 and 1885, that compass my connection with an Annual Conference. Fifty years in prospect suggests *eternity*,—in retrospect, it is as "an hand breadth." I was sent to Snow Hill circuit in 1835. It was my first appointment by the Bishop. The Methodists of the town had been trying to "glorify God in the fires." A few months before, a fearful conflagration had burned out the heart of the village, and our people were among the chief sufferers. In a few hours was consumed all that industry and economy presented as the product of nearly a life time. The writer when the fire occurred was on Port Deposit circuit, under the Presiding Elder—the late Dr. Matthew Sorin, who had traveled Snow Hill circuit some years before, and knew the condition of the people. Through his intelligence and suggestion, we took up collections to help the sufferers of Snow Hill. North East, as you are aware, Mr. Editor, was at that time in the bounds of the Port Deposit circuit, and I am sure your honored parents sent their contributions to the place so stricken. When in the following April, I reached Snow Hill as my field of labor, I had knowledge of these facts. The late calamity was oppressive. The evidences of desolation were all around me, but "the Spirit did not fail" in our people; the centre of the town was measurably rebuilt. The church was an old frame edifice with a bell. The preacher in charge was William Connelly. He was genial and popular; had excellent health, and a firm voice. He was a sweet singer, and was powerful in exhortation. He was not only zealous to save souls, but was great in building parsonages, and soon showed this skill in Snow Hill. As he, the married preacher lived in the town, most of my time was spent about the country appointments. The junior preacher of the year before was Mr. James L. Houston, of whom I heard so many pleasant things as to tempt the thought that I could never satisfy the people. But God has His own way and Methodism its own plans; I was there by highest authority, and brother Houston had the honor of a station at Elkton. Levi Scott was the Presiding Elder of the Delaware District in

which Snow Hill was comprehended. He was a model man in the office. In the estimate of preachers and people he was never greater. His preaching was distinguished for clearness, soundness and unction, and there was a power that prostrated, roused and quickened the soul. He was an example of all he preached. The leading members of our society were Mr. Dymock, Cord Hazard, George Hudson, Steward Nelson, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Heath, Mr. Townsend, and James L. Compton.

John Handy, of one of the most influential families, and Clerk of the County was not literally a member, but was a constant attendant, and his wife and daughter Maria were among the most devoted ladies in the membership of the church. The late Dr. Stephen Townsend had been a local preacher there, and his family still lived in the town, though he that year had entered the Conference as a probationer, in the class with the writer, and was the preacher on Princess Anne Circuit, filling forty-two appointments in four weeks. The Protestant Episcopal Church had its rector in Mr. Wiley, and the Wesleyan Church had, only a little while before, been served by T. B. Balch, who was distinguished for talent and eccentricity. Many stories were told of him illustrating the latter characteristic but never at the expense of character, or the marring of his influence.

Once, preaching on the man "going down to Jericho and falling among thieves," of course he was at the time extemporaneous, he became very graphic; he represented him as waylaid by men, who concealed themselves in "locks of the fence," with fire-arms ready for the execution of their diabolical purpose, and when the man came within gunshot, off went the weapon of death,—representing the *sound* as well as the *act*. The poor man ran for his life, and from another "lock of the fence" off went another gun, and so on till scared almost to death he fell wounded in the way. Then "they stripped and robbed him and left him half dead." Irving Spence, one of his most cultivated hearers, sat and wondered, and next day, or soon after, called on him and said, "Brother Balch, what did come over you Sunday night. How could you make such a description of that man, and of his attack by his pursuers? Do you not know that gunpowder was unknown, and fire-arms were not invented?" Whereupon poor Balch threw up his imploring arms, and said, "Brother Spence spare me, I know it all, and I am going to stay in my study all the week and fast. 'I will do penance.'" As Solomon Sharp used to say sometimes of himself and of other Methodist Preachers, Mr. Balch had got into the bushes, and he was very much tangled up. But the fact lacks its full force, as when heard through the lips of the naturally witty, and sometimes waggish George Hudson.

Before me is a volume of sermons which he published while pastor in Snow Hill. They are entitled "Christianity and Literature in a series of Discourses"—they show fine taste.

broad culture, and in style may be placed beside Hugh Blair. A Methodist Protestant Church was in process of erection, by the means and energy of Mr. Quinton, a devoted member. Beside the church he was building, he had fitted up a campground with remarkable adaptations to its purposes. A fence surrounded it and there was an imposing gateway. To this camp he invited the most eloquent ministers of the body. Hence came glowing accounts of the sermons of T. H. Stockton, and Webster, the president of their Conference. For the expense of all; Mr. Quinton was responsible. He had no children, and seemed willing to give his last dollar to the cause so dear to him. Indeed, it was said, that he declared, he did not "care if the last johnny cake was on the board, when he died." Ministers of this day do not know the *friction*, to use no stronger word, that was felt when the Methodist Episcopal, and the Protestant Methodist churches were touching each other, all along the line of their labor on the Peninsula. Over the door of one of the Methodist Protestant Churches, I now see, as of yesterday, the words painted, "Be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master. Matt. 23. 8." That motto opens a volume.

The colored people had no church of their own "they worshipped with the whites." The gallery was assigned them: they heard the same sermons, spoke in the same love-feasts, communed at the same table of the Lord, and were led in class by the same circuit preachers. The conduct of Nat Turner, a colored preacher that led the insurrection of Southampton, Western Shore, Va., only a little while before, had induced rigor in the conduct of meetings by a white person. The late Gov. H. A. Wise had acquired fame by voluntarily engaging to defend the Rev. Wm. Lee of Onancock, when accused by a distinguished citizen, of having "allowed the blacks too much freedom in their worship." Snow Hill had an Academy, of which Mr. Valandingham was principal. He was, as we have understood, a brother of the distinguished Statesman of Ohio, of that name. In this Academy John Moxcey, one of the holiest members of our church taught. Thence as a student came James Allen, who, after teaching for a short time at Horn Town, became a member of the Philadelphia Conference. The court had for judges, Tingle and Spence; and the Bench was proud of their purity and wisdom. Nor had the Bar cause for shame. Irving Spence was lawyer, writer, and historian of the Presbyterian Church, of which the charge in Snow Hill furnished rich material, as the first station of Presbyterianism in the country. Dr. Martin was an Elder of that church and few physicians have the lives of their patients committed to them with more confidence, than had this man of God. The writer has cause to remember him. When ague had shaken him, as if it would be satisfied with nothing less than throwing down the house of clay; when fever had flamed, as if intent upon "dissolving the earthly tabernacle;" when Nature had said this conflict must cease, or the bones

will soon be ashes; when the failure of others to cure had asserted, you are "Physicians of no value;" then Dr. Martin took me in hand, and in one week, these tortures disappeared, and the heart leaped in the joy of deliverance. Law, Medicine and Divinity had their places in Snow Hill. Two memorable events marked the period of my labors there.—the death of Bishop Emory, who presided at the Conference when I was received, and the burning of our "Book Room," in New York. In the painful death of Emory by casualty, I thought the church had lost its greatest leader. At the burning of the Book Room, the winds seemed to waft in sadness the calamity suffered. It was said at the time, a fragment of a burned leaf of the Bible was found as far off as Staten Island, and on it were the words of Isaiah 64-11,—"Our holy and our most beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things laid waste."

The death of Emory might only be deplored; but the ruins of the Book Room could be repaired; and the people of Snow Hill, who had so recently needed great aid, now extended help to others, and the writer with the people of the circuit had the privilege of contributing to the same "Book Concern," that now fills so conspicuous a place on the Broadway of New York. Never having had an opportunity to see the Sabbath congregations in the other churches, I cannot tell their comparative sizes. But while I am sure the Presbyterians had more wealth, I doubt whether they had as large a congregation, as the Methodist Episcopal Church. If I may speak of the circuit as associated with Snow Hill, the following may represent our work. I give from memory, as the memoranda of that time is lost, and the journal I kept is destroyed. Each preacher filled the pulpit in Snow Hill once in four weeks, on Sabbath morning and night, besides leading a class or classes, and preached that same afternoon at the Furnace, some five miles out in the country. One Sabbath was given to Horn Town in the morning, and Swans-gut in the afternoon. Another Sabbath, to Newtown in the morning, and Williams' meeting-house in the afternoon, the last Sabbath of the four, to Newark in the morning and Wesleyville in the afternoon. Classes were met at all these places by the preacher of the day. Alternate weeks had labor and rest. One week we preached at Conner's, Spring Hill and Sandy Hill, the other week gave us Acquongo, Queponco, St. Johns and Coulbarns. The last named was the private house of a local preacher by that name. We met classes at every appointment. At Wesleyville lived the mother of Rev. John S. Porter, now of the Newark Conference. Was ever hospitality to a Methodist Preacher more quiet and pure, than that which Mrs. Porter and her daughter Jane dispensed?

There are facts, of which gratitude precludes oblivion. Did space allow, it would be a pleasure for me to name many who come to mind as I write. These books I obtained on Snow Hill circuit,—a miniature Greek Lexicon,

from that godly man, John Moxcey; a folio copy of Burkitts' Notes, from Mrs. Captain Berry of Horn Town; she was to me, as a sister, and the book, a treasure. From Maria Henry, that Christian Lydia, I had the present of Homer's Iliad, Language, Poetry and Divinity were embodied in these books. For forty nine years, they have gone where I have gone. They have had an abiding place in my library. But in a warmer and more sacred place, abide the friendships of 1835. The hands will take down the books, and the fingers turn the pages, but the heart holds on to the treasures that Christian character gives. How often has mine communed with those "whose names are in the Book of Life." May the Snow Hill of the present and the future crown with greater glory the Snow Hill of the past.

J. A. ROGERS.

Brooklyn, N. Y. March 2, 1885.

Sharing Christ's Sympathies.

Blessed be God for the gathering in and eternal union of his people! Our friends in heaven remain the same persons, with all their sinless peculiarities. They therefore remember us and love us more than ever. Are they interested in us, perhaps concerned about us? Why not? The joy of the redeemed is not a selfish joy. I would despise the saint who enjoyed himself in a glorious mansion singing psalms, and who did not wish his joy disturbed by sharing Christ's noble and grand care about the world. So long as men and my dear ones are in "the current of the heady fight" I don't wish to be ignorant of them on the ground that it would give me pain and mar my joy; I prefer any pain to such joy; I cannot think it possible that my heaven there shall be different from my heaven here, which consists in sympathy with Christ. If he has a noble anxiety, limited by perfect faith, in what is going on upon the earth; if human sin is a reality to him; if his life there as well as here is by faith in the Father; if he watches for the end, and feels human sin and sorrow, and rejoices in the good and feels the awfulness of the wrong, yet ever has deep peace in God, why should not his people have the joy of sharing this God-like burden of struggling humanity?

"Then cometh the end." But the end is not yet. The final day of judgment may be millions of years hence. Until then the whole church may have its education of labor and teaching continued in mighty ventures of self-sacrifice, and in ten thousand ways put to the proof, in order to inspire those talents of faith, self-denial, hope, acquired on earth. This might imply suffering. Why not? Many picture a heaven which is a reflection of their own selfish nature. "Don't trouble us." "Tell us no bad news." "We are saved; let others drown." "What is the earth to us?"

This is not my heaven. I wish to know, I wish to feel, I wish to share Christ's sympathies, until the end comes.—Dr. Norman McLeod.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

"Oh, give me a message of quiet,"
I ask in my morning prayer;
For the turbulent trouble within me,
Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord,
And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me—
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of Psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was soothed by its summer calms.
For the words that have helped so many,
And the pages have seemed more dear—
Seemed new in their power to comfort,
And they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
These words came down to me—
The Lord is slow to anger,
And of great mercy is He;
Each generation praiseth
His works of long renown,
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth the bowed down.

That gave me the strength I wanted!
I knew the Lord was nigh;
All that was making me sorry
Would be better by-and-by.
I had but to wait in patience,
And keep at my father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me
Whatever might befall.

—Marianne Farningham.

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.

A House of Wrecks.

Sometime since an account appeared
in the newspapers of a house near
the sea coast in California built en-
tirely of the fragments of wrecked
vessels.

In one of our far inland towns
there is a beautiful house. The
grounds whisper of paradise. Lawns,
trees, and flowers beautify the scene.
The edifice is built after the richest
style of modern architecture. The
doors are massive walnut with hinges
of silver. There are winding
stairs with ample landing places, fen-
ced with heavy balustrades. There
are frescoed ceilings, and carpets that
yield like down to the pressure of the
foot. There are means of illumina-
tion that turn night into day.

The proprietor lies upon a bed of
ivory; eats the lambs out of the flock,
and the calves out of the stalls; drinks
wine in bowls, and anoints himself
with the chief ointments.

And this house is built of wrecks.
Every board and every brick, every
stone and every timber, every piece
of furniture and every appliance of
comfort, the carpets on the floor, the
frescoes on the ceiling, are each in
whole or in part the fragments of a
wreck—a wreck, not of a ship, but of
a home, a life, a soul! The owner of
this mansion is the owner also and
keeper of a drinking saloon. The bar-
tender is an adept at mixing a
wonderful variety of fascinating
drinks. The waiters are models of
attention, and from early morning
till after midnight a stream of coin
pours over the counter into the draw-
er, and it is of coin thus obtained
that yonder beautiful house has been
built.

In another street not far away
there is a house that was once the
embodiment of thrift, neatness, and
domestic joy. This house has become
a wreck. Without, all looks like de-
solation, and within, all is misery and
destitution. The woman is wearing
her life away to support the children,
while the father is a lounge about
that drinking saloon. All that was
beautiful in that home has gone into
the gorgeous mansion of the saloon
keeper. The wreck of this home has
been built into that palace.

A young man—this is fact, not
fancy—the only son of his mother,
and she was a widow, spent his money
in that saloon until he had no more

to spend, and then went into a far
country to spend his days in riotous
living. But he fell into the company
of those who cared for his soul, re-
formed and set out to bring the
good news to his mother. Before he
reached the home door, some frequen-
ters of that saloon, formerly boon com-
panions, met him, and by persuasions
and ridicule drew him back to the
old drinking place, and plied him
with drink till at last he actually
died on their hands, and they had to
carry the dead body to the mother;
and the wreck of that woman's heart
and of that young man's body and
soul are built into that beautiful
mansion where the liquor seller holds
his court. In all that house there is
scarce an ornament, means and ap-
pliance of comfort, a chair, an instru-
ment of music that has not come
from some such a wreck.

Have not the sighs, sobs, groans of
women broken-bodied as well as broken-
hearted, the ravings, the blas-
phemies and cries of despair of ruined
men gone into the very walls of that
mansion? And in the dark, lone-
some nights, when the winds are sigh-
ing around it, may not these come
out again and pour themselves into
the ear of the sleeper. Sooner or
later all these moans and groans, and
these sobs and cries will descend in
one awful chorus upon the ears of the
builder of that home!—Rev. W. P.
Breed, D. D. in *Episcopal Recorder*.

Why Should We Have Prohibition?

Prohibition interferes with two
classes of people—those who want to
sell and those who want to buy. The
demand calls for supply, and the supply
creates demand. The law ac-
knowledges that liquor-selling is the
enemy of good order. A saloon built
under the shadow of a church or a
schoolhouse, is not the less a curse.
It cannot be made so bright with
flowers or birds but it is passed with
a shudder by all pure minded people.
The light that streams out from the
windows is the light from the very
gate of hell. Who would think of
blessing its radiance as they pass by!
It is a pest, a snare, but the law sanc-
tions it, because "the seller and the
buyer have rights it is bound to re-
spect." The law can punish a man
for the result of liquor drinking, but
it cannot prevent his buying, because
it gives permission to the dealer to
sell. It makes it respectable to sell,
therefore it must be respectable to
buy. But the law is for the promo-
tion of good order; for the protection
of all the people; for the progress of
civilization. It says the home is the
safety of the nation, and then plots
against its safety by allowing its en-
emy to undermine and destroy. The
law knows it depends for its own life
on the intelligence of the people, yet
permits a system which continually
weakens the strong and overcomes
the weak. Sanitary regulations will
not permit miasmatic wells, infected
clothes, or cess pools; the government
will stop a ship away out in the sea,
lest it has yellow fever or cholera on
board, but the danger and death and
infection of saloons go right on. It
takes the manufacture of olomargarine
in hand, and prohibits it. The
people shall not eat fat or tallow for
butter. But the corn and rye and
barley and fruit are ground up, and
rotted and poisoned and sold and
drunk, and the law smiles when hu-
manity pleads for prohibition, and
says, "It can't be done. Go right on
with your educating the young, with
your reform in the parlor, and in the
churches, and after a while there will
be less demand and the supply will
be less." Is not the law made for a
help? The supply of past years is
responsible for the demand of to day;

hence the law is responsible for the
present and future curse of drunken-
ness. Law makers cannot ignore this
truth. Voters cannot ignore it. The
majesty of the law demands, it shall
vindicate itself, for the law is "by the
people and for the people."—*National*
W. C. T. U. Bulletin.

Children's Department.

A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in the bucket
But every drop will tell,
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny—
It was all that I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys they were not used,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be very small;
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all?
—*Worthington's Annual*

A Child's Faith

A little boy some five years of age,
whom we will call Charley, while
playing one day near an open hatch-
way, accidentally fell in, and but for
a basket of shavings, which fortu-
nately stood beneath, would probably
have been killed. The family were
quite impressed by his providential
escape, and frequent allusions were
made to it during the day. At night,
after Charley had been put to bed
and left to himself, his little voice
was heard in prayer. In tones full of
faith and love the little fellow poured
out his heart-felt petition: "O God!
please keep that cellar door shut; but
if you can't do that, won't you al-
ways keep a basket of shavings there?"
—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

What Winnie Thought.

"Now, do you suppose," said John-
ny, as his little cousin laid away her
largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl,
"that God cares about all such little
things as we children do? I guess he
is too busy taking care of the big folks
to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and point-
ed to mamma, who had just lifted ba-
by out from the crib.

"Do you think," said Winnie,
"mamma is so busy with the big folks
—helping the girls off to school and
papa to his office—that she forgets the
little ones? She just thinks of her
baby first, 'cause he's the littlest and
needs it most. And don't you think
God knows how to love, as well as a
mamma does, Johnny Gray?"

True Gentlemen.

"I beg your pardon!" and, with a
smile and a touch of his hat, Harry
Edmond handed to an old man,
against whom he had accidentally
stumbled, the cane which he had
knocked from his hand. "I hope I
did not hurt you? We were playing
too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man.
"Boys will be boys, and it's best
they should be. You didn't harm
me."

"I'm glad to hear it;" and lifting
his hat again, Harry turned to join
the playmates with whom he had
been frolicking at the time of the
accident.

"What do you raise your hat to
that old fellow for?" asked his com-
panion, Charlie Gray. "He is only
Old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said

Harry. "The question is not wheth-
er he is a gentleman, but whether I
am one; and no true gentleman will
be less polite to a man, because he
wears a shabby coat or hawks vegeta-
bles through the streets instead of
sitting in a counting-house."

Which was right?—*The Helping*
Hand,

A Little Waif.

A man passing up State street one
chilly day, saw a bare footed girl trot-
ting along on the cold pavement.

"Where are your shoes, little girl?"
"Don't det any," said she.

"Don't det any? Why not?" said
he.

"My papa det's drunk," said the
poor little waif.

That tells the whole story. Bare
feet, ragged clothing, hunger, want,
poverty and misery, all come when
"papa det's drunk." And tens of
thousands are beginning to taste the
deadly cup that brings all this mis-
ery at the end; and others are deal-
ing out this dreadful deadly poison to
poor degraded men.—*The Little Chris-
tian*.

How to be Young at Eighty.

Rev. Dr. Collyer, of New York,
gives these hints to the candidate for
a hale, hearty and happy old age:

"The first element to be consid-
ered lies beyond your reach and mine,
in the homes where you and I were
born and matured. One great reason
why I never had a really sick
day in my life was that I was born
and matured in a sweet little home
where we lived on oatmeal and milk,
and brown bread and butter once a
week, potatoes and a bit of meat when
we could get it, and then oatmeal
again. So I don't know to-day as I
have a system, or a constitution, or a
digestion at all; I am never conscious
of such a thing. Hence I say we
must go back to the parents for the
first answer to our question. Thou-
sands of young men come to such
cities as this from the Green Moun-
tains or from New Hampshire or
Maine with just such a constitution
as mine. They can use their years
wisely and well, write, at the end of
each, 'Value received,' or they can
overdraw their account as many do.

God help them! Instead of saying
at fifty, 'I am young yet,' they say
at forty, 'I am indeed old.' They are
so ambitious to get on, some of them,
that they use up two days in one, and
waste their vital powers. They ride
when they ought to walk down town,
and they take 'a little something,' as
they say, to restore their lax energies,
for which they have to chew a clove
or coffee berry, I am told. They are
overdrawing their account, I say, and
some day nature and the grace of
God will shut down on them. Those
who do differently keep a good diges-
tion, stay young and buoyant, love
good, sweet company, and are not
ashamed to look their mothers and
sisters in the eyes or kiss them. An-
other secret that must be known to
the young at eighty is, that you must
keep faith in the common manhood
and womanhood, and in the advanc-
ing progress of the day. Never say
that the past was better than to-day
is, read the new books, understand
all the new ideas, and keep your faith
in God and man and in the victory
of good over evil."—*Baltimore Metho-
dist*.

Seek and Ye Shall Find.

"Ireneus", in the *New York Ob-
server*, gives the following advice
to parents: "Parents make a great
mistake when they discourage their

children in asking questions. True,
their questions are often hard to be
answered, and many a child has been
snubbed or sent away because its
question was too much for the par-
sonage. But the little inquirer should
ent. But the little inquirer should
be always treated as a rational being,
and if an answer is not ready, it
should be sought and found if possi-
ble. This is the way to learn. Ask
and it shall be given. Seek and ye
shall find. This applies to the high-
est of all learning, the knowledge of
God, and he that is in the lowest
class in the school for divine wisdom,
by seeking continually will be filled
with the knowledge of Him, whom
to know aright is eternal life."

Letter from Charlestown, Md.

During the year now closing, I
have been in "labors abundant." The
church has been wonderfully revived;
eighty-two have professed faith in
Christ; sixty eight have joined, and
others will do so. Of these conver-
sions eighty are adults—some quite
advanced in life. The pastor's sala-
ry, increased \$100, last spring, is all
paid; collections all taken and all
well up.

The pathway of the pastor and
wife have been made pleasant by
many acts of kindness on the part of
our people. Last Fall we received
from the ladies of Perryville, an ele-
gant carriage robe heavily lined. At
Christmas kindly tokens were nu-
merous. Two weeks ago last Thurs-
day night, a number of our friends
entered the parsonage, bearing dona-
tions in baskets, bundles, money,
etc.

Last Monday night, a week ago, Miss
Clara Harris, in behalf of the ladies
of Principio Church, presented us
with a silver coffee-pot of rare beau-
ty.

The brethren of this charge contem-
plate securing a more comfortable
house for the pastor, next year, and
increasing his salary to \$800. When
this is done, Charlestown circuit with
three of its four appointments, near
as many Railroad stations, will be a
very desirable charge.

E. E. WHITE.

Letter from Chestertown.

About the middle of October last,
at the unanimous request of the offi-
cial board of the M. E. Church here,
I was appointed preacher in charge,
against my judgment; but for the
sake of harmony, I consented; be-
lieving that after a short time a suit-
able supply might be furnished. The
whole church seemed to understand
our critical situation, came to my as-
sistance without a dissenting voice,
fully appreciated my efforts, and as
a result the class meetings and pray-
er meetings were largely attended, and
membership united. On Feb. 1st,
commenced our protracted meetings,
aided by sister L. H. Kenney. After
the first week, meetings have been
held in main audience room, which
is crowded every night. Since the
second week Sister Lizzie Smith has
been with us, and has attracted large
numbers from the country. These
ladies are at work nearly all the time
through the day, and labor in all the
night meetings. We have had 150
conversions. 50 backsliders have
been reclaimed, and the whole church
revived. We have taken 80 proba-
tioners, and know of 35 who have
joined other churches. Expect to
have over 100 probationers before
Conference. Afternoon meetings are
held four days in the week, and the
lecture room is generally filled. The
interest is greater than ever known
here before.

C. H. BAKER, pastor.

The Sunday School.

Paul before Agrippa.

LESSON FOR MARCH 15, 1885.—Acts 26: 1-18.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

GOLDEN TEXT: "And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest" (Acts 26: 15).

I. PAUL'S SALUTATION (1-3).

1. Then Agrippa—Herod Agrippa 11, king of Chalcis; tetrarch of the provinces formerly ruled by Phillip and Lysanias (Luke 3: 1); superintendent of the Temple at Jerusalem, with power to nominate the high priests; living at this time in incestuous union with his sister Bernice, who with him had come to Caesarea to make a call of congratulation upon the new procurator, Festus: died A. D. 100, at the age of 73. He acted at this examination, by courtesy, as presiding officer. *Speak for thyself.*—"But Paul does not; he speaks for Christ" (Abbott). *Stretched forth the* (R. V. "his") *hand*—the oratorical gesture—"the hand extended, with the two lower fingers shut." *Answered for himself*—R. V., "made his defense;" not strictly a defense, however; having appealed to Caesar, Paul was no longer on trial in Caesarea. The present hearing was to enable Festus, by Agrippa's aid, to formulate charges against a man confessedly innocent in Roman Law, but declared worthy of death by the supreme council of his nation.

2, 3. *I think myself happy*—a perfectly sincere and courteous introduction, with no taint of flattery. *Because I shall answer for myself*—R. V., "that I am to make my defense." *Because I know thee to be expert*—R. V., "because thou art expert." Agrippa was not an outsider; he had been trained as a Jew, and professed that faith. He was the guardian of the temple. "His father, Agrippa I, had been famous for his rigid observance of Jewish rites. The rabbinic writers speak of Agrippa II as having attained a more than ordinary knowledge of the Law and the traditions" (Howson and Spence).

II. A CONSCIENTIOUS PHARISEE (4-8).

4, 5. *My manner of life*—His life record had been a public one: "All the Jews" were familiar with it. *At the first*—R. V., "from the beginning." *Mine own nation at Jerusalem*—R. V., "mine own nation, and at Jerusalem." From the age of twelve probably, when he came from Tarsus to Jerusalem to sit at the feet of Gamaliel, his youth and early manhood had been spent, not merely among his own people, but in the holy city itself, where for twenty years his zeal and austerity of life had made him conspicuous. *Which knew me from the beginning*—R. V., "having knowledge of me from the first." *If they would testify*—R. V., "if they be willing to testify." *After the most straitest sect.*—R. V. omits "most." He had belonged to the most rigid, the most scrupulous, school of Jewish believers. His life had been blameless. His devotion and sincerity had never been questioned.

"They did not wish to 'testify,' because they well knew that the conversion of Paul, as well as the previous estimation in which he had been held, were the most effective arguments for the truth of the Christian faith (Bengel)."

6, 7. *Stand and am judged*—R. V., "stand here to be judged." *Hope of the promise*—not for anything heterodox, but for the cherished national hope, the hope of the Messiah and His kingdom, which "hope" involved the hope of the resurrection. "Christ and the resurrection" were Paul's

watchwords. *Unto which promise*—i. e., to the fulfillment of which promise. *Our twelve tribes*—a single word in the Greek, descriptive of the nation as a whole. *Instantly*—R. V., "earnestly." *Serving God day and night*—a fine expression for the religious zeal of the nation, "the elaborate and never-intermitted service of worship and sacrifice, with its symbolism ever pointing to another and higher life, ever pointing, too, to the sacrifice on the cross" (Schaff). *Hope to come* (R. V., "attain")—"to arrive at as if at a goal" (Meyer). *For which hope's sake*—R. V., "concerning this hope." *Accused by the Jews*—The word "Jews" occupies the place of emphasis. "The absurdity and wickedness of being impeached by Jews concerning the hope of the Messianic kingdom, were to be made thoroughly palpable" (Meyer).

"The single point of difference between Paul and his countrymen, and the one cause of all their virulence against him, was that his hope had found rest in One already come, while theirs still pointed to the future (Brown).—As to the twelve tribes, Prof. Plumptre says: "It will be noted that Paul, like James (James 1: 1), assumes the twelve tribes to be all alike sharers in the same hope of Israel. The apostle, represents the whole body of the twelve tribes as alike serving God day and night. It should be remembered that the words of Ezra (6: 17; 8: 35) clearly indicate that many belonging to the 'lost' ten tribes must have returned with Judah and Benjamin to the Land of Promise."

8. *Why should it be thought?* etc.—In R. V. the verse reads, "Why is it judged incredible with you, if God doth raise the dead?" The hiatus at this point in the outline of Paul's address (for nothing more than an outline is given) may be supplied as follows: You as a Jew, know well that God has raised the dead to life; I testify, from personal knowledge, that Jesus was so raised to life by the power of God; why do you, as a Jew, declare it to be incredible? The suppressed answer to the question would be, Because if we, as Jews, accept Christ's resurrection, we are forced to accept His Messiahship.

"The resurrection was the central fact of Christianity for the early Christians in their discussions with the Jews. It proved, all was proved (Howson and Spence)."

III. A CONSCIENTIOUS PERSECUTOR (9-11)

9, 10. *I verily thought*, etc.—Paul confesses that he himself once thought it "incredible," and in his unbelief and spiritual ignorance felt in duty bound to oppose the name and cause of Christ. His uninstructed conscience made him a persecutor. *Which thing*—R. V., "and this," [The details of his misguided zeal have been already studied in Lesson VII.] *Gave my voice* (R. V., "vote")—literally, "I cast my pebble"—the black, condemning pebble. This would seem to indicate that Saul was a member of the Sanhedrim in the days when he acted the role of the persecutor. In that case he must have been married; on which, see Canon Farrar's Life of St. Paul.

11. *Punished them oft*, etc.—R. V., "punishing them oftentimes in all the synagogues." *Compelled them to blaspheme*—R. V., "strove to make them blaspheme;" did what he could to make them, as being the surest method of making them abjure their faith. *Exceedingly mad*—Clearly, if such a furious persecutor became a convert to Christianity, the evidence in its favor must have been irresistible. *Strange cities*—R. V., "foreign cities," outside of Jewish territory.

4. A CONSCIENCE ENLIGHTENED AND RECTIFIED (12-18).

12, 13. *Went to Damascus*—R. V., "journeyed to Damascus;" the third account given in the Acts of Paul's conversion, and supplementing the other two with added facts; such as, the brilliancy of the heavenly light, the use of Hebrew by the Voice that spoke, and the words, "It is hard for thee to kick," etc. *In the way*—R. V., "on the way," or, along the way. *Above the brightness of the sun*—clearly supernatural.

"This was the 'glory of God' which Stephen in his dying moments saw. God dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto. The face of Christ was so radiant on the Mount of Transfiguration that the evangelist compared it to the shining of the sun, and His garments, he says, were white as the light (Matt. 17: 2). We may also illustrate this brightness by the expression of the Epistle to the Hebrews (1: 3), where Christ is called 'the effulgence of the Father's glory' (Howson and Spence)."

14. *Heard a voice*—If Christ spoke, He must have been alive; there must have been a resurrection, as the witnesses testified. *Why persecutest thou me?*—Dr. Brown says: "Christ never expostulated for Himself, never said, 'Why scourged you Me?' 'Why spit you upon Me?' So long as their rage was directed against His own person, 'He opened not his mouth.' But when Saul extended the violence to His servants, then Christ came to that 'Saul, why persecutest thou Me?' Kick against the pricks (R. V., "the goad").—Meyer, following the older commentators, interprets as follows, "It is for thee a difficult undertaking, surpassing thy strength, and not to be accomplished by thee, that thou, as My persecutor, shouldst contend against My will." Says Howson and Spence: "The meaning is, that it is both unavailing and injurious to resist Christ by persecuting His disciples." It seems better, on the whole, to apply the words to Paul's awakening, but still rebellious, conscience.

"There had been 'promptings, misgivings, warnings, which Paul had resisted and defied. Among the causes of these we may reckon the counsel of Gamaliel (Acts 5: 34-39), the angel face of Stephen and his dying prayer (6: 15; 7: 60), and the daily spectacle of those who were ready to go to prison and to death rather than renounce Christ. In the frenzy of his zeal he had tried to crush these misgivings, and the effort to do so had brought with it discomfort and inquietude which made him more exceeding mad against the disciples" (Howson and Spence)."

15, 16. *And I said*—Either this present account is condensed by Paul, or else the visit and words of Ananias, and Paul's subsequent vision in the Temple, were confirmatory repetitions of what Jesus said to him at his conversion near Damascus. The majority of commentators incline to the former view. *To make thee a minister*—R. V., "to appoint thee a minister." *Those things which thou hast seen*—R. V., "the things where thou hast seen me." *Those things in the which*—R. V., "the things wherein." *I will appear*—Paul did not lack for "visions and revelations" subsequent to his conversion. Says Whedon: "The other apostles had been under the tutelage of the terrene Jesus; this apostle, of the risen Jesus."

17, 18. *Delivering thee*—an ominous prediction, but a comforting assurance. In many an hour of peril the apostle recalled this sure promise of the faithful Promiser. "Armed against all fears, he could bear the cross" (Calvin). *To open their eyes*—enlighten them by means of the truth as it is in Jesus. *And to turn*

them—R. V., "that they may turn." *From darkness to light*—from the darkness of ignorance and sin to Him who is the Light of the world. *Power of Satan unto God*—from the bondage in which they are held by the "god of this world" to the "glorious liberty of the sons of God." *Forgiveness of sins*—R. V., "remission of sins." *Inheritance among them which are sanctified*—"place among believers here and the glorified hereafter" (Gray). *By faith in me*—the condition and medium of all the blessings previously enumerated.

"Satan rules over a kingdom (Matt. 12: 26) hostile to the kingdom of God. The world lieth under his dominion (1 John 5: 16). He is called the prince (John 12: 31) and the god of this world (2 Cor. 4: 4). It was to destroy the dominion and desolations of Satan that Christ came into the world (1 John 3: 8). On the other hand, 'God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all' (1 John 15). In conversion we pass from under the dominion and service of Satan unto the dominion and service of God, which is perfect freedom (Howson and Spence)."

Rose-Leaves.

"Kindness," some one has beautifully said, "is stowed away in the heart like the rose-leaves in the drawer, to sweeten every object around." A little girl, about nine years old, was walking along a muddy street in Chicago; her father held her hand, and seemed very tender in his care of her. The quality and style of their garments hinted strongly of wealth, while the strong, good face of the father, and the loving, sweet one of the child, told of something better than wealth, even of depth of heart. Just as they reached a crossing, where the mud was thicker and the wind blew stronger, and vehicles of all descriptions passed each other in tiresome confusion, they noticed a poorly clad old woman, on whose arm rested a large basket heavily laden, standing on the corner, as if fearful of crossing over. She looked anxiously at the whirling carts and deprecatingly at the passers-by. No one seemed to heed her as the well-dressed throng hurried along. "Come, Edith," said the father, "this is a dangerous crossing; papa will carry you across." He put out his arm as he spoke, lovingly. But the child only whispered: "Papa, I have rubbers; I'm not afraid of the mud. Papa, see that poor old woman, she seems afraid of something; see how she trembles. Couldn't you help her, papa, while I run ahead?" For answer, the gentleman approached the old woman, saying in a low voice: "This is a tiresome crossing, madam, let me lead you across; give me the basket, please." Could you have seen the rested, thankful look on the weary old face as the woman found herself safe on the other side, I think you would have echoed her fervent cry: "God bless that man, and that blessed child, too!" Of course there were sneering smiles on some countenances which witnessed the quiet act of helpfulness; but it mattered not so long as one knew that around the great white throne there were smiles of joy, because two of his followers had not in selfishness neglected doing a favor to even the "least of these."

Into a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three little children, one a baby in arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs. But it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group

hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others. "Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?" He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear; You may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor." "No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and I don't need a lunch. The woman looks hungry, auntie, and so tired too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the 'least of these' when I meet them." The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eyes after the boy left her, and said, audibly: "Just like his mother." About five minutes later, as a lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never before. The dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the tempting fruit-basket stood open. The oldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said: "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?" "No," answered the mother, as a grateful look brightened her faded eyes, "not now but he will be on the other side; bless his dear little heart!" And we said: "Bless his heart!"—S.S. Times.

Silent Influences

Among the silent influences which work decay in moral life, perhaps the first is habitual neglect of prayer. The moment a man begins to go forward in life, bristling as it is with temptation, assailed as it is by difficulties, environed as it is by worldliness, and goes on solely on his own poor strength, he is in peril. Our Lord himself, told us to pray to be kept from temptation and delivered from evil. When a young man abandons his childish custom of morning and evening prayer, he is inviting the attacks of the enemy. Eve's children cannot afford to parley with Satan. There is no strength for any one on earth that is not obtained in heaven.

Habitual neglect of the Bible is another silent cause of spiritual decline. When God's Word is never opened, the eye and the ear convey to the soul the whispers and the actions of infidelity, and there must be swift and moral deterioration. The soul of the believer must be occupied with holy thoughts, so that the enemy cannot make his habitation there. What an elevating influence meditation upon sacred themes exerts upon those who "read, mark and inwardly digest" God's revealed will. How few in this busy secular age devote any time to serious reflection, and yet such a frame of mind silently builds up a spiritual temple.

The entertaining of a low standard of expediency, opposed to a lofty standard of principle, is another insidiously destructive influence. Right and wrong are not shifting devices for a moment; they are immutable and distinct. Do right because it is right, and God holds you accountable, not because it is the best policy and the violator of law will be found out. And if you would be sure of standing in the evil day, take to yourself the whole armor of God. Nothing less will serve you.—Iowa Methodist.

Time is so short, eternity so great and the ravages of strong drink so fearful, that it behooves us to rise in the might and the power with which God has endowed us, and in the name of the perishing, and the God who cares for them, demand that the traffic shall cease.—Margaret E. Parker.

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Publisher and Proprietor,
Wilmington, Del.

Office S. W. Cor. Fourth and
Shipley Sts.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
\$1.00 a year in Advance, \$1.50 a year if not
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**This paper and a
Waterbury Watch for
\$3.75.**

The paper free for
six months to any one
sending five dollars
and the names of five
new subscribers.

Snow Hill of To-day.

(In preparing our articles on Snow
Hill, we have received valuable infor-
mation from Irving Spence, Esq., Rul-
ing Elder in the Snow Hill Presby-
terian Church, and from Rev. J. H.
Willey, pastor of the M. E. Church,
in that place. Ed. P. M.)

"The oldest inhabitants" claim
that Snow Hill is named from a
suburb of London, which was noted
for its lawyers. If this be correct the
modern well maintains the reputa-
tion of the ancient. Among the dis-
tinguished members of the bar now
resident in the town, may be named
Geo. Bishop, Esq., State Senator, Hon.
G. W. Covington, Representative in
Congress, Hon. E. K. Wilson, late
Judge, and now U. S. Senator-elect.
The population is about twelve hun-
dred, and is well supplied with
churches and schools. The "Union
Academy," once a flourishing insti-
tution no longer exists, "having been
absorbed by the general public school
system. It did a great work and for a
period."

The earliest church organized was
the Presbyterian. The Rev. Francis
McKemie was the pioneer of Ameri-
can Presbyterianism, as an organ-
ized force continued from the date
of the Snow Hill church in 1683 or
1684 to the present time. Rev. Sam-
uel Davis was probably the first pas-
tor. The church here has never
ceased to exist. Hampton was preach-
ing here in 1706 and assisted in or-
ganizing the first Presbytery. Thence
we have a succession to this date,—
many noble-minded and some dis-
tinguished. The McKemie meeting
house was a plain building thirty
feet long. Sixty years later, in 1745,
a new house of worship was built, a
frame structure costing \$145, 5s, 4d.
In 1795, the present brick structure
was erected, and now we are about to
build a McKemie Memorial Church.
The church is now prosperous and
many of our representative men are

in its communion, Rev. James R.
Campbell is the present pastor. There
is a flourishing church (The Gandy
Presbyterian Church) in connection
with the church in Snow Hill, at
Stockton, eight miles distant."

The next church in antiquity is
"All Hallows" Protestant Episcopal
Rev. A. Batte, rector. In 1692, up-
on the establishment of the church
of England in the colony of Mary-
land, the then ten counties were di-
vided into thirty-one parishes, one
of which was Snow Hill. Mr. Wil-
ley writes us "the church was incor-
porated in 1686; the old structure
stands now, and is grandly venerable.
It was famous in Colonial days."

Next in order of time is the Meth-
odist Episcopal, Rev. J. H. Willey,
pastor. The first church building
was erected in 1802, and is still in
use as a place of worship, having been
sold to the Baptists in 1856, when
the present edifice replaced it.

**Wilmington Conference.
1868—1885.**

The General Conference of May
1868 set off that part of the Philadel-
phia Conference included within the
State of Delaware and the Eastern
Shores of Maryland and Virginia, as
a separate Conference, to bear the
name of the chief city in its territory.
One hundred and one preachers were
thus separated from the parent body;
of these, seventy were effective, six-
teen probationers, fourteen supernu-
meraries, and one superannuate. Since
then there have been twenty four
transfers into the Conference and
thirty out; ninety three have been
received on trial and five on certifi-
cate of ministerial standing; thirty
one have passed from labor to reward;
thirty have withdrawn, and one has
been expelled, leaving one hundred
and thirty seven as the present num-
ber. Of these, four are superannuates,
twelve supernumeraries, thirteen pro-
bationers, and one hundred and eight
effective.

Progress in sixteen years:

	Charges.	Churches.	Parsonages.
1868.	124	316	79
1869.	89	299	42
Increase.	35	17	37
	Value of Churches.	Parsonages.	
1868.	\$1,270,028	\$163,350	
1869.	910,150	116,000	
Increase.	\$359,878	\$47,350	
	Members.	S. Schools.	No. in S. S.
1868.	26,857	334	35,231
1869.	19,688	324	25,758
Increase.	7,169	10	9,478
	Salaries.	Average per charge.	
1868.	\$95,787	\$758	
1869.	60,374	678	
Increase.	\$35,413	\$107	
	Church & parsonage improvements.	Conf. Claims.	
1868.	\$67,744	\$4,928	
1869.	29,755	2,740	
Increase.	\$37,989	\$2,188	
	Benevolent Collections:		
1868.	\$22,424		
1869.	12,257		
Increase.	\$10,167		
	Cash totals for sixteen years:		
Salaries.	\$1,920,345		Benevolence \$244,220
Churches & Parsonages.	\$946,350		Conf. Claims \$63,857.

Methodism in Snow Hill, Md.

Among the notable families con-
verted to Methodism in Delaware
and Maryland, under the ministry
of Froeborn Garrettson, Francis As-
bury and Caleb B. Pedicord prior to
the organization of the church in
1784, were the Whites, Bassetts and
Ennalls's. In each case, the intuition,
quickness of appreciation, character-
istic of an intelligent woman was an
influential factor. Judge Ennalls of
Dorchester had several nieces of the
name of Ennalls, who were among
the earliest and most active converts.

One of these providentially falling
into the company of Methodists for
the first time, while on a visit to
friends in Delaware, was by their means
awakened and converted, and became
a pious follower of the blessed Jesus.
Her glowing testimony led to the
conversion of her sister Mary, who
soon became as zealous as herself.
One of these elect sisters became the
wife of our Richard Bassett, Senator
and afterwards Governor of Dela-
ware; another married a Mr. Bruff,
and zealously labored in revival work
in Baltimore during the celebrated
General Conference of 1800, in that
city; another sister married George
Ward, a local preacher of Snow Hill,
whose house was a regular preaching
place for the early itinerants in
Worcester Co. In this house, Henry
Behm tells us was formed the first
class, in 1801. The next Spring,
April 1802, Bishop Asbury tells us
the new chapel was in an unfinish-
ed state: subsequently, in 1806, Mr.
Behm tells us of a great quarterly
meeting held in Snow Hill, Dr. Wm.
Penn Chandler, Presiding Elder,
and of an Episcopal visit to the
Snow Hill church by Bishop Asbury
in April of the same year. On Jan. 9th,
1808, the church was incorporated
with the following brethren as
original trustees,—Fred. Conner, Val-
entine Dennis, Daniel Ruark, Jos.
Gibbon, John White, Littleton Quil-
lin, Sam'l Porter, Ralph Milburn,
Levin Conner.

At the Conference of 1808, a part
of St. Martin's circuit was set off and
named Snow Hill circuit, with Sam-
uel Taibot preacher in charge, and
Solomon Sharp Presiding Elder. Mr.
Talbot had been received on trial
the preceding Conference, and ap-
pointed to Ontario circuit, in the
Northwest of New York State. After
one year on Snow Hill circuit, he
travelled Milford one year and lo-
cated in 1810. The first church build-
ing served the Methodists over fifty
years, and as we have seen, was then
sold to our Baptist brethren, by
whom it is still held sacred as a place
of worship. How many have heard
"the joyful sound" within its con-
verted walls in these eighty-three
years, who now sing "the new song"
before the Throne! We reserve
special reference to the eminently
useful ministers and accomplished
wives of ministers, who have gone
forth from this locality, except to say
that Mr. Behm says, "I had the hon-
or to take Henry White into the
church while upon this circuit, and
that Rev. Dr. John S. Porter, now a
superannuate of the Newark Confer-
ence, entered the ministry from that
same circuit, and if we are not mis-
taken, is a son of Samuel Porter, one
of the first trustees of Whatcoat
Chapel. The present brick edifice
was built in 1856; twenty-six years
later in 1882, under the pastorate of
Rev. J. H. Willey, very thorough re-
pairs have been made, and great im-
provement added to the church and
parsonage at an outlay of some \$4000.
The previous year Snow Hill was
made a separate charge, but was one
year without a pastor. This, of course,
was to some extent, disorganizing.
Under Mr. Willey's pastorate, the
last three years the charge has pros-
pered greatly, its membership has
nearly doubled, and its contributions
for the benevolent enterprises of the
church have trebled. In the num-
ber of members, the size of the con-
gregations, and influence in the com-
munity the M. E. Church in Snow
Hill is abreast of the best of its sis-
ter churches.

The Methodist Protestant church,
at present without a pastor, was built
in 1834. The Baptist brethren of
Snow Hill organized, Mr. Spence
writes, "some eight or ten years since;
but at a much earlier date they were

more numerous and had three or
more preaching places in Snow Hill,
and its vicinity. The present pas-
tor is Rev. T. M. Poulson. There is also
a Baptist church of colored people.
The A. M. E. church has a church in
Snow Hill, pastor, Rev. Mr. Harsey.
These seven churches are favorable
exponents of the religious character
of the place. There are three Hotels,
the Washington, the National and
the Franklin. Besides the Court
House, there are the Odd Fellows
and the Knights of Pythias Halls,
two schools in which seven teachers
instruct some two hundred and sev-
ty-five pupils.

Mr. Spence expresses the opin-
ion that the negro population,
while as a class they have not
made the progress their opportuni-
ties seemed to promise; they are ad-
vancing and leaning, and show some
interest to have their children educa-
ted, though as a general thing they
are satisfied with what is very super-
ficial. Many doubtless are bettered
in their condition, as compared with
what it was before the war. They
are kindly treated by the whites and
the two races get on very well togeth-
er in the same community."

Through defects in the Prohibitory
Law, secured under Local Option
some years since, its violation was so
easy and so frequent the people be-
came disgusted, and now have High
License, "perhaps the best for us,
considering the present state of pub-
lic sentiment."

We give our readers this week a
most interesting letter from Rev.
John A. Roche, who reviews his ex-
periences on Snow Hill circuit, to
which he was appointed just fifty
years ago; also a short note from Rev.
William T. Magee, (we hope for oth-
ers hereafter), almost too flattering
for our modesty, but permissible as
eulogistic of the *Peninsula Methodist*.
We have in store a most excellent
letter from Rev. John S. Porter, a
Snow Hill boy more than sixty years
ago,—now in his quiet home await-
ing the Master's call to come up high-
er. Dr. Wallace's series will con-
tinue,—No. 4 appearing next week
with Dr. Porter's.

We would call special attention to
new advertisement of Walter H.
Thompson & Co., of Easton, Md.,
formerly Thompson, Kersey & Co.

**The Rink Craze—Timely Cau-
tions.**

Young people who mean to be
Christians will do well to go but lit-
tle, if they go at all, to these skating
rinks. Young women not of the
most robust health, are unwise if
they go, either as spectators or per-
formers.

Parents who have any regard for
the associations of their children will
do well to accompany them on all oc-
casions when they go to these places.
They are about the last places
young people who value saving mon-
ey and laying the foundations for fu-
ture prosperity should frequent.

Members of literary unions, young
people's societies, and Young Men's
Christian Associations, should resist
all temptations to absent themselves
from the regular meetings of their
societies for a sport of this kind, and
Christians should neither be seen in
these places themselves nor consent
to their children appearing on the
night of the regular prayer-meeting
or any meeting held for the promo-
tion of a revival of religion.—*Chris-
tian Advocate.*

The University of Pennsylvania
will soon found a school for nurses,
the Hannah Long legacy of \$300,000
for that purpose becoming available.

An Open Letter.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—When I
learned you had, with your son, en-
tered upon the task of conducting a
Peninsula paper, under the title—
THE PENINSULA METHODIST, the
name charmed me. Believing from
my long acquaintance with you, you
were equal to the undertaking, I
subscribed for it, though my means
were extended to their utmost ten-
sion for literary and newspaper pub-
lications.

Up to this time no paper comes
more welcome. Especially interest-
ing are the articles you give respect-
ing the classic soil of Snow Hill and
vicinity. I have written a number
of articles criticising historians on
Peninsula Methodism, and have
waited, hoping some one might be
raised up, to do more for the honored
dead than "Old Mortality." Your
articles, on Methodism in Snow Hill,
relieve me of a task which from a
sense of duty, I had purposed to at-
tempt, myself. However, I intend to
supplement some of the articles, es-
pecially those from our dear Bros. Wal-
lace and Houston. Bro. Wallace, in
his kind and gentlemanly way, ten-
dered me an invitation to accompany
him to Snow Hill to attend the Con-
ference, but my duties here oblige me
to decline.

Allow me through your columns
to send my greetings to the Confer-
ence, and to the old Town; also to
Bro. Houston, whose Court House
fame made him memorable to the
boys and girls of Snow Hill,—aye,
more memorable, for his piety, and
for his earnest labors for the good of
all.

Permit me to congratulate you on
your success thus far, in giving us a
clear, clean, scholarly paper, inferior
to none, and the peer of all, at least,
in the special work proposed in its
publication.

Very truly yours,
W. T. MAGEE,
Pastor, M. E. Church, South Easton,
Pa.

March 7th, 1885.

Letter from Dover.

The report of the Dover auxiliary
of the Woman's Foreign Missionary
Society, shows a healthy growth in
women's work for women.

The adult society will report to
Conference, \$85, and the young peo-
ple's, called after Miss Spencer, the
"Spencer Band," raised \$70, making
\$155. The Church never raised more
for the Parent Society than it did
this year, proving that a thorough
awakening of the Church to the needs
of heathen women but stimulates
the giving to both the Parent Society
and the home work.

This young band of willing work-
ers in the Church gives Christian
work for young girls, who, too often
for the want of this very work, die
spiritually, and eventually are lost to
the Church; for fashionable church
organizations can exert but little
power upon the members that are
spiritually growing in grace and use-
fulness. The reflex influence of these
societies upon any church, will a
thousand-fold compensate the pastor
and his helpers, for any pains they
may take to organize and sustain
them.

ALBERT COWGILL.

This year the Zelus for the first
time, had the whole Bible in their
own language, and it has been ex-
ceedingly interesting to see the joy
with which the native Christian re-
ceived it. The year has been marked
by a great temperance movement
among the colonists, and also the
native Christians. It has been pre-
ceded and followed by special inter-
est, and by a marked development
of Christian character.—*Pulpit Treas-
ury.*

Wilmington Conference NEWS.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—Rev. Charles Hill, P. E., Wilmington, Del. A correspondent from Chester charge, writes: Last Sabbath morning, Rev. L. W. Layfield preached his farewell sermon to Bethel congregation. The theme "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," the message direct from God to man. The morning was very stormy, yet a full house was present, and sincerely and tearfully affected throughout the greater part of the discourse. He leaves us beloved by all, and just at this Conference time, we could wish we were a denomination other than Methodist, that he might remain with us.

Charlestown charge, E. E. White, pastor. The revival services continue with unabated interest. Ninety-four conversions and eighty-one accessions to the church. Six penitents at the altar.

Port Deposit charge, R. C. Jones, pastor. The missionary collection from this charge will be twenty dollars in excess of the apportionments amounting to \$270.

The ladies of the Elkton M. E. Church, presented their pastor's wife with a valuable dress, wrap and bonnet.

At the close of prayer meeting on Thursday evening, just as the benediction was to be announced, a brother, in behalf of the church, presented to the pastor the superb work entitled "The Peoples' Cyclopaedia of University Knowledge."

After a response by the pastor, in the midst of deep emotion, the congregation joined in singing

"We shall meet beyond the river
Bye and bye!"

—*Cecil News.*

EASTON DISTRICT—Rev. J. H. Caldwell, P. E., Smyrna, Del.

Odessa, Del. A committee of the Official Board of this charge send us resolutions appreciative of the "untiring zeal, and devotion to his work," shown by their pastor, Rev. J. P. Otis, in his term of three years now closing; especially his success in securing the liquidation of the church debt of over \$1700.

The Sunday school of the Smyrna M. E. Church held its annual missionary anniversary; Wednesday evening, the 4th inst. The affair was an interesting one throughout, and the deficient parts were well taken.

The missionary money collected, during the year, amounted to \$350. Amid the exercises, John H. Hoffecker, representing the school, presented the superintendent, James Lassell, with a nice willow chair.

DOVER DISTRICT—Rev. A. W. Milby, P. E., Harrington, Del.

East New Market charge, T. O. Ayres, pastor, writes: Last spring, when "old Dorchester" circuit was divided, a debt of about \$900 fell to East New Market to pay in order to possess and own the parsonage. It is all paid. No debts, and a good home for my successor.

The members of the M. E. Church Bridgeville, Del., tendered their pastor Rev. W. S. Robinson a very substantial donation, Thursday, evening the 5th inst.

The missionary collection at the M. E. Church, Dover, Del., Sunday the 1st inst., amounted to about \$460, nearly \$400 of which was given by the Sunday-school. The church has enjoyed a very successful year, 56 persons have been received on probation and 25 by letter.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, P. E., Princess Anne, Md.

A correspondent from Laurel, Del., writes: A large number of the members and friends of the M. E. Church met at the parsonage on the evening of March 4th, bringing with them parcels and packages, of the necessities of life. A short presentation speech was made by one of the members, which was responded to appreciatively by the pastor. The anniversary of the Sunday-school Missionary Society, was held on Friday evening, March 6th. The audience room of the church was well filled with attentive hearers. The exercises consisted of interesting recitations by the children, singing by the choir, select readings by the pastor and Mr. Paulson. The secretary's report showed that \$120 had been raised during the year, which is little in advance of last year. Mr. Washington Marvil, long a member of the M. E. Church, died March the 6th, aged 65 years.

Upper Fairmount, Md. The Official Board of this charge, at their meeting Saturday the 7th inst., passed resolutions expressions of their appreciation of the "labors of their pastor Rev. Wm. H. Hutchin during the last two years, and their earnest desire for his return for the third year if not contrary to his wishes."

The Sunday School of the Snow Hill M. E. Church has given for missionary purposes \$75 33 during the past conference year.

This school is in excellent working order, with very efficient officers, and has a membership of 153; the average attendance during the past year has been about 110.—*Democratic Messenger.*

The Leaders and Stewards of Snow Hill charge unanimously adopted resolutions expressive of their "heartfelt regret," at parting with their pastor, Rev. J. H. Willey, who "by his genial, pleasant manner, and faithful ministry of the Word, has won our love and esteem," and assuring him of their "best wishes and warmest prayers" for his future success.

Sabbath Desecration.

Rapidly and without cessation the work of demolishing the Christian Sabbath in this country is progressing. The enemies of the Lord's Day have found allies in its weakening friends. Encroachments upon its sanctity have been allowed, even under Christian auspices, until many are at a loss to tell whether the day of rest imposes any obligations different from other days. The Sunday newspapers, fictitious literature, social visiting, and other secularities have had recognition and patronage from professed Christians, and contributed their part toward establishing the prevailing laxity of opinion and observance. Especially hurtful is the public disregard shown by managers of great exhibitions. We venture the assertion that the open gates on Sunday now permitted at New Orleans will do more to remove the last vestige of regard for the day of rest than all the local scenes of riot and dissipation among the German population for a dozen years. It is not thoughtlessness, or even indifference among the managers of the Exposition, that has led to this, but defiance of Christian sentiment and a wicked resolve to speculate out of the Lord's time anyhow. From all parts of the land people will congregate there; and of course among the number will be many professed Christians, and stopping at heavy expense at the hotels, the temptation will be to employ the time in the great show that ought to be devoted to service in the churches. We doubt whether any

material benefit that can possibly accrue from the Exposition will compensate in any degree for the moral harm which it is sure to work. The time was when such an offense would not have been tolerated. The religious voice of the country would have cried out against it, and it would have been respected, too. The most discouraging aspect of the case is therefore, presented in the widely prevalent sentiment that winks at the evil. The voices of the chief priests of expediency have prevailed, and Christ is being crucified afresh in the utter profanation of His holy day. A few are found to weep around the Cross, but many stand afar off, silently and heartlessly gazing upon the uproarious crowd which is enacting the dreadful scene.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Extravagance in Theft.

Every man before God and on his knees must judge what is extravagance. When one goes into expenditures beyond his means he is extravagant. When one buys anything he cannot pay for he is extravagant. If a man buys anything he does not mean to pay for he is a thief. Of course, sometimes men are flung of misfortunes, and they cannot pay. I know men who are just as honest in having failed as other men are honest in succeeding. I suppose there is scarcely a man who has gone through life, but there have been sometimes when he has been so flung of misfortune he could not meet his obligations. But all that I put aside. There are a multitude of people who buy that which they never intend to pay for, for which there is no reasonable expectation they will ever be able to pay. Now, why not save the merchant as much as you can? Why not go some day to his store, and when nobody is looking, just shoulder the ham, or the spare-rib, and in the modest silence steal away? That would be less criminal, because in the other way you take the time of the merchant and the time of his accountant, and you take the time of the messenger who brought you the goods. Now, if you must steal, steal in a way to do as little damage to the trader as possible. The finer the carriage the better I like it; the quicker the horses you have the better I like; but if you are hopelessly in debt for them, get down and walk like the rest of us. It is not the absolute necessities of life which send people into dishonesties and fling them into misfortunes; it is almost always the superfluities. God has promised us a house, but not a palace; raiment, but not chinchilla; food, but not canvas back duck.—*Dr. Tabnagge.*

Christian Type of Character.

The type of character which the gospel sets forth is a complete embodiment of love in both its aspects of action and affection. Such being the case it is impossible that Christianity should ever be superseded by a higher type of excellence, or ever be found in antagonism to the moral progress of mankind. There is nothing conceivable higher than love, as a principle of action, and nothing higher as a source of beauty; it would seem, therefore, that the Christian type of character, being the highest possible, is the final type. But final, not as a foreclosing history, rather as comprehending it. Whatever efforts after excellence other generations may make, as they pass through phase after phase of the movements that are possible, their advance in excellence will be an ever increasing approximation to the fullness of the Christian type.

There may be divergence from the Christian ideal, but to whatever extent this shall happen it will be degeneracy, not progress. Men, it is conceivable may abandon Christianity, but they can never go beyond it. It represents the maximum strength of all that is potential in virtue, and it embraces all that is beautiful and glorious in love itself. Love is the essence of man's moral nature as it is of God's. "Whosoever dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." Beyond this there is no greater strength, and outside it there is no higher glory.—*Irish Christian Advocate.*

Methodist Deaconess in Germany.

Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, gives an account of the work some sisters are pursuing in Berlin. "During the services I noticed several women sitting together, and paying marked attention to the devotions of the hour. They were between youth and middle age, intelligent, and had a wholesome look. Their complexions were well set off by the uniforms they wore, which consisted of dresses of a bluish cast and white hoods with long capes. They resembled so greatly the sisterhoods which exist in some Churches that I inquired who these might be? The reply was, 'They are deaconesses.' It appears that there is a great demand for women of good health, sound sense, and religious principles, to visit the sick, to be companions to invalids, and to serve in families in a capacity above that of servants, and differing from that of governesses or housekeepers. The State Church makes much use of the women in this capacity, and Methodism has raised up women eminently fitted for it, and Providence has opened their way into it, so that there is more demand than the present force is able to meet. Those whom they assist are both able and willing to provide them an ample support. Under these circumstances the Church has recognized them, and this sisterhood is an 'institution' in German Methodism. I was informed that they find many opportunities to speak of experimental religion where it has previously been unknown or misunderstood, and that they promise to be of much use in general."

Dr. George Smith, in his "Short History of Christian Missions," gives some recent figures in reference to the missionary forces now engaged in sending the Gospel to non-Christian lands. He affirms that there are 100 organizations engaged in the work, and that they together send out 2,900 ordained missionaries, or, including medical missionaries, 3,120. Counting female missionaries, wives and single women, there are 5,000 European and American laborers in the field, and 30,000 Asiatic, African and Polynesian native helpers. Protestant Christians have raised in one year for foreign missions \$11,375,000, of which \$7,650,000 are from Great Britain, \$3,000,000 from America, and \$725,000 from the continent of Europe.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

In every proper field of enterprise Southern women are making fine headway. Their achievements in literature, journalism and educational specialties are too well known to require mention. A North Carolina lady in New York has one hundred typewriter operatives under her. She supplies business houses with typewriting clerks, and enjoys a handsome income. A South Carolina girl at the Cooper Institute took the first money prize for engraving; another took the first prize for drawing from life. Another Southern girl received the first certificate in drawing last session. A South Carolina lady has made over fifty inventions, many of which he has patented. They range from fire es-

capers to cooking stoves. These few instances show that Southern women are keeping pace with the progress of the age. They do not propose to remain idle when a million problems appeal to them for solution.—*Church and Home.*

Illuminating a Text.

When Samuel Bradburn, one of John Wesley's most efficient helpers, was in very straitened circumstances Wesley sent him a five-pound note with the following letter:

"DEAR SAMMY: Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

His reply was:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such a *useful expository note* upon it before. I am, reverend and dear, sir, your grateful servant, S. Bradburn."

ITEMS.

Christian women in Paris have undertaken the novel mission of going to the washing boats on the Seine and singing, reading and talking to the laundresses while busy at their work.

According to the report of the British Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund, just published, the entire sum collected since the Fund was started in 1878 is over \$1,487,590.

There are now 264 evangelical congregations in Mexico, with 30,000 permanent adherents.

The female seminaries of the country are well represented by both teachers and pupils at the New Orleans Exposition.

There are 2,336 missionary workers abroad supported by the American Churches.

As the result of missionary labor in India in 1883, there were 308,613 conversions.

The extensive circulation of single Gospels in China is exerting a powerful influence.

The aggregate of members and adherents of the Presbyterian Churches of the world is 15,000,000.

The Indian students at the Hampton Normal School takes great interest in art work, drawing, modeling, carving. One of their teachers says that a taste for drawing is as characteristic of the Indian as that of music is of the Negro.

The Bible used in the opening service of the Centennial Conference, out of which Dr. Cummings read the Scripture lesson once belonged to John Wesley, and was used by him as his study Bible. It is the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having been presented to it at the last General Conference by Mr. S. D. Waddy, of England.

MARRIAGES.

VINCENT—BELL—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 25th, by Rev. Jos. Dare at the residence of Rev. Jos. H. Bell in Galestown, Mr. Jos. M. Vincent to Miss Sarah J. Bell.

LINN—WINGATE.—At the home of the bride's parents in Delaware City, on March 4th, by Rev. T. B. Hunter, Mr. Richard V. Fliang of Pittsburg, Pa., and Miss Lena Wingate of Delaware City, Del.

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"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." 1 Cor. xvi. 2. Name, Date, Not gradually, nor of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." 1 Cor. ix. 7. "It is HE that giveth the power to get wealth." Dent. viii. 18. Please Deposit in the Basket on Sabbath. J. Miller Thomas, PENNSYLVIA METHODIST, Wilmington, Del.

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