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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR—
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My First Circuit.

BY REV. JOHN A. ROACHE, D. D.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In Elkton resided William Duke, who, after William Watters, was the first native Methodist preacher that entered Conference; Watters in 1774, and Duke in 1775. He was majestic in form, venerable in age, and virtues, and distinguished for theological knowledge, and breadth of scholarship, and excelled as an author. He had left the Methodists before the organization of the Church in 1784, and was now a Protestant Episcopal minister in Elkton. In his love of Hagony, he presented him with a choice copy of the Greek Testament, and a copy of Mr. Wesley's Prayer Book. Such a man seemed to impart dignity to the town.

But with contrast of age, and in my own Church fellowship, in the same town was Benjamin F. Price. The young preacher had been at his father's house only a few days before, with the Presiding Elder, and had learned the anticipations that he indulged of entering the Conference. He was young, bright, and devoted; and all the sympathies of the heart went toward him, who was so soon to enter the same work. A good Providence has continued him in the field for 50 years, and now in the Elkton of his youth, where the Wilmington Conference is held, he preaches his semi-centennial sermon.

On the edge of the town stood the magnificent residence of General James Sewall. To the young preacher's eye it would serve as baronial, and gave an exalted idea of the people among whom he was to labor. Passing on to his destination, huge rocks arose, and high and steep and rugged hills frowned on him. Night was near. Soon came a descent, and mile after mile the course was downward, till the inexperienced traveller said, "Where am I going." It was a day of observation and of emotion; and an hour of weariness had come. By this time the ride on horseback had made as positive, if not as permanent an impression upon the body, as upon the mind. That which at one time weighs as a feather may at another rend like a bolt. Now light things were telling. Nearness to the place was welcome, but there was gloom without and within. If the caravansary at the close of summer, left without guests and music, may have an air of languor, as if the walls were tired of reverberating the sounds of mirth, may we not suppose that a living creature with the susceptibilities of a horse, will imbibe some of the spirit of the rider after a journey of nearly 45 miles?

Well! Sympathizing or unsympathizing, buoyant or depressed, the faithful Fanny fell flat, and flung the preacher over her head, rather shot him like a projectile. At that moment he felt the explosive power of a new and greater thought—that of saving his neck: as when a man is about losing his foot, he forgets the trouble of his corns.

But Port Deposit is reached. As directed, the preacher stops at the residence of Daniel Megrady. It was a mansion but the hospitality was greater than the house.

The town was a singular looking place, and to the preacher one of strange business. Great hills, approaching mountains towered on one side, and on the other side, rolled the Susquehanna. Between them stood the houses. Many of them were

against the rocks. The front of the dwelling might be three stories and the back one. This was new. But material objects were less than moral facts. Here was the young preacher, and on him that night was devolved the duty of conducting the devotions of that great household. He was to preside at the family altar, reading, singing, praying, where a little while before, a Lybrand, a Laurensen, a Lawrence McComb, and a Sorin had officiated. To "compare ourselves among ourselves is not wise."

The young preacher is at the headquarters. The circuit is a remarkable one. The appointments are not numerous, as compared to the circuits generally at that period.

The following were comprehended: Port Deposit, North East, Hopewell, Ebenezer, Charlestown, Brick, Meeting House, Zion, Elk Ridge, Houses, Union, Stone Grave Yard, Mount Rockey, Fry's Forge, Trump's, and Rising Sun.

These were all filled in four weeks, and the classes were led at all the appointments. Every other week was rest from preaching. This was uncommon in those days. At all these places were persons that could take the measure of the preacher. There were 14 Local Preachers, and some of them of excellent talent. Thence came and joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1836, the late Dr. Charles Karsner, and Dr. T. J. Quigley. Thence in 1839, came the late Wm. McCombs.

Quarrying was at this time largely the business of Port Deposit, as that of coal mining made Pottsville. It brought together, as in the latter place, men of intellect, enterprise, and of strong character. Mr. Megrady was one of the most marked of the number. He was direct, outspoken, big-hearted, free from dissimulation, and warm in his attachments. He had the richest quarry in the range; made and gave a great deal of money; he sometimes lost as heavily. But he had a will that knew no surrender. He said he always had at least \$5, to give to one who begged for a new church. "He would have a brick in every one." At the camp-meeting the young preacher attended, Mr. Megrady gave notice through the pulpit to the congregation that any person without provisions on the ground, would go to his tent for their meals. It was the largest private tent and best adjusted, that the young preacher had seen, and the table there spread was such as to induce an appetite in the absence of hunger. This seemed like hospitality on a princely scale, and a prince was the man. At his residence were held official meetings, and there also was conducted a Bible class, composed of such men as Taring, brother of Rev. H. Taring of the Baltimore Conference, Eli Cameron, an exhorter and admirable talker, Barnes, McClenahan—men of maturity and influence. In the absence of the preacher in charge, the young preacher was once asked to lead it, of course he had to obey orders. In the course of the lesson some hard questions arose about Noah and the effect of the wine. After others had spoken, the young preacher made some remarks that were noticed with so much favor as to make one think he had some genius if not great scholarship. But he was not anxious to have another opportunity to show his skill.

No house could have been such a home to ministers if there had not been such a lady as Mrs. Megrady, to preside

in it. She was refined in her manners, and cheerful in her spirit, and like her husband enjoyed the prayers and association of the preachers.

Mr. Megrady with all his generosity was sometimes brusque in manners, and keen in retort. She was the reverse.

They had an only daughter, Hannah, who married Edwin Wilmer of Smyrna, Del., and was converted in the same revival with the young preacher. He was State Senator for a time.

The town next in importance was North East. It soon after became a separate charge. At this time it had an excellent membership. As Mr. Megrady was the leading man in Port Deposit, so Thomas S. Thomas was the most conspicuous in North East. He was a contrast in some things to Mr. Megrady. Before his conversion he had held high position as a citizen. He had his education among the Friends and was of the gentle spirit that so frequently distinguishes their intercourse. For him to speak any other but a "soft word" would wake wonder. He had a lady's delicacy; and the urbanity of his manners, and the hospitality of his home, were in perfect accord. He walked in the light of God.

Mrs. Thomas was his companion in all his pure and noble purposes, and was like him ready to every good work. Refined and elevated in tastes, humane in all her instincts and habits, with a heart full of holy aspirations and experiences. Eternity will only tell how much the preacher on his first circuit owes to the exalted example of such a lady.

A more genial hearth-stone did not invite the young preacher. The children bore the impress of their parentage, and piety seemed an instinct of the household. God showed his favor to it by calling at least three of their five sons to the itinerant ranks, and at least one daughter as the wife of an itinerant.

In this town among our leading members, were Mrs. Ford, mother of Rev. C. T. Ford, of the N. J. Conference, Mrs. Cazier, mother of Rev. John C. Cazier, a local preacher of great zeal for God, and of a daughter of equal Christian devotion. Here also were Mrs. Wingate, and Mrs. Maffit, and Mrs. Simpers.

Toward the centre of the circuit were Hopewell and Ebenezer. These like Port Deposit and North East were Sabbath appointments. Hopewell had the morning hour. It was full and earnest. Here Rev. J. Goforth attended, Mr. Thompson and family, and Mr. White and family, and many others of the best people that the preacher had ever then or has since seen.

Ebenezer was the church of Edmonson, Reynolds, and Oldham. It was larger than Hopewell, and had a grand congregation and membership. Think of two such appointments, with such attendance and membership and resources, as entering into a circuit of 14 appointments, and having so little of the care of the preacher. But Methodists did not then give much money to the gospel. And there was a live church through the labors of those who composed it.

In these two churches the young preacher made his first efforts. We hear much of the decline of pulpit power. Do we ask if there has been any decline of "Amen" power? The "Amens" and the Glory to God, in "Hopewell" and "Ebenezer," and the Amens of "my first circuit," made a young man, or any other man feel, "we are doing something." In

the days of the "Fathers of the Church," as well as in early Methodism, responses helped utterance, and intensified feeling.

The power in the pew communicates itself to the pulpit as really as the power of the pulpit falls on the pew.

Now, in the heart of the circuit there must be noticed as the great home of the preacher, the residence of Thomas White. He was as positive a character as there was in the bounds of the charge. His wife was as great a saint.

It is a curious question what divergences and dissimilarities in the constitutional make up of social and domestic character are compatible with the real union of husband and wife. God said, "They twain shall be one flesh." They certainly were in the beginning, for the woman was the man's rib. How far this implies they are of the same mind, and outside of themselves, of the same sympathies, of one style, or of one minute, or general conformity, the writer cannot say.

But a more perfect contrast in the husband and wife, with the devotion and honor that each rendered the other, is not often seen.

Like his wife he was a member of the church and attended, and was perhaps one of the best judges of a sermon on the circuit. He was a man among men, and like his wife loved to entertain the preachers, and his home was one of their best homes, time immemorial.

His wife was one of the most gentle, thoughtful, womanly, and heavenly-minded in the circuit. He was curb and sharp, and could blurt out almost anything. If the preacher wanted to know anything about a horse, he was unequalled. He could tell you if he was as "sound as a dollar," and of "Tom and a mile in 2.40." She would talk holiness. He talked horse. Approaching the table for a blessing, with a *snuff* of his thumb and finger, he said to the young preacher, "go it," and we now honestly confess, he did like to "go it," to his shame, with a laugh instead of an invocation. But all knew who understood the man, it was his way. The writer was happy to learn of his triumphant death. Among the best friends of a preacher was the man whose exterior seemed so unlike that of his wife. They had sons bearing the names of Wesley, and Fletcher, showing the tastes of the twain, and daughters, whose uniform and multiplied kindness blessed the young preacher.

Experiences of the preacher on his first circuit, as relating to his work must be accepted.

Some are facetious, others grave. Impressions are sometimes of value, at others of no account. So much depends upon the mood of him who has them. The one now given may be thus accounted for. The young preacher with a feeling kindred to that of "home sickness," was at Mount Rockey, a week-night appointment, and that time a very different place from what it now is, as it is to be hoped the preacher is now a different man.

The church was of boards, without ceiling, plaster, or paint; of course it had no carpets. Fire was rarely used in those days. The seats were without backs, and the preaching stand was not a pulpit, but a platform of a few inches height, with a slight board for the Bible. Father Gruber who was on the circuit two years before, taught ladies not to use

veils, and that looking-glasses as well, were things of the Devil. It may not be a wonder then, if females came to church without any reproach of the toilet, and "pow wow bonnets," being in use at home, might do for the temple. It looked strange.

Then for the men! It was a rough region. In fall, winter, or spring, the roads would sometimes be fearful. In all philosophy, this would suggest shoes that were adapted. They were heavy. We rarely ask ourselves why we in a city walk as we do? why those in the country walk unlike us. But there is reason. Were they living here, they would walk as we do. Were we living there, we would walk as they do. The people of that neighborhood, accustomed to rough and muddy roads contract a resolute and determined tread, as if they would be superior to all obstacles, and would not allow themselves to be stuck. However deep or tenacious the clay, it could not hold them prisoners. The feet, like the fingers, are, if unconsciously, educated for their work. The preacher knelt for prayer. He tried to concentrate thought, when feet with such shoes, and with such an out-of-the-door separate doorstep, came on those planks, that "rang hollow from beneath," that the inevitable effect on a mind in such frame was to say, you might as well get up, and so he did.

Sinners as well as saints went to our churches, and they did not always ponder the duty of "walking softly before the Lord."

Beside, that sanctuary was the resort of other living things, beside human beings. The Psalmist says, "The sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest for herself, even Thine altars." Well! wasps had made their homes in that meeting house, and there were more of them than of worshippers; and even weak things will become strong by numbers.

The text was taken. The preacher was doing his best, under the circumstances. But his words lacked point; putting his hand to his watch chain, that was pendent, a wasp, warmed out of his nest by the fire, had settled upon the chain, and as the hand touched it, that little creature spent all the power of his single weapon, and imparted to the preacher a celebrity of movement that showed there was no want of pungency in a wasp's sting, if there is in a young preacher's words.

Of course this is only to show what a weak creature the preacher was, in his first circuit. Albeit! even now with 50 years added, he would rather in preaching get far enough away from a wasp's nest, and he hopes never again to see a "meeting house" that wasps would preempt, not even excluding the pulpit.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT).

Bishop Hannington, a missionary of the Church of England in Eastern Equatorial Africa, who sought a shorter route to Victoria Nyanza, than that taken by Livingstone, was murdered, by order of King Mteza, at the instigation of Arab traders, at Usogua, October 31st. A sensational and malicious statement that the German Empire was intending to annex these dominions, and that the missionaries were only a vanguard of the foreigners, penetrating the land as spies, produced this result.

Mrs. Julia A. Wood, aged 31 years, died in Salisbury, recently. She is the mother-in-law of Rev. Geo. W. Burke, of Federalburg, Md.

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.

Plain Words to Honest Voters.

Rev. Dr. Lafferty of the Richmond Christian Advocate, thus puts the issue of License or Prohibition before his readers

The battle is about to be joined in this city between good and evil, deliverance and bondage. There is no room for debate with the man who loves order and sobriety, be he a professing Christian or not. Surely no man who professes to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good can for one moment hesitate, as to how he will vote in the coming election. Can it be that there is a professing Christian man in Richmond who will vote to continue the evils that we have endured from whisky, and fasten the chains of slavery afresh upon his fellow men? No right-thinking or praying man will bring this stigma upon the Church of Christ. "Do good unto all men" is the command, and not evil. The Baltimore Conference (South) he says is fixed in its hostility to the liquor traffic—some more aggressive than others, but all sound to the core.

The ridiculous efforts that have been made to show that Atlanta's vote to exterminate the grog-shops was injuring her business-prosperity seem to have about played themselves out. The following little item taken from the Atlanta Constitution is evidence: "When Mayor Hillyer closed the contract yesterday for the sale of \$110,000 of 4 1/2 per cent. Atlanta city bonds at par, he remarked, 'That don't look like the old town is dead.'" We believe that is the largest premium that the bonds of any Southern city have brought since the war. It will take more ingenious lying than has yet been put forth, to convince sensible people that prosperity is founded on the gin-mill.—The Voice.

THE SALOON CURSE.—The Governor of Iowa in his inaugural address, thus characterizes this "peculiar institution" of our civilization: "The saloon is the educational institution, which takes no vacation or recess, and where the lowest and most pernicious political doctrines are taught. Its thousands of graduates may be found in all positions of wretchedness and disgrace, and are the most successful candidates for our poor-houses and penitentiaries. It is the bank, where money, time, strength, manliness, self-control and happiness are deposited, to be lost, where drafts are drawn on the widows and orphans, and where dividends are paid only to his Satanic Majesty. Let it perish."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR IN ADDRESS. ing an English audience said: "The absurdity of our present license system consists in this: that we first of all do our best to lead men into temptation, and then we imprison them because they succumb. We permit the causes and then we punish their effects."

The entire license system, high or low is a non-sensical absurdity. It is not sustained either by reason, religion, or common sense. To license a crime, or an evil, is to give it the sanction and protection of the law, and the succor and sympathy of public sentiment. That is all it wants. Liquor men and pot-house politicians laugh in their sleeves at the goody-goody efforts put forth by Church Temperance societies and all of that ilk, to regulate and restrain the traffic. There is not enough in such a movement to arouse the ire of the enemies, or enkindle the enthusiasm of the friends of reform.—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

The Northern Christian Advocate calls Sam Jones the "Rev. Cyclone."

The liquor traffic is doomed and shall be destroyed. The demon has been tried and condemned to death in the highest court, the court of public opinion. To us is assigned the work of execution. Let us proceed to perform that duty faithfully, relentlessly, now.—Hon. Henry W. Blair.

A most conspicuous illustration of hereditary drunkenness is the family of Daniel Webster. Webster was a Titan in body and mind, and a hard drinker. His son was a far weaker man, and more of a drunkard. That son's son died of delirium tremens, and that branch of the Webster family has become extinct. Many of us know similar cases of rapid degeneration from the same cause. What shall be sufficient excuse for intelligent parents practicing habits which entail disease, lessen physical and mental force and animalize the moral nature of their own offspring?—Golden Rule.

Rev. George C. Bush, of Brooklyn Mich., writes: I once gathered statistics for THE INDEPENDENT showing that saloons had been diminished by the Michigan Tax Law. That exhibit implied a great reduction in the sale of liquors. It is true it turned out many sellers from the vile business. It is true it diminished the places and their tempters. But, alas! the drink bill of Michigan is found to be more than double the amount it was when the Tax Law was enacted. It has not scratched the snake, much less killed it. Vain hope! Besides, more than a thousand sellers evade the State Tax while paying a United States tax for selling. Let temperance men learn that taxation does not restrain.

The judiciary in Georgia do not seem to think it their chief duty to hunt up strained technical points to defeat the will of the majority, who at the ballot-box voted to expel the Whisky Devil from that good old Commonwealth. This sort of judges is needed farther West—and they will be found.—Western Paper.

It is often said that Mormonism, as a religious belief, would be harmless, except for polygamy. Nothing could be more unwise than to admit that. It is Mormonism itself, the union of church and state, the implied treason, that will not rush to arms while it is allowed to flourish in a little feudal despotism of its own, the secret power which cares nothing for polygamy, except as it believes polygamy may be a weapon in its hands,—it is Mormonism itself, that is to be hated, to be feared, to be crushed. Show the Mormon that the other, deeper, subtler aims he has at heart cannot, must not, shall not be endured, and he will drop his polygamy, before you ask him to. Horrible as they are, Mormonism and polygamy have their supremely ridiculous aspects, and it is part of the supremely ridiculous, that no man can possibly enjoy polygamy. If he practices it, it is to further other aims. In a community, where he is bound to "cherish" all his wives, outwardly at least, and to provide for them all, where he cannot take refuge from the scold in the arms of the favorite, where he must appear on the appointed day at the door of the poor housekeeper, as faithfully, as on the other day at the table of the excellent cook, it may safely be presumed that polygamy brings its own penalties with it, and would only be endured, to secure another object. It has been wittily said that, with a railway through Utah, and Gentile ladies in Salt Lake City, the milliner and dress-maker can be trusted to work the much desired reform; and there is judgment, as well as wit, in the saying. Few men can afford to have a dozen wives and forty children, to be supported in equal comfort and luxury.—Alice Wellington Rollins, in Lippincott's Magazine for April.

TRUE FAITH.

BY MARY E. SLEIGHT.

"You tell me that your child is dead, And yet you greet me with a smile, And let the sunshine flood your rooms And with a song your grief beguile?"

"And why not smile? If she had gone To dwell in Sunny Italy; To gaze upon those placid slopes, And wander by that Summer sea."

"Would I not joy to follow her In thought, beneath those classic skies; To note with every changing scene The rapture in her glad young eyes?"

"Yet with my wining joy, alas! Always a brooding fear would mate; Not knowing when along the way Some nameless woe might lie in wait."

"But now for her, with love enspersed, No evil thing can work its spell; Safe talismans from ill, she treads The field where living fountains well."

"Then why not smile, and open wide My windows to the blessed light? Since she forevermore abides In that fair land, that knows no night?" —Ocean Grave Record.

Youth's Department.

Patsy's Chance.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Patsy Golden, at your service. Eleven years old, with a fair, freckled face, blue eyes, a laughing mouth, and the reddest hair you ever saw. A frank, merry boy, always at everybody's beck and call; I do not think, go where you may, you will find anywhere a fellow of Patsy's age who can do more errands, take more steps, and carry more messages in a day than little Patsy. And as for girls' work why Patsy always helps his mother with her ironing. His mother is a laundress, and takes in fine washing, besides working for the great hotel on the square by the fountain; and Patsy carries home the clothes, and boils the tea-kettle, and rocks the baby, and takes father's dinner to the moulding-shop,—does everything, in fact, except go to school, which he is just wild to do. "But it's of no use to think of that," his mother says; "Patsy cannot be spared."

At least, that was what she said last week, and the week before that. Patsy, on his part, did the best he could. He devoured his Sunday-school library book; he wrote copies on pieces of smooth brown wrapping-paper,—the hotel guests often sending parcels beautifully tied up, which came in nicely for the purpose, and father set copies in a good round hand. Patsy learned also to do many things which boys seldom learn, but which will be of use to him when he shall grow up; for no useful knowledge about the right way to do things, ever comes amiss. And, as he could not go to school, he resolved to be as contented at home as possible. Perhaps the mother would consent to his going to evening school after a while.

But three days ago something happened, and that's why I am writing this story; for I know you will all be as glad as I am, that Patsy has his chance.

The Golden live near the railroad, and their little house is between the track and the entrance to a deserted coal-mine, which has long been a favorite playground for children far and near. One day a number of workmen, with trucks and horses, pickaxes and spades, appeared on the scene, and began operations. Patsy's father, when he came home at night, said that the debris, or rubbish around the mine, was to be cleared away; that the place was to be filled up and put in order. He warned Patsy to keep out of the neighborhood as much as he could. There would be blasting, and boys were always in the way where they could not be of use.

Patsy obeyed, and though his eyes wandered often in the direction of the busy men, his feet kept at home, and he persuaded his little friends to play elsewhere. But when there was to be a blast, for the life of him he could not help the eager interest. The watching while the

men prepared the rock, and laid the slow-match, and then the breathless moment when everybody was warned away, the still waiting, the explosion, and all the air dark for one instant with flying fragments! Patsy was not sorry to be at home from school in these days; I am afraid he preferred it, while so much was going on.

One night, when the family were in bed, Mr. Golden suddenly awakened Patsy. "Get up, son," he said; "hurry on some clothes, and come to your Aunt Sally's. Mother and the baby have gone there."

"Is the house on fire?" exclaimed practical Patsy, wide awake in a second, and ready for any emergency.

"Worse, I'm afraid," said his father. "I fear it's going to cave in. Them men have been that keenerless with their blasting, they've cut the ground from under us, and I fear we'll have no house by morning. Hurry, Patsy, my man!"

Away they went to Aunt Sally's, in the black, black, night. Not a star peeped through the thick blanket of clouds; the wind blew cold and shrill, and it felt as though snow was in the air.

Patsy enjoyed it, though. I almost believe it felt like what some people would call "a lark," to be hurried out of bed in the middle of the night, and go off down the road with father, tramp, tramp, tugging to keep up with the man's long stride, and holding the big, hard hand. I don't know when Patsy has held his father's hand before; but it was a great comfort to be small enough to do it now.

Arrived at Aunt Sally's, they found the mother wrapped in a thick shawl, sitting by the fire, too much excited to sleep. Patsy decided that he would sit up with her, while father, wearied with his day's work, threw himself on an old lounge, and was presently snoring. Mother and son, both blue-eyed, red-haired, and wiry, were too much alike, and too busy in wondering what would become of them if the house should tumble down, to think of so commonplace a thing as sleep. But at last Patsy's eyes grew heavy. The lids shut fast over them and he was soon in the land of dreams.

Several hours passed swiftly. Early in the morning his father laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Come Patsy, my man," he said. "We'll go and take a look."

Take a look they did. There had been, as Mr. Golden feared, a cave-in of the earth, and there was a great yawning hole near their house, but the old house stood firm.

"God be praised!" said Patsy's father baring his gray head. "I'll go back for mother; and you, Patsy, make the fire, and get her a cup of tea. It's the hard night she's had!"

Patsy flourishing the key,—for in all his panic the night before, Mr. Golden had remembered to lock the door and secure the key,—ran home, feeling more like a man than ever. The old cat, sitting puzzled on the door-step, rubbed herself against the little legs, and purred in the friendliest fashion, by way of welcome. She blinked approvingly when she saw Patsy take the pail from the shelf behind the closet-door. That proceeding she understood as part of the usual routine in the preparation of breakfast.

Patsy, running on with the pail, stopped horror-stricken; for clear, across the railroad track, breaking the even line of the ties, there stretched a deep, dark chasm. Young as he was, he knew perfectly what that meant. There was no train due until eight o'clock, however, and there would be time to warn the railroad people at the station. Father would know what to do. Like all boys, Patsy felt unbounded confidence in father.

But hark! Surely that is the whistle of a train. That low rumble growing into a rattle, can be nothing else. The little fellow strains his eyes, makes out a black speck in the distance, knows it for

a freight train, rushing fast to destruction, unless, he, Patsy Golden, can stop it in time.

Run, Patsy, run, as if your feet were wings! Run, as you never ran before; around yonder curve, if you can, and then wave pail, hat, jacket, and scream, with all your might! God grant you may save them yet! On, in front of the engine, my boy! It was a brave thing—a quick-witted ready thing—for a little man only eleven. But Patsy did it.

The engineer saw him just in time, and the train slowed up and paused. With faces pale through the grime and soot, the brakemen, and the crew, of laborers on their way to a distant station, crowded around the child, who, at the peril of his own life and limb, had faced the locomotive thundering along, and saved them from death.

The company heard of it, and soon after the postman brought a broad official letter, sealed with a broad red seal, and in it was a check which made Patsy's mother feel very rich. In it too were words of gratitude which made Patsy's father feel very very proud.

It was more money, indeed, than the Golden had ever had in their hands at one time before; so much, that now Patsy will be sent to school, and he will have his chance with the best.

At least that is what his mother says. But I prefer to believe that there is no such thing as chance; that God arranges every part of our lives, and that nothing comes to any of us by accident. Patsy behaved with pluck and promptness, and did the duty that was before him without flinching. And God has given him an opportunity.—S. S. Times.

Able to Stand Alone.

The Blair Education Bill that has been before the senate for discussion and for action has awakened a wide-spread interest throughout the country. The bill is designed to aid in the promotion of popular education. As it is intended chiefly for the benefit of the South, there are many Southerners, who remonstrate against the proffered assistance. Their arguments are plausible, and we certainly admire the manly self-reliance exhibited in their refusal. The Southern Christian Advocate, published at Charleston, S. C., has a spirited editorial on the subject, in which the editor claims that the bill is calculated to do more harm than good. He says: "We do not need book-learning so much, as training in independence, and self-reliance. We can get on for many years to come, with a modicum of schooling, if only our people advance surely in economy, thrift, and in the intelligent appreciation of the real benefits of common school education. But this advancement depends on self-help and self-denial, and it would be a cruelly misplaced charity, that in the name even of philanthropy and enlightenment, should seek to give us, for a very limited time, aid which, even as an assured endowment, would not be beneficial."

"The finest public school system imaginable provided by the gift of outsiders, would not be as educating an influence, as our own earnest efforts to secure an imperfect one. There are some things that philanthropy cannot give, and that self-respecting independence cannot accept. No man can afford to take as a gift what he is able to provide for himself; no people may receive, even as a due, that which discourages interest and activity on their part. If ever there should come a time for Federal aid in this direction, it will be; when our people have educated themselves to understand and appreciate the blessings of general education, and then, we shall not need any aid."

If the above voices correctly, the sentiment of the Southern people, then the Blair Bill may as well be laid on the table for the present, as far as the South is concerned.—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

The Sunday School.

The First Disciples.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1886.
John 1: 35-51

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

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

GOLDEN TEXT: "The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus" (John 1: 37).

I. POINTED TO THE LAMB (35-39).

35, 36. *Again the next day after* (R. V., "again on the morrow")—the day after the Baptist's explicit testimony concerning Jesus, that He was the Lamb of God, etc. *John stood* (R. V., "was standing")—probably on the bank of the Jordan. The hour was critical; and the Baptist recognized it. *Two of his disciples*—Andrew (as we afterwards learn) and doubtless John himself, the writer of this gospel, it being his habit to conceal his name; the particular account here given it evidently from personal memory. *Looking* (R. V., "looked") upon Jesus as he walked.—The gaze of the Baptist was a steady and penetrating one, as the word implies. The day before, Jesus coming out of the wilderness after His forty days of fasting and temptation had approached John; to-day He was apparently walking, and awaiting the Father's will and fully prepared for it. *Behold the Lamb of God.*—He had made the same exclamation the day before, only in a fuller form, and with explanations which did not, on this second occasion, require repetition.

The phrase, 'the Lamb of God' is to be referred primarily to the prophetic passage in Isa. 53: 7, for John had taken the description of his own mission from the second part of Isaiah, and the Messianic import of the passage named cannot be evaded. . . But if the prophet went back to the notion of the expiatory sacrifice, then the Baptist also did the same. Lambs were by preference taken for the sin-offering. Christ, as the Lamb appointed by God, is a sin-offering which atones for the world's guilt. As the paschal lamb formed the root of the whole system of sacrifice, and pointed by the blood on the door-posts to the atoning offering Christ is the paschal Lamb.

37, 38. *Heard him speak.*—There was something in his tone, probably, which suggested to them that a higher Master was ready for their discipleship. *Followed Jesus*—not merely a mechanical following, "wishing to know something of Him," as Alford insists; nor yet an absolute forsaking of all to follow Him; but the first steps in an intention to become His pupils if He would accept them. *Then* (R. V., "and") *Jesus turned*—as He always turns to every inquiring soul. *What seek ye?*—not whom. Evidently He would test them—make them define to their hearts, as well as in speech, what their real purpose was. "This is the first thrilling word which the Eternal Word uttered in the hearing of our Evangelist." *Rabbi*. . . *where dwellest* (R. V., "abidest") *thou?*—an answer indicating bashfulness or embarrassment; they do not understand as yet the new rabbi, themselves; an answer, too, which implies a wish for a longer and more private opportunity for conversation than the present occasion permitted. Still, in addressing Him as "Rabbi," and inquiring where he lived, they intimated their wish to become His disciples.

39. *Come and see*—R. V., "Come, and ye shall see." *Come and see where he dwelt* (R. V., "abode")—a temporary lodging, for His home was in Galilee, and He went thither the next day. It may have been the house of a friend, "a son of peace." *Abode with him that day.*—Edersheim conjectures that it was a Sabbath day. *For*—omitted in R. V. *It was about the tenth hour*—four o'clock in the afternoon, according to the Jewish reckoning; ten in the morning according to the Roman. Opinions differ as to which hour is meant. Edersheim and later commentators favor the latter. But whichever it was, whether morning or afternoon, the hour itself was never forgotten by John. Says Watkins: "It was the sacred turning-point of the writer's own life, and its incidents are fixed in a depth of thought and feeling that no human eye may penetrate." Says Whedon: "There did Andrew and John spend the residue of the day in converse with Jesus; and there did they, these two disciples of the Baptist, come to that faith in Jesus by which, without an *if* or *qualification*, they could say to Simon, 'We have found the Messiah.'"

"Come and see," afterwards used by Philip (verse 47) in reply to the objection of Nathanael, occurs in Psalm 66: 5 with reference to the great works of God. It is often the wisest answer we can give to honest skeptics on matters of Christian faith. Bengel calls it the best remedy against preconceived opinions. Personal experience is the best test of the truth of Christianity, which, like

the sun in heaven, can only be seen in its own light."

II. BROTHER BRINGING BROTHER (40-42)
40, 41. *Andrew.*—The word is derived from a Greek noun meaning "man." His name, takes precedence of that of his brother—"the city of Andrew and Peter," for example; but, later on, Peter far surpassed him in leadership and distinction. Two pairs of brothers belonged to the apostolic band—John and James, Andrew and Peter. *Followed him*—that is, to his abode; he did not "follow him" as an apostle until after the miraculous draught of fishes. *He first findeth*—R. V., "He findeth first." This has been called the "chapter of Eureka." *His own brother Simon.*—Commentators explain these words as implying that both Andrew and John set out each to find his brother, and that Andrew was the first to succeed.

Found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ—R. V., "found the Messiah (which is, being interpreted, Christ)." "Messiah" is simply, the Hebrew equivalent for the Greek "Christos," meaning "anointed." Writing for the Greek community, the apostle gives the Greek rendering of the word. The stress is on "we have found," "implying a longing search."
"Who can tell what might have happened if Andrew had been of a silent, reserved, and uncommunicative spirit, like many a Christian in the present day?"

42. *He brought him to Jesus.*—These words might have been taken by Andrew as a life motto, for on the two other occasions in which he is alluded to, he is engaged in the same blessed work (6: 8, 9; 12: 22). *And when Jesus beheld him*—R. V., "Jesus looked upon him;" a heart-searching look, as the Greek implies; a memorable look to Peter, for it is probably his first meeting with the being who is to lift him from the obscurity of a Galilean fisherman to the heights of apostolic usefulness and honor for all succeeding time. *Thou art Simon.*—That is thy present name.—*The son of John*—R. V., "the son of John." This correction makes a change of meaning, instead of "the son of the dove," "the son of grace." *Thou shalt be called Cephas*—Hebrew, or rather Aramaic, for "rock," or "stone." *Which is, by interpretation, a stone.*—(R. V. which, by interpretation, Peter). The R. V. rightly retains the proper name, instead of translating it.

"This promise received its fulfillment, Matt. 16: 18 ("Thou art Peter"), where the earlier naming is implied. The title appears to mark, not so much the natural character of the apostle as the spiritual office to which he was called."

III. FRIEND FINDING FRIEND (43-51).

43, 44. *The day following Jesus would go forth*—R. V., "On the morrow he was minded to go forth." This is the fourth specified day in this chapter of highly important events. *Into Galilee.*—We find him three days later at Cana in Galilee. *Findeth Philip*—apparently just as he was starting. Philip, too, had been at Bethabara, and was now going home to Bethsaida. Says Lange: "Philip's characteristic, according to John, seems to have been a striving after ocular evidence in the nobler sense, a buoyant and resolute advance to the object in view. Tradition, contrary to the fact of his earlier calling, has made him the disciple to whom Christ spoke the words in Matthew 8: 22. He is frequently confounded with Philip the deacon, who like himself was married and had daughters." *Follow me*—be My companion on the journey Galileeward; but the words also involved an invitation "to follow the blessed steps of His cross and His crown. How much of this Philip may have understood at the moment, it is impossible to say; but whether much or little, he is not disobedient to the heavenly calling." *Philip was of Bethsaida.* etc.—R. V., "Philip was from Bethsaida, of the city of Andrew and Peter." Note that Jerusalem, the nation's capital furnished no member of the apostolic band. The weak things of this world were chosen to confound the mighty.

"Bethsaida of Galilee was on the western shore of the lake of Galilee, not far from Capernaum and Chorazin."

45. *Philip findeth.*—What an energy of "finding!" But, then, what a reason for finding. *Nathanael*—Hebrew for Theodorus, or "gift of God;" a resident of Cana. Philip may have found him on the journey, or before they started, it is impossible to tell which. He is supposed to be the same person as Bartholomew. *We have found him,* etc.—Quite likely the minds of Philip and Nathanael had been turned especially of late to the study of Moses and the prophets, with reference to the coming of the Messiah. Philip is already as fully convinced that he has found Him as the other four disciples were. *The prophets did write*—Isa. 7: 14, 9: 6, 7; 52: 13, 15; 53: 1-12; Ezek. 34: 23-31; Dan. 9: 14-27. *Jesus . . . son of Joseph.*—Philip at that time knew no better, probably. It was usual to speak of a person in this way, mentioning his residence and his father's

name, and Joseph was the reputed father of Jesus. Says Schaff: "The mystery of the supernatural conception was a pearl not to be thrown before the multitude, who would have misunderstood and abused it."

46. *Can . . . any good . . . come out of Nazareth?*—that obscure, disreputable hill-town, only a league from where I live? It is incredible. And then it is unscriptural, for "out of Galilee, ariseth no prophet." Bethlehem is the place prophesied. The Great Messiah springing from that insignificant hamlet, not important enough to be mentioned even in the Old Testament! *Come and see.*—A better answer to an honest, but astonished, perplexed and prejudiced mind could not have been given. No argument would have convinced in this case.

"Nazareth was about fourteen miles from the Sea of Galilee, six miles west of Tabor, and sixty-six miles north of Jerusalem in a straight line."

47, 48. *Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.*—By His supernatural discernment Jesus read the heart of Philip's friend at a glance—not "an Israelite" outwardly, but one inwardly; not a son of carnal Jacob, but a true spiritual son of Israel—the prince with God, who wrestled and prevailed; "without guile," but not without sin; a sincere man, not tainted with the prevalent hypocrisy; nothing false in him. Hence, as Trench remarks, his guilelessness furnished a kindly soil in which all excellent graces might flourish, but did not supersede the necessity of the divine seed, out of which alone they can spring. *Whence knowest thou me?*—Jesus had made the remark to the bystanders, but Nathanael, approaching with Philip, was near enough to hear it. Nathanael naturally supposes that somebody has been telling Jesus about him. He asks the question bluntly, omitting to use the title of Rabbi. *When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee*—as though he would say: "I need no human informer. The most secret thoughts of your heart are open to me. In that retirement from which you have just emerged, in your meditation and wrestling with God, I saw you." Quite likely he had been praying for the speedy coming of the Messiah.

49. *Rabbi, thou art the Son of God.*—Every vestige of doubt and prejudice is swept from Nathanael's mind by that brief saying of Jesus. There is a "fine frenzy" in his credo. He no longer refrains to call Jesus, "Rabbi," but he adds to it a title which was rarely accorded to our Lord in His earthly sojourn. *Thou art the (R. V. omits 'the') King of Israel*—the Messiah. The supernatural insight shown by Jesus convinced Nathanael that he was "the Son of God," and, therefore, He must be Israel's long expected king.

The title, "the Son of God," was a rare designation of the Messiah, derived from Psalm 2: 5, 12, and is used by Peter (Matt. 16: 16), the disciples in the ship, *Matt. 14: 33*, Martha (John 11: 27), and the high priest (Matt. 26: 63). It signifies the Divine nature, as the titles 'Son of Man,' 'Son of David,' signify the human nature of the Messiah.

50, 51. *Because I said,* etc.—Jesus was often led to "marvel" at the unbelief which surrounded Him; very rarely had he occasion to marvel at any display of faith. He will reward this faith with a higher revelation in the future. *Verily, verily*—the preface to a most solemn asseveration. *I say unto you*—"you," Nathanael; and "you" who hear My voice. Christ speaks as "one having authority"—not "Thus saith the Lord," but "I say unto you" *Hereafter ye shall see heaven open* R. V., "ye shall see heaven opened"—an unmistakable allusion to Jacob's vision. They shall see that vision realized, in a heaven wide open, and joined to earth, not by a mystic ladder, but by the Son of Man, through whom a constant intercourse shall be established and maintained.

Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.

No. 52.

Now that the Conferences are over, I may resume my narrative, which was broken off, about the date of March 1858. The Philadelphia Conference, of that year, was held in Easton, Pa., with Bishop Ames in the chair. The session opened on the 20th, and closed March 29th. It was specially remarkable for the first drawn battle, I had witnessed on our Conference floor, on the exciting subject of slavery.

Rev. John D. Long, a Marylander, I think, by birth and education, precipitated the discussion, by his book, then recently published which some of the leading conservatives of the body considered a little too radical, in its "pictures of slavery." It placed the author, at least, squarely among the class repro-

bated as "abolitionists," and he was held by some amenable to censure for his temerity.

The lines were drawn. James Cunningham, James M. McCarter, and a few others hotly and bravely defended Bro. Long and his book; but they were in a minority. With my knowledge of the temper of the times in Maryland and Virginia, I knew the discussion would embarrass our work, or possibly, drive us from our churches; and I therefore, deplored agitation, at that particular juncture. I remember writing several communications to papers in Delaware, and on the Eastern Shore, with the view to allay excitement; but they were of little avail, for we met it hot and heavy, when the Conference adjourned. While I voted in the interest, as I thought, of harmony, and to obviate an outbreak of unreasoning hostility, I was real proud of such men, as Alfred Cookman, who sat by my side, and Joseph S. Lane, then a young member of the body, who boldly stood up to be counted in, for the right of free speech and emancipation.

It was a terrible shock, however, to the abolition wing, when the whisper was passed around, that Pannel Coombe suggested, and Bishop Ames concurred in the idea, to appoint them all to places, where they should have to face the music. They did not calculate on such a test of principle, as meeting mob law; and a few brethren, always brave enough on the Conference floor, would have located, or sought a transfer to New Jersey, any day, before risking their dignity south of Mason and Dixon's line.

This was one of Bishop Ames' jokes, however, and the uneasy brethren were allowed to keep at a safe distance from the point of possible hostilities. One of those I have named, either had been there, or was man enough to go soon after, and maintained his integrity all through an exciting pastorate, with the firmness and devotion, which always commands respect. I refer to Joseph S. Lane.

The Bishop had been heralded as a great parliamentarian, and one of the best presiding officers on the bench. In the excitements of debate, he proved himself to be an admirable manager of men. He kept order, not so much by a vigorous use of the gavel, or quoted definitions from Cushman or Matthias' Manual, as by good fellowship. If he noticed a speaker growing belligerent, he toned him down by a *bou mot*; or if the Conference was annoyed by an intolerable bore, he snuffed him out by some quiet ruse, which prevented the unseemliness of public rebuke.

Easton was a fine healthy town for a Conference session. Lafayette College, standing out in bold relief on the crown of a high hill, was an attractive place of resort for some of us, to whom such an institution, with its campus, curriculum, lecture halls, and recitation rooms, was but little known or appreciated, since we had to pick up our knowledge in a promiscuous sort of way; and we pitied the poor fellows, who were compelled to spend so much of their time cramming in studies, which never did, and hardly ever will pay for the candle, in our increasingly practical age.

A Delaware shad is famed far and wide, for its excellence, and during our visit to Easton, a number of this species of fish, took the trouble to stem the river current all the way up, and allow themselves to be taken and broiled for our breakfasts.

On our homeward trip, there was a tedious delay in making connections, at the Moravian town of Bethlehem; which our preachers improved by holding a service in the plain and spacious chapel of the Institution, and rehearsing the story of good Peter Bohler, but for whom, John Wesley might have lived on in legalism, and never left the impress of a burning heart, upon the Methodism which, under God, he founded for the regeneration of this fallen world—a

world which by accumulating signs and tokens, never will be saved without its doctrines of grace, its methods of propagation, and its itinerant miracle of perpetual motion.

Very few of us, who that day had a casual glimpse at the Moravian regime, in education, spiritual discipline, simplicity, and zeal, stamped upon their living, and illustrated even in their graveyard, but wished for another and better opportunity to get acquainted with this denomination; especially of an Easter morning, when among their sleeping dead, are heard the bugle note, an hallelujah, which peal out, in joyous hope of a general resurrection.

A group of our preachers were standing on the railroad platform, with a locomotive on the track, which some were curiously studying. Up walked one of our most stately and self-poised ministers. His white cravat was starched with dignity. His mein was always solemn, and the most intrepid punster would hardly dare to risk a joke, in his austere presence. He condescended to ask one of the younger men if he would be so kind as to explain to him, the mystery of the machinery which gave such power to the engine.

"Yes sir," said the person addressed

"I think I understand it."

"Proceed then, brother," said the inquirer, while the group gathered closer around to hear what he had to say.

"First," said the would be scientist, "there is a sizzling something, closely corked inside this cylinder, which, when directed by a convenient crank to act on a "thing-um-bob" over there, starts up a what-do-you-call-it underneath, then by a succession of centripetal and centrifugal titivations it touches the periphery of circumlocution, and makes the what's-its-name evolve with more or less velocity."

He looked into the grave face of the puzzled preacher, in the utmost innocence, as if waiting orders for further explanations. The others set up a general laugh, and requested the fellow to repeat his diagnosis, which of course he would not consent to do. The original questioner looked him all over, and suspecting he had been "sold," turned to the brethren saying, "who is this prodigy of science? Seems to me, he is a little too smart for these times, at least he is beyond my comprehension; and I am sorry to be forced to the unpleasant conviction, that he has humbugged me."

Dear, kind Allen John! I avoided him for some time after that day; for it was on my head his coals of fire fell. Even for an offered "dollar," I declined afterwards to expound in such an elaborate way, the intricacies of a locomotive engine; although I think I had done it as explicitly, as the once famous lexicographer defines the simple word "knitting." See Johnson's Dictionary.

Well—the particular issue of the Eastern Conference of '58, of most interest to me, was my appointment to Salisbury, Md., with Rev. W. F. Talbot, as my junior colleague.

Salisbury, at that time, was the head and centre of the Snow Hill District; and at present, I perceive, gives its name to the old District, instead of "Snow Hill." I felt it to be no small honor to succeed the illustrious men who had occupied its parsonage, fought the neighbor's hogs out of its garden, and exercised their exuberant physical abilities with a buck and saw, in its well remembered wood-shed.

There was another pleasurable consideration in the case; I had been without a colleague for four or five years. Both of my late appointments were two weeks circuits. I longed for a little more sea room, and companionship in council and labor. On a four weeks' plan, I felt more, free, and in heartier accord with itinerant usages; to say nothing of the privilege of preaching old sermons over again, and having to prepare fewer new ones.

Then too, my yoke fellow was good-nature embodied. Handsome, affable and lively, he was an untiring worker. I regret that, like so many others, he is nearly worked down, and bears the marks of advancing age. His record, from the day I first met him, has been one of uncommon activity; and as far as the one great object of the ministry goes—saving souls, success has followed him, all the way along.

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"From Boston to Bareilly and Back," by Rev. William Butler, D. D. This is one of the most unique and thrilling narratives of personal experience and observation in India, that have ever been written. Dr. Butler was commissioned by the Methodist Episcopal church, in 1856, to found a mission in India; and soon after his arrival, the terrible rebellion of the Sepoys broke out, and the Doctor escaped the murderous rebels, only by the most marvelous providences. After eight years' successful labor in this field, Dr. Butler returned to this country, and nineteen years later, it was his privilege in company with his wife and daughter, to revisit India. This volume is the result. It will amply repay perusal, and greatly develop the missionary spirit. We append a notice the literary editor of the *Christian Advocate*.

The coolness with which some of our Immersion brethren assume that all who do not pronounce their Shibboleth are disobedient to Christ's command, is not only refreshing in the heat of debate, but its frigidly rivals the intensest cold that ever congealed a spirit-thermometer. Take the following from Rev. Dr. Burrows, "uncontroversial discourses," in the *Religious Herald*:

"There are, as we know, many people who do not like immersion as a religious rite. They think it inconvenient, ostentatious, superfluous, eccentric, crotchety; and some, who do not scruple in a social

way to take a dip in the surf with a hundred companions and a hundred spectators, have even applied the term indecent, to baptism. Now, Baptist principles do not allow the force of any such adjectives, in deciding questions of obedience to a command of the Lord. If immersion were all these unlovely things, still we would commend and practice it if convinced that it is the law of the Lord."

Just so, exactly. And what force can the "principles" of any other Christians "allow" to these, or any other "adjectives," in such a case? Every thing turns on the assumption, that Christ enjoined this one mode of applying water; or more correctly, on the assumption, that Christ enjoined this mode of applying the person to the water. "If convinced that it is the law of the Lord," every disciple is bound to obey, and when "convinced," we opine the non-immersionists will defer as little to qualifying "adjectives" as their immersion brethren.

But here is the point, which our friends find it so much to their advantage to overlook; the great body of believers from the beginning down to the present day, are not so "convinced;" and while immersionists certainly ought to follow their own convictions, they as certainly ought not to condemn their brethren, for following theirs. As holy, as learned, as competent, and as God-honored expositors of the written word, fail to find any warrant, for exclusive immersion, in the Book, as are any of those who claim that they do find such warrant in the same divine volume. But all this goes for nothing, with the average Immersionists. Had the Master prescribed the modern improvements on the Jordanic baptism—water-proof robes, bath-tubs, heating pipes, dressing rooms, &c.—with the utmost minuteness of detail, our friends could not have claimed scriptural sanction more positively, than they do now. The writer once inquired of an intelligent, but uncompromising Immersionist, why a brother who had not been immersed, but whose Christian discipleship was not doubted was denied admission to his Lord's table, when Immersionists were serving, and was answered, with utmost naïveté, "because he is a disobedient disciple." "Disobedient," indeed, to an Immersionist Master, but not to the one Master of us all, who is in heaven, and therefore as approved by Him, is entitled to a seat at His table.

Our Immersion brethren cite the baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch, as a clear case of immersion, but fail to tell us how Phillip came to immerse his subject, on his profession of faith in a Messiah, who, according to Isaiah, was to "sprinkle many nations." One must needs put on Immersionist glasses, to find any "liquid grace" here.

Local Option.

In a part of our Peninsula the people have recently been graciously granted the privilege to decide by vote, whether the death-dealing liquor-traffic shall be continued among them with the sanction of a legal license, or be prohibited by law. No one in these days can be found to advocate free-ram. Even liquor dealers themselves, whatever may be their reasons, admit the necessity of some restrictions. Hence every license law, not only restricts the selling to such persons as have license and prohibits all others from selling, but in most cases, prohibits selling to minors, selling on Sundays and election days, and in many cases to habitual drunkards when notified by their suffering wives. So that the option is not between free rum and no rum at all, between liberty for any one to sell, or prohibition of all sales, but between licensing a favored few to make money out of this accursed business, and prohibiting every one from doing it. This is the real question at issue; whether we shall have a privileged class, established by law, to fill their purses with the gains of this un-

holy traffic, that spreads desolation, misery and death, just in proportion as it prospers, or whether for the protection of our homes, our property, our morals and our lives, we shall abolish the abomination altogether. It would seem that no sane man who had any intelligent regard for himself, his fellow men, or his God, could hesitate for one moment, on which side of such a question it would be his option to stand. Yet men do hesitate, and some good and intelligent men are to be found who oppose Prohibition. The objections are two fold; first, prohibition will not prohibit; second, if it will, it ought not. In reply to the first, we call attention to the fact wherever prohibition either has been enacted, or is a question before the people, the liquor men without exception oppose it most bitterly and most persistently, going so far as to pledge themselves to boycott any man of any party who favors prohibition, and bringing suit for large damages for the losses in their business, caused by prohibitory laws. (Can any man in his senses doubt or deny such proof that prohibition does prohibit.)

But prohibition not only does this; it also places the seal of popular condemnation upon the traffic. By prohibition the whole business of dram-selling is put under ban of law, and no one who either respects public opinion and is a law abiding citizen, or fears the penalties of the law, will engage in it. Prohibition thus prohibits all decent and self-respecting people from corrupting themselves and others, by pursuing such a nefarious business. This is a great point secured by Prohibition. When the dram shop stands in the same category with gambling and bawdy dens, not only in the estimation of professing Christians, but by popular judgment, as declared by the ballot and in the law of the land, it will lose many of the attractions it now has for our uncontaminated youth, and for those of our people who occasionally frequent it. Rob the saloon of its respectability, and you deprive it of what chiefly gives it so great power to do mischief. Besides, prohibition prohibits the guilt of personal complicity with the iniquity; for after all, our laws are what the people make them, either by their direct vote, or by their choice of those who act for them in a legislative capacity. Every citizen, by the very nature of our government, is necessarily responsible for the character of both legislator and legislation, and is guilty or innocent, as he faithfully meets that responsibility, which cannot be avoided. There is no possible neutrality here. "He that is not with me" said the Great Teacher, "is against me." My vote counts for the right, or by not voting I allow the vote of another to count for the wrong, when mine would have balanced his.

If Prohibition will not absolutely prohibit intemperance, and bring in the millennium, it certainly has already prohibited much, and will prohibit more.

But this is only one side of the question. Does license prohibit? We have seen that Prohibition does prohibit in regard to matters of very considerable importance; (1) it involves the dealers in such losses, as make them oppose it most violently, and appeal to the courts for damages; (2) it places the ban of the law and popular disfavor upon the business; and (3) it relieves the conscience of the guilt of being in partnership with the rum seller. Now what does license prohibit? (1) it prohibits every one from selling, except those who are licensed; otherwise, it is a great injustice to exact a fee from these Bonifaces while we let all others go scot free; (2) it prohibits public condemnation of the traffickers; for have they not the broad seal of state authority for their business? (3) then license laws, as we have said, usually prohibit selling to minors, selling on Sunday's and election day's, and have other restrictive features. But let us look how these prohibitory features of license laws operate. (1). Instead of lessening

the number of places where the drink traffic does its work of death, the licensed saloons fertilize the soil, which grows these deadly plants. For proof of this we confidently appeal to every community which has faithfully tried the experiment. We make no distinction between high and low license; because, raising the amount charged for license only makes the trafficker that much more anxious to sell; and though it will no doubt reduced the number of licensed saloons, it will as certainly increase the number of places where the traffic is carried on without license. The dealers will have just so much more inducement to connive at illicit sales; for don't those who are licensed supply the deadly drug to all, who have the money, or it may be, only the clothes of their motherless children, with which to pay for it? One of the most egregious delusions that ever possessed the mind of a sane human being is the idea, that we can lessen the sale of intoxicants by licensing it. But we close this article with some facts, in illustration of our position. Quoting from memory, as to the precise figures in this one case, it has been stated that in Philadelphia, of some 6000 dram shops, about 4000 are unlicensed. The following facts are from the *Homiletic* for April. The High License laws of Illinois went into effect July 1, 1883, fixing the license for all kinds of spirituous liquors, at not less than \$500, and of malt liquors, at not less than \$150. The editors of *The Voice* sent out questions to ministers in all parts of that state, (1) as to any decrease in drinking, (2) as to decrease in number of saloons, (3) as to increase in attractiveness of saloons, (4) as to lulling public conscience on the enormities of the traffic. In reply, 60 of these ministers say, "there is no evidence of any less drinking in their localities, and 4 say there is less in theirs; 25 say the number of saloons has decreased with them, and 24 say they have not decreased in their localities; (many of these towns were no-license towns, in some of which saloons have been introduced for the sake of the revenue from High License); 44 testified to increased attractions, and therefore increased danger in these saloons, to 10 who say there is no such change in the saloons where they live, and 51 to 16 testify to the lulling of the conscience of the people. These facts are published under the name of each minister whose testimony is given. Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson of Chicago, said in a letter, April 25, 1885, "the saloons closed here by High License, are those probably the least harmful, the least patronized, and the most decent of all. All the vilest saloons are in full blast. The great arteries of the cities show no closed saloons." Hon. Neal Dow says, "High License is a buffer interposed between the liquor traffic and the popular indignation against it." Hon. John B. Finck of Nebraska, head of the Good Templars, says, "I now know I was terribly mistaken in my theories. Many of the delusions urged in defense of High License have been exploded by the trial of the law." Of 63 of these Illinois ministers, 54 declare that their experiences coincide with the opinions as above expressed by Messrs. Johnson, Dow and Finck, while only 9 express any dissent. The *Homiletic* adds, "there were never so many no-license saloons in Chicago, as since the adoption of High License. In Lincoln, Neb., a \$1000 license is charged and there are many no-licensed saloons." A \$1000 bribe blinds the eye of the average policeman, and the saloon man saves his \$900. This is the way License prohibits the infamous business. Can Prohibition prohibit less?

The right advantage of Prohibition, we will consider next week.

ABLE TO STAND ALONE.—In another column is a clipping from a Southern paper under this heading which indicates strong opposition to what is known as the Blair Educational Bill, on the

part of those for whose benefit it is supposed to be designed. The objections urged in this paper, seem to us very inconsistent with the attitude of our Southern friends toward other "outside" help. They don't repel the proffered aid of the Peabody Fund, or Mr. Vanderbilt's large benefactions, as "cruelly misplaced charities." We are not advised as to the specific provisions of this Bill, but hope this opposition does not arise from the fact that "brother in black," is offered help as well as his paler fellow citizen. To encourage self-reliance and independence, the "Federal aid" could be proportioned to the ability of the states to provide for this great want, and thus stimulate rather than discourage the recipients. We should like to know how Dr. Haygood regards this Bill.

REV. A. W. MILBY, P. E.—We are thankful to be able to report continued improvement in the health of brother Milby. Bro. Warthman writes us, April 6th, "he is gaining some every day; his mind is clear, he has the use of his limbs, and can articulate some. He longs to be at his work and is able to give directions about it."

The Wilmington Conference at its recent session passed resolutions commendatory of their local organ, the *Peninsula Methodist*, edited by Rev. T. Snowden Thomas. It has a fine field, an appreciative patronage, and ample margin for improvement.—*Ocean Grove Record*.

Very true, Dr. Wallace; and while we hope always to move beneath the "banner, with that strange device—Excelsior," we shall take great comfort in finding our brethren of the quill marching in the same ranks.

Those who remember their enjoyment of *The Land of the Veda*, and who from time to time have turned to that thrilling account of missionary work and sacrifice, will eagerly read Dr. William Butler's new volume, *From Boston to Bareilly and Back*. This is a thrilling and interesting book, the reading of which will not only stimulate missionary labor and liberality, but will give to those who have not made the journey, the delightful privilege of doing it by proxy. There is much trustworthy information here concerning the progress of our missions in India, We wish long life to Dr. Butler and a wide public for his charming volume. There is a most excellent portrait of the Doctor as a frontispiece.—*Christian Advocate*.

The post-office address of Rev. I. D. Johnson is Milford, Del.

Our Book Table.

In the *Homiletic Review* for April Prof. F. C. Smyth, of Andover leads off with a discussion of "Probation after Death," from the standpoint of the "New Theology." Dr. Howard Crosby replies to Dr. Herrick Johnson's powerful article in the December issue on Prohibition. Dr. Dabney, of Texas, gives a characteristic paper on the "New Theology," which takes strong ground against it. Prof. Wright, of the *Bib. Sacra* discusses "Modern Criticism in its relation to Christianity," while Dr. Ormiston gives a third paper on "Insomnia" which will be read with intense interest, and Dr. Pierson furnishes another chapter of his "Seed Thoughts for Sermons," and also "The Missionary Field." The sermons are twelve in number, three full, and nine in out line. Dr. Koegel, of Berlin, Dr. Hogo of Richmond, Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Nicholson and others are the authors of them. The Prayer Meeting Service, *Homiletics*, *Pastoral Theology*, and the study Table, by Drs. Sherwood, Hoppin, Wilkinson and Ludlow, are of usual interest. The Miscellaneous and Editorial Departments are stored with facts, thoughts, suggestions, comparisons of views, etc., that cannot fail to prove a feast of fat things to the reader, in search of information and stimulant in relation to the living questions of the day, and matters which most concern pastoral life. Published by FUNK & WAGNALLS, 10 and 12 Dey Street, New York, \$3.00 per year or \$3.50 with the *Peninsula Methodist*; 30 cents per single number.

Conference News.

Wilmington District.—REV. CHAS. HILL, P. E., WILMINGTON, DEL.

The apron bazaar at Asbury M. E. church, closed Thursday evening of last week. The attendance was large, and many aprons were sold. The bazaar was held by the Ladies' Aid Society, for the purpose of raising funds to assist in defraying the debt incurred by improving the church. The society subscribed \$300 toward the improvements, and recently raised \$125 of the amount. It is thought the apron bazaar netted about \$160.—*Every Evening.*

Easton District.—REV. JOHN FRANCE, P. E., SMYRNA, DEL.

Marydel, A. S. Mowbray, pastor, expects to have a parsonage built during the summer. *Denton Union.*

Dover District.—REV. A. W. MILBY, P. E., HARRINGTON, DEL.

A number of ladies greeted the family of the Rev. John Warthman on their arrival at the parsonage, on Friday of last week, to take up their abode here. The table was spread with everything good to eat, and the parson and family highly appreciated the *Harrington Enterprise*.

Galestown, Md., Bro. W. W. Green, writes: "I am having a good time here preaching the everlasting gospel; last Sunday was a very pleasant day. The people seem to partake of the gospel loaves, as if it tasted well to their spiritual palates."

Hurlock's charge, G. F. Hopkins, pastor, writes:—The Minutes have made their appearance, and we would say, a very graceful one. We believe this publication will help us in our work, and hence are trying to get a copy into every home. On this line we are selling and giving away about 5 doz. copies, and asking God to bless their mission.

TO THE PREACHERS OF DOVER DISTRICT.—The next Association for this District is appointed to meet at Seaford, on the second Tuesday in June. The programme will be prepared as soon as practicable.

W. E. ENGLAND, }
E. DAVIS, } Curators.
W. J. DUNLADWAY. }

Salisbury District.—REV. J. A. B. WILSON, P. E., PRINCESS ANNE, MD.

Rev. W. W. Chairs writes us from Powellville, Md., that he and his family were met at the station on their arrival, and shown to their new home, where a number of the good sisters were in waiting to welcome them to a nicely warmed house, and an inviting supper. Many expressions of affectionate regard, give assurance that these people will not suffer their pastor's family to lack what is needful for their comfort. Bro. Chairs hopes to be able to build a new church, and to secure a parsonage during this year, and asks the prayers of his brethren, that the Lord may give him good success.

The ladies of the M. E. church of Chincoteague, gave a "Martha Washington tea party," on Thursday and Friday nights, March 25 and 26th, at the town hall, for the benefit of their pastor. George and Martha Washington were personated by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. G. Shearer, decked in the habiliments of an hundred years ago. They presided at the table, loaded with all the delicacies of the season, with an easy grace and dignity—while a bevy of pretty young ladies arrayed in Martha Washington costumes, served the guests with the succulent viands. A large crowd was in attendance each night, in fact, many were turned away for want of room. Mrs. D. J. Wheaton and Miss Frank Babbitt deserve especial mention, being the prime movers and constant workers in the benevolent cause. Mr. Charles E. Murray acted as cashier, and reports the gross receipts to be over \$33,—net proceeds \$40.—*Peninsula Enterprise.*

Mrs. E. B. Stevens, secretary of the W. F. M. S. for our Peninsula, who favors us with missionary articles, kindly sends us the following letter from India, for publication.

METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
78 Esplanade East, Calcutta, Dec. 15, '85.

DEAR SISTER STEVENS:—If life out here could be less busy, and the climate less depressing, I could do more by way of communicating with friends, than I do. You well see we have changed our address. The Central Conference and the Board of Publication, have insisted upon it, and with not over much grace, we have acquiesced. The move from Lucknow was one of difficulty and great expense, and hence of discomfort; but a Methodist preacher is to be first and last and all the time, loyal; so here we are.

Our business is to build up a Methodist Publishing House, one that shall be known and felt as a religious and educating power, whose publications shall be read in thousands upon thousands of hamlets, by millions of

these people of India. Last night I attended the Missionary Conference of Calcutta. About eighty persons were present, and I wish I could give you all the encouraging facts that were there made known, but here is one, for which I am sure you will praise God most fervently.

Near to Calcutta lived a man, low in caste and illiterate—he could not read. A tract was handed him, and he became the proud and happy possessor of a piece of printed paper. He took it home, treasuring it carefully, until he found one able to read it to him. It proved 'the power of God,' unto not only his salvation, but to that of many others; for as the result of his faithful living and teaching, there are six thousand Christians in that neighborhood.

We shall continue to publish your Zenana paper, and no part of India is more ripe for this. Education among females has been longest here, and there are many private as well as government and missionary schools for girls. It is issued now in two languages, and will shortly be in the third. The editorial pen is held by the sweetest and ablest writer in Bengali, Miss Cassidy. Thus the influence that you good sisters inaugurated at Des Moines is widening, and I praise God and bless you women for it, daily. It is now the only good and much needed work, we can take up, without the trying anxiety of providing ways and means. We need at once, for our general press work \$8,000. Do you know of anyone that we could address on the subject, with any probability of success. We would, of course, be glad to receive, a part of it as a gift; if we can effect a loan, we could pay 5% per cent., giving ample security. The brethren at the back of the business are the oldest aid best in the mission, Bros Thoburn, Parker, Vaughn and others.

Very sincerely yours,
T. CRAVEN.

Letter From Laurel.

MR. EDITOR:—

The church here desired the return of their pastor Rev. F. C. McSorley for the third year; but having heard that the Presiding Elder thought it best to remove him, the members and friends were most agreeably disappointed when they learned of his reappointment. The church is thought to be in a better spiritual condition, than it has been for some years. The protracted meeting, which closed with the conference year, took a deeper hold on the church, than it did on the outside world. The congregations are good, and the weekly prayer and class services are well attended.

All the charges in this part of the district, seem to be well supplied with pastors, and are hoping that this will be a year of great prosperity.

The friends of Rev. A. W. Milby and family, sympathize greatly with them, in his late sad affliction, but are delighted to hear through the press, that he is likely to be able again to attend to the duties of his district.

While it is early to begin to talk of appointments for next year, it may be well to throw out a few hints, bearing on the future. Knowing that the Presiding Elder of Salisbury district, and the preacher at Laurel, are each in the last year of their respective positions, we feel at liberty to say that the Rev. William E. England, now in his last year at Seaford, Del., has been spoken of for the district, and Rev. William B. Walton, now in his last year at Salisbury, Md., for Laurel. Neither place in our humble opinion, could be better filled. Brother England is favorably known all over the district, and would command large congregations. He acquitted himself well, when stationed here; and the church would be delighted to have him back, either in the capacity of Presiding Elder, or as pastor.

J. HUBBARD.

Laurel, Del., April 5, 1886.

Letter from Rock Hall.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—In the merciful providence of God we are very comfortably housed in our new home. Although we moved on a day when storm is generally anticipated, yet a brighter sky or a milder atmosphere seldom graced a March day. On the 18th inst. we said adieu to many dear friends on

Kent Island, and boarding the fine steamer Emma Ford, were soon transported to our landing place on this side the river, where many of our new parishioners met us, and conveyed us "bag and baggage" to our final destination. At the parsonage we were welcomed by the ladies, whose kind, and skillful hands soon spread a feast for our refreshment. Among the supplies which came in, outside of things provided for the larder, were a load of corn, and a good supply of fodder. The coal bin had been previously replenished, and the wood pile was soon after well supplied. How much inconvenience, and anxious looking around is kept from an incoming pastor by such wise, and kind forethought.

The parsonage is separated from the church only by an intervening yard, about seventy feet wide. There are three good rooms, a hall, and a pantry on the first floor; and four bed rooms, with a study heated from below, and a hall, on the second floor. The furniture exhibits the good taste, and good judgment of the ladies, and almost everything needed for housekeeping is provided. How much better if all parsonages were thus furnished, so as to prevent the expense and loss attending the transportation of goods, as the great itinerant wheel performs its revolutions. In passing from room to room of our cozy little house for the first time, we were struck with the scrupulous neatness everywhere exhibited. This we think does credit alike to the ladies here, and to Sister Conaway, who last presided in this house.

The interior of the church at Rock Hall, estimated to seat five hundred, underwent a great change during the pastorate of Bro. Conaway. Goldberg's artistic genius made wonderful improvement, and the audience room thus transformed would do credit to our larger towns. The acoustic properties of the room are fine. A large Estey Organ, and excellent voices in the choir, accompanied by the congregation, make inspiring music.

The "amen corner" has not been dispensed with in this church. On the evening of the day of our arrival, the swelling song, the earnest prayer, and the fervid testimony were borne to our ears from the class room, as we were busily engaged in setting things to rights. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings, are devoted to the three classes. I have been present several times, and found large attendance, and much earnestness and intelligence characterizing the exercises.

Sunday morning the 21st, a large congregation was out, as is usual on the arrival of a new pastor. Owing to storm I failed to reach my evening appointment in Piney Neck, but yesterday I made the round of the circuit. At Piney Neck the attendance was larger and at Rock Hall was considerably large, than on the preceding Sabbath. I was pleased to find the church at the former place also considerably enlarged and otherwise improved.

Twelve years ago I came to this work, as Bro. VanBurkalow's colleague. The circuit then embraced the present Pymona, and Rock Hall circuits; including also Hynson's chapel, a nice brick edifice which has been closed for several years. This was my second appointment after joining the Conference. Great changes have been made during the interval of eleven years. The growth of Rock Hall has been remarkable, more than three fourths of the present town having sprung up since my former pastorate here. The growth in Piney Neck also has been very great. Wednesday evening Prof. Ford gave one of his characteristic entertainments, in the new hall at Edesville.

Thursday afternoon I had the solemn duty of ministering in a home where deaths dark shadow rested. A wife, and mother in her last repose, a bereaved husband, with four motherless, and almost helpless children, the youngest less than one week old, touched the deepest sympathies of the heart. The deceased, Mrs

Dowling, a lady respected and loved by those who knew her, died in peace, in the early morning of the 24th after having given clear evidence of her conversion a few days before. The precious dust was deposited in the Cemetery at Wesley (M. P.) chapel. The husband and little ones, we committed to God in earnest prayer.

One of the great needs of this community is a well located cemetery, where the people can have the last resting place of their dead properly cared for. Will not some public spirited persons make a move toward the purchase of an eligible piece of ground for the purpose.

Rock Hall Sunday School numbers nearly two hundred scholars, and under the efficient superintendence of Bro. Joseph Kendall seems to be moving on grandly. I believe that Bro. K. has associated with him a company of earnest co-laborers. Bro. Joseph Downey is always on intimate terms with Estey, and the music is never allowed to flag. What shall I say of those rich female voices that help to swell the music of the Epworth Hymnal? I can truly say they are seldom excelled. It was inspiring, Sunday afternoon, to see at least three hundred persons in the Sunday school. Some of them, it is true, spectators, but most of them participated in the services. I have not had the pleasure of observing the working of the school in Piney Neck.

Yours in the work,
N. McQUAY.

March 29th, 1886.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. C. E. Felton, lately pastor of Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, Balt., was on Monday evening, the 22d ult. the recipient of a handsome gold watch and a purse with \$350 in gold, from friends in the congregation, which he has so faithfully and so acceptably served for three years past.

Mrs. Griffith John, one of the oldest missionaries in China, died at Hankow recently. She was converted at the age of twelve, entered upon mission work when she had barely reached twenty, and was engaged in her labors among the Chinese for thirty-one years.

Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was welcomed back to liberty by an immense meeting in Exeter Hall; one of the features of which was the presentation to him of a silk purse, containing the value of 27,128 pennies, given by that number of English women, as a testimonial for his services, in behalf of female purity.

The will of the late Wilson Register, who left his property to the Protestant Episcopal and Methodist churches of Chestertown, has been probated, and letters testamentary have been taken out by Charles H. Baker, the executor.

Miss Abigail Bates of Scituate, Mass., died recently, at the age of 89 years. She was one of the heroines who, during the war of 1812, drove the British forces from Scituate harbor, by concealing themselves in the bushes, and playing vigorously upon the life and drum, thereby leading the enemy to suppose that a large force was ready to receive them.

Rev. Ray Palmer, author of the hymn "My faith looks up to thee," has had a second stroke of paralysis at his home in Newark, N. J., and is not expected to recover.

Rev. G. W. Miller, D. D., preached his farewell sermon to the congregation of Spring Garden Street M. E. church, Sunday evening the 28th ult., taking for his text: "Man ought always to pray and not to faint." Most of the congregation remained after the service, to have a farewell word with Dr. Miller. The value of the retiring pastor's services to the church is attested by the fact, that in three years over \$60,000 has been raised and expended in improvements and church work, and only two weeks ago, over \$5,000 was subscribed for missionary purposes. Dr. Miller goes to Grace Church, Brooklyn.—*Every Evening.*

Rev. W. H. Hendrickson's post-office address, will hereafter, be Centreville, New Castle Co., Del.

On page 31 of the Minutes, an error occurs respecting Rev. Louis C. Andrew. In the Disciplinary Question, 24th, page 19, of the Minutes, his name has the place officially assigned by the Conference. Said error does not appear in the official journal of the Conference.

J. D. RIGG.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.	Month	Day
Chesapeake,	April	10 11
Bethel,	"	10 11
Cherry Hill,	"	16 18
Zion,	"	17 18
Elkton,	"	18 19
Christiana,	"	21 25
Newark,	"	25 26
Hockessin,	May	1 2
Newport,	"	1 2
Charlestown,	"	8 9
North East,	"	8 9
Elk Neck,	"	9 10
Port Deposit,	"	14 16
Hopewell,	"	15 16
Rowlandville & Mt. Pleasant,	"	15 16
Rising Sun,	"	16 17
Scott,	"	18 23
Union,	"	20 23
Asbury,	"	29 30
St. Paul's,	"	30 31
St. Georges,	June	6 7
Delaware City,	"	5 6
New Castle,	"	13 14
Red Lion,	"	13 14

CHAS. HILL, P. E.

DOVER DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.

Charge	Month	Day
Potter's Landing,	April	18 16
Burrsville,	"	18 17
Denton,	"	18 19
Milford,	"	25 23
Ellendale,	"	25 26
Lincoln,	"	25 24
Cambridge,	May	2 3
Beckwith,	"	2 1
Woodlandtown,	"	9 8
Church Creek,	"	9 10
East New Market,	"	16 17
Vienna,	"	16 15
Hurlocks,	"	16 15
Federalburg,	"	23 24
Preston,	"	23 22
Seaford,	"	30 28
Galestown,	"	30 29
Cannon's Crossing,	"	30 31
Bridgeville,	"	30 31
Greenwood,	June	6 5
Farmington,	"	6 5
Honston,	"	6 7
Harrington,	"	6 9
Millsboro,	"	13 12
Nassau,	"	13 13
Lewis,	"	13 13
Milton,	"	20 19
Georgetown,	"	20 21

A. W. MILBY, P. E.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

Charge	Date	Hour for Sabbath Service	Hour for Quarterly Conf.
Chincoteague,	Ap'l 10 11	10	M 7
Smith's Isl.	" 17 18	9	S 9
Tangier,	" 18 19	7	M 8
Crisfield,	" 23 25	10	F 7
Annamessux,	" 24 25	3	S 9
Asbury,	" 24 25	7	S 7
Snow Hill,	" 30 May 2	10	F 7
Girdletree	May 1 2	2	S 9
Stockton,	" 2 3	7	M 9
Gumboro,	" 8 9	10	S 2
Shortley,	" 8 9	2	S 9
Parsonsburg,	" 9 10	7	M 9
Cape Charles City	" 15 16	10 7	S 7
Onancock,	" 15 16	10	S 9
Accomac,	" 16 17	3	M 9
Frankford,	" 22 23	2	S 9
Roxanna,	" 22 23	10	S 2
Bishopville,	" 23 24	10	M 2
Selbyville,	" 23 24	7	M 9
Berlin,	" 29 30	10	Sat 9
Newark,	" 29 30	2	Sat 2
Powellville,	" 30 31	7	M 9
Laurel,	June 5 6	10	S 7
Bothel,	" 5 6	3 7	S 10
Quantico,	" 12 13	10	S 2
Fruitland,	" 12 13	3	S 9
Salisbury,	" 13 14	7	M 9
Delmar,	" 19 20	10	S 9
Riverton,	" 20 21	3	M 1
Sharptown,	" 20 21	8	M 8
Fairmount,	" 27 27	10	S 2
Westover,	" 26 27	3	S 10

In the country churches, and where else desired the Quarterly Conferences will be opened with preaching. When practicable, the brethren will confer a favor on the undersigned, by arranging for meetings on all the vacant nights he is with them, in the interest of Temperance, W. F. M. Bible, or any other work to be served this first quarter.

JOHN A. B. WILSON, P. E.

H. ARTHUR STUMP
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

35 ST. PAUL STREET,
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NEW YORK.

A Hunter's Story.

Years ago, when the lumber business on the Aroostock river was in the height of its prosperity, there flourished a class of men who followed that calling the year round, working in the woods in winter, "on the drive" in the spring, and after a few weeks' stay in the towns near the mouth of the river, started back to the wilderness to cruise out a site for the next season's operation, and to prepare the camps in readiness for the crew.

The majority of them were single men, and a generous, whole-hearted set they were, though rough and reckless. One of them related the following incident, which impressed me vividly.

"It was high on to thirty years ago that it happened, when moose were as thick all through these woods as cattle are in a farm-yard.

"We went out light, taking only food enough for lunch, and leaving our old rifle in camp; for we had needed it only two or three times all summer, only once had we been bothered with wild animals—although we saw lots of them—and that was when a catamount tackled us.

"Well we left the rifle, and so had no weapons except the ax and the little old pistol that Jim always carried. We cruised about nearly day, spotting a good piece of timber, and as the sun began to sink toward the west, we started for camp. We had traveled some distance, when we suddenly came upon a herd of seven caribou, which were so tame, that they would hardly move out of their tracks to get away from us. We never made a practice of scaring or hunting anything that came in our way, unless necessary; but Jim said he would teach them to stand in our way, and drawing his pistol, he thoughtlessly pointed it at the nearest caribou, which stood but a few yards away, and fired.

"The bullet would hardly have killed a mosquito, but it wounded the caribou slightly, and he began to bleat piteously making a sound a good deal like a sheep's cry. Immediately we heard a bellow and a crash in the woods behind us, and, turning, we saw a gigantic moose angrily approaching us, looking bluish of light.

"I was standing some three or four yards from Jim, under a big birch whose branches almost touched my head, and I swung myself up pretty lively, I tell you, while Jim had just time to dodge behind a tree, before the moose was upon him; and an ugly-looking old fellow he was too. Why, it seemed almost as if you could light a match by the wicked fire in his eye as it flashed out from under his big branching horns!

"One thing, perhaps, you don't know, but it is as true as it is strange, and every old hunter who knows will tell you so. It sometimes happens that a moose—whether from his own choice, or because he is driven from among his usual companions, I cannot say—will leave his fellows and seek companionship in a herd of caribou, making himself their special guardian, and defending his self-appointed trust with his life, if need be; and such was the case with the one that had now attacked us.

"It so happened that Jim had sprung between two trees which grew about three feet apart, thus forming a passage way through which the moose could not make his way because of his high antlers. After vainly attempting to do so, he reared up and began striking viciously with his fore-feet at Jim, who stood as near the trees as possible without coming within the fatal sweep of the sharp horns.

"The moose continued thus for some minutes when, finding his victim out of reach, he unexpectedly changed his tactics, springing around the trees one side with an agility and suddenness, scarcely to be looked for in his clumsy and ill-shaped form, and almost striking Jim—who was taken entirely by surprise, and who had barely time to spring between the trees.

"And so they continued to dodge: the moose around, and Jim between the trees, a veritable game of hide and seek, with the hiding part left out; although Jim was more on his guard after the first time and fully realized that it was life or death with him.

"Thus the game went on until the sun sank from sight behind the western hills. Darkness began to gather under the heavy canopy of foliage over us, but the moose still kept up the attack, with unflagging energy. At last it became so dark, that the two combatants could hardly perceive each other. Then, and not till then, did he give up the 'tussle,' and moved slowly away in search of his companions, which had wandered off through the woods at the commencement of the affair; though he seemed loath to leave, for he paused several times, and glanced back with a wrathful snort, before he passed out of hearing.

"We waited a spell after he had done so; then, satisfied that he was gone for good, I descended to the ground, where I found Jim in a very exhausted state. I partly led and partly carried him to camp; and the next morning he was so weak that he was unable to walk. So I took him to the 'pirogue' in my arms, and brought him down the river.

"He went back to the woods as soon as he was able, but he can never think of that eventful evening, without a shudder."—Harper's Young People.

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ITEMS.

The Rev. Dr. J. G. Butler, of the Lutheran Memorial Church, Washington, has been elected chaplain of the Senate in place of Rev. Dr. Huntly, who has resigned to assume the pastorate of Madison Ave. M. E. Church, Baltimore.

Bishop M'Tygre, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, visited the Book Rooms, N. Y., Monday of last week, was introduced to the Preachers' Meeting, and made a pleasant little address of greeting.

Dr. Wallace, our readers will be glad to know, will resume his recollections of Snow Hill District in our next issue.

The Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church meets in Broadway Church, Baltimore on Wednesday, next, April 7.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Rigg, of the British Wesleyan Conference, has consented to serve on the Royal Commission, which is being formed to investigate the working of the Education acts.

The Duke of Portland with \$1,250,000, annually from grand rents alone, is the richest nobleman in Britain.

Although no man can command my convictions, I have ever considered a deliberate disposition to make proselytes to infidelity, as an unaccountable depravity. Whoever attempts to pluck the belief, or prejudice on this subject, from the bosom of one man, woman, or child, commits a brutal outrage, the motive for which I have never been able to conceive.—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Over 1,700 students are counted among the converts, in the last college year, and 2,270 as candidates for the ministry. And yet some people are afraid of the influence of colleges.—Independent.

The negro preacher is for Local Option. The good and pious ones will work against the dram-shop, as hurtful to their race. The cunning and avaricious ones find that the doggery is getting a large part of their promised stipends.

A pointed answer: a Brooklyn divine was endeavoring to convince a young man, that high license was highly desirable. "We can close up nine out of ten saloons by this means," said the divine. "Suppose you could close all but one of the saloons in Brooklyn," was the reply, "would it be right for me to keep that saloon?" "N—o." Then how could it be right for me to vote, that some other man shall keep it?"—Exchange.

Gen. Oglethorpe made a decree in 1733 that rum should not be allowed to enter Georgia. The Georgians have swung around the circle, and in this good year 1886 are again disposed to vote out the devil of strong drink, that has trailed its way in blood and tears through the past century.

It is stated that the outlook for the lumber trade this spring is decidedly bright. Although the business has been generally dull throughout the winter, there have been many firms who have done a good trade; and an improvement in the business of all is now becoming noticeable. The stock of all kinds of lumber and timber in the market is smaller than it has been for some years, and in view of the good demand and brisk building, outlook, there is every prospect of an active season.

AN ART QUOTATION.—It seems a little strange if the old charge is true—"Prohibition does not prohibit"—that the brewers of Kansas should be press the courts, to give them damages for the losses they have suffered in business by the liquor laws. "The legs of the lame are not equal."—Baltimore Baptist.

The illuminated address presented to Miss Gordon, sympathizing with her in the death of her brother, is signed by all the princesses, by peeresses, the wives of bishops, and members of the House of Commons, and the object has been to give the ladies of the kingdom an opportunity of showing their veneration for the life and action of General Gordon.

An excellent saying of Secretary McCabe is gaining currency, to the effect that if you would persuade men to contribute money for any charity, you must tell them what was done with their previous contribution.—Zion's Herald.

A WISE WORD FROM JOSEPH COOK.—"In a recent letter, Joseph Cook said he considered it a suicidal policy for evangelical churches to admit to their pulpits men of unsound views, especially as to the doctrine of future punishment. He deplored this tendency to looseness the more because of its influence upon the cause of missions. 'Let no one,' said he, 'be sent as a missionary, who is not soundly evangelical on these three points: the necessity of the new birth, the necessity of the atonement, and the necessity of repentance in this life.'—Ec.

An old writer has said: "Imprint on your mind that the most certain means to insure the success of affairs is to be agreeable to the persons with whom you transact them."

Rev. Chauncey C. Williams, of Augusta, Ga., elected Bishop of the Diocese of Easton December last, has declined to accept. The convention will meet in June next, when a third attempt to secure a successor to Bishop Lay will be made.

The people of Bethesda, on Shortley circuit, gave their pastor, Rev. J. W. Gray, a handsome donation just before Conference. Among the many presents was a very valuable lap robe. This is the third donation these people have given their pastor.—Sussex Journal.

About one-half the church members never take a church paper. If they grow at all, they grow like mistletoe or long moss, by clinging to some one else, who has gathered strength from the rich resources of religious intelligence found in Christian literature.—Wesleyan Advocate.

The Methodist local preacher, Mr. Joseph Arch, M. P., received from his adherents a thousand dollars more than his election expenses, and promptly sent the money back. He has earned and commanded the respect of Great Britain.

General Neal Dow, the veteran prohibitionist, celebrated his 82d birthday Saturday, March 20, 1886.

Bishop Bowman, during the last session of the Tennessee conference, over which he presided, made his home with Mrs. Prof. May, a highly esteemed member of the M. E. Church South, who is a daughter of the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lamar.

"I am a missionary, heart and soul; said David Livingstone. God had only one son, and he was a missionary!"

The new Lord Chancellor in the Gladstone Ministry, Lord Herschell, is the son of a Congregational minister converted from Judaism. Lord Herschell has been an active worker in his father's Church.

Mr. John B. Gough's will gives his brother, Herbert D., \$8,000, and his sister, Mrs. Pidge, a life interest in a house and lot in Providence, R. I. A life interest in the balance of the property is given to Mrs. Gough, with the right to sell any portion of it for her support, provided the income is not sufficient. One thousand dollars is bequeathed to about half a dozen missionary and benevolent associations.

Difficulty of breathing, a short, dry cough, a quick pulse, and pain in the left side are symptoms of approaching consumption. Remedy is quick and certain, at any drug store at 25c., 50c. and \$1.

Olson's Sulphur Balm for Rheumatism, 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c. Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

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Floral cards, with short Texts. Six cards on sheet. Price per set, 20 cts. Floral Cards; drab ground, short Texts. Four cards on sheet. Price per set, 20 cts.

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Floral reward Tickets on diagonal old-gold and olive backgrounds, with short Texts of Scriptures. Eight cards on each sheet. Price per set, 20 cts. Reward Tickets. Flowers on birch bark ground, with short verses from the Bible. Eight cards on each sheet. Price per set, 25 cts.

Favorite Flowers, birch bark ground. Miniature Panels, with Texts. Price per set, 12 cts. Proverbs and Promises. Favorite Flowers, drab ground, with selections from the Proverbs of Solomon. Size 3 1/2 x 3 1/2. Price per set, 20 cts.

Flowers on Gold Disk green ground. Brief Texts. All different. Price per set 20 cts. Miniature Floral Panels, assorted grounds, with Texts. Price per set, 25 cts.

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D. M. & V. Division. Leave Harrington for Georgetown and Lewes, 11:05, a. m. 5:45, 8:40 p. m. Leave Harrington for Georgetown and Franklin City, 10:06 a. m. Leave Georgetown for Franklin City, 12:10, 2:00 p. m. Leave Lewes for Georgetown and Harrington, 5:35, 8:45 a. m. 3:00 p. m. Leave Franklin City for Georgetown and Harrington, 8:35, 9:00 a. m. Leave Georgetown for Harrington, 7:03, 9:14 a. m. 3:40 p. m. Connects at Franklin City with steamer for Chincoteague Island. For further information, passengers are referred to the time-tables posted at the depot. Trains marked thus (*) are limited express, upon which extra is charged. FRANK THOMAS, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.

Wilmington & Northern R. R.

Time Table, in effect December 6, 1885. GOING NORTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations: Wilmington, P. J., W & B Station, Dupont, Chadd's Ford Jc, Lenape, Coatesville, Waynesburg Jc, St. Peter's, Warwick, Springfield, Birdsboro, Reading P & R Station. Times listed for each station.

GOING SOUTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations: Reading P & R Station, Birdsboro, Springfield, Warwick, St. Peter's, Waynesburg Jc, Coatesville, Lenape, Chadd's Ford Jc, Dupont, Wilmington, French St. Times listed for each station.

For connections at Wilmington, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lenape, Coatesville, Waynesburg Junction, Birdsboro, and Reading, see time-tables at all stations. L. A. BOWER, Gen'l Passenger Ag't. A. G. McCausland, Superintendent.

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

Commencing November 22, 1885, leave Union Station as follows. DAILY. 2:05 A. M. Fast Mail for Shenandoah Valley and Southern and Southwestern points. Also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, and points on B & O V. R. R. Sleeping car for Luray open at 10:00 o'clock the evening before at Hillen. Berth \$1.00. 3:30 P. M.—Southern Express for points on Shenandoah Valley, Norfolk and Western, East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroads and connections; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Frederick (through car) and Martinsburg.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. 8:05 A. M.—Accommodation for Hanover, Frederick, Emmittsburg, Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Shippensburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport and intermediate stations. 10:00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, Hanover, Gettysburg, and points on H. J., H. & G. R. R. (through cars). 1:05 P. M.—Accom for Glyndon, (Reisterstown). 1:40 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikesville, Owings, Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glenn Falls, Finksburg, Patuxent, Westminster, Medford, New Windsor, Linwood, Union Bridge and principal stations west also Hanover, Gettysburg and stations Waynesboro, Chambersburg and Shippensburg. 5:20 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 8:30 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. TRAINS ARRIVE AT UNION STATION. Daily—Southern Express, 12:25 A. M. Fast Mail 3:55 P. M. Daily except Sunday—Glyndon Accom. 7:25 A. M. Union Bridge Accom. 8:45 A. M. Express from B & O V. R. R. H. J. H. & G. R. R. Frederick Dir. T. Bridge Accom. 3:15 P. M. H. J. H. & G. R. R. Glyndon Accom. 3:55 P. M. Mail 6:40 P. M. J. M. HOOD, General Manager. R. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

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THE PERPLEXED HOUSE-KEEPER.

BY F. D. GAGE.

I wish I had a dozen pairs
Of hands this very minute;
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
The very deuce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done:
One pair of hands to do it;
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and
pants;—
How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more;
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And a baby cross as he can live—
He's always s' on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning—
And here's Bob "wants a button on;"
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot;
The bread was worked for baking;
The clothes were taken from the boil,—
Oh, dear the baby's wailing!

Hush, baby dear! There, hush sh sh!—
I wish he'd sleep a little,
Till I could run and get some wood
To hurry up that kettle.

Oh, dear! if P. comes home
And finds things in this bother,
He'll just begin to tell me all
About his tidy mother—

How nice her kitchen used to be!
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon-bell rang;—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy!

And then will come some hasty word
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now, isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning
Because a weary, half-sick wife
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble—
Had clothes and pocket-money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate
When I a LASS was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook,
housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy-
woman and scrub generally, doing the work
of six.

For the sake of being supported.—*Sol.*

Useful And Unknown.

(Dr. Haygood, in Nashville Advocate).

What would become of the "converts"
but for these same unappreciated pas-
tors, shepherds, feeders, guides, trainers,
defenders of their flocks? They would
perish. And what would become of the
great societies—the Missionary, Church
Extension, and others—but for these
same unappreciated pastors, carefully,
painfully, "gathering tithes," "raising
their assessments?" They also would
perish. But "time would fail" to tell of
the pastor's worth and work. This is
certain, the average pastor is the main
man in the Church. Woe to the Church
that underrates or neglects or dishonors
him.

(To all of which we say Amen; while
we add, that but for this main man in the
Church, the star preacher would have
no sky to scrape, and the distinguished
secretaries, agents, et id omne genus
would soon find their occupation gone.
Ed.)

Sam Small on Worldly Pleasures.

I say to you to-night that a ball is a
ball, I don't care what handle you put
to it; and you cannot mask it, nor can
you gild it, nor can you veneer it, nor
can you paint it up into respectability
in the sight of God. I care not under
what pretense you may hold balls, and
under what pretenses you may go to
balls, and under what benevolent
scheme you may put your money into
balls, you are violating the will of God
when you do it. If there is any logic
in earth or Hell that can differentiate
the difference between a charity ball,
and one of these low, dance-house dive
balls for the low and the villains and
the scums of Chicago, then you ought to
bring it out right away. The very char-
ity that is attached to the name of it is
a sham, and the sham is exposed in the
very endeavor to defend it. "It is
all right, Mr. Small; it is all right, Mr.
Jones, if you will denounce these low-
down, infamous balls among the poor
outcasts of the society of Chicago, but

you must not touch our refined balls." They say, "We are going ball-ing in the sweet name of charity;" and the very effort to defend it, I say and repeat, exposes the hollowness and the hypocrisy of the claim. There was not a person at that charity ball, who went there for any other reason than for the pleasure of it, that could not have spent his money for charity better himself and easier himself, than to have coupled it up with any such proceeding as a ball.

To accept of high license as a substitute for prohibition would be to give the Whisky Devil the lease of another hundred years in which to continue his awful work.—*Ec.*

A wholesale London firm, reporting on the trade of spirits during 1885, says: "Trade has been dull and depressed. Again there is a falling off in the consumption of wines and foreign spirits, which we have had year by year to record since 1880." Let temperance men take heart and press forward.

Without a dissenting vote the Senate, on March 18th, passed the bill authorizing the President to appoint a commission of five persons, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to investigate the liquor traffic, its evil effects, etc., and report to Congress the result of such investigation with suggestions and recommendations.

The impudence of the whisky-soaked idler who tries to thrust himself forward as a leader in a movement to secure the rights of laboring men should be properly rebuked. He is their worst enemy.

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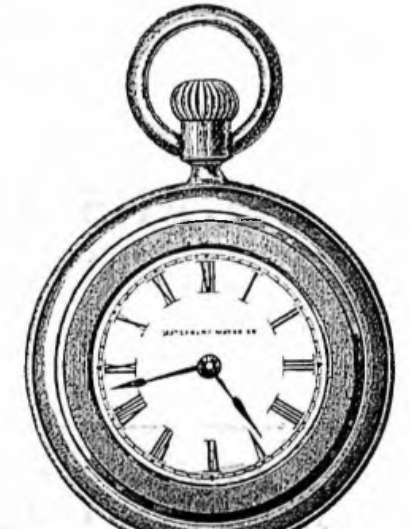
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"The Waterbury."



TEACH THE CHILDREN TO BE ON TIME.—Do you wish to teach your children habits of promptness? If you can do this, it will be doing them a great service. As soon as your boy can read the time of day give him a watch, and teach him to take care of it, and always to be on time. The Waterbury Watch is just the watch for your boy. The public has discovered that the Waterbury Watch (costing only \$3.50) is an accurate, reliable, and durable time-piece.

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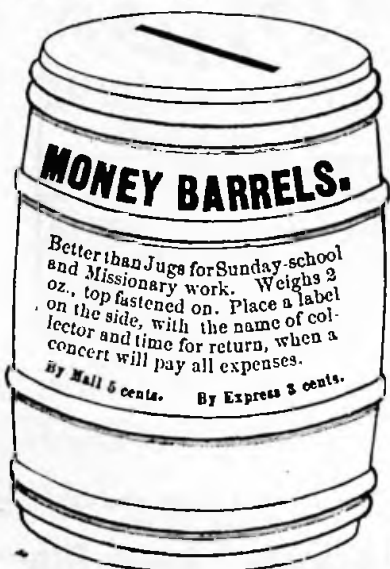
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