

# THE Beninsule Methodist FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

REV. T. SNOWDEN THOMAS, A. M., Editor.  
J. MILLER THOMAS, Associate Editor.

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## "Our Light Affliction."

St. Paul tells us how exceedingly mad he was against the followers of Christ, in his blind zeal persecuting them even to strange cities, and giving his voice against them, when on trial for their lives. After his eyes were opened, and he learned that the despised and rejected Nazarene was both Lord and Christ, he promptly cast in his lot with the persecuted disciples, and preached the faith he once sought so diligently to destroy. His eminence in position, in learning, and influence, only intensified the animosity of his former associates, who regarded him as a base renegade, not fit to live on the earth; and with his acceptance of Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified blasphemer, as the promised Messiah, this Hebrew of the Hebrews, found an early and continuous "fellowship with his sufferings" and those of his followers.

Throughout his writings are frequent touching allusions to such experiences, attesting the words of our Lord, "if any man will be my disciple, he shall suffer persecution."

In his second letter to his brethren in Corinth, the fourth chapter is a striking picture of the trials, sufferings and tribulations, which he and his fellow disciples had to endure for the sake of their master.

And yet this man of God, speaking for himself and his fellow-sufferers, denominates all these bitter experiences, as "our light affliction," and declares they "are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Nor is this the wild extravagance of the heated imagination of an enthusiast for substantial reasons of a true philosophy are given to justify his heroic utterances.

The present affliction is contrasted with the glory to follow; the one for the moment, the other eternal; the one light, the other weighty beyond measurement, "far more exceeding"; while, through the power of faith, looking beyond the things which are seen and temporal, to the things which are not seen, but are eternal, the disciples find the affliction itself, the agency by which the glory is secured. As the skillful physician brings healing to the sick, by means of the bitter potion, the

surgeon saves life by using the keen blade, or the laborer earns his wages and provides home comforts for his family, by his wearing toil, so the Great Author of Salvation makes "all things work together for good to them that love God," and "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Admitting the premises, who can reject the conclusion?

No premium is placed upon affliction; but a blessed immunity from its power to harm, and an inestimable compensation, in the grand results wrought out by matchless wisdom and power, are guaranteed to every believer.

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," and not only "rejoice in hope of the glory of God," but "glory in tribulation also."

### SOME MODERN SAINTS.

It is well to read of these ancient worthies, and to accept the record of their triumphs by faith. We may fully believe what is written, and have not a lingering doubt of the sufficiency of Divine grace for every emergency of human need, but a living example is the best possible confirmation of our faith, next to our own personal experience. Thus it is, that the power of the Gospel to save is receiving added proof, as the years go by, in its ever increasing "cloud of witnesses."

It was our privilege, during a recent brief visit in Bristol, R. I., to meet a number of God's saints, who had been in his service many years, and who are now passing through the deep waters of affliction, but whose faith fails not, and whose hope "maketh not ashamed."

Aunt Betsey Bowen, eighty eight years old, who joined the M. E. church in this town, with her sister, now ninety-one years old, we found, a helpless invalid in the sorrowful loneliness of widowhood, yet with bright intelligence she testified to an abiding peace, and joyful hope in Christ, and as her pastor sang a favorite stanza, her eyes

kindled and her trembling lips uttered praises to God.

Brother Kenny, whose earnest prayers and exhortations had been so helpful in our revival work here over twenty years ago, we found well advanced toward four-score, and sadly afflicted in body, and almost helpless; but as he tottered toward us to give us his greeting, he said with a smile of holy triumph, "You find me, brother Thomas, in pretty bad shape physically, but it don't affect the spiritual." As we talked together of the "things that are not seen," and recalled the wonderful goodness and mercy of God in all our past, his eyes flashed, and his happy spirit made its boast in the Lord.

Sister Gladding, whose husband served the town as a faithful clerk for many years, and the church as well, we found a patient sufferer from painful illness, but happy in Jesus, exultant in the faith of the gospel, having the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. "My cup is full and overflowing," she said, "My faith is without a doubt."

We might multiply the illustrations, but will give only two more. We visited mother Green, a widow who will be eighty-six, the twenty-first day of this month. Seventy years ago, the 7th inst., she joined the M. E. Church, as a happy convert in her sixteenth year. Through storm and calm, in joy and sorrow, she has held on her way, till the present; and now she sits in total blindness, in circumstances of trial, but with faith's vision undimmed, and a holy peace fully satisfying her soul.

At the general class-meeting her written testimony was read, assuring her fellow disciples of her love for them and for the dear Saviour, and of her bright hope of everlasting life.

She adverted to a passage of scripture, in which St. Paul exhorts the saints to speak to themselves in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." "This is what I do, brother Thomas," she said, "as I sit here and think over the way the Lord has led me."

Sister Benson, who was greatly blessed in the revival referred to, whose husband was then converted, has had

heavy trials and many discouragements, but "having received help from God," she continues to hold fast her confidence. We met her and her husband in the general class, and learned that she also was walking her way in darkness; but while the natural sun was hidden from her view, the Sun of Righteousness shone brightness and joy into her soul.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

### Prohibition or License?

It is easy to be mistaken. There are honest temperance men, we have no doubt, who think the wisest and most effective method of dealing with the liquor-traffic is that of restriction and regulation. The claim is made that prohibitory laws cannot be enforced, or at least are not enforced; and that there is a demand for intoxicating beverages which must be met, either by the licensed saloon, or by various demoralizing contrivances for evading the law. If any of our readers are embarrassed on this point, we ask their attention to the following considerations.

Of course, no Christian nor any one who merely acknowledges his obligation to do right, will favor a policy on this question, or on any other, which he believes to be "vicious in principle, and powerless as a remedy;" nor will any such persons take part in legalizing a traffic, which he believes "cannot be legalized without sin." Just here comes the vital question, are those strong utterances, by our Bishops, and adopted by the last General Conference of our Church, to be accepted as true? If they are, there is an end of controversy on the question of License; and did Christians generally believe these declarations, not only no Methodist, but no Christian of any name, could, with a clear conscience, ever cast a ballot for license "high or low."

But there are those who insist that Christians may favor restrictive legislation, with as clear a conscience, as prohibitory legislation; and with such persons it is not a question of sanctioning an admitted wrong, but one of simple expediency, which policy is the more effective, in dealing with the de-

(Continued on page 8.)

## THE END OF THE WAY.

My life is a wearisome journey,  
I'm sick with the dust and the heat,  
The rays of the sun bent upon me,  
The briars are wounding my feet;  
But the city to which I am going  
Will more than my trials repay,  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,  
I often am longing for rest:  
But He who appoints me my pathway  
Knows just what is needful and best:  
I know in His word He has promised  
That my strength sha'l be as my day,  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,  
Or give me one trial too much,  
And His people have been dearly purchased  
And Satan can never claim such.  
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him  
In the city of unending day,  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken  
And the gates of the city appear,  
And the beautiful songs of the angels  
Float out on my listening ear;  
When all that now seems so mysterious  
Shall be plain and as clear as the day:  
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary  
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;  
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,  
For the Savior Himself has said, Come!  
So when I am weary in body  
And sinking in spirit I say,  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of my way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;  
There are cordials for those who are faint  
There are robes that are whiter and purer  
Than any that fancy can paint;  
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,  
Thinking often through each weary day,  
The toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.  
—London Christian.

## A Day of Great Possibilities.

BY C. H. PAYNE, LL. D.

That was a beautiful conception which suggested the setting apart of one Sabbath in the year for Children's Day. The possibilities in such a day rise to the realm of the morally sublime. Every effort may properly be made to make the day one of joy and gladness to the hearts of young and old.

But the day includes more than this. As an educating agency, its influence is immeasurable. Rightly used, by its agency every Sunday-school in Methodism may be lifted to a higher plane of intelligence, and every youth in our Sunday-schools may be started on the up-grade toward a more intelligent type of piety and of Christian living. The exercises of Children's Day should be made to enlist the interest and cooperation of the older scholars as well as the younger. By this means we shall be able to hold our adult scholars and correct the foolish but too prevalent habit of graduation from the Sunday-school at the age of fourteen.

Children's Day and its exercises should be arranged and executed with this object constantly in view: to in-

terest and profit the children and young people of our Church; to beget within them a hunger for an education and stimulate them with higher ideals of Christian living; to inspire them with hope that the Church will assist them in their preparation for greater usefulness. All this and much more of similar character is specifically the work of Children's Day. And in this connection a most favorable opportunity is furnished of stimulating the benevolence of the children to help their brother and sisters who are struggling to secure an education for church work. Nothing appeals to young hearts more directly and impressively than the case of our needy and worthy young heroes and heroines in our schools of learning. Scarcely one of the millions of youth in our Sunday-schools whose heart will not respond to this call, and who will not make some personal sacrifice to contribute a liberal offering for so worthy an object; and this will soon secure to the church an army of well trained and systematic givers for carrying forward the Lord's work, which is one of the greatest needs of the Church.

Reliable reports from the observance of the day in previous years show the direct influence of the exercise in stimulating our young people to attend our schools of learning; and yet we have but just begun to cultivate this important field. It will be readily seen, by stating the legitimate objects of Children's Day, that it was not originally intended to make it a day for the presentation of our general educational work and the financial needs of schools of learning to our adult people. This is indeed a work of vast importance, and should by no means be neglected; but Children's Day is not well adapted to this work. Ample time should be taken for this general educational work, and it is well to have the agent or representative of the Conference school present on the occasion. After the public presentation of the case, urgent special appeals should be made for pledges and subscriptions either in the public congregations or in private from house-to-house. All this work is not in harmony with Children's Day, but the right observance of the day will by no means militate against this kind of work, but will rather help to forward it. To attempt too much is to defeat all, or to do imperfectly what might otherwise be done with perfect success. It should not be forgotten also that one of the main objects of the day is to increase the Children's Fund for aiding poor and worthy young people of our Sunday schools to secure an education. The collection for this purpose should not be regarded as incidental or of slight importance. On

the contrary, it should be made one of the most prominent features of the day's exercises. Every effort should be made by the pastor and the officers and teachers of the school to make this collection as large as possible. The facts concerning the great work which is being accomplished by this fund cannot fail to make an impression if given to our people both

young and old. The fund has already helped to educate over twenty-eight hundred young men and women, more than three-fourths of whom have entered the Christian ministry. The last year 809 students were aided, 105 of whom were ladies, 619 were preparing for the ministry, and 69 for Foreign Mission work.

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known. Let every class be urged to give as large a sum as possible, and the gifts of each class be separately announced. Let our motto, "A collection from every school, a dime from every scholar, a dollar from all who can give it, and thousands from the rich," be brought before every school, and urgent efforts made for its realization. And by all means let pastors and superintendents see that this Children's Day collection be not mixed with any other collection, nor divided with any other object, nor diverted from its original end. Experience has proved in every part of the Church the unwisdom of attempting to take other educational collections in connection with this. Let this collection for the Children's Fund be kept separate and sacred; and that it may be certain of reaching its destination, it should be sent directly to the Board of Education, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city, for which a receipt will be immediately forwarded that can be used as a voucher to present to the Conference treasurer.

The programme sent out by the Board this year is one of unique interest, called "Our Grand Army Review," in which the whole Methodist army is brought under review in a way that embodies much information for our people, both old and young, while it is made especially attractive and interesting to the young folks. No Methodist Sunday-school can afford to omit the observance of this day or to lose the benefit of the special exercises prepared by the Board. There is grandeur in the thought that it may be observed by twenty-six thousand Sunday schools, and its inspiring influence be felt by more than two and a quarter millions of Sunday-school scholars in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Brother ministers and Sunday-school superintendents, let us all do our best to make real this sublime conception.

Programme of the Easton District Preachers' Association to be held at Greensborough, Maryland.

Tuesday, May 20th

EVENING SESSION, 7.45.

Opening Devotional Services, J. A. Brindle. Sermon, J. D. Rigg; alternate, R. I. Watkins. Organization. Welcome, R. W. Todd; response, T. H. Haynes.

Wednesday, May 21st.

MORNING SESSION, 8.30.

Devotional Services, with practical exposition of Ephesians IV, 11-16, W. Sheers; alternate, W. W. Wilson. Lesson learned in the Presiding Eldership, J. France. Ought Women to be made eligible as Delegates to the General Conference? Paper (10 minutes) by J. M. Lindale; discussed by T. A.

H. O'Brien, J. B. Merritt, W. M. Warner, N. McQuay, J. W. Fogle, R. Roe and J. D. Reese.

Egyptian Archaeology, R. C. Jones. Modern Methodist Missions—Their Achievements and Promise. Paper (15 minutes) by R. K. Stephenson; discussed by J. H. Geoghegan, J. D. Lecates, J. France and A. Chandler.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 2.30 P. M.

Devotional Services, with practical exposition of John XXI, 15-17, W. W. Sharp; alternate, E. H. Nelson. The Intermediate State and Place. Paper (10 minutes) by E. E. White; discussed by F. J. Corkran, E. Welsh, and W. R. Mowbray. What Principles should Govern in making Ministerial Appointments in the Methodist Episcopal Church? Paper (10 minutes) C. A. Hill; discussed by J. A. Arters, J. D. Rigg and J. D. Reese. Is the Average Modern Methodist Camp-meeting Advantageous to Methodism? W. W. Wilson, G. S. Conaway, R. K. Stephenson, J. M. Lindale, J. France. The movement for securing a Ladies' Hall in connection with our Conference Academy—its Relation to the Interests of Peninsula Methodism, and the duty of the Ministry and Laity of Easton District in relation thereunto. Paper (10 minutes) by J. H. Willey; discussed by R. W. Todd and R. H. Adams.

EVENING SESSION, 7.45 P. M.

Opening Devotional Services, with practical remarks on Hab. II 1-17, A. Chandler, alternate, J. D. Rigg. Review of the Minority Report on Temperance, presented at the Late Conference Session. (Paper 10 minutes) R. W. Todd. Has Prohibition achieved such success in Caroline county, as to demand its continuance? G. S. Conaway, J. A. Brindle, W. R. Mowbray, S. J. Morris and A. Smith. Practical suggestions as to how Temperance people may best sustain and strengthen the cause of Prohibition in this locality C. A. Hill. Volunteer shots *ad libitum*.

Thursday, May 22d.

MORNING SESSION, 8.30.

Devotional Services, with practical exposition of Matt. XVIII, 18-20, N. McQuay; alternate J. D. Reese. Influence of Methodism upon our Nation Paper (20 minutes) by S. J. Morris. Followed by volunteer remarks. Will Prohibition prevail and be successfully enforced without the support of a political party pledged thereto? S. M. Morgan, E. E. White, T. H. Haynes, E. P. Roberts. Pulpit Mannerisms, Paper (15 minutes) J. H. Willey; followed by criticisms. Does the average Church Choir promote Spiritual Worship? Paper (10 minutes) T. H. Haynes; discussed by W. W. Sharp, W. M. Warner, R. C. Jones. Pulpit Piagiarism. Paper (10 minutes) by E. P. Roberts; followed by criticisms.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 2.30.

Devotional Services, with practical exposition of Luke XII, 35-38, F. J. Cochran; alternate W. Sheers. Influence of Methodism upon other Religious Denominations. Paper (15 minutes) by E. H. Nelson, followed by criticisms. Is the Methodist Episcopal Church measuring up to her Opportunities for Extending and Strengthening the Cause of God on Easton District? If not, How may she be Inspired and Influenced so to do? Paper (15 minutes) by J. A. Arters; discussed by J. B. Merritt, R. Roe, W. W. Wilson, A. Chandler. Entire Sanctification as Distinguished from Regeneration. Paper (15 minutes) by A. Smith, followed by voluntary remarks. Would Lay Representation in our Annual Conferences be advantageous? Paper (10 minutes) by T. A. H. O'Brien; discussed by J. W. Fogle, T. H. Haynes, R. H. Adams, and J. B. Merritt.

EVENING SESSION, 7.45.

Young People's Mass Meeting. Devotional Services with practical exposition of Proverbs IV, 1-18, J. H. Willey; alternate, C. A. Hill. The Epworth League—Its Objects, Exercises and Advantages; and How to Organize and Work it successfully. Paper (15 minutes) by W. W. Wilson; discussed by J. H. Willey, R. I. Watkins and R. C. Jones. Remarks by Pastor. Closing Exercises, J. France.

Dear Brother:—It is greatly desired that all the Pastors of Easton District attend this meeting. Greensborough extends to you a hearty welcome. The Principal, in any service noted on the Programme, if unable to take the work assigned him, will notify his alternate or the next brother named on the question. Please write Bro. Todd *at once*, whether you expect to be in attendance.

S. M. MORGAN,  
G. S. CONAWAY, } Curators  
R. W. TODD, }

Jesus.

O, He is a sweet Master! One smile from Jesus sustains my soul amid all he storms and frowns of this world. Pray to know Jesus better. Have no other righteousness, no other strength but only Jesus. O, for fullness out of Him! why do we not take all out of Jesus? Keep looking, then, to Jesus, dear soul, and you will have the peace that passeth all understanding. Cleave you to Jesus; be joined to Him by faith, and you shall be one spirit; you shall be made warm and vigorous and full of activity in God's service.—*M' Cheyne*.

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had but little appetite, and what I did eat

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little good. After eating I

would have a faint or tired,

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anything. My trouble was aggravated by

my business, painting. Last

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CONSUMPTION

## Correspondence.

## Letter from New England.

DEAR METHODIST:—What a pleasant surprise to greet your Editor at the late session of our conference in Newport. But a still greater pleasure and surprise awaited me. After the conference had been over for more than a week, the response to my door bell, revealed the gentleman himself. He had come to honor me with a call. Of course I accorded him a Peninsula-Yankee welcome. You can hardly imagine how much nearer the old home it made me feel, to have the editor of the PENINSULA METHODIST actually sitting in my study, and chatting familiarly with me. Send him along again, Madame Methodist, I enjoy his calls.

I want to tell you about the visit of our Bishop Ninde to us. I wrote you before that the Methodism of Fall River was to extend to him a reception in my, church Friday evening, April 25th. That anticipation is now history. Our vestries are all nicely carpeted, and seated with cane-seated chairs. These latter can easily be removed. Altogether we have six rooms on our first floor. A part of these were used for storage and coat rooms. From the large vestry and the one next largest, nearly all the chairs were removed. Then these two rooms were transformed, by an efficient committee, into beautiful drawing rooms. The bishop and the receiving committee were escorted into the large vestry, a little after 8 p. m., and stationed in front of a bank of flowers which formed a beautiful back-ground. An address of welcome was tendered the bishop, to which he responded appropriately. Then a little girl, in a neat little speech, presented the bishop a basket of flowers. When she had finished, he caught her in his arms and kissed her, to the great delight of the audience.

Then the more than a dozen ushers, with silk badges, appropriately printed, began to bring the people forward and to introduce them to the receiving party. The room was literally packed full of people standing, with some coming and going all the time, so that it required more than an hour to introduce those present to the bishop and his receiving companions. Meanwhile music was softly discoursed by an orchestra, at intervals, during the evening, the music of some of the old time Methodist hymns being interwoven. Some two hundred invitations had been sent to leading citizens who were not Methodists, and a large number of them responded. Altogether the evening was delightful, and profitable for Methodism in our city.

The Sunday following, we held a

union service in the Academy of Music, our largest hall. The bishop preached. Although the afternoon was full of showers, the audience was magnificent, and the sermon was in keeping with the audience; success number two for Methodism in Fall River. On the fourth page of the special program of service for the afternoon, we put in a little of Methodist history and statistics. Among other things we learned, that the aggregate of members and probationers in this city is a little over seventeen hundred.

Two weeks of the new conference year are gone, and we are laying plans for another year's campaign. The signs are hopeful. Last Sunday morning my membership was increased by the addition of twelve members. I am hoping, that our own particular forces shall capture at least one hundred souls, this year.

J. M. WILLIAMS.

May 6, 1890.

## From Grapo, Md.

Our corner-stone laying at Ebenezer, the 22d ult., proved an event of great interest to the loving, noble-hearted people of this charge. The morning dawned in all its cerulean splendor, "and not a wave of trouble rolled, across our peaceful breast." At nine o'clock, Rev. James Wilson, from Monie, Md., opened the love-feast in old Ebenezer; and while the tide of Christian testimony and religious enthusiasm was rising, in came our presiding elder, giving us a genuine surprise. As Bro. Jas. Wilson rushed into his arms, and falling upon his neck and weeping, rejoiced with great joy, I could but think of that meeting in the morning of the resurrection, when we are shall be gathered home.

"Where the hills are blooming on the other shore,  
We'll meet each other in the morning;  
Where the heart's deep longings will be felt  
no more,  
And joy will crown us, in the morning."

Revs. G. L. Hardesty, G. W. Bounds, L. T. McLain, C. P. Swain, and Rev. Mr. Thomas were present, to assist us. Bro. Hardesty preached the morning sermon from the words, "For this cause we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding;

That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God." Col. 1: 9-10. He is a man of deep thought and very impressive in delivery; and the divine power, attending his words, made them the power of God unto the salvation of men. Dr. Wilson preached an historical sermon in the afternoon, on the rapid growth of Methodism, and its

glorious triumphs. He believed in daring to do right, and then trust in God for results; and "not kick every dog that barks." This excellent sermon was well received by the large and intelligent audience. After a collection amounting to more than a hundred dollars in cash, the corner-stone was laid by the presiding elder, assisted by the pastor and the visiting brethren.

At 5 o'clock, the business of the quarterly conference was disposed of; and at night the church was so filled to hear Rev. Jas. Wilson, a rough stick outwardly, but a chosen vessel of the Lord to bear the ointment of healing to the sin sick soul. This ended the religious services of the day.

The Red Men, who have a flourishing Tribe here, gave us the use of their new and commodious Hall, for dinner and supper. While the army went forth to battle sister Amanda F. Insley, the superintendent of our Sunday-school, tarried by the stuff," not that she was disabled at all, but with others who were equally interested in the welfare of the church, she rendered valuable service in this way. Among them we name, sister Truitt, Miss Fanny and Miss Marcia Insley, Miss Victoria Truitt, sisters Fall and Wheatley. Dr. Elias Jones had charge of the ice cream, cake, &c. He is one of the most active men in our community. Our genial friend and brother, L. A. Insley, was there also to assist.

Richard H. Insley, of the firm of L. A. Insley & Bro., could be seen at any time in the Hall, receiving cash, and encouraging the ladies by his happy appearance. Bro. John T. Tull, one of our greatest missionary men, has done his part thus far, but his interest at present is divided between two points. We have sympathy for him, and believe it will be all right in some bright morning. Mr. H. S. Phillips, the contractor and builder of the new church, walked about Zion with the step of a master. He is building us a beautiful and substantial edifice, to stay here a century, unless an earthquake or flood sweeps it away. He and his men are faithfully discharging their duty, and we can heartily recommend him to any community in want of a nice church. He is able fully to comprehend and carry on the plans, furnished by the architect, and always adheres strictly to them, unless otherwise ordered by the building committee.

Our total collections in cash are \$207.95. Let the spirit of Crapo charge ever be "onward." We think down here, that this part of Dorchester county will be a spot to be desired by the most fastidious, in the near future. But though we should be discouraged, and disappointed, God ruleth the destiny of men, and we should ever lean

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upon the promises, and "cry, as time rolls by,"

"Anywhere with Jesus, says the Christian heart,  
Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part,  
Always sitting at his feet, there's no room for fear,  
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears."

A BURKE

April 24, 1890.

Easton District.

On April 26th, the quarterly conference for Church Hill circuit was held, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the conference was well attended by the official members. Bro. Arters, the pastor, who returns for the fourth year informed me that on his return from the annual Conference, he was given quite a reception by the people of the charge. The year begins with a promising outlook. May their highest expectations be even more than realized. The love-feast on Sabbath morning was a season of rich spiritual power. We had the pleasure of meeting with Rev. George Barton, known as the blind preacher, one of the superannuated preachers of our Conference, and who resides at Church Hill. Bro. Barton is in the 83d year of his age. He is no longer able to preach, but is as deeply interested as ever in the work of the Lord.

In the afternoon we rode from Church Hill to Centreville, a distance of nine miles, through a fine farming country. It is said that the peach crop is an entire failure, but I am sure that the wheat and grass never looked more promising. At Centreville we found entertainment at the home of J. Hersey Hall, Esq., who is one of the leading members of our church at Centreville.

The congregation in the evening was fair—sermon moderate—but the singing was excellent. A pipe organ, cornet, and well trained voices, with an earnest endeavor to sing with the spirit and understanding, is sure to result in music that is inspiring. And this they have at Centreville. On Monday the quarterly conference was held and was largely attended. As the next Annual Conference is to be held at Centreville, our people at that place have resolved to make certain improvements to their church building. The quarterly conference appointed a committee of which Rev. C. A. Hill, pastor, is chairman, who will proceed at once with the work. It is in contemplation to spend about four thousand dollars on these improvements. I found our people very much pleased with the prospect of having the Conference meet at Centreville, and I doubt not, when the time comes, the preachers will be royally entertained.

Centreville Methodism feels the loss of that noble worker, Walter F. Harman, who but a short time ago, passed to his Heavenly home. But "though the workman die the work goes on." His place in the Sabbath-school has been filled by the election of T. Marion Wood, brother of our Rev. I. L. Wood, as superintendent; and under his care the school is maintaining its high character for efficiency. This is Bro. C. A. Hill's fourth year at Centreville, and I find him universally beloved.

The quarterly conference for Marydel circuit was held at Marydel, May the 3d. Rev. G. S. Conaway, pastor, reported the Sabbath-school in full operation; congregations good, class-meetings well attended; a thriving young peoples' meeting at Templeville; probationers holding on; and

Ladies' Aid Society working nicely, and making certain needed improvements to the parsonage furniture.

The Ingleside quarterly conference met on the same day at 3 p. m. Bro. N. McQuay, their new pastor, reported that he had met with a very cordial reception from the people of the circuit. This is a circuit of six appointments, and affords wonderful opportunities of usefulness, and we believe that Bro. McQuay, if given a fair chance, will meet the demand, and bring victory to the cause of our glorious Redeemer.

On my visit I was entertained at Marydel by Bro. Conaway and family, who are so improving the parsonage and parsonage yard, as to make their little home one of comfort and pleasure. At Templeville, where the preaching service was held, I was kindly cared for by Bro. Charles Smith, who is a brother of Alfred Smith, of our Conference. The preaching service was not very largely attended because of the rain.

During my stay on Ingleside circuit, I was the guest of Mr. W. H. Casho, who is the district steward of the circuit, and resides near Henderson station on the D. & C. Railroad. Bro. Casho was formerly of Newark, Del., where I had the pleasure of being his pastor twenty years ago. The Lord has prospered him in his business, and I am glad to learn that he is not forgetful of his obligations, but is a liberal supporter of the church. On Sabbath my appointment was at Providence church, which is located at Barclay station, on the Kent and Queen Anne's Railroad. Our people have a small church, but they are alive spiritually. We dined with Mr. Jos. Wilson who, whilst not a member of the church, is a strong friend and supporter of the cause.

The parents of Rev. R. C. Jones, reside within the bounds of this circuit, and honored members of the church at Henderson. At the time of my visit his mother was in very delicate health.

Yours fraternally,  
J. FRANCE.

"Tired All the Time."

Say many poor men and women, who seem overworked, or are debilitated by change of season, climate or life. If you could read the hundreds of letters praising Hood's Sarsaparilla which come from people whom it has restored to health, you would be convinced of its merits. As this is impossible, why not try Hood's Sarsaparilla yourself and thus realize its benefit? It will tone and build up your system, give you a good appetite, overcome that tired feeling and make you feel, as one woman expresses it, "like a new creature."

The Great Master.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked the friend. "Responsibility—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that every thing goes straight, else he will fail."

"Well!"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend: "I should fail sure if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under God's direction. When he is Master, all goes right."—Dr. Bacon.

Half-Measures.

A bridge which is a foot too short fails to reach across the chasm. A race may be lost by a length as well as a mile. One leak will sink a ship; one sin destroy a soul.

The Earl of Bath illustrated his views of a policy which dismissed one minister of state and retained another whom he deemed equally objectionable by comparing it with the action of the Lord Chamberlain, who, when sent to examine the cellars of the House of Commons, returned with the report that "he found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder, that he had removed ten of them, and that he hoped the rest would do no harm!"

The man who thinks to serve God and mammon, and divides his time and energies between the Lord and the devil, the flesh and the Spirit, will be found to have made a grand mistake. No man can be slave of two masters. He must have one absolute ruler and owner. When a man has given himself to the Lord, he has nothing left for any body else. The world and the flesh and the devil must stand aside, self must be denied, and Christ must have all. "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."—The Christian.

Through Day Express to Boston via Pennsylvania Railroad.

One of the striking features of the new schedule which goes into effect May 11th, on the Pennsylvania Railroad lines, is the inauguration of a through express to Boston by daylight. The re-building of the steam transport "Maryland," and the resumption of the transfer service between Jersey City and the Harlem River, enables the company not only to restore the Boston night express to this route, but to add this new train. It will leave Philadelphia, Broad Street Station, at 10.00 A. M., on week-days, and run through without change the entire train being transferred to the New York, New Haven and Hartford tracks by the steamer. It will be run over the Shore Line to Boston, and will have direct connection for Newport, Narragansett Pier, and the principal points on the southern shore of Massachusetts, arriving at Boston at 8.00 P. M., and at all intermediate points earlier in the afternoon.

The train will be composed of Pullman Parlor Cars and Day Coaches, and will undoubtedly prove an exceedingly popular one for general as well as summer tourist travel to all points in Southern New England.

Marriages.

ENOS—JONES.—April 30th, 1890, at the Odessa M. E. parsonage, by Rev. R. C. Jones, T. Courteney Enos and Mary Estelle Jones, daughter of the officiating minister.

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## The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, MAY, 11th, 1890.  
Luke 9: 10-17.

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

### FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life" (John 6: 35).

10. *The apostles—the twelve, literally, "those sent forth." When they were returned—from their first missionary tour (see verses 1 to 6). Told him all that (R. V., "declared unto him what things") they had done.—Farrar conjectures from this brief and meagre record, as contrasted with the joyous exultation of the seventy over their success, that "the training of the twelve was as yet imperfect, and their mission less successful than the subsequent one." Went aside privately into a desert place belonging to the city (R. V., "withdrew apart to a city").—After toil, rest. He would separate the disciples from the ever-thronging multitude for a season—give them a vacation. Another motive is given by Matthew—the tidings of the Baptist's martyrdom, and the popular excitement which followed it. "Jesus knew what 'the heaven of the Pharisees and of Herod' (Matt. 17: 12) would bring forth in the end; but His time was not yet come. Here begin, therefore, His journeys of flight" (Lindsay). Desert place—omitted in R. V. The word "desert" describes simply an uninhabited place. Bethsaida—not the town of that name on the west side of the Sea, but another Bethsaida, known as Bethsaida Julias, on the northeastern coast, near the mouth of the Jordan and in the domains of Philip the tetrarch. Tristram and Thomson locate the scene of the miracle on the green and narrow plain of El Butaiha, south of this town, where there is abundance of grass and space enough to meet the condition of the "table spread in the wilderness."*

11. *The people, when they knew it.—According to Mark's account, our Lord with His disciples went away in a boat "privately," i. e., apart, not concealing their departure, but simply leaving the people and going away by themselves. Followed him.—The boat was probably propelled by oars rather than by sails. Smart walkers, therefore, would be able to keep up with it till it reached its destination some six or eight miles away. According to John's account (6: 3-5) the disciples on landing went up some hill or cliff near at hand, and then saw the crowd. Their retirement was brief, even if they got space for any at all, after disembarking. Received them (R. V., "welcomed them")—no hint at being angry at the loss of His hoped-for seclusion. Our Lord was often weary in body, but never in compassion. Spoke to them of the kingdom of God—"began to teach them many things" (Mark). His emotions were excited "because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." Healed them that had need of healing.—How many such miracles as these went unspecialized, unrecorded!*

12. *The day began to wear away.—It was "evening," according to Matthew, i. e., the first evening, sometimes between 3 P. M., and 6 P. M.; the second evening began at sunset. Then came the twelve—probably seizing the opportunity of a pause in His*

discourse. John tells us that our Lord, to test the faith of the disciples, had already put the question to Philip, "whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" and had received an uncertain answer; "though He himself knew what He would do." The disciples finally grew alarmed at the situation—so large a crowd of people, and so far from their homes, in such a lonely place, and no provision for their wants. So charmed were the multitude with the words and works of Christ that they were utterly self-forgetful of bodily anxieties. Send the multitude away.—Don't detain them longer. Dismiss them at once, that they may provide for themselves before night comes on. "A strong charity, but a weak faith" (Bishop Hall).

13. *Give ye them to eat—a strange and seemingly impossible command—yet, considering its source, not impossible—and well calculated to excite their attention and prepare their minds for some remarkable interposition on the part of their Master. It seems, however, to have failed in its intended effect. They fell to reckoning on what they had and of the cost of buying sufficient food, instead of reflecting that He who had filled their nets with fish when He called four of them to the discipleship, could as easily set a table in the wilderness. No more but (R. V., "than") five loaves and two fishes.—John tells us that Andrew made this report, and then asked, "But what are they among so many?" "The little boy who carried them seems to have been in attendance on the apostles, evidently this was the food which they had brought for their own supply; and it proves their simplicity of life, for barley loaves are the food of the poor (2 Kings 4: 42; Judg. 7: 13; Ezek. 13: 19) (Farrar).*

14, 15. *They were about five thousand men—besides women and children (Matthew). Many Passover pilgrims were probably in the number. Make them sit down by fifties.—Says Lindsay: "Each group consisted of two rows of 100 each, and a shorter one of 50 persons. The fourth side remained open, as was the custom at the feasts of the ancients. There were twenty groups of 250 each. The women and children (Matt. 14: 21), according to Oriental custom, ate by themselves."*

16. *He took the five loaves—one for a thousand men! The multiplication did not apparently take place until the distribution began. Looking up to heaven—following the Jewish custom of invoking the divine blessing and giving thanks. Blessed them—just as the father of the household did at the Paschal feast. Brake—the thin, brittle barley cakes. Gave to the disciples—the pieces for distribution. So He distributes through His ministers the bread of life to a famished world. All did not partake of the two fishes (John 6: 11).*

"This description recalls the Last Supper, of which this miracle is a premonition" (Schaff).

17. *Did eat, and were all filled—satisfied, and yet the number, not counting the women and children, was about 5,000, and the lowest estimate for meeting their hunger was "two hundred pennyworth of bread." It is utterly foolish and unprofitable to attempt to explain the rationale of this miracle. Its method was purposely veiled. But though confessedly incomprehensible, the fact is well attested, this being the only miracle recorded by all four evangelists. Says Morison: "He who can produce a forest of oaks from a single acorn,*

and in one spawn of a codfish can give existence at one point of time to a brood of not less than three millions, six hundred and eighty-six thousand, seven hundred and sixty units of life, could be at no loss to condense, indefinitely, molecular action in time, and coincidentally expand it in space." Twelve baskets—the common wicker baskets used by the Jews, especially on journeys, for carrying their food, that they might not contract ceremonial pollution by obtaining it from the heathen. These fragments were collected, both because no waste was to be allowed, and to show conclusively the magnitude of the miracle—far more being left after feeding the host than they had at first.

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## 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.*

## Hard Work.

People who want to drink seem to have no trouble in finding excuses for doing so. If the weather is cold they say whisky warms them up; on hot days they pretend that beer or something else in that line, is necessary to cool them off. They take the wretched stuff for a night-cap to make them sleep, or to keep them awake, which ever excuse suits the better.

One day a young man who was trying to do more work than his body could stand, said:

"I drink to make me work."

An old man hearing the remark, answered him in this way:

"That is right! You drink, and it will make you work! Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that may do you good. I was once a very prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and used to live happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards graves. My wife died broken hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might have been an independent man; but I used to drink to make me work—and it makes me work now! At seventy-two years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work."

There is nothing that can be said in favor of drink, and yet drunkards are made every day; how? By the first glass. Read this, boys, and then if you are old enough to see what awful misery drink is causing in the world, and what marvelous good might be done with the money that is worse than wasted, you are old enough to decide never to touch a drop of the terrible stuff, and never to put any of your money into a business that ruins men's souls.

The money spent in the United States for intoxicating liquors would every year support 200,000 missionaries which would be about one missionary to every 3,000 adult heathen now existing on the globe. It would also support 100,000 missionary school-teachers at \$500 each; build 2,000 churches at \$10,000 each; build 300 school houses or seminaries at \$2,500 each; would publish 50,000 Bibles every day. So the money spent an-

nually in this country for strong drink would, in a short time, evangelize the whole world.—*Christian Advocate.*

## Curious Mistakes That Have Occurred in the Various Editions.

Although the greatest care has been taken to make the various editions of the Bible perfect translations, still errors have overlooked from time to time, and have given rise to various names by which the edition containing the error has been known. The following list of these curious Bibles is extracted from an article by W. Wright, D. D.

### THE BREECHES BIBLE.

"Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge tree leaves together and made themselves Breeches." Gen. iii, 7. Printed in 1560.

### THE BUG BIBLE.

"So that thou shalt not be afraid for any Bugges by nighte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day." Ps. xci, 5. Printed in 1561.

### THE TREACLE BIBLE.

"Is there no treacle at Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Jeremiah viii, 22. Printed in 1568.

### THE ROSIN BIBLE.

"Is there no rosin in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Jeremiah vii, 22. Printed in 1609.

### THE PLACE MAKERS' BIBLE.

"Blessed are the place-makers; for they shall be called the children of God." Matthew v, 9. Printed in 1561-2.

### THE VINEGAR BIBLE.

"The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," appears in the chapter heading to Luke xx, in an Oxford edition of the authorized version which was published in 1717.

### THE WICKED BIBLE.

This extraordinary name has been given to an edition of the authorized Bible printed in London by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas in 1631. The negative was left out of the Seventh Commandment, and William Kilburne, writing in 1659, says that owing to the zeal of Dr. Usher, the printer was fined £2,000 or £3,000.

### THE EARS TO-EAR BIBLE.

"Who hath ears to ear, let him hear." Matthew xii, 43. Printed in 1810.

### THE STANDING FISHES BIBLE.

"And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand upon it," etc. Ezek. xlvii, 10. Printed in 1806.

### THE DISCHARGE BIBLE.

"I discharge thee before God." 1 Tim. v, 21. Printed in 1807.

### THE WIFE HATER BIBLE.

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father \* \* \* yea, and his own

wife also," etc. Luke iv, 26. Printed in 1810.

### REBEKAH'S CAMELS BIBLE.

"And Rebekah arose and her camels." Genesis xxiv, 61. Printed in 1823.

### TO-REMAIN BIBLE.

"Persecuted him that was born after the spirit to remain, even so it is now." Gal. iv, 29.

This typographical error, which was perpetuated in the first 8vo Bible printed for the Bible Society, takes its chief importance from the curious circumstance under which it arose. A 12mo Bible was being printed at Cambridge in 1805, and the proof reader being in doubt as to whether or not he should remove a comma, applied to his superior, and the reply, penciled on the margin 'to remain,' was transferred to the body of the text and repeated in the Bible Society's 8vo edition of 1805-6, and also in another 12mo edition of 1819.—*Leisure hours.*

## Quarterly Conference Ap- pointments.

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MAY.		
Mt. Pleasant,	10 3 11 3	
Rising Sun,	10 7.30 11 10	
Elkton,	19 2 18 10½	
Elk Neck, (Wesley)	18 3	
North East,	19 9 18 7.30	
Cherry Hill,	26 9 25 7	
Newark,	24 3 25 10	
Union,	25 3	
JUNE		
Hockessin, (Bryan)	29 1 1 10	
Union, (Hanna)	28 7.30 1 7.30	
Wesley, (Dr Grise)	29 7.30 1 7.30	
Grace, (Murray)	30 9 1 7.30	
Asbury, (Dr. Hubbard)	31 7.30 1 7.30	

	Quarterly Conference.	Preaching.
JUNE		
St. Paul's, (Stengle)	2 8 1 7.30	
Newport, (Murray)	3 7.30 1 10½	
Cookman, (Franklin)	4 7.30 1 7.30	
Kingswood, (Koons)	5 7.30 1 7.30	
Stanton, (Murray)	6 7 1 3	
Brandywine, (Barrett)	7 3 1 7.30	
Salem,	7 3	
Red Lion,	7 7.30 8 10	
Summit,	9 3 8 2.30	
Delaware City,	9 9 8 7.30	
Port Penn,	9 7.30 9 7.30	
New Castle, (Dr. Todd)	10 7.30 1 7.30	

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

### EASTON DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.

	May
Union and Salem	10 11
Still Pond	10 11
Masseys	11 12
Pomona	17 18
Rock Hall	17 18
Queenstown	24 25
Kent Island	24 25
Halls and Wye	25 26
Kings Creek	31 June 1
Hillsboro	31 " 1
June	
Greensboro	1 2
Easton	8 May 30
Trappe	7 June 8
Oxford	8 9
St Michaels	13 15
Royal Oak and Talbot	14 15
Bay Side and Tilghman	14 15
Middletown	21 22
Townsend	21 22
Odessa	22 23

J. FRANCE, P. E.



Citizen—So you think of locating here?  
Physician—Yes. I thought some of practicing among you.

Citizen—See here, young man, there's a good opening here for a man as understands his biz, but we don't want no practicing, or experimenting—doctoring's what we want!

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present, alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his "practice" until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription directed to the cause would have removed the disease, dispelled all those distressing symptoms, and instituted comfort instead of prolonged misery.

It's the only medicine for the weaknesses, irregularities and painful derangements peculiar to women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will give satisfaction in every case, or price paid for it will be promptly refunded. DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

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Quart Bottles, per doz. \$10.00  
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OFFICE, 604 MARKET STREET.

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Six Months, " " " " " " " "	60 "
One Year, " " " " " " " "	\$1.00
If not paid In Advance, \$1.50 per Year.	

(Continued from page 1.)

plorable evil of intemperance, the regulation of the traffic, or its prohibition.

We offer a few considerations, which we hope, will aid in determining this question.

1. There is no denying the proposition, that prohibition places the brand of public reprobation upon the drink-traffic, while license places the seal of public approval upon it. Under license, this business is as respectable as any other, and the liquor-dealer has the same right to sell his wares, that the grocer has to sell his.

So far as the people express their judgment in choosing their legislators, the saloonist who pays his license fee, has their sanction as truly, as the book peddler has who pays his license fee to sell Bibles. As a legitimate business, the drink-traffic is thus made to rank with any other traffic that is authorized by law, and this is one reason why liquor dealers favor license.

On the other hand, under prohibition, this traffic bears the seal of condemnation, and no man can engage in it, without being a law breaker and incurring the risk of prosecution and punishment; and no one in the community who respects his own manhood, or respects the wishes of his fellow men as declared under the solemn sanction of the law, will commit such an offense. The traffic ceases, except with the lawless.

This is certainly a very strong reason, why true temperance men should prefer prohibition, to license. The more disreputable the drink-traffic can be made to appear in the eyes of the public, the less power it will have to entice and corrupt those who are yet free from the fatal toils of the drink-appetite.

2. As to enforcement of prohibition it is important to remember, that the only difference between free-*rum* and license, is found in those restrictive features, which are themselves *prohibitory* in their effect; so that the real question, after the matter of sanction is disposed of, is between partial and total prohibition. Under license, a

monopoly of the traffic is secured for those who received license to sell, and all others are *prohibited* from engaging in the business. So it is with the other restrictive provisions—*prohibiting* Sunday sales, selling to minors, to habitual drunkards, and on election days, or within a given distance from a school-house.

Can any one think, that these partial prohibitions are more likely to be faithfully enforced, than a law of total prohibition? In the one case you authorize a man to sell and exact a fee for the privilege, but place restrictions upon him, which it is his interest, as well as that of his customers to disregard; so that in these, you have established by law a community who are sure to violate it at almost any hazard.

In the other, you have a law placing the whole business under ban, branding the man who dares to engage in it as a law-breaker, and rallying every friend of sobriety, good order and the public welfare, to a united support of its enforcement.

A fact under the famous Brooks' High License Law of Pennsylvania, will throw some light on this point.

In Pittsburgh, the license judge, exercising the discretion given him by the law, refused all applications, except less than one hundred. The next time he granted a much larger number; his chief of police reporting, as the result of his observation of the working of the law, that there must be either more saloons licensed, or the whole business must be prohibited, and giving as his reason, that there were in that city, not less than 2000 "speak-easies," or places where liquor was sold without license.

Will any one pretend to say, that total prohibition was ever *less* faithfully enforced, in any place where it was enacted by law, than were the prohibitory provisions of this notorious high license law, in the case named? And this is a sample case; the universal experience being, that where license restriction reduces the number of "legalized" saloons, the number of unlicensed saloons is proportionately increased. What then becomes of the objection to prohibition from its alleged non-enforcement, and how much does the admitted non-enforcement of license restriction, make for the policy of license as against prohibition?

The fact is, no law enforces itself. The same public sentiment, that declares itself in a prohibitory law, may be relied upon to secure its enforcement. If temperance men will unite in non-partisan effort, keeping this great question of moral reform free from party complications, voting solidly for their principles every time they have an opportunity, to make their vote tell, as in the pending election in Kent, and

later in Cecil, their wishes will be respected by the politicians and party managers, just as they now defer to the solid liquor vote.

### Our Veterans.

THE HEROES ARE NOT ALL DEAD.

"At the Arkansas Conference at Hot Springs, just before the ordination preceding the sermon. Bishop Vincent had been conducting a service on "How to promote the highest spiritual efficiency this conference year." It had been a glorious season. The bishop was summing up the best suggestions and fastening them as convictions in the minds and hearts of the ministers. He referred to the need and influence of sacrifice for Christ, as often bringing out the highest spiritual efficiency.

Then fixing his eye on a wholly consecrated and gloriously successful young minister in the front pew, he said: "There sits a young preacher, who but a short time since, was employed in a large business house on a large salary. He felt the call of God to preach the gospel. To do this he must leave the brilliant earthly prospects, and give up all for Christ. He did not dally with temptation, but informed his employers that he must leave them to preach the gospel. The firm at once offered him four thousand dollars a year to stay with them! He promptly declined, and entered this hard work in Arkansas, where he received but six hundred dollars a year!"

The Arkansas Conference pays one minister a salary of \$1293; the other forty five ministers receive an average salary of \$188. Three who were superannuated received an average of \$47. Three widows of ministers received an average of \$75. 5 929 church members and probationers who contributed \$1,558 to other benevolences, or over 26 cents per member. They contributed \$62 for superannuated ministers, or a little over one cent from each member and probationer. Heroic living is no more a duty for the minister, than heroic giving is for the member.

Programme of the First Annual Delegated Convention of the Wilmington District Epworth League held in Elkton, Md.

Thursday, May 22, 1890.

Called to order at 11 A. M. Devotional Service. Roll Call. Appointment of Committees. Doxology and Benediction.

### SECOND SESSION.

1.30 P. M., Committee Meeting; 2.00 P. M., Devotional Service; 2.15 P. M. Business; 3.15 P. M., "How can League Prayer Meetings be made most profitable?" by Rev. Julius Dodd, of Hockessin, followed by discussion in five

minute speeches, to be opened by Edward Grant, of Cherry Hill. 4. P. M. "Shall we have a pledge? If so, what kind?" by Rev. Charles Hill, of Elkton. Discussion to be opened by A. V. Hysore of Union, Wilmington.

THIRD SESSION—TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING.

7.45 P. M., Song Service. 8.05 P. M., Address by Rev. W. L. S. Murray Ph. D., Presiding Elder of Wilmington District, followed by voluntary speeches of five minutes.

Friday Morning, May 23.

### FOURTH SESSION.

8.30 A. M., Committee Meetings. 9.00 A. M., Devotional Service. 9.15 A. M., Business. 10.00 A. M., "The importance of Organization," by Rev. John D. C. Hanna of Asbury, Wilmington. Discussion opened by Rev. Fred E. McKinsey, of Port Penn. 10.30 A. M., "Roman Catholicism versus the Public School System." A discussion to be opened by Rev. Chas. A. Grise of Brandywine, Wilmington. 11.15 A. M., "Purity and Power the supreme aim of the League," by Joseph Pyle, Esq., of St. Paul's, Wilmington. Discussion to be opened by Rev. B. F. Price, of Christiana. Doxology and Benediction.

### FIFTH SESSION.

1.30 P. M., Committee Meeting. 2.00 P. M., Business Session. 2.30 P. M., "The Model League in practical operation." The following are the Officers: President and Recording Secretary of the District League. First Vice President, Prof. H. S. Goldey, of the Wilmington Commercial College. Second Vice President, Miss Margaret S. Hilles, President of the Delaware State W. C. T. U. Third Vice-President, Charles I. Stengle of Union, Wilmington. Fourth Vice President, Howard M. Pennington of Scott, Wilmington. Corresponding Secretary, Miss Lillie I. McCrea, of Brandywine, Wilmington. Treasurer, Joseph H. Bartlett of Scott, Wilmington. 4.00 P. M., "Duties of the League to the Church," by Rev. N. M. Browne of Newark. Discussion opened by Rev. W. E. Avery, of Mt. Salem. 4.30 P. M., "Duties of the Church to the League," by Rev. Adam Stengle, of Union, Wilmington. Discussion opened by Rev. J. P. Otis, of Port Deposit. Business. Reading of Minutes. Doxology and benediction.

### SIXTH SESSION—LEAGUE MASS MEETING

7.45 P. M., Service of Song. 8.00 P. M., Address by the President, followed by voluntary speeches, testimonies, and suggestions, closing with prayer. 9.00 P. M., Doxology and Benediction.

Wanted.—A good appetite. You can have it easy enough by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It tones the digestion and cures sick headache.



Conference News.

The Wilmington Conference Board of Church Extension, will meet in Fletcher Hall, Tuesday, May 13th, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

BRO. THOMAS.—Bro. Webster's statement about Presiding Elder's salary as paid by Whitesville is correct. It was I who made the mistake.

T. O. AYRES.

The new and handsome M. E. Church, Chesapeake City, Md., will be dedicated to the service of Almighty God, Sabbath the 18th inst. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., will preach at 10.30 a. m.; Rev. J. S. Willis at 3 30 p. m., and Rev. J. O. Peck, D. D., at 8 p. m.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS.—The Local preachers are to hold their association at Middletown beginning, May 16th. Will you allow me to request them through your paper, to notify me at once of their intention to be present, and just when they will arrive. This is important, as I have no means of knowing how many to provide homes for.

Fraternally,  
ALFRED SMITH.

Middletown, Del., May 5, 1890.

EPWORTH, Wilmington, last Tuesday evening, during the absence of the pastor and his wife, about one hundred members of the church took possession of the parsonage. It was a complete surprise. The evening was spent in social converse, singing and prayer. Before their guests departed, refreshments were served; and Bro. Wm. Smith, a young member of the church on behalf of the church, presented the pastor with a handsomely filled purse, as a token of love and appreciation.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS.—We have held our Children's Day, and had a happy day both in English and native churches; just about like your Children's Day, except in native church, speeches, recitations, dialogues, songs and collections. The latter about \$10 from the native and \$25 from English. Collection not all in.

We are having much sickness, and some deaths with the world-wide scourge, "la grippe." We are always sorry to hear of so many fires and floods in America. We get all such news by telegraph in two days or less time after it happens.

G. F. H.

Lucknow, April 1st, 1890.

WOODSIDE CIRCUIT has been known as a "single man's" appointment, but as a single man is rather a scarce article in the Wilmington Conference, Rev. J. M. Mitchell, a married preacher, was sent to serve the charge this year. At first the people were perplexed; times hard, no peaches, and here an additional expense in fitting up a parsonage. But the good sisters got together, and the outcome of the gathering was that a house was furnished and a right royal welcome given the pastor's family, Tuesday of last week. Each charge was represented. After an hour or so of pleasant chatting, music, &c., the friends bade the pastor and family good-night; leaving many well-wishes for a successful year, and a goodly supply of such edibles as preachers need. —Dover Sentinel.

DEAR BRO.—On the 13th of April we

commenced an extra meeting at Landing Neck, for two weeks, and although the farmers were exceedingly busy, we had a good meeting. Several were converted and the church was built up. Bro. A. J. Dolbow was with us during the time, and rendered efficient service. The people liked him and his work, very much; and some wished him to stay several weeks. He did us good service here, and we can heartily recommend him to any who need help on that line. At Trappe church the stewards have adopted W. W. Reynold's system of raising church funds, and no doubt their success will be greater than formerly. You will see we are advancing on all lines.

Fraternally,  
F. J. COCHRAN.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS.—I have been returned for my fourth year to this kind-hearted people, and am led to think the Lord has been keeping great blessings for distribution this year, judging from the way He has been crowning my labors and blessing me since my return to this work.

I have never before felt so near the Lord, or realized his presence so near to me in my efforts to preach his word. The fact is any place is a heavenly one, if Christ is with us there, but without Him all things are dull and vain.

We expect to be able with God's help, to get all our church property out of debt this year. The people of Hoopersville have just furnished their beautiful new church. The pews, pulpit and altar-rail, are finished in ash cherry; and we have sofa, lights, carpets and stoves, all at a cost of two hundred and eighty dollars. This beautiful church will soon be dedicated, on which occasion we hope to have the editor of the PENINSULA METHODIST with us.

Our presiding elder was with us the 26th and 27th ult. He held quarterly conference, preached a most excellent sermon, and administered the Lord's Supper greatly to the edification of all who partook.

As we work, the path grows brighter; and though often we sit down weary, under the burning "heat of the day," we realize that active efforts in the Master's cause drive all the weariness away, and we are strong in the Lord and the power of His might." We have bread to eat, and water to drink, that the world knows not of. We have set up the cross, as our standard, and aim to make every plan conform to its high measure of purity; and looking upon the guilt of sin in the light that emanates from it. The end of the year, we trust, will show that we have been living unto Christ.

C. P. SWAIN.

Hooper's Island, Md.

Preachers' Meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock by the Pres't Rev. D. H. Corkran. E. C. Atkins was elected secretary pro. tem. Brethren present: Houston Sanderson, Van Burkalow, Avery, Hanna, Given, Stengle, Barrett, Dodd, Corkran and Dr. Todd. The committee appointed to investigate the matter of Sabbath desecration in this city, by Adam Forepaugh was continued with instructions to press the matter until all the facts are in our possession.

Rev. J. H. Riddick, pastor of Ezion, and Rev. G. E. Washington, pastor of Mt. Joy were introduced. Bro. Riddick was invited to address the meeting and responded.

The following officers were then elected:

President, Rev. W. E. Avery; Vice Pres Rev. J. D. C. Hanna; Secretary and Treasurer, E. C. Atkins. Curators, Rev. D. H. Corkran, Rev. J. E. Franklin, and A. T. Scott.

The order of the day was then taken up. In the absence of Rev. W. G. Koons, Rev. Adam Stengle was invited to give an exposition of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States with reference to the liquor question.

He responded, and was followed by Revs Bros. Hanna, Van Burkalow, Sanderson, Houston, Scott and Dr. Jacob Todd.

Curators reported for May 12th a paper by Rev. T. C. Smoot. On motion meeting adjourned with benediction by Rev. D. H. Corkran.

E. C. ATKINS, Sect'y.

What It Costs

Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people, in buying even the necessities of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla commends itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle taken according to directions will average to last a month.

Owing to the illness of Bishop Fowler who under the episcopal plan had been assigned to the New York East Conference, Bishop Andrews was called upon to preside. That he did so with great wisdom and impressiveness, goes without saying. His address to the class seeking admission is regarded as one of the most valuable and important to which the Conference has ever listened, and during its delivery aroused great enthusiasm. The New York East Conference presents at each session problems of much gravity, which call for the most careful consideration of the Bishop and his cabinet; but Bishop Andrews was wise, and firm, and kindly, and though in some instances the appointment was a disappointment, yet the result was the best possible under the circumstances.

"Dr. Merritt Hulburd has won the reputation of being one of the ablest preachers of the denomination. He fully sustained that distinction in his strong and eloquent sermon at the People's Church on Sabbath afternoon. There was a peculiar fitness in his theme to the church in which he spoke "The Mission of the Church to the World." We suggest that at the proper time Dr. Hulburd is the man to test his convictions in that very pastorate."

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JUNE 8, 1890.

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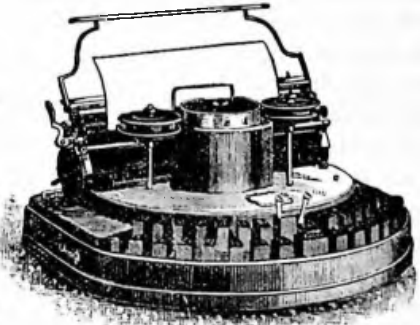
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OUR SERIAL STORY  
Blanch Montague,  
OR  
WHY WAS IT?  
By CAUGHEY.

## CHAPTER XIX—VISITING FRIENDS.

The bright October passed, and November until Thanksgiving, when Walter Melvin and his mother, according to promise, arrived in Rockwell, having come on the late train, the day before, so they might have all of the following day with their friends at Rosedale. Blanch had preceded them by the morning train, and was ready to welcome her father's guests in the evening.

As the travelers had come a long way, and were wearied with their journey, all retired to rest at an early hour.

But Walter's mind was so full of thoughts of Blanch, that for a long time he could not sleep. Every thing about him seemed to have the impress of her hand, and to have been cast in to the mold of her exquisite taste. From the moment he entered the house until he came into his room, he had observed with admiration every feature of the beautiful home. It was not the display of wealth, that specially interested him, for he was quite accustomed to such things; but it was the refined taste with which every article of furniture was arranged, and made attractive with beautiful bows of ribbons, skillfully worked tidies, bunches of dried grasses, and vases of flowers. It was these little things that so brighten our homes and make them cheerful, that interested Walter so much.

The room he now occupied was a bower of beauty. Rich lace curtains, falling in heavy folds to the floor, were artistically looped aside; the costly carpet was brightened with ornamental rugs, and mats; the bed was of snowy whiteness, and easy chairs and rockers suggested restfulness. An elegant lounge was on one side of the room, and on the other, a neat little writing desk, well supplied with stationery for the convenience of guests. The pictures were finest specimens of art and were arranged with admirable taste.

Beautiful statuary and other ornaments were supported on appropriate pedestals, and brackets; one of the latter, in a corner of the room, having copies of the poets, and of the latest and best works of prose writers. The evening papers, which Walter had not as yet found time to look over, were laid on the lowest of its three shelves.

As he noted the various objects in

that beautiful room, Walter said to himself, "what a thoughtful girl is Miss Montague; nothing has been omitted, that could add to the comfort of her guest."

Just then the perfume of flowers was borne to him, and turning in the direction from whence the odor came, he saw, half hidden by the curtain that draped the south window, a neat little stand, upon which was a lovely vase of choicest cut flowers, and lying beside it, an Oxford Teacher's Bible, neatly bound in morocco; a cozy rocker being placed invitingly beside the stand.

Walter stood a while looking at this evidence of thoughtful consideration on the part of his hostess, and then turning away, walked slowly up and down the room, as if in a deep reverie. At last he said, "what I behold here is undoubtedly the work of Blanch Montague. How exquisite, how beautiful, how perfect, how like her own pure and beautiful self it all is. But after all, what would be the value of all this, without Christian love? Of what value would be all this talent, and skill, and judgment, were there not in the possessor of such endowments, a pure and noble nature, sanctified by the grace of Christ?"

What would be the value of such a home and surroundings as I find here, were He not made welcome in it, who was the honored guest of Mary and Martha, and their brother Lazarus in Bethany?

What would be the presence in one's home of a woman, as beautiful as Blanch Montague, and the knowledge, that she were all your own, if that beautiful face were not the index of a pure spirit, and that lovely form the shrine of a noble nature? Could love survive respect, or could a man long love a woman, whose lovely face and form were without the inspiration of a true womanly nature?

Could even such a house as this be a home, without some noble spirit to share it with you? No indeed, my mother is right; high moral character, and genuine worth in the woman who is to become one's wife, will make the log cabin by the road side, a home to be coveted; while the lack of such exalted qualities in one who must be one's companion for life, would make a palace cheerless, and its beauty, wealth and magnificence would but mock him for committing the greatest folly of his life, in marrying a woman, who can never make him a wife or a home."

Long did Walter think upon these things, and when, at last he took the little Bible from the stand, and read, "better is a little, with righteousness, than great revenues without right," he felt the force of these words as never before; and as he read on, it seemed as if Solomon were saying to him, "Get

wisdom, get understanding, forget it not; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

"Length of days are in her right hand, and in her left hand are riches and honor; her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Laying down the holy book, and reverently kneeling, he offered an earnest prayer that God would give him "wisdom" and an "understanding heart," so that in every step of life he might pursue the right path.

The next morning Walter came down early into the sitting room, and found Miss Montague in a neat morning wrapper and sweeping-cap, busily dusting the furniture and setting the room in order.

When he entered, she did not drop her dusting cloth and brush, or look in the least confused, nor did she make profuse apologies for her appearance, but looking up with a bright smile, and her cheeks aglow with the exercise in the fresh morning air, said, "Good-morning, Mr. Melvin, I hope you had a very pleasant night's rest."

Walter responded in his brightest manner; for in the presence of Blanch he was always at his best. As she evidently had not the slightest notion of relinquishing her task, until it was finished, Walter passed out upon the porch, and strolled off through the lawn.

That day was a memorable one, not chiefly for its feasting and folly, though the fare was sumptuous and mirthfulness was not wanting, but for its delightful associations, and the sacred hallowed influences that pervaded every scene, making the occasion, in the best sense, a *Thanksgiving Day*.

The devotions they offered in the early morning, as they assembled at the house of God, were not all the "Thank Offerings" they made that day; but often through the day, did those happy hearts, remember with grateful love, the gracious Father in Heaven, "from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift."

Like every earthly blessing, this gladsome day came to its close, though every one in that home, would fain have had its length prolonged. Night's sable curtains were again hung over the sky, and another season of restful slumbers was enjoyed by Walter and his mother, in the Rosedale mansion. The next day, they returned to Glen-Ellen.

The sun often shines brightest, the day is often fairest, and the air is often stillest, just before some devastating storm sweeps over the land.

Can it be that this bright, happy day was but the lull to a tempest? We shall see.

(To be continued.)

## Summer Resort.

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PENINSULA METHODIST OFFICE.

1890 SUMMER 1890

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TERMS CASH.

J. M. C. C.

A. C. C.

## "LET'S WAIT TEN MINUTES"\*

J. W. CALDWELL.

"Let's wait ten minutes," cried a youth,  
(A Prince and royal heir in sooth)  
While British horsemen gave alarm  
And quickly mounting fled from harm.

"Ten Minutes" gone, and Zulu band  
Come sweeping down o'er desert sand,  
And soan the helpless youth o'ertake  
And spare not Prince for Prince's sake;

But pierce him through with ball and spear  
And leave him there on desert drear,—  
Where lions prowl with silent tread,  
And jackals fierce devour the dead.

Alas! alas! 'ten minutes' lost,  
'Ten minutes' lost, at such a cost;  
For here where dies this hapless boy,  
Dies, too, a mother's hope and joy.

Ah! cruel end and mocking fate!  
To one reared up to such estate;  
To one who sought in war for fame,  
And hoped e'en here to enrich his name.

But what of those whose cry is "wait!"  
Striving their craving souls to sate  
With pleasure, vanity and mirth.—  
Lost to thought of destiny and birth?

Slowly, tardily, moving on,  
Where minutes lost are ages gone,  
And countless dangers threatening stand,  
Worse hundred-fold than Zulu Band.

Till fate and swift descending doom  
Cuts short their day in direst gloom,  
And from their giddy life of show  
They plunge into the realms of woe.

\* The young Prince Napoleon joined a British war expedition that went down to South Africa. One day he was out with a scouting party. The party had stopped for a rest. Suddenly they were startled by the approach of a band of hostile Zulus. The soldiers gave the alarm, mounted their horses and fled. The young prince said: "Let's wait ten minutes," and tarrying, lost his life. His mother, Eugenia, went to interrogate these soldiers in regard to his death. They said: "When we gave the alarm the youth cried, 'Let's wait ten minutes.'" "Alas!" said the Empress, "that was my son, for that was an expression of his he had used from a child."—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

## Mrs. Bishop Hurst.

Catharine Elizabeth Hurst, beloved wife of Bishop John F. Hurst, passed suddenly to her heavenly rest on Friday evening, March 14, 1890. For a short time previous she had been suffering from the prevailing *la grippe*, but no serious prostration was experienced, and no special anxiety felt by her family. About 3 P. M., on the date named, she was stricken with apoplexy and by 8 o'clock the spirit was released from its clay tabernacle and translated to its immortal mansions. During the conscious moments intervening between the fatal call and its execution, Mrs. Hurst assured her husband by an emphatic "Yes!" to his query, that there was the preparation of true faith and the anticipation of supreme victory in the exchange of words.

Mrs. Hurst was a lady of rare personal charms, and of modest but sterling religious character. Of all the wise things done by Bishop Hurst in shaping his earthly career, the wisest was his marriage to Miss La Monte.

Their residence in Europe, in charge of the Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main, gave exceptional opportunities to Mrs. Hurst to cultivate a normal facility in ancient and modern languages, and rendered more easy her subsequent task of biographical sketches of "Good Women of History"—Elizabeth Christine, Anna Lavater, Renata of Este, Queen Louisa of Prussia, etc., It also enabled her to study the paintings of the masters, and to give much time to the preparation of pictures which remain in possession of friends, or adorn the walls of the home in Washington now so sadly bereaved. While Dr. Hurst was professor and president of Drew Theological Seminary, she rendered many a loving office to relieve burdens of disability and discouragement pressing upon struggling students. In many of the mission stations of the Methodist Episcopal Church there are those, whose piety and theological attainments have been fostered under the peaceful routine of the delightful surroundings at Madison, and who will cherish with life long gratitude the good influences which came from the president's home. In the wider range of public duty demanded by the episcopal office, Mrs. Hurst showed the same efficiency. Her residence in Buffalo and at Washington was in each case a benediction to the local churches, and a genial superintendency of every connectional interest. She moved among the leaders of thought and church work of her own sex, to aid in every organization and to push forward every enterprise which promised increased denominational power, and the enlarged success of our common Christianity.

The funeral exercises were conducted at the family residence, Tuesday, March 18, by Dr. G. H. Corey, pastor of Metropolitan Church, with which she had been actively associated since coming to Washington. Dr. Buttz, president of Drew Theological Seminary, also made some remarks, and Drs. Naylor, Dashiell, and Elliott, pastors in Washington City, conducted parts of the service. The choir of the Metropolitan Church interspersed, most beautifully, hymns and chants. There were delegations present from the Philadelphia and Baltimore Conferences, the pastors of Washington Methodist and other churches, and many distinguished citizens of the nation. The pall-bearers were, Andrew Duvall, G. W. F. Swartzell, E. W. Halford, S. S. Henkle, Hon. Senator Teller, Hon. W. N. Springer, W. Redin Woodward, Mark Hoyt, Wm. J. Hutchinson and H. B. Moulton. The interment was private in Rock Creek cemetery.

J. W. CORNELIUS.

—*Zion's Herald.*

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## Youth's Department.

### Hubert's Strawberries.

MARY A. SAWYER,

"It's easy enough for the other boys," said Hubert Upham to himself, as he walked slowly homeward from Sunday school, one bright and balmy afternoon in early spring. "Easy enough!" They've got rich fathers, every one of them, and they can save it and never know the difference; but I, who never have a penny to spare—how am I to either save or earn a dollar?"

The question in his mind remained unanswered when he reached his home. It was a small and weather-worn cottage before which he paused, wedged in among houses of more recent construction, but, unlike them, possessing a yard of considerable depth at the front, in which flourished a lilac bush and a sturdy though dwarfed pear-tree. At the back the yard sloped downward toward a street on a lower level, and here, in one sunny corner, Hubert had a small bed of strawberries and a currant bush.

He went into the house and handed his Sunday school book to his mother. "You will like it, I think," he said. "I chose it for you."

"Thank you, dear. But do you not want to read it yourself?"

"No," said Hubert, "I must think. And thinking is all it will amount to, I'm afraid. Though I won't say that. No, I won't give in yet."

"If it is anything in which I can help you," began his mother; but Hubert interrupted her:—

"No, you—oh, I beg your pardon, but you cannot help me in this; it is something I must do alone, and I cannot think of a single way to do it!"

"If you tell me your difficulty, dear, we can, perhaps, put our heads together, and think of some way to overcome it. Two heads are said to be better than one."

"Well," said Hubert, giving a mournful sigh, "the superintendent said to-day that he wanted every member of the school to contribute one dollar to the church fund for sending sick children into the country. He said our school had three hundred members, and he was sure that each one could save one dollar from his or her allowance, or else earn it in some way. Now, mamma," continued Hubert, earnestly, "you are too poor, yourself, to give me any money to spend for myself unless, maybe, it's ten cents for Fourth of July crackers, and I cannot think of any way to earn a dollar. Can you?"

"Not now. But perhaps, dear, in a

day or two something will occur to one or both of us. When did Mr. Colombe wish the money?"

"Not until the first of June."

"Ah! Well, my dear, I can suggest nothing to you to-day; and I think we ought not to consider ways and means of earning money on the Sabbath, ought we? But I am very confident that in twelve weeks you can earn your dollar."

"I hope so. Anyway, it seems more as if I could, now that I have told you. You always do find a way for a fellow to do things, you know."

The next day, when Hubert returned from school, he went out into the backyard to assist his mother in hanging clothes upon the lines.

"It does seem pretty hard," he said, "that you should have to do other people's washing, so that I, a great boy of twelve, can have something to eat."

His mother smiled pleasantly upon him. "My great boy of twelve will earn my bread, some day," she said, "and though laundry work is hard work, it is better for my health than fine sewing or working in a shop would be. I can sit out here in the sun when my work is done, and breathe the fresh air, and see the ships sail in, and make believe that I am in the real, real country, instead of a large factory town."

"Still it is hard," persisted Hubert, "and I mean to try for a place in a store this summer, so that you can have a good long rest."

"And now you must have your dinner," answered his mother, with a loving caress. "And while you are eating, I will tell you something."

And while Hubert was contentedly eating his brown bread and beans, his mother unfolded her scheme.

"I looked at your strawberry bed, this morning," said she, "and I thought I saw your dollar there."

"Did you hunt? Did you find it? Did you pick it up?" cried Hubert, in an excited voice.

His mother shook her head. "You do not understand, dear. I meant that I saw a way for you to earn your dollar."

"Oh, mother! How?"

"Strawberries being a very high price when they are early," replied his mother. "I have heard that they have sold for a dollar a quart."

"A dollar a quart! But my strawberries won't be ripe before the middle of June, and berries are plenty then, mamma."

"Your berries must ripen earlier than that this year," said his mother, smiling. "Do not be discouraged, dear. Other people force them for the market, and you must force yours."

"I'll do anything to earn that dollar, and I wish I could give the poor sick children a great deal more than that,

but I don't know how I can make the plants bloom and the berries ripen before they have a mind to."

"We can try," hopefully. "We don't know just how the market-gardeners do it, to be sure, but we can try a way of our own. If it is not a successful way, it will, at least, be an experience from which we can learn something; and while you are trying my plan, some other way of earning your dollar may suggest itself. Still, I feel quite sure that you can bring your berries forward so that they will ripen at least a month earlier than usual; and if you cannot get a dollar a quart, you may sell them for forty or fifty cents."

Her hopefulness aroused Hubert to enthusiasm. "Oh, I am sure I can! Oh, I must begin this very day! What shall I do first, mamma?"

"I think that you must first make a frame around your bed, upon which you can put a glass."

"A frame! Glass! But," very soberly, "we have no boards to make a frame, nor no—I mean any glass to put over it."

"We can manage the glass if we can get the boards for the frame. Yes, dear, you can use the two storm-windows which are on the north room. It is rather early to take them off, but we can get along without them, and if you are careful, you will not injure them."

"Oh, no! But how can we get the boards?"

"If I give you now the ten cents you usually spend for fire-crackers, are you willing to buy the boards?"

Hubert's face was very long as he considered the prospect of a Fourth of July celebration without any crackers. And ten cents bought so few! Still, he did not hesitate long.

"Yes, I will do it, mamma. But where can I get enough boards for that money? I don't know any people who sell boards; if I did, maybe I could strike a bargain. Maybe," as a new idea occurred, "I could earn them, some way. But I don't know any one, and I don't think the men like to have boys round the lumber yards. A man ordered me off one day, I know, when my ball fell over the fence, and I went inside to get it. No, I'll give that up. I'll spend the ten cents, mamma."

"You and I think that we are rather skillful with a hammer and nails," said his mother, thoughtfully. "Possibly you can buy some broken packing boxes, at the dry goods stores, for a dime. Could we not make our frame out of one large one, or two or three smaller ones? Then there are two quilting-frames upstairs; they are quite long; perhaps they will help us through our difficulty."

"Oh, yes!" And I'll go to White & Mansard's after school and see if I can get any old broken boxes. A new one would cost as much as a quarter, I think."—*Zion's Herald.*

## The Preaching of John, the Baptist.

REV. FRANKLIN M. WELSH.

The advent of Christ to earth was prefigured and heralded in many ways. The first sin was the occasion of a promise, that the power of sin should be overcome by the Son of man. The index finger of human history, pointing to the East in its exaltation of the mystical in human life, to Egypt in its monumental expressions of an innate belief in the eternal, to Greece, whose thought was of the beautiful, to Rome the chief element in whose life was the idea of strength and power, at last, after moving about among these historic symbols, points fixedly at the only true expression of them all in Jesus of Nazareth. Philosophy groped after light, whose true beauty and power should be exhibited only in that Light, of which John was sent to bear witness. Heathenism in its helpless estate, in its vague and ill-regulated search for truth, in its sacrificial systems, in its feeble and flickering hopes but declared in effect that a Redeemer should come, whose mission would be to deliver the world from a thralldom which it felt without being able to comprehend. The progress of nations was but the fertilization of fields surrounding that central sacred land whence should be scattered the seed that should yield a harvest of fruits whose sweet and nourishing juices were to refresh starving and thirsting millions. The pages of literature, too, revealed the need of a Saviour who should redeem the people from their sins.

The clearest expression of man's needs and aspirations is found in the Old Testament Scriptures, both in type and prophecy. They rise into clear, positive, inspired declaration—the highest point to which human hope had reached.

But after Malachi had uttered that last and solemn note concerning the coming of Elijah the prophet, there ensued a long period in which there was no open vision, no further revelation; and type became beclouded, and distorted, and concealed and prophecy ceased to be. Yet, through all this, the successive generations of Jews clung, with all the tenacity which grew out of despair, and all the loyalty which grew out of their captivity and all the stubbornness which grew out of misfortune to their faith in the coming of the Messiah. In the centuries following Malachi, it transpired that the kingdom of Iron, revealed to Daniel ages before in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, grew from small beginnings, to a position of might and finally of supremacy in the known world. The iron hand rested heavily upon Judea, as upon the rest

of the world; but though it might press the Jews hard, it could not break and could scarcely bend their proud faith. It sadly succeeded in developing in many of them, a spirit which was strange to the genius of true religion. It gave birth to austerity, to the outward observance of ceremonial details, whose chief glory in those days was coupled with the mighty defiance of unconquerable wills, a defiance proudly hurled against the proud bulwarks of their oppressors.

It was not only the divine purpose, therefore, but it was necessary by the condition of the Jewish world, that a messenger should pre-announce and prefigure the ministry and doctrines of the appointed Messiah, giving emphasis to the manner and matter of his teaching, and thus preparing the way for the reception of those teachings which were to be so adverse to the spirit of the times. Startling, then, was the appearance of this new and great prophet, clad in strange garments, and dwelling apart from the habitations of men. Still more startling were the truths he presented, who was come to herald the advent of a practical ministry, a ministry for the times, for which all previous time was the preparation; a ministry whose characteristic was the promulgation of a few fundamental doctrines, suiting all times because they suited those times. John preached for the times, as his Master preached for the times, the beginnings of which were in the garden of Eden, the close, only when the last man shall have heard the everlasting truths of the gospel.

There is much talk in these days about preaching "up to the times"; but the truthfulness of such statements is to be measured by what is meant by being up to the time. If it means that the preacher's thought is to be clothed in a present-day garb, and that his methods are to be such that the people may be reached without sacrificing the eternal dignity of God's own truth, well. Let us be "up to the times." But if it means that we are to suppress certain truths, because they are unpalatable, if we are to coddle any class of persons, old or young, poor or rich, if we are to put a sword in the hands of Novelty or Sensationalism to cut the life out of the great broad doctrines of the church, if preachers must become pulpiters, if teaching must descend to amusing, if the house of God must be made the temple of mirth or popular applause, if it means preach according to the *desires* and not according to the *wants* of the people, then let us be *against the times*. And John the Baptist

preached against the times all the time. The times said, "Preach outward ceremony, preach worldly enjoyment, preach a scholastic creed, preach

a self-righteous piety," but John preached "Repent! for the kingdom of God is at hand." The armor that God would have his soldiers wear, never fits the form of worldly piety. Preach for the times, then, not to please the times, but because the times need Christ. Show the struggling philosopher beclouded with doubts, the corrupt politician besotted with public robbery and imposition, the rich oppressor of the poor, the poor foe of the rich, the *unrepentant sinner*, show them, that they need the Christ and the truths of Christ. To an unsaved and sinful people the cry must be in all ages, "Repent for the kingdom of God is at hand."

In preaching repentance John set the people in fit state for the coming of the Messiah. So the preacher for the times will be he who, in the cry of "Repent" will seek to prepare the hearts of this wicked and froward generation for the advent of Messiah therein. John would have met the desires of the times, had he foretold a Saviour to free the Jews from the bondage of Rome, but he met the *needs* of the times, in preaching a Saviour who should free men from the bondage of sin. The times said, "Denounce Roman tyranny," but John denounced the tyranny of besetting sins, and made no apology for it.

That camel's hair cloak and that leathern girdle might have subjected John the Baptist to much criticism from some quarters, but it is not on record that he ever apologized for it. The people who came out to view the strange sight, were met with earnest exhortation and holy rebuke that knocked the foundations from under their sneers and smiles. The world shall not long sneer at the rough symbol of repentance and severe living, when the symbol is supplemented by appropriate speech. He only may wear the garb of the preacher to the penitent, whose heart ever beats with the penitential throb, and whose voice proclaims the penitential truth. Who else wears it, it shall but curse him. The new garment of novelty may be blessed only to him who carries in his hand the old staff of sound doctrine.

John was clear as to his mission. He was a preacher and said, "Repent, and bring forth fruits worthy of repentance." He was a baptist in the true sense and said, "Be baptized in water and repentance for the remission of sins." He was a messenger of Christ and said, "There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose." He was a voice, and said, "I indeed have baptized you with water; but He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost." He was a messenger of the covenant, and said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

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## A SERMON FOR WORKERS

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ELOQUENTLY TO BUSINESS MEN.

His Text Taken from Job: "I Am Escaped with the Skin of My Teeth." Weary Laborers Can Find Peace in God's Haven.

BROOKLYN, May 4.—After the Long-meter Doxology and appropriate hymns had been sung by the congregation, in the Academy of Music, and prayers had been offered, Dr. Talmage preached on "Narrow Escapes," taking as his text Job xix. 20: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is his sermon in full:

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavement and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes, have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found today with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

## NARROW ESCAPES.

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and

say: "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected: he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

## THE GOSPEL NET.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his midlife very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have come in here with no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore pulling in the nets, without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion today. "The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. Oh thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us today how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!"

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature; the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with

sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

## THREE QUESTIONS.

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? I have a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the deathbed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?"

Ah! skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandising? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion.

Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; with a Sunday spongo they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You man's life as a specimen of religion and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

THE BIBLE IS THE BEST BOOK.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take

it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better. Today I invite you back into the good old religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church; but if you go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulance that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in midlife who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high liver," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying, in compound interest, for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for awhile and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times seven; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time. He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

A VICTOR AT LAST.

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many

mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped!—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth."

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board; and it will be known in earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

#### BUSINESS PERPLEXITIES.

There are others who, in attempting to come to God, must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning, and comes away at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business trouble than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room, and gone in and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stum-

bling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide.

There are in this house today three hundred men pursued, harassed, trodden down and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales and kegs and hogsheads and counters and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal!" and then bound away for heaven, escaping as "with the skin of your teeth."

#### CHRISTIAN HEROES.

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street and Third street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had mental tortures compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsyturvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddy-stone lighthouse.

Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him, and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril

thrust in the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting hart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

#### THE WORLD A POOR PORTION.

The world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Coelius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lips and shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have in your effort to keep the world well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

I shall go home today feeling that some of you, who have considered your case as hopeless, will take heart again, and that, with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back, saying: "What a risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

The gold of the world in coin and wares is 11,000 tons, worth \$7,700,000,000. The annual loss is two tons; the mines yield yearly 121 tons.

#### A Good Man's Happy State.

The wife of Rev. Thomas MacMasters, a retired elder of the Methodist Episcopal church of Glens Falls, N. Y., states that her husband came into the house about 8 o'clock one evening feeling quite well, apparently, and sat down on the bed before retiring, when he was stricken with paralysis. Almost immediately he began to laugh as if ecstatically happy, and there came about his head a halo which transfigured his countenance. The circumstance of the halo is corroborated by the younger Mrs. MacMasters, who further says that it lasted one hour and a half, and was like a luminous cloud about the old man's head.—Chicago Herald.

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References: Rev. Jacob Todd, D. D.

Rev. A. N. Kelgwin

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**B. & O.**

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT  
NOV. 10, 1889

Trains leave Delaware Avenue Depot:  
EAST BOUND.

Express trains.  
NEW YORK, week days, \*2.13, \*7.00 \*10.26 a. m., \*12.03, \*2.43 \*5.13, \*6.46 p. m.  
PHILADELPHIA, week days \*2.13, 6.01 \*7.00 7.00 7.50, \*8.51, 9.00, \*10.26, 10.26 \*11.25 a. m. \*12.03, 1.00 \*2.43 3.00, 4.10 \*5.13, 5.25, 6.10 \*6.46, 7.00, 7.50 \*10.13 p. m.  
CHESTER, week days, \*2.13, 6.05, \*7.00 7.00 1.50, \*2.50 \*10.26 10.26 \*11.25 a. m. \*12.03 1.00 \*2.43, 3.00 4.10, \*5.13, 5.25, 6.10, \*6.46 7.00 7.50 \*10.13 p. m.  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., week days, \*7.00 a. m., \*2.43 p. m.  
WEST BOUND  
BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON, \*5.20, \*8.47, \*11.45, a. m.; 2.45, \*4.15, \*5.15 \*6.37 \*8.15 all daily; 7.40 a. m. \*1.10, pm daily except Sunday.  
Baltimore and principal stations on Philadelphia division 4.15 pm daily.  
PITTSBURG, \*8.47 a. m. \*5.15 p. m. both daily.  
CHICAGO \*8.4 a. m. \*6.37 p. m. both daily.  
CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS, \*11.45 a. m., and \*2.15 p. m., both daily.  
SINGERLY ACCOMMODATION 7.30 p. m. daily 12.25 a. m. daily, except Monday.  
LANDENBERG ACCOMMODATION, week days, 7.00 11.00 a. m., 2.45, and 4.55 p. m.  
Trains leave Market Street Station:  
For Philadelphia 5.50, \*4.40 \*8.30 \*11.55a m 12.43, 2.35 3.53, 4.55 p. m.  
For Baltimore \*5.35 \*8.30, a. m. 2.35 \*3.55 \*4.55 p. m.  
Baltimore and principal stations on the Philadelphia division 3.55 p. m. daily  
For Landenberg, way stations 6.50, 10.55 a. m. 2.35, 4.55 p. m. daily.  
Chicago \*8.30 a. m. daily except Sunday  
Pittsburg \*8.30 a. m. daily except Sunday, \*4.55 p. m. daily.  
Trains for Wilmington leave Philadelphia \*4.40, \*3.15, 10.00, \*11.10 a. m. 12.00 noon, 1.40 8.00 \*3.40 \*4.40, 4.41 6.05, 6.30 \*7.40, 8.10 10.10, p. m. daily.  
Daily except Sunday, \*6.15 6.40 7.35 a. m. \*1.35, 4.10 5.30 11.30 p. m.  
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**Wilmington & Northern R. R.**

Time Table in effect, Nov. 23<sup>d</sup>, 1889.

GOING NORTH.  
Daily except Sunday.  
Stations a.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.  
Wilmington, French St 7.00 2.25 4.41 6.10  
" B & O Junction 7.15 2.37 5.02 6.22  
Montchanin 7.26 2.48 5.16 6.34  
" Chadd's Ford Jc 7.47 3.08 5.40 6.02  
" Lenape, 8.00 3.19 6.14  
Ar. West Chester Stage  
Lv. West Chester Stage 6.50 2.20 4.55  
" Coatesville, 8.38 3.55 6.52  
" Waynesburg Jc 9.15 4.32 7.30  
" St Peter's 6.50  
" Warwick 7.15  
" Springfield 7.27 9.29 4.47 7.47  
" Joanna 7.33 9.34 4.52  
" Birdsboro, 7.57 9.56 5.15  
Ar. Reading P & R Sta. 8.30 10.25 5.46  
ADDITIONAL TRAINS.  
Daily except Saturday and Sunday, leave Wilmington 6.17 p. m. B. & O. Junction 6.28 p. m. Newbridge 6.41 p. m. Arrive Montchanin 6.59 p. m.  
On Saturday only, will leave Wilmington at 5.17 p. m. arrive at Newbridge 6.41 p. m. Leave Wilmington 10.15 p. m. Newbridge 10.35 p. m. Arrive Montchanin 10.55 p. m. Leave Birdsboro 1.10 p. m. Arrive Reading 1.40 p. m.  
GOING SOUTH.  
Daily except Sunday.  
Stations a.m. a.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.  
Lv. Reading P. & R. Sta } Daily 8.00 9.25 3.15 6.15  
" B. Station }  
" Birdsboro, 8.31 10.10 3.45 6.48  
" Joanna, 8.56 10.50 4.10  
" Springfield, 6.00 9.01 10.58 4.15 6.14  
Ar. Warwick, 11.12 6.15  
" St. Peter's, 11.30 6.32  
Lv. Waynesburg Jc. 6.18 9.15 4.32 6.46  
" Coatesville, 6.06 9.50 5.08  
" Lenape, 7.41 0.25 5.46  
Ar. West Chester Stage  
Lv. West Chester Stage 6.50 9.30 4.55  
" Chadd's F'd Jc, 7.56 10.37 6.02  
" Montchanin 6.05 8.24 10.59 6.24  
" B. & O. Junction 6.31 8.41 11.10 6.36  
Ar. Wilmington, 6.42 8.51 11.20 6.45  
French St.  
ADDITIONAL TRAINS.  
Daily, Except Sunday.  
Leave Montchanin 6.05 a. m., Newbridge 6.20 a. m., B. & O. Junction 6.31 a. m. Arrive at Wilmington 6.42 a. m. Saturday only  
Leave Reading 12.00 pm. Arrive at Birdsboro 12.30 p. m. Leave Montchanin 1.10 p. m. Newbridge 1.30 Avenue Wilmington 1.53 p. m. Leave Newbridge 7.00 p. m. Arrive Wilmington 7.23 p. m.  
For connections at Wilmington, B. & O. Junction, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lenape, Coatesville, Waynesburg Junction, Birdsboro and Reading, see time-tables at all stations.  
BOWNESS BRIGGS, Gen'l Passenger Agt  
A. G. McCAUSLAND, Superintendent.

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

commencing Monday Oct. 21, 1889, leave Hillen station as follows:

DAILY.  
7.10 A M Fast Mail for Sheuandoah Valley and Southern and Southwestern points. Also Glyndon, Westminister, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicaltown, Blue Ridge, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, and points on B & C R R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.  
7.15 A M—Accommodation for Fairfield, Gettysburg, Hanover, and all points on B & H D V  
8.00 A M—Mail for Williamsport Hagerstown, Shippenburg, and intermediate points on Main Line and B & C V R R. also, Frederick, Emmitsburg, Martinsburg and Winchester.

10.00 A M—Accommodation for Union Bridge and Gettysburg.

2.25 P M—Accom. for Glyndon

3.21 P M—Express for Arlington, Howardville, Pikesville, Owings Mills, Glyndon and all points on Band H Division

4.00 P M—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hopo, Pikesville, Owings' Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glenn Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Westminster, Adelford, New Windsor, Linwood, Union Bridge and stations west: also Emmitsburg B & C V R R and points on Sheuandoah Valley R R

5.15 P M—Accommodation for Glyndon

7.20 P M—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

11.35 P M—Accommodation for Glyndon (Reisterstown)

TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN.  
Daily—11.45 A M. Daily except Sunday—7.30, 8.12, 11 A. M., 12.15 2.40, 5.10 and 6.00 7.00 10.00 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office 217 East Baltimore st. All trains stop at Union Station, Pennsylvania Avenue and Fulton Stations.  
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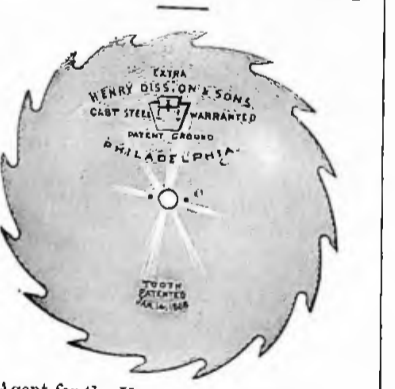
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