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Editor.

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THE NEW RELIGION.

BY LOUIS EISENBERG.

They found a new religion Jane, by searchin
all creation,
They say it represents a new, and better dis-
pensation,
They hunted long and borrowed deep, grub-
bin, diggin, borin,
And oft they thought they'd found it, but,
it had no wings for soarin.
But still they worried on and on, and tried
this thing and that,
They, s try to swallow Jonah's whale, but
strangled at a gnat;
They aimed to overthrow the Lord, by tear-
in off his crown,
And then set up their little god, but, it
would not tumble down.
They say they've got the thing at last, twill
work a revolution;
Its Creed they say, has but two words,
"Reason," "Evolution."
By these they hope to pry the church, from
off its old foundation,
And plant upon the ruined heap, their new
found dispensation.
They say the old religion's weak, a cranky
sort of ism;
All crippled out of sightly shape, with spirit
rheumatism!
They say it leans on props and helps, and
walks on phantom stilts,
And only kept alive and warm, by priestly
pills and quilts.
They say the gospel's very nice, but that it
needs revisin,
To make it chime with modern thought, is
not religious pisin;
The church, they say has but one door, but
theirs has two or three,
And no repentance is required, Salvation's
cheap and free.
There is no beggin goin on, for heathen any-
where,
And folks may do as they see fit, without
resort to prayer;
Why Jane, that's just the very thing, for
cranks and mal-contents,
Defaultin Clerks and Treasurers, and short
Bank Presidents.
No need of ever gettin skeered, there's no
collection box,
And they never ask a member if his faith is
orthodox;
They all may have their little gods, and
paint them as they choose,
And not be worried 'bout their souls, for
they have none to lose.
They eat, and drink, and dance, and play,
through all the live long day,
And hope, by chasin butterlies, to make the
business pay;
They grind and pinch, and squeeze and
board, per cent. and stocks compute,
Till by and by death comes along, and then
they evolute.
They say the old religion's slow, too narrow
for the age;
The new is bilt in latest style, a road of
broader gauge;
The old religion runs by faith, and has too
many weights,
The new makes better time and speed, by
doin way with brakes.
The new religion suits the crowd; is liberal
indeed.
And nurses in its lap of love, all shades of
thought and creed,
A Hotentot's as good a saint as any, and no
libel;
The spellin book is just as good, as any other
Bible.
The new religion places all, upon a common
level,
And knows but little, so they say, about a
roarin devil;
What heaven is, or where it is, they give no
clear solution,
They only know the height of bliss is found
in evolution.
Who evolution is, or was, or where they git
the notion,
Is more perplexin to my mind, than Jonah
in the ocean;
Delilah pullin Samson's hair, was not one
half so hurtin,
As tryin to believe what these, new preach-
ers are assertin.
Why Jane, its all a sham and farce, in spite
of all their pleadin,
We breathe and move and wake and sleep,
just as they did in Eden,
Truth is truth, and can't be changed, in this
world or the tother,
There is one but religion Jane, there'll never
be another.
Give me the old religion Jane, the way our
fathers trod,
The Faith and Hope, that's found within,
the dear old word of God.
This new religion don't suit me, can't trust
it for a minute.
T'may answer for a shinin bribble, but, there
is nuthin in it.
—West Chester, Pa.

From Boston to Atlanta.

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU.

After finishing the work of the Spring
Conferences allotted to me, and visiting
several of our schools, colleges and uni-
versities in Indiana, Ohio, with various
talks, lectures and preachings scattered
along, it seemed that as good a way to
take to go south from Berea, Ohio, was
by way of Boston. Only a short stop
was possible, and yet time enough for a
sermon at Winthrop St., and a most en-
joyable evening with the Social Union.
But Boston looked bleak and cold as
compared with New Orleans, for though
I left on April 28th in the midst of a
drizzling northeast rain storm, yet there
were few signs of coming spring, unless
the peeping of the frogs in the Walpole
swamp might form an exception. In
New Orleans the peach trees were in
bloom in January, and on the first of
February the grass was high enough to
be cut on a good many lawns. There
used to be a peach tree growing in the
sheltered southwest corner of the grounds
of the old South Church in Washington
St., Boston. That is now twenty years
ago, and I remember seeing it in bloom
as early as the 23d of April. That
illustrates the difference in the possibili-
ties of the climate of Boston and New
Orleans.
About the best train, or rather the
best route, from Boston to Atlanta, is
the Piedmont Air line. Only one
change, and that in the daytime, at
Washington. Take a sleeper at the N.
Y. & N. E., foot of Summer St., and in
due time you can find yourself stowed
away for the night, always going with
your head towards the engine. It helps
sleep on a train to go head first, and on
a boat it prevents seasickness to go the
same way, and yet most porters per-
versely persist in putting the passengers
the other way about. A live man is
not best accommodated by being carried
feet foremost. Besides all this, it is a
good plan to get in the habit of retiring
early, so as to rise early and see the
country as much as possible by daylight.
If we are not detained by fog in cross-
ing the river at New York, the morning
finds us down in a beautiful country be-
tween New York and Philadelphia;
and surely this part of New Jersey is
the garden spot of the whole country.
Philadelphia is reached at about 7 A. M.,
with twenty minutes or less, possibly
more, for breakfast, and then off again.
It is a delightful ride along the banks
of the Delaware to Wilmington. Some-
how when Baltimore is reached, I
always think of the passing through its
streets of the troops from Massachusetts
in the early days of the rebellion. It
is singular that the old Bay State first
reached the capital, outstripping all
other States in her patriotic ardor—
thanks to Ben Butler. And how strange
that those earliest defenders of the flag
came from Essex and Middlesex Coun-
ties, from whence resistance to the
British power was first developed. Well,
Baltimore is quiet now, at least the only
special noise comes from the throat of a
young *gamin* who vociferates the fact
that he has "fresh fried oysters hot, and
all for a quarter."
At 10.45 we run into the station at
Washington, catching a glimpse, as we
do so, of the magnificent Capitol on the
right and the tall plain shaft of the

Washington Monument on the left.
All the trains are on time, and at 11.20
we start, with change of cars, for the
further south. Crossing the Potomac,
we enter "Ole Virginny," and no one
needs to be told that we have entered
the old slave territory. That institution
was a fearful curse to whites and blacks
alike, and the curse still lingers, and
will for many years. Nothing costs like
sin, whether in this or any other world.
It was a good omen that the first colored
person seen after crossing the Potomac
was a boy some twelve years old trudging
along with slate and books—not carry-
ing them for some child of his master,
while he was forbidden by the law of a
so-called Christian commonwealth to
look into them to learn their contents;
but he was manifestly a school-boy and
carrying them for himself. What a
change! And what greater changes
when perfect justice shall be meted out
to this still oppressed people! If the
principles of the Gospel triumph, there
are yet brighter days for these long-suf-
fering ones.

More extended reflection and moraliza-
tion might have been indulged in had
not the brakeman shouted out, "Ma-
nassas!" and here we were near the site
of the famous first battle of the war,
known to the Union troops as the battle
of Bull Run. All this ground for miles
about here was fought over again and
again, but there is really but one Bull
Run. It is said, on the best authority,
that a Chelsea company, largely re-
cruited from Walnut St. and Mt. Bell-
ingham, under command of Captain
Sumner Carruth, a grand Methodist,
first drew the fire of the enemy. It was
after this fashion: The company was
well in advance, and yet in advance of
the company was young Joe Everdean,
son of our local preacher Everdean of
Mt. Bellingham. Joe had not got his
growth, and was scarcely heavy enough
to carry a musket, and so acted as a
sort of assistant to the captain. Scamp-
ering ahead of the column to see what
discoveries might be made, he climbed
on top of a fence to take observations,
when without due and formal notice the
rebels began to fire away at him. Not
being hit at the first shot, he wisely
vacated the fence and retired, or, as the
French would say, he made a beautiful
retreat; but he lived to put in four
years of good service, and still lives in
Chelsea to tell how the war commenced.
Here at Manassas we get the first touch
of real spring. The apple trees are in
blossom, not quite full, but all the more
lovely, the cherries, peaches and plums
are a little past, but still white with the
promise of much fruit.

All these towns and streams are fam-
iliar from their connection with the
war. Crossing the Rapidan, we see one
of the finest farms in all the South. It
lies along the river, and includes some
bottom lands and some uplands. The
house is a mansion, built on an elevated
knoll, smooth and round. It is sur-
rounded with evergreens and deciduous
trees, and has a most inviting appear-
ance. The estate is owned by a man
from the North, and he has recreated
the whole establishment. It shows what
might be done in the line of agricultural
development of the South if there were
only a more abundant supply of brains
and money.

Reaching Culpepper, we get the first
good view of the Blue Ridge, and we

shall not lose them till we get past At-
lanta. Far away they lift their rough
and jagged crests against the western
sky, and constitute a panorama ever
changing and ever beautiful. Here,
and there a peak in true mountain form
shoots up above its less pretentious fel-
lows, and makes one feel a strong desire
to climb its heights for the sake of the
wonderful vision that might thus be
obtained. The outlying spurs and foot-
hills of the range have a beauty of their
own. Especially just at this time do
they delight the eyes with the rich soft
colors with which they are clad. To
many, perhaps to most, the high colors
of autumnal foliage are most attractive,
but the colors which now adorn these
hillsides must supply much enjoyment
to the closer observer of nature. The
pines and cedars with their dark, rich
olive greens set off the lighter shades.
In the dells and moist places the light
green of the willows appears, for the
first young leaves of this earliest of trees
to put out its foliage are kissed into
life and beauty by the most moderate
warmth. The sassafras shows itself by
the light, yellowish green of its opening
leaves. Here and there are the red,
blossoming maples, and mixed with
them the starting growth of the white
oaks, grey as a young gosling, and show-
ing thus by the old Indian sign that it
is now time for the planting of corn.
The red oaks are so abundant that they
give tone to the whole landscape. They
have not put forth a leaf as yet; it is
only the promise. The leaves will all
be green when they appear, but these
unfoldings, these promises of leaves, are
a delicate reddish purple, with a sus-
picion of grey and green that is most
restful and enjoyable. The woods, the
mountains, and the ocean, when closely
studied, will be found to combine most
wondrously all elements of beauty, sub-
limity and grandeur. Thank God for
eyes to see the wonderful things He has
made, and more for natures so constitu-
ted as to find large and pure enjoyment
in their contemplation!

But too long a letter, like too long a
ride, may become tiresome; and so im-
agine that at precisely 1.20 P. M., the
advertised time, we step out of the
car upon the platform of the Atlanta
station.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Children in the Pews.

"I do not want my little daughter to
associate the idea of punishment with
church going, so I do not take her very
often," said a pretty young mother as
she left the church one Sabbath morn-
ing lately. The sweet child by her side
had been in the pew and had behaved
very well, the little restlessness now and
then interfering with nobody's devo-
tions.

Looking back over a score or more of
years, we dwellers in this part of the world
cannot help observing a change in the
feeling of parents about the duty of tak-
ing their children to the house of God.
Is it a sign of the decadence of family
religion that we so seldom—in our cities
at least—see the whole family, father,
mother, brothers, sisters, seated rever-
ently together in the family pew? Cer-
tainly, the younger generation of par-
ents do not seem impressed with the ob-
ligation of training the children in reg-
ular, constant attendance on the sanc-
tuary, an attendance which in our day

was never intermitted except by severe
illness.

We do not usually discover that peo-
ple act in other departments of educa-
tion in precisely the way they do with ref-
erence to church going. Quite the con-
trary is the rule. The little girl hates
the drudgery of piano-practice, would
far rather be out with her hoop or her
skipping-rope; but not on that account
does her relentless mother allow the ex-
pensive lessons to cease, nor permit any
neglect of the tiresome five-finger exer-
cises. "Dear madam," says the pitying
friend, "your little one will detest that
piano if she is forced to practice. Why
not wait until she is old enough to see
for herself the advantage of a knowl-
edge of music, and to long for facility in
fingering?" The wise mother smiles, su-
perior to such silly blandishments. "It
will then be too late," she remarks.
This is the golden time for training in
technique. My child will one day
thank me for my present severity."

It is terribly hard work to teach some
children to read and write, but the
teacher does not therefore dismiss them
from school. Left to his own freedom
of choice many a lad would prefer play
to study, but his father puts no premium
upon truancy. He knows full well that
if his son is to receive educational disci-
pline he must go to school every day,
whether he likes it or not.

I believe the weak and trivial behav-
ior of parents in this matter is having
an unfavorable effect on the characters
of the children intrusted to them. Chil-
dren ought, as a thing of course, to go
to church, and to prayer-meeting, too,
with their elders from the time that they
are old enough to do so. They are old
enough as soon as they can walk and
talk. Never mind their taking a nap,
cuddled against the mother's arm. Never
mind their occasional change of posi-
tion. It is of the greatest import-
ance that a habit of church going shall
be so formed that they shall never re-
member a time when the Sabbath bell
did not summon them to God's house
with an imperative emphasis in its
sound.

We underrate the intelligence of our
children when we fancy that they do not
understand anything of what they hear
as they sit in the pew. There are often
bits in the sermon which they do thor-
oughly comprehend and other bits that
set them to thinking. A little talk at
home, over the sermon, often brings
out the children's interest. Then the
sermon is not everything; there are pray-
ers, the songs of choir and congregation,
the reading of the Word. The whole
service, at its longest, an hour and a
half, is not so long that it needs tax any
child beyond his or her easy endurance.

We are mistaken when we suppose
that all our duty is done when we equip
the little men and women and send
them to the Sunday school. That has
its place and does its work, but it has
never claimed for itself a monopoly of
the work of child training, nor does it
desire to take precedence of the church
in the order of its care of child members.
Our baptized children have a special
place in our hearts, as already number-
ed in the fold. The Sunday school is
what its name implies. A school for
Bible study. Never was it so excellent
as to day, never so wisely administered,
never such a home of delight for chil-
dren and teachers. But the church is
God's own house, where we go to wor-
ship him, and there we should take our
children with us.—*Margaret Sangster in
the Interior*.

Youth's Department.

"Thou God Seest Me."

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

These words were on the wall, in the infant room, at Sunday-school. "What does it mean, 'Thou God seest me, Mary?'" Jessie asked as they sat together, Jessie making "nine-patch," and Mary a wonderful star.

"It means God sees us," replied Mary. "I am glad I haven't a sky-light in my head, so he can look right into my thoughts," said Jessie.

"Why, Jessie, of course, if God sees you, he sees your mind too," answered Mary. Jessie moved uneasily from the window. This truth struck terror to her foolish little heart.

"It makes me feel fidgety to have somebody watching me every moment of the time. I'll keep out of God's sight as much as possible," she concluded in her secret thoughts. So she kept indoors as much as he could, and when the beautiful green orchard tempted her out, she wore her blue sun-bonnet without any one calling her back to put it on. "To keep God's eye out," she said to herself.

One afternoon there came up a sudden Summer storm. The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. "The thunder is God's voice, and he makes the lightning by winking his eyes," Jessie informed her baby sister. Jessie felt God must be very near, so she ran up-stairs where she could hide. There was a large, dark closet at the head of the stairs. Jessie always had a nameless fear of that dark place. But anything to get out of God's sight for a moment. Jessie ran in the closet and shut the door. A large feather bed was stored in one corner, and in the darkness the child crept under that. She was panting with heat and in mortal terror of rats, but she had a feeling of intense satisfaction. At last that awful eye that never slumbers could not see her, and she could think anything she wanted to, and it would not be written down in his great book, was her comforting thought.

"Why, Jessie, what makes you so warm? And look at your head; it is full of feathers!" exclaimed Mary, when Jessie got back to her.

"Mary," said Jessie, confidentially. "I have been under the feather bed, where God couldn't see me."

"Poor little sister. You can't get away from God. He can see through feathers as well as you see my face. But, Jessie, you don't understand. God loves you is the reason he watches you so closely. I love to think God sees me every moment, and watches me while I sleep," was Mary's answer, as she stroked the tumbled brown hair.

"Mary, I feel a heavy feeling inside. I don't believe I was born good, as you were," Jessie said, mournfully.

"Little sister, I have to try awful hard to be good; for you are as cross as a bear, sometimes, though you're awful cute and sweet. But Jessie, I ask God every day to make me so good, it will make him happy to look at me."

"If you ain't careful you'll die, like the good children you read to me about in Sunday-school books," sighed Jessie. "Nonsense, darling. God takes the best care of the good. Pa says good children are safest. Won't you remember that God loves you, and enjoy having him see you all the time?"

"Yes, I will try. I do want to be good. At least, I do at times. I'm not going to think of God as a great eye, looking hard at me, but as some one who loves me as well as you do, Mary."

"Will the child never understand?" cried Mary. "God loves you a million times more than any one else does. Whenever you think, 'Thou God seest me,' remember the real fact, 'God is love.'"—*Western Advocate.*

Her Soul Ebb'd In Song.

The surgeon found a little girl, 6 years old, almost to roasted death. Her parents sent her to the cellar for some firewood. Going down the cellar stairs, she stumbled. The lamp fell from her grasp and exploded. The flames of the burning fluid soon enveloped her entire body.

Quickly wrapping the crisped writhing mass of humanity in a "Stokes prepared sheet," the surgeon told the driver to get to the hospital quickly. Tenderly placing the poor little sufferer in a cot the house staff did all that is known to science to alleviate her agony. Under the influence of a narcotic she soon fell asleep. About half-past two the next morning, she showed signs of returning consciousness, and the nurse called the House Surgeon.

He felt the pulse, ominously shook his head, gave some more instructions, and turned to go away. As he did so, the little creature moved her body. She turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips parted, and, in a clear, sweet voice, the dying child began to sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The doctor and nurse stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened room leaned on their elbows, and drank in the sweet melody. The first verse completed, she gradually sank back on her pillow. Her strength began to fail, and with it her voice, and only the humming, like distant music, of the air of the hymn could be heard.

How sweet, yet weird, that humming sounded! The candle lent its meagre light, the big clock in the corner tolled out the seconds, as the sweet little soul passed out to its Maker. The humming ceased. All was over. The doctor turned away; his handkerchief sought his eyes. The nurse heaved a sigh, and, no doubt, offered a prayer.—*Sci.*

Those Three Cents.

We want to tell you a story we heard the other day. It is a true story from beginning to end. A clergyman told it, and told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow he was playing one winter day with some of his boy friends, when three cents, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try, as they would they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. "The next day," said the clergyman who was telling the story, "I chanced to be going by the spot, when I spied the three coins we had been looking for. The snow which covered them the day before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them and put them in my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them, and how fortunate I was to have found them; and when conscience would not keep still, and insisted on telling me what it thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charley B—— had given up thinking about his three cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

"Well, to make a long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then, those three cents would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to him, and finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now perhaps you may think my trouble was over. But no; every now and then those three cents, would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get

nearer to God, there were those three cents, right in the way.

At last I saw what God had all along been trying to make me see, that I must tell Charley B—— that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this he could not bless me. So then and there I sit down and wrote to Charley, inclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace and God has blessed me.

Boys and girls, a very little thing may come between you and God. What are your "three cents?" God will show you if he has not already. Don't ever let any sin, however small, come between you and Him. Confess it right away, and He will make you clean. You should try so to live that you may be sure of the smile of Jesus. Then you will be happy, and then you can be blessed.—*Parish Visitor.*

Reply to some Criticisms on the South Philadelphia District.

Twenty years ago I decided that I would never intentionally read an anonymous letter addressed to me, and I have kept that resolution to this date. I have invariably applied that rule to irresponsible criticisms of a personal character in the public press, but in your issue of May 28th, a correspondent over the signature of "Itinerant," commits such an assault upon the integrity of the South Philadelphia District, Philadelphia Conference, as to require a few words in reply.

I pass by his utter ignorance, or misrepresentation, of what I said of the statistics of Rev. J. W. Young, and of his unfair comparison of districts and churches. I have too much respect for the districts and Presiding Elders named to say one word about their work, knowing that no statistics in the annual minutes, or anywhere else, can adequately represent their work.

I submit the following salient facts concerning the district I have the honor to serve.

1. Its answer to the call for "a million for missions," in 1886, was \$14,369, or \$119 more than the amount asked. It is within twenty-five dollars of the apportionment this year for "a million from collections only," and would have been in excess of it, but for special financial efforts in the erection of church buildings, and an usual appeal for funds in aid of home mission work.

2. This district raised last year, for home mission and sustentation fund of the Conference, \$1,358, or \$600 more than the previous year. In addition to this, \$5,688 was paid to extra calls for help within and without the Conference. It was asked to raise \$2,555 for the Conference Claimants' fund last year, and raised \$3,134, or \$569 more than the amount apportioned. It was apportioned \$895 for Episcopal Fund, and paid \$978, or \$83 more than the apportionment. There are 57 pastoral charges, yet but five of these failed to pay the full amount estimated for ministerial support. These facts need no "blush" of shame as an apology for the state of the work on this district. Reader, do you think they do?

3. What about the 38 blanks in the columns for benevolent collections? Why, they are, with four exceptions, like honorable scars on the face of a brave soldier that mar his beauty but adorn his virtue. Thirty four of the aforesaid blanks occur in connection with mission appointments, two of which were unable to support pastors. Nine of the blanks stand opposite "City Missions," an appointment that represents an organization in the city of Philadelphia, that aims to do general missionary work, and yet has but ten members to its credit. Blanks in statistical columns are not always marks of neglect or inefficiency. At least two of the missions, will during this year, be in a condition to respond to

every benevolent appeal, and will do so.

4. One instance is cited, of a church of 140 members, that paid but \$3 for missions. If "Itinerant" had been as anxious for the truth as he was to find fault, he would have verified his figures by turning to the missionary report, bound in the same volume with the Annual Minutes, and he would have seen that the appointment mentioned, raised \$30 for the missionary collection, and in addition to that, the tables show a credit of \$9 for the Home Mission Fund, proving that a credit of but \$3 for missions was a statistical error. If he blames the statistical tables, let him find his explanation of such errors in the confessions of one of the secretaries of his own conference, published in the PENINSULA METHODIST. But in the instance cited, the blame may be on the pastor and not on the financial secretaries or proof reader. That this charge is mission ground, none will deny, when it is stated that the pastor received but \$246, and was aided by our Sustentation Fund to the extent of \$150, so that \$30 missionary money was not so bad.

I have proceeded far enough in this reply, to show that "Itinerant" was more anxious to scandalize the South Philadelphia District than to do justice to it; and also to show that a few extracts from statistical tables, selected for a special purpose, no more fairly represent an entire district, than an incidental and temporary blemish upon a man's face, is a full index to the character of that man. All the blanks on the district could have been filled if the Presiding Elder had consented to reserve at least a part of his benevolent contributions, to fill up all blanks; but the report of each church should show the work of each church, and that only.

In conclusion, allow me to add, that neither in the discussion of J. W. Young's statistics, nor any other discussion, have I ever

1. Made any claim for the district I serve,

2. Or criticised any district or Presiding Elder,

3. Or instituted any comparison in favor, or against any district. I have acted upon but one principle, and that, "To every man his principle."

Unblushingly, I sign myself,
W. SWINDELLS,
South Philadelphia District.

Methodism in Wilmington.

There are some things inseparable it would seem from all operations; they are not premeditated in the programme of events, and may be called the accidents of the case; they are not strictly speaking, essential, but become conservative and useful. Two of these we trace in the roll of our city work, and are standing facts in the ministerial department.

The first is that youth and age are contemporaneous in the pastoral charges of the city. Indeed Methodism everywhere has had the advantage of this co-adjutant force. It was found in the circuit system, when the preacher in charge had a junior colleague. In Wilmington it exists and as far back as the writer can call up the situation, it has for the most part been the case. Men are called to the ministry while young, nor does any number of years rescind that call while its recipient can perform his work. With the continuance of physical force and intellectual vigor, the efficiency is enhanced by the increase of experience. And even physical debility may find compensation in the maturer knowledge which years of study and observation secure. Men advanced in years, are kept the fresher by the presence and emulation of the younger collaborators. And the younger ministers may surely learn something from the wisdom of age. Thus while they are helpers of one another the masters cause is thereby advanced. There is now at one of our city charges a pastor in the zenith of his years; and who

will discount his efficiency for every good word and work. There are others advancing towards the meridian of life, others yet in the vigor of manhood, while there are others still in their youth. Now these various grades in the scale of years give at once freshness and maturity to the work. They belong to the same arena of action, and are united by a bond of strength in the identity of our connectional system. Some of the charges, now occupied by the younger ministers have enjoyed the pastoral services of the older, and vice-versa. Thus like the branches that shall bear fruit of future years, their growth is begun amid the luxuriant and ripper boughs. So the old and the young flourish together in our Ministerial Garden, and its fertility is increased and prolonged.

The second fact is, that while the time limit prevents the continuance of the same pastor in a charge more than three consecutive years, the term of our Savior's earthly ministry, and I believe the extent of Paul's ministry in any particular place, yet after the lapse of a term the same pastor may occupy his former charge. In our city at present there are two cases in which the pastors have been returned to their former charges; and there is one pastor who has been twice, if not thrice in one of the city charges, and once in another charge of the city; and who is now the pastor of one of our chief churches of the city. Cases such as this last, may be exceptional, and while none are contrary to our church economy or neither are they by statute recommended, but as we would say coming to pass in the role of accident, they become providential, and are wholesome and beneficial.

And appropos, of this the writer would say, that the philosophy of the foregoing facts in their relation to our work, while they are strictly providential as above stated, is in harmony with the Arminian theology, which we teach. While God is the author of certain institutions, yet the history that surrounds them, that precede and follows, involves in its details the voluntary and responsible actions of men.

And furthermore, if any explanation be necessary, I would say that our economy places all charges and all preachers on an equality; every charge being entitled to a preacher and every preacher entitled to a charge. The relative claims of each to be considered and the laws of propriety and adaption to be taken into account. "The gifts, graces and usefulness" of the preacher are for general distribution and the benefactions and privations of the charges are a common heritage. These things calmly and devoutly considered by all concerned, and the appointing power actuated by thoughtful disinterestedness, in the fear of the Lord, the return of pastors to their former charges would certainly sometimes occur, but mistakes would rarely transpire; and when they did the agency of providence would find a recompense. The agency of providence, it is more than likely, may sometimes find itself called to a different task. For all those laws of comity to which I have referred are not always, I fear, duly respected; then it becomes necessary for providence to assume a higher arbitration, even it may be "to cause the wrath of man to praise him."

The Methodism of Wilmington I trust in the pulpit and in the pew, will prove itself loyal to our church economy and the Master's cause. Then indeed like the Metropolis, in which it dwells, it will be as "A city set upon a Hill."

HELPER.

Rev. Dr. Thomas, assistant bishop of Kansas, who graduated from Yale in 1859, was widely known in college and in after life as a scientific chess-player. He suddenly gave up playing, and explained his conduct by saying: "I found that I took so much interest in the game that when I was beaten it aroused in me feelings that I could not conscientiously maintain. There was nothing left for me to do but to give up chess, and I did so."

The Sunday School.

The Commandments.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1887.
Exod. 20: 12-21.

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

GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matt. 22: 39).

12. *Honor thy father and thy mother.*—This precept includes almost everything in filial obligation—the respect due to one's parents, as the author of one's being, submission to parental rule, gratitude for protection and guidance, obedience, and an affectionate desire to please. The mention of both "father" and "mother" indicates equality in authority. Keil extends the idea, so as to embrace all that hold a paternal relation to the individual—prophets, teachers, civil magistrates, "since all government, upon which the prosperity and well-being of a nation depend," grows out of the relation of father and child. Bush reminds parents, that correspondent duties toward their children are required of them. *That thy days may be long*—"the first commandment with promise" (Eph. 6: 2); a promise both for the individual, and for the nation. Filial obedience insures civil obedience, whereas "disobedience to parents quickly leads to disobedience to the laws of God and of country, which, more than all other things, shortens the life and destroys its prosperity." Our criminal and penal reports show, that the course of ruin begins as a rule with rebellion against parental authority.

"Filial respect is the ground of national permanence. When the Jews were about to be cast out of their land, the rebuke of the prophet was, that they had not walked in the old paths and had not respected the voice of their fathers, as the sons of Jonadab had done (Jer. 6: 16; 35: 18, 19). And when in later times, the land had been restored to them, and they were about to be cast out of it a second time, the great sin of which they were convicted was, that they had set aside this Fifth Commandment for the sake of their own traditions (Matt. 15: 4-6; Mark 7: 10, 11). Every other nation that has a history bears witness to the same truth. Rome owed her strength as well as the permanence of her influence, after she had politically perished, to her steady maintenance of the *patrician protest* (Maine, "Ancient Law," p. 135). China has mainly owed her long duration, to the simple way in which she has uniformly acknowledged the authority of fathers. The divine words were addressed emphatically to Israel, but they set forth a universal principle of national life."

13. *Thou shalt not kill*—a brief, but comprehensive command, including not merely murder and suicide, but all passions of hatred, anger, and the like, which tend to murder, and all practices, like gluttony, or excess of any kind, injurious occupations, misconduct, or competitions, which have an influence to shorten, or degrade human life. The reasons for this command lie in the probationary character of our present state of being, and the eternal issues which flow from it; also, in the fact, that man is made after God's image. The execution of a criminal by the order of a magistrate for violation of law, is, of course, no breach of this commandment, since magistrates are "God's ministers in executing vengeance;" and the willing sacrifice of life, by martyrs, for conscience sake, the exposure of mothers to mortal peril for their children's sake, or the taking up of the sword for the defense of one's land in certain circumstances, are not to be regarded as violations of this precept.

"Jesus gave the law its true spiritual interpretation, showing that God regards not merely the external deed, but the hidden-motive, and that there may be germinal sin, such as does not come forth into action, but which, nevertheless, really exists. It is, therefore, a violation of this commandment to cherish those malevolent dispositions, which in their active expression, become violence and murder. The same view is inculcated in 1 John 3: 15. The teacher should distinguish, however, between cherishing a wrong feeling, while repressing its outward expression through motives of expediency, and the mere existence of the feeling in the soul, while the better nature protests and struggles against it, and, out of lofty religious motives, enchains it from manifestation in criminal deeds. The first is a state of condemnation; the second may be a condition of heroic virtue; see Rom. 7: 1 Cor. 9: 27."

13. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*—This commandment forbids not only the overt act of adultery, and fornication, but also, according to our Lord's interpretation, all unchaste desires and thoughts. It is addressed to both sexes, and its literal violation, under

the old dispensation, was punishable with death. Its purpose, plainly, is to guard the sacred, "honorable," and primeval institution of marriage; and thus protect the purity of family life, which lies at the basis of all true prosperity of the State. Polygamy, divorce (save for the one cause of adultery, which breaks the marriage bond); together with all enticements to impurity, like obscene books, indecent pictures, lascivious stories, or conversations exciting amusements, are interdicted by this command.

"Would we then seek an effectual preservative against the undue predominance of those fleshly lusts which war against the soul, let us earnestly and devoutly pray for those purifying influences from above which shall "cleanse us from all filthiness of flesh and spirit," and make us meet temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, remembering that, "he that defileth the temple of God, him will God destroy." Let us cultivate universal purity in secret as well as openly, and feel that the strictest government over all our propensities, senses, and passions, is an incumbent duty upon every one who would act upon the safe and salutary principle of the apostle, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

15. *Thou shalt not steal.*—This precept protects property. It assumes the right to hold property, and forbids the wrong of trying to deprive one of it, by robbery, or fraud, or violence. In its widest scope it embraces all that a man rightfully has—his liberty, his reputation, his literary, or other productions, his just wage for work. Slavery, plagiarism, swindling, extortion, and the like, are among the things forbidden.

"Fraudulent bargains, which impose on the ignorant, the credulous, or the necessities; contracting debts which one is unable to pay, extortion and exorbitant gain; controlling the market by stratagem, and thus obtaining inordinate prices for one's commodities; entering into combinations unduly to raise or depress wages; taking unjust advantage of insolvent laws; extracting usurious interest for money; unnecessary subsistence on charity; evading the duties and taxes imposed by government, or in any way defrauding the public, whether by embezzling its treasures, or encroaching upon its domain, using false weights and measures, removing landmarks; keeping back the wages of servants and hirelings; withholding restitution for former wrongs; refusing, when able, to pay debts from which we have obtained a legal release—all these are violations of the Eighth Commandment; and as such fall under the special condemnation of heaven."

16. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*—This precept protects truthfulness, between man and man it condemns all falseness whether in courts of law, or markets of trade, or in the walks of social life. All lies, slanders, exaggerations, perjuries, harsh judgments, misrepresentations ascribing bad motives to good actions, false promises, groundless suspicions, hypocrisies in word or act, come under the list of things forbidden by this command.

"The truthful man not only speaks what he believes, but seeks with all his heart to believe only what is true. This commandment is broken (1) by slanders, and by those who listen to their slanders. These speak evil of their neighbors when they do not know that the evil is true, and also when it is not necessary that the evil be told. (2) By those who insinuate evil against others. (3) Hypocrites, who try to appear what they are not. (4) Those who act lies, put lying labels on their goods; put the best things on the top of the basket or barrel. (5) Those who are careless about speaking the truth. (6) Gossipers, who retail scandal, who report only the bad, and not the good, about persons. (7) Those who misrepresent other people, churches, sects, or parties, whether intentionally or carelessly, not having taken all the pains possible to learn the truth. (8) Those who hold half truths, about men, or God, or religion, and pass them off as the whole. (9) Those who impute false and unworthy motives to others. (10) Those who put false names to things; bad names on good things, or good names on bad things: as calling strict Christians puritanical, upright, stiffness; virtue, prudishness; or, calling dishonesties, business transactions; slanders, the blunt telling the truth; impoliteness, open-heartedness; carousing, pleasure."

17. *Thou shalt not covet.*—This commandment is exceeding deep, reaching down to the restless, craving heart of man, and laying its restriction upon the hidden desires. No violation of this rule can be punished by human law; only He who looketh on the heart, can take note of its breach. It is allied, in spirit, to the eighth, and, indeed, to every commandment which involves love to our neighbors. According to Rom. 7: 7, it

is "the interpreting clause to the whole Decalogue." Covetousness is the uncontrolled, unscrupulous desire for more than we have, at the expense of another's loss; it differs, in this last respect, from the legitimate wish to increase our possessions in a fair and honest way. To repress covetousness we must cultivate disinterestedness, contentment, love for our neighbor, and the setting of our affections on things above. "Of covetousness, we may truly say that it makes both the Alpha and Omega in the devil's alphabet, and that it is the first vice in corrupt nature which moves, and the last which dies."

"A simple, evanescent wish to possess any valuable or agreeable thing, which we see to belong to our neighbor, is, no doubt, in itself innocent. But the longing becomes wrong when it becomes excessive, and amounts to what is termed in the Scriptures an "evil concupiscence." This will usually be the result where one is in the habit of setting his neighbor's possessions in contrast with his own, and of dwelling with griefed, grudging, or envious feelings upon the fancied superior advantages of his lot."

18. *Thunderings, lightnings*—an unusual and terrifying display, designed probably to produce upon the minds of the people an ineffaceable impression of the solemnity and divine authority of the precepts enjoined, and of the wrath which would follow upon disobedience. This display followed the awful silence, in which the words were spoken. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The first lesson to be taught to the emancipated Israelites was reverence for God's word, who was revealed on this occasion as the august Jehovah, the Law-giver. *Removed, and stood afar off*—in their trepidation at what they saw and heard.

19. *Let not God speak with us.*—"They could not endure the things which were spoken," and therefore they begged Moses to act as their mediator with God. They no longer doubt his divine commission.

20. *Fear not.*—They felt in mortal peril, and needed an assurance of this kind. *God is come to prove you.*—Not to punish or judge you; to give you His law under circumstances of unparalleled grandeur that "ye sin not."

21. *Moses drew near unto the thick darkness.*—See Deut. 5: 28. There we learn that the people's selection of Moses as a mediator was well pleasing to God; the people were directed to return to their tents while Moses ascended the mountain.

Retrospective Fragments.

FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE BOOK.

BY REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.

How will this do, Mr. Editor, as a general title for our new series of reminiscences?

I notice in last week's PENINSULA METHODIST, your very generous invitation to continue the scribblings, which, perhaps, as much as anything I have ever attempted in my busy life, have placed me *en rapport* with a large circle of very pleasant and very clever people. To maintain, and if possible improve upon the acquaintance, to which this paper has been the medium of introduction, will be a matter of continued delight, if allowed, in the press of other duties, to "fill the bill" you have outlined in your editorial note.

By the way you raise the query in regard to giving those former sketches to the extent of 83 letters, all centering in the old Snow Hill District, the more dignified and permanent form of a book. The subject has been broached to me again and again, and may as well, so far as I am concerned, be settled now. I have no intention of seeking immortality for them in that shape. They were not written for the precise pages of a 12 mo. volume; but exclusively for the columns of a popular weekly paper, and in a style, which some experience in a matter of this kind suggested as best calculated to catch the casual reader. The same course I intend to pursue to the end of the chapter, if that objective point shall ever be reached. Probably the final series will intrude upon you, under some such alliterative title as, "Jottings of a Journalist;" or the still more expressive and suggestive one, "Mysteries and Miseries of a Modern Editor."

As to a book, then, while I never expect to have time enough for such revision as the matter demands, I can

set up no proprietary interest, that would deter any one else from using such material as might be considered worthy of re-publication, should they feel inclined to make the venture. At present I leave the whole question in the hands of the publisher of the PENINSULA METHODIST. If my ambition ran at all in the direction of earthly renown, I ought to be satisfied with the halo which Todd's "Methodism of the Peninsula," has woven around my humble name. But all this is more than I intended, by way of preliminary. Re-entering the pastorate, I found a field in which I had ample scope to take up, as I supposed, my interrupted life work, and make a better record than formerly, both for time and eternity. While in the Eldership, I was constantly studying the problem, why our ministry, with such facilities at command, was so barren in results. Why men, professing to be workers for God, and workers with God, in saving souls, couldn't exercise the genius of a street peddler, the persistence of a book canvasser, or the "cheek" of a lightning rod agent, in persuading people to accept full and free salvation, and make the substantial "gains of godliness," their supreme object of pursuit?

Had we become inflicted to our trust; indolent or indifferent to character and reputation; and reckless as to our ordination vows, and our future accountability?

With great show of penetration, we are fond of piling up the difficulties, and rounding out the quotation, "Who is sufficient for these things?" "Why," I used to fall back on myself, with the answer, "anybody, who tries in the love of Christ, with ordinary courage, and ordinary economy of time and means, can be a success here."

Failure, as that remarkable little book, the Methodist Discipline, has it, is to be attributed to "weakness of faith." This *mainspring* of the whole evangelistic movement, once becoming feeble, the effect is what we see around us. Christian ministers and people, living year after year, and saving nobody, are a sad libel on the name they bear. But a new dispensation has opened, in these latter days. The women have come to the front of battle; and it is my solemn conviction, had they not done so, our boasted system, like others, around us, inoperative and non-aggressive, would have died of dignity!

I covet the privilege, therefore of writing a little farther, to show, if I can, how theory and practice, in my own experience, could not always be made to harmonize. How pastors and members often shirk religious obligations, because they are not even "religiously inclined." Selfishness neutralizes all good purposes; and even down to this enlightened era it is a fact that any man, woman or minister, starting out to live according to the "Sermon on the Mount," or labor as prescribed in the plain injunctions of "The Lord of the Harvest," becomes the butt of ridicule, is chilled by suspicion, and decapitated as a "crank."

Thus, as we used to sing, "The world is still no friend to grace, to help us on to God." The hardest thing in all human endeavor, is to prevail on any body to renounce the world, having done so yourself. To do this, and then go forth fearless of frowns or sneers, is the only path, I know, that will land the soul in heaven, and help to bring others to its joys and rest.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes have accepted invitations to conduct missions in City Temple and Christ Church, London, they having been invited to do so by Dr. Parker and Rev. Newman Hall respectively. Writing on the subject Mr. Hughes says he regards it as "a remarkable and most encouraging sign of the times, and two of the greatest centres of evangelical Nonconformity should thus spontaneously seek the services of the Wesleyan Methodist missionaries."

The Touch of Christ.

One of the sweetest pictures in Mark's story of the wonderful Being with whom everybody felt at home, is that of the group of little children brought to him that "he should touch them." Whether it was superstition or faith that presented them, we know not; but the homeless, childless Nazarene took the darlings in his arms and blessed them.

Any one might be willing to caress a sweet babe; but who could care, or even dare, to touch a loathsome leper, whose very breath was deadly contagion? One of these wretched outcasts, with disease running riot over his horrid countenance, approaches our Lord and kneels to the ground. No wife, or child, or kinsman could give the poor wretch a kiss if he were dying. "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!" What a model prayer for us all! With a yearning of divine pity Jesus puts forth his clean, pure hand and touches the living putrefaction. In an instant the leprosy was gone; Christ's hand has opened all other hands to a hitherto deserted outcast.

Here is an object-lesson for us. What a rebuke that touch of the leper gives to our hateful, selfish spirit of caste and pride! Shame on us, that we are so willing to touch jeweled hands and sit beside silks and sealskins, and yet shun the ill-colored outcasts as not fit to be touched! This is the curse and shame of our professed Christianity—it is above touching the lepers. And to-day the only practical solution of the great burning problems of how to reach the neglected masses, and how to reform the drunkard, and how to cleanse the vile, and how to evangelize the heathenism of our huge cities, lies in two words—Christian contact. The personal contact of culture, piety and love, with ignorance, vice and misery—that's the remedy. Soul must touch soul. The loving hand must not refuse to touch the leper's. If we do, Christ is not in us. O, blessed Jesus, give us thy tender compassion, that we shrink not from stretching forth the helping healing, hand to every sinning, suffering creature in our path!

O strengthen us, that while we stand Firm on the rock and strong in Thee, We may stretch out a loving hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea!

—T. L. Cuyler.

Pentecostal Gathering.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK,

A number of Christians of different denominations, believing that the Pentecostal power of the Holy Ghost was designed to be continued in the Church throughout all ages, after much prayer, arranged to meet together at Mountain Lake Park, in July, 1885, and wait together for ten days for the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost; and God honored the faith and prayer of this waiting assembly with such baptisms of the Holy Ghost as few, if any, had ever witnessed before. At this meeting no man was invited to preach out of compliment or for fear that he would feel slighted, and no one complained that he was not invited to preach. At the close of the meeting ALL WERE OF ONE ACCORD in the desire that another such meeting be held the following summer, and after earnest prayer for divine direction, a second meeting was called for July, 1886. God honored the prayer and faith of the saints at the second meeting with such baptisms with the Holy Ghost that for four days in succession, when the time came for the morning preaching the preaching service was dispensed with, and the time was spent in praise and witnessing for Jesus as on the day of Pentecost. Sinners were converted and believers were sanctified.

At the close of the second meeting the saints of God were again of one accord that another such meeting should be held. And to meet this desire arrangements have been made to hold a third Pentecostal gathering on the Allegheny Mountain at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett County, Md., to commence July 9th, and close July 18th, 1887, in charge of Rev. D. B. Updegraff and Dr. Dongan Clark, who will be assisted by ministers and evangelists from Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, &c., &c.

Mountain Lake Park is a favorite resort for Hay Fever sufferers and others who need the benefit of pure mountain air. Without regard to denominational preferences Christian ministers and Christian people "WHO BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST" are invited to this Pentecostal feast. For further particulars write to Rev. John Thompson, 2002 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Ministers and laymen on the Peninsula are requested to furnish items of interest connected with the work of the Church for insertion.

All communications intended for publication to be addressed to the PENINSULA METHODIST, Wilmington, Del. Those designed for any particular number must be in hand, the longer ones by Saturday, and the news items not later than Tuesday morning.

All subscribers changing their post-office address should give both the old as well as the new.

Entered at the post-office, at Wilmington, Del., as second-class matter.

At the late Commencement of the Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, Ohio, the Baccalaureate sermon was preached in St. Paul's M. E. Church, Sabbath morning, the 5th inst., by Rev. D. C. Ridgway, formerly a member of this Conference.

In the evening of the same day, the annual address was delivered by Mrs. Minnie Musher Jackson of Savannah, Ga. Mrs. Jackson, we think, is a daughter of the well known Secretary of the Maryland State Temperance Alliance.

Wilmington Conference Academy, Dover Del., W. L. Gooding and C. S. Conwell, Principals. Commencement exercises, June 19-23. The Alumni oration will be delivered Wednesday evening, the 22, by Rev. W. L. S. Murray, Ph. D., of the class of 1875. The next evening the graduating exercises will take place. We are pleased to learn the Academy is so prosperous, under its present efficient management. A ladies' hall is a very pressing necessity, for which we trust some liberal hearted friend of Methodism, whom God has blessed with wealth, will speedily provide, and thus build himself a monument, which in its beneficent results will be more durable than brass.

The editor acknowledges a polite invitation from Prof. Gooding, which he hopes to be able to accept.

The Wilmington Conference Domestic Missionary Board will meet in Dover M. E. Church, Wednesday, June 22, 11 A. M.

Rev. Dr. Granville Moody, a distinguished minister of the M. E. Church, and a Colonel in the National Army during the War of the Rebellion, was thrown from his carriage and fatally injured. He died in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, Saturday, aged 75 years.

Bishop Warren is to make an Episcopal tour abroad this year. He sails soon for Japan and China.

Hon. J. G. Plarrie sailed for a European tour. The *Philadelphia Ledger* says: As an eminent American, his fellow citizens will follow him with their best wishes for his pleasure, health and happiness, while abroad, and safe return.

Mr. Asbury was recently elected State's Attorney at Norfolk, Va. This is the first time in the history of the Old Dominion that a negro has been elected to that position. Whoever doubts Parson Jasper's assertion, "de sun do move," none can now deny, de world do move, in ole Werguing.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent has returned to the United States. While in London he preached in Dr. Parker's city Temple to some 2000 Sunday School workers, also in John Wesley's pulpit, City Road Chapel, and attended a reception at Dr. Parker, where he met the Hon. W. E.

Gladstone, ex-Prime minister of Great Britain, and many other distinguished men.

Bishop W. L. Harris sailed for Europe, Wednesday, June 1st, for the benefit of a sea voyage and a brief season of rest, after fifty years of unintermitted work in the service of the church ministry. For some time his health has been considerably impaired, and it is hoped this relief from care will aid in his restoration to his wonted vigor.

Letter From Mrs. E. B. Stevens.

BROTHER THOMAS—Four weeks and more have sped their noiseless flight—days of pleasant travel or happy service and now from this fair city of the northwest I renew my greetings.

In my journeyings I have often been reminded of the "good land into which God brought his ancient people after the forty years spent in the wilderness; for surely this is a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths springing out of valleys and hills; land of wheat and barley vines; a land wherein we eat bread without scarceness, and where we lack for no good in it. And here as there; for the human heart is the same in all ages; the dwellers need the same caution—'To remember the Lord God and all his commandments to do them; to forget not that it is He that giveth the power to get wealth?'

I have been delighted with Wisconsin and Minnesota, or so much of them as I have seen. The rolling prairie, dark mellow soil, luxurious vegetation, frequent lakes of clearest water. But more than this the vitalizing air, that has made me wish that I could with each inhalation take as many breaths as I have friends. And everywhere comfortable homes, schools and churches—surely none need miss the way. But I am anticipating. May 10th, I responded to a call which took me from Buffalo to Wayland, N. Y., the occasion being a convention of christian workers in the interest of Sunday Schools and missions. The ministers on the District were very generally present and participated in the discussions. Chaplain McCabe, Miss Fannie Sparkes and myself were called as missionary workers. "I could," said the Chaplain, "fill this church (it would seat about 400) eight times over with our home missionaries." At close of service I asked him how many times he could fill it with the foreign missionaries of our church. "They are less than one hundred and fifty," he replied, and with sadness I remembered that in the field "best manned" the proportion is as one to three hundred thousand—one minister for Minneapolis and St. Paul united. At noon of the 12th I left Buffalo for Chicago, arriving via Michigan Central R. R. at 8 a. m.

A day of waiting in the N. W. depot not a lost day I trust, for I found abundant opportunity to "lend a hand"; and in the evening I was off for Lake Geneva; a summer resort for Chicagoans. The beauty of the lake I have seen excelled only by Lake George. Neennah Appleton, Oshkosh, Berlin, Fond du Lac, Fort Atkinson, Madison were the remaining towns visited in Wisconsin. May 27th, I resumed my pilgrimage, resting at evening in Winona, Minnesota, and the morning of the 31st departed for Minneapolis.

Much as I had heard of the rapid growth and beauty of these rival cities I was not prepared for all I have seen, and they are far from being finished. But my greatest joy has been in my work. "The fellowship of service" grows unspeakably sweet, and results are always beyond my asking. Thus far I have spoken in forty-eight missionary meetings since I left Wilmington, and forty of them since April 29th. Last evening I addressed an intelligent and responsive audience of Germans in this city, and expect to have two more meetings here and then go on to a camp-meeting service at Otsego. Saturday I

shall push on to Fergus-Falls for Sabbath work. Itinerary not complete beyond that point. I am penning this in the home of the youngest daughter of our late brother Curtis—a home of which Jesus is the master.

Yours cordially,
E. B. STEVENS,
St. Paul, Minn., June 8th, 1887.

Letter from Townsend, Del.

The last two Sabbaths have been occasions of more than usual interest in our midst. On the first named day Mrs. Lucy Washington, who for the previous ten days had been lecturing in the State under the auspices of the National W. C. T. U. was with us. She certainly is a bright, enthusiastic, interesting speaker, and, I am quite well assured has done us good. One of the immediate results of her presence and earnest cogent appeals was the accession of ten new members to our local temperance organization nor, to be sure, is the effect wanting upon those who were already enrolled as members. The need of more zeal and energy in the furtherance of this cause was felt I believe by all of them. Indeed a new impulse it is hoped has been given to the temperance interest through out the community. Certainly the work that Mrs. Washington is doing will tell upon the minds and ultimately upon the deeds of men. It is a part of what is necessary to be done to redeem this little State from the curse and blight of rum. Gradually the forces are combining and the agencies multiplying to compass this result. At last let it be known, the sum total of all the forces and agencies will be sufficiently strong and uncompromising to strike to the death this monster of evil and save us from further ruin at its hands.

Last Sabbath was observed here as Children's Day, large audiences greeted us both morning and evening, that of the evening being so large as to fill to the utmost the house and crowd the windows without, and all seemed delighted with the service. The floral display though not specially elaborate, exhibited painstaking and taste, and produced no inconsiderable part of the pleasing effect. The children were well trained and, without exception performed their part well. Special mention should be made however, of the piece entitled "Christian Graces" which both for its conception and execution was unsurpassed and almost unsurpassable. Addresses were made in the morning by the pastor and in the evening by J. Carter Townsend a recent graduate of our Conference Academy, and Mr. Jno. O. Horsey of Baltimore. The collections were good, aggregating a little less than \$19.00.

I am not at all inclined to complain at the action of the Bishop and his council at the late session of our Conference respecting my own appointment, I have found this people kind and appreciative and ready to co-operate with me in all christian endeavor. I hope and believe that under God we together will be able to make some progress in the work of bringing this community to the feet of Christ.

S. M. MORGAN JR.

Letter from Beckwith's, Md.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—I pen you a few lines respecting our Children's Day service, which we observed the first Sabbath in June, instead of the second, on account of the floral decorations. The second Sabbath in June may do for the more northern part of the Conference territory, but it is most too late for this section, as far as roses are concerned. Large congregations were present at both churches. Singing, and recitations by the scholars of the Sabbath school formed the principle part of the services. I had arranged for the reception of probationers into full connection; with this in view, I had erected an arch over the pulpits, which were covered with evergreens and flowers. At Beckwith's in

the centre of the arch, the word "Welcome," made of roses, was suspended.

At Spedden's the word "Welcome" appeared in gilt letters over the pulpit, at the top of a pyramid. After the disciplinary form of receptions was read, I called the official brethren inside the chancel rail, and together, we extended the right hand of fellowship to sixty-five candidates, the fruits of the revival of last year; thirty-three were continued on trial; two were dropped. The service was very impressive, all the probationers were visibly affected, some quite demonstrative. To God be all the Glory!

G. W. B.

Perfected Holiness.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

We are distinctly commanded, in 2 Cor. 7: 1, to "cleanse ourselves from all defilement of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." From this two inferences seem to be amply warranted: first, that there is a holiness, not perfected, common to the great mass of believers, not absent from any whose sins have been forgiven and who remain by faith "in Christ Jesus;" second, that there is also a perfected or finished holiness, in the enjoyment of which, or else in the diligent pursuit of which, we ought to be. (By the way, why does not our Discipline present these two alternatives in the famous questions to young preachers who are being admitted into full connection with the Conference? Why is it always taken for granted that they do not now possess perfection, but are only to be striving after it and going on to it? How can a person who enjoys it, conscientiously answer these questions in the affirmative? Could there be a plainer implication, that nobody young in years is expected to be, or can be, "perfect in love?") The most nearly parallel passage appears to be Eph. 4: 12, 13, "for the perfecting of the saints [holy ones] till we all attain unto a full-grown man;" which passage makes it doubly plain that all God's people are saints; or holy, even in their undeveloped, immature condition, and that the great object of pastors and teachers is to bring these holy ones unto perfection or full growth. (See also Col. 1: 28; Heb. 5: 14; 6: 1.)

The widespread and persistent endeavor, to deny to the church in general this precious word "holiness," and make it merely the rallying cry and technical designation of a special faction, "holiness people," "holiness conventions," "holiness meetings," "holiness papers") should be unsparingly condemned, and unwaveringly resisted, by all who value soundness of doctrine and welfare of the church. It is a movement fraught with manifold evils, doing great harm, and destined to do still greater, if it be not checked. It is without warrant in Scripture, or in reason. A sad token of the times is it, that we have no longer, as we once had, a *Guide to Christian Perfection*, but only a *Guide to Holiness*, which if true to its title, cannot be expected to yield much counsel, as to growth in holiness to or towards perfection.

What is Christian perfection, or perfected holiness? The context of the passage first quoted in this article shows that the point of the exhortation is, in substance, separate yourselves from everything which is unlike God, or contrary to His will. But the young convert, when born again of the Holy Spirit, is separated unto the will of God, so far as he then apprehends it, so far as it is at that time revealed to him. Hence his growth must be in the direction of more apprehension, more revelation, more light. And any further work that is to be done for, upon, or in him, must be conditioned by his increase in the knowledge of God's will. If he has a steady, normal growth, such as one sees in rare instances, he will go straight on, taking up point after point as God

brings it to his attention, consecrating it after item, as its comprehension within the sweep of God's demands becomes clear to him, refusing nothing, marching right on in an ever widening, deepening experience until he comes, through these degrees of brightening illumination, to the "perfect day," when all that is within him praises God, and all God's allotments to him, without the smallest imaginable exception, are promptly and joyfully accepted.

Alas! in most instances the growth is far from normal, but goes on after a sad fashion, with many haltings and returnings on the path toward the wilderness. And it is evident that the time necessary, to learn this great lesson of the exceeding breadth of God's commandments, will depend wholly on the aptness and diligence and resoluteness of the pupil. In most cases, it does not seem ever to be learned in this life. In some cases, it is apparently learned after very many years. In a few cases, perhaps, it is more speedily mastered. But the instances are exceeding many, where the pupil, under unwise instruction, prematurely concludes that the lesson has been wholly learned, and, under similar injudicious teaching, makes loud, persistent proclamation of the fact, only to find after a while, what others saw all the time—that he had been sadly mistaken, and that there was much more land to be possessed than he had imagined.

Perfected holiness, the highest degree of perfection attainable in this life, is betokened by a will in perfect union at all points with the will of God, swallowed up in it, distinct but not separate, practically lost as a separate entity, like the star ray in the sun ray, to our vision, at high noon. The will, in this state of divine union, goes forth as promptly and powerfully in directions uncongenial to the natural feelings, as in those congenial. The transcendent beauty and excellence of the divine will are so strongly and clearly perceived, that the pleasure of doing or bearing it so far surpasses the pain and drowns the suffering involved, that the pain and suffering practically disappear, and death is swallowed up in perpetual victory. The desire, in like manner, becomes perfectly concurrent with God's, so that there is no desire for anything, which God does not desire and sanction; there is perfect indifference to everything that is out of God's will and plan and wish. His will seems the only desirable or valuable thing, in which alone all pleasure can be found. Nothing is refused which comes in the order of God, nothing is sought which is out of that order. Such a soul is always perfectly contented with its outward condition, and receives everything with thankfulness and delight. It adopts the language of Charles Wesley,—

"All my requests are lost in one;
Father, Thy only will be done!"

"All's alike to me, so I
In my Lord may live and die."

With Miss Havergal, it owns "not an ounce of burden, or shadow of care, or quiver of longing for anything but what He approves." The last vestige of the life of self-will and self-centered desire has been stripped away and is gone. The heart and mind being wholly stayed on God, He keeps in perfect peace, and delivers from disturbance, disquiet, and disappointment. Each action is performed purely to please Him; no other reward is sought than His approval, nor is there any other aim, or plan, or hope, or wish, than to do His ever-blessed will.

They who have not attained to this, and yet wish to be considered as possessing all there is to possess, will complain, that this kind of perfection is unattainable and nowhere seen. To whom we reply, that all we have depicted is properly included in "Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks." And if any one says this is unattainable, we may well leave him to deal with St. Paul, as well as John Wesley.—*Zion's Herald*.

Conference News.

The oration before the Scott Literary Society of the Conference Academy, will be delivered by Chief Justice Comegrs, on Monday evening of Commencement week.

The Chestnut Grove Camp-meeting begins Aug. 5, and will continue one week. The rules for Sunday are more stringent than last year. As many influences obstruct religious work on Sunday, we purpose to make it a grand missionary day, with three missionary sermons, or an evening platform service with several addresses.

The Sunday School entertainment held in Cape Charles City, June 9th, was a success. It was arranged and executed by Misses Hattie Hope and Ida Williams, one a Baptist and the other a Presbyterian. Their interest and labors in our Sunday School are silent but powerful sermons on Christian duty and brotherly love. Great credit is due to everyone who participated in the entertainment.

Bro. Andrews is still running his revival at Mt. Zion, Hooper's Island, with good results, some 14 conversions to date. The writer was over last week trying to help him at Old St. John's. The people seem interested, and some have been at the altar. There are at present but three members, but three can claim the promise. No doubt many of the brethren remember St. John's; for many years it has been forsaken; was occupied for a short time by the brethren of the Church South, and repaired. They kindly give place to us; the Lord bless them.

Yours,
G. F. H.

The ladies of the Mite Society of Parsonsburg charge have lately purchased a new bed room suit for the parsonage, Mrs. Washington the temperance lecturer has been working within the bounds of this charge. A number of the collections have been taken, and all in advance of last year.

For Our Encouragement.

Dear Brethren, Ministers, and Laymen of Salisbury District:

Please accept our thanks for the grand advance made over last year as far as heard from. We have now heard from eight charges on May collections. They contributed \$128 last year, and have \$152 this year. Let us praise the Lord, and go forward. Please work the "Work plan" as near as you can.

Don't forget that we are praying for two thousand conversions as the minimum. Let us see to it that the grass don't grow under our feet.

Your brother,
T. O. AYERS.

CHINCOTEAGUE, VA.—Children's Day was a grand success. Programmes used as published by Book Concern. Services held all day. Collection \$10; last year \$4. This was first time the occasion has been observed here.

NEWARK, MD.—Children's Day was observed by our members and friends at Bowen's Chapel on last Sabbath, the day set apart for this purpose. As usual the decorations were fine. Among them were a large cross, anchor and a ladder in recess pulpit, with sides beautifully covered with cedar, while the steps on rounds were covered with gilt paper. This ladder which represented Jacob's Ladder, reached far up in the rear of the pulpit, with a gilt star well lighted shedding its beams of golden light from top to base of the ladder, also casting a ray of light upon the motto beyond "Christ the Way." The anchor and Cross had suitable mottoes. The many pyramids and other decorations I need not mention, but say the whole thing presented a very attractive appearance. Long before the hour (10 A. M.) for service the church was filled. The services in the morning consisted of responsive readings, music, short speeches from Mr. G. T. Richardson, Mr. Edw. Davis; pastor, and a few of the Sabbath School children, and collection. Miss Birtie Boston spoke the opening address and Miss Bell Davis sang a beautiful solo entitled, "Cast Thy Bread upon the Water."

At night the crowd was simply immense for Newark, and consisted of all classes. Among the prominent features

of the evening performance might be mentioned the excellent reading of Misses Mattie Mumford, May Boston, and May Phillips. Solo by Mrs. E. T. Bowen entitled "Nearer my God to Thee." Duets, quartets, anthems and the crowning feature of the evening was a representation of the Christian Graces by ten of our young ladies which was beautifully rendered and well worth the labor and time spent in its preparation. The children all spoke well. Mrs. E. T. Bowen, our organist, did her part most excellently, and deserves the thanks of all. She has been untiring in her efforts in arranging and preparing the musical part of this entertainment.

Children's Day services will take place at Derricks Church next Sunday and at Wesley June 26th. At each place beginning at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

The Camp-meeting at Deal's Island will begin on Tuesday the 26th of July, and continue ten days. Preparatory prayer meetings are being held weekly, and a season of great interest is expected.

BENJ. J. WARREN, Pastor.

Letter From Presiding Elder of Wilmington District.

My first Quarterly Conference was held April 2nd; the last for this quarter is appointed for June 25th. To get round in three months, I have been compelled to hold seven quarterly meetings without preaching on Sundays, namely, Bradywine, Chester, Cherry Hill, Scott, Newport, Swedish Mission and Union. The Quarterly Conference at Union was the largest yet held. It was full of interest, and showed its appreciation of the pastor by increasing his salary \$100. The Love Feast was largely attended, and such a deep spiritual interest was maintained, that we were unable to close the service until nearly ten o'clock.

Scott Quarterly Meeting was like the old time meetings of which the fathers speak. The object of the special effort was the payment of an old debt of over \$2000. The plans were perfected in the Quarterly Conference, on Thursday evening, May 26th. The sermons were preached with great acceptability on Sunday, by Revs. V. S. Collins and S. M. Morgan. The religious fervor and financial interest began together in the morning services. These continued through the S. School in the afternoon, and the Love Feast at 6 P. M., where the givers of the day became the receivers of wonderful power and inspiration. Through the evening preaching service increased, and became so great in the effort which followed, until Bro. Brown announced the last share had been taken, like one running a race, who does his best until the goal is reached, goes beyond. The triumph was great. Some wept, others shouted, all joined in singing the doxology as only a self-sacrificing and triumphant people can. While great praise ought to be given to all who helped, to the Rev. N. M. Browne, the pastor, must be given the credit for the removal of this burden.

Grace Quarterly Conference was well attended, the business harmoniously and systematically conducted. The pastor's report was especially interesting, in that it showed attention to every part of the work, four hundred and forty two pastoral calls had been made, and a children's class met once a week. The Love Feast nearly filled the chapel. It deserves mention for three reasons, the spiritual interest manifested, the promptness with which those present took part, (a number of times two or three were up at once, ready to testify), the number of young people who feelingly spoke of Christ's love and his power to save.

Epworth is going forward under the leadership of their recently married pastor, who gives four afternoons in the week to pastoral visiting. The Quarterly Conference increased the salary \$100. I could not be present at the Love Feast, but greatly enjoyed preaching to these earnest workers the Word of Life.

Newport is thoroughly stirred by Rev. J. D. C. Hanna and wife. Congregations overflowing. The business interests of the church greatly quickened. The salary increased \$100. The Trustees have resolved to build a new parsonage. The pastor has a class of all the membership of the church, which meets once a month. Almost every home in the town has been entered by the pastor in his one hundred and fifty visits.

Wesley is greatly pleased with their new pastor, Rev. W. G. Koons, who has about sixty members and probationers. These servants of the Lord have had a hard time to maintain their services, and provide a place of worship. Wesley is located at the corner of Jackson and Linden streets. They have a lot and foundations with the first set of

joists, and are unable to build higher for lack of funds. To help them go on, the Church Extension Society has promised a donation of \$400. Friends have also promised some four or five hundred dollars, but we cannot proceed with less than \$2500. Who will help us? These people are in earnest; they have been turned out of their place of worship once by a rumrunner. They are now paying \$10 per month for a second story room in an old engine house. The needs of the community are such that a church would be self-supporting at once.

Letter From Presiding Elder of the New Virginia District.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—In resuming my report, I will first make mention of *Onancock* charge, which embraces three appointments, *Onancock*, *Ayerses* and *Leathesbury's*, the two first named being the only churches saved to us within the bounds of the new District at the close of the late war, the balance of them having been taken possession of by the M. E. Church South. On this charge we have a noble generous band of Methodists, loyal to their church and ever ready to stand by their minister, and it is to be hoped that they may see their way clear to increase the pastor's salary and swell the aggregate of their benevolent collections in order to put the whole district on the Roll of Honor at the close of the present conference year. Their pastor Rev. J. W. Easley is a good preacher, faithful pastor and earnest worker, and we predict for him a year of success.

Rev. J. N. Geisler the new pastor at Cape Charles City so fully reported his charge in a recent number of the *METHODIST* that I will only add that Brother Geisler and his people are working together in harmony and have a promising future before them in this growing, enterprising city like business place.

The brethren on Tangier Island which is situated out in the Chesapeake Bay some fifteen miles from the mainland and contains nearly 1,000 inhabitants claim that they have the biggest preacher in the conference, and I am inclined to believe them. They have shown their appreciation by increasing his salary \$200 and that of the P. E. \$15 making for the Pastor \$800 and the Elder \$75, and have paid up in full to date. The love feast on Sabbath morning May 22nd was one not soon to be forgotten because of God's manifest presence. Nearly one hundred christians spoke in rapid succession sometimes two or three being on the floor at the same time while the singing during the intervals was truly soul inspiring. At the evening service a number of penitents were forward at the altar, and two a husband and wife were happily converted to God. Bro. Morris has organized some kind of a Chautauqua Circle composed of 30 or more of bright young people for the training of more competent teachers for the Sunday School and in every way this brother is indefatigable in labor. We spent five delightful days with this pastor, and his hospitable people, and shall ever remember our visit to this historic island as a bright oasis in our itinerant life.

Our official visit to Smith's Island remains to be written up. Here we spent four delightful days the guest of the parson Rev. W. L. P. Bowen and his excellent wife in their new model and well kept parsonage home. It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of Aunt Polly Bradshaw the widow of "Uncle" Haney Bradshaw, and their son, Aaron B. Bradshaw who occupies the old homestead. Joshua Thomas the parson of the islands was married to "Uncle Haney's Sister" and it was here that the memorable courtship narrated in Bro. Todd's book took place. We also made the acquaintance of old brother James T. Evens whose strong right arm many years ago dealt the blow in defence of Rev. Bro. Spry that knocked a Mr. Custice over two boats into the creek. He claims that he struck the blow religiously and that God nerved his arm for the occasion. We would like to make mention of others but space will not allow. We were under obligation to Bro. Hamilton Bradshaw for a pleasant sail from Tangier to Smith's some 15 miles and to Bro. W. Snead Bradshaw for a delightful voyage from Smith's Island to Crisfield about the same distance. The inhabitants of this island are a strong, robust, healthy, sensible class of people with progressive ideas abreast with the times. They have four well taught schools, and are a great church going people, and have a religion that they enjoy. Bro. Bowen gave me plenty of work to do having arranged for a preaching service each evening at one of the school houses and an all day service at the church on Sabbath. The Sabbath service cannot be described. The preacher was greatly blessed, the people caught the fire, and began to embrace and leap and shout aloud together, the love feast followed and

for two hours or more it was like unto the day of Pentecost. The quarterly conference was also a season of grace. The 7 class leaders all reported their classes in good spiritual condition only two of all the members were reported habitually absent. The average attendance of all being about three fourths, and all the heads of families having family prayer and nearly every member being a regular contributor, to pastors salary and the benevolent collections. As an earnest christian class going people we believe that this appointment leads the Wilmington Conference. The pastors salary was increased \$75 and the elders \$10, and fully paid up. Bro. Bowen is doing a grand work and is greatly beloved by his people and will doubtless bring up the best report of his life at the next session of our Conference. As much space as I have taken in this hurried report I have given only a mere sketch of my first round on the new Virginia District I could write pages that I know would be of interest to many of your readers. This is a grand work, and there is much land yet to possess. We aim to build 4 churches this year and ought to build 6 but do not see where the money is to come from. If some of our large hearted liberally inclined wealthy people fully realized our needs I am satisfied that they would send us help. It is my honest opinion that there is not a spot on this wide world of our where the Lord's money will go further to advance his cause than on the Eastern Shore of Va.

I will close by inviting all who may read these lines to come to our District camp meeting which will commence at Parkley Saturday July 23rd and continue ten days.

Your Brother
A. D. DAVIS.

Onancock Va., June 11 1887.

Letter From Presiding Elder of Easton District.

"Why don't you write something for the *PENINSULA METHODIST*?" Is a question often asked of the Presiding Elder of Easton District. It is not for the lack of news that might be written, but for the want of time and ability to write so as to be instructive and entertaining. But in order that our friends may know that Easton District is a part of the Wilmington Conference, and alive to the interests of the church, I will venture to give the ramblings of its Presiding Elder in one of his many Quarterly Meeting visits. My Quarterly Meetings for the last Sabbath (June 12), being at St. Michaels, Talbot, and Rayside charges, I left Smyrna on Friday morning, and taking the D. & C. R. R. found myself at Easton about the noon hour. Knowing Bro. Wells Wilson's high regard for Presiding Elders, I ventured to call on him and his family, even at that unseemly hour. I found them just ready to sit down to dinner, and the Elder must share with them. Bro. Wilson is starting off grandly to do a good work for the Lord and the church at Easton, and is universally popular with his people. In a few minutes the stage for St. Michaels calls for me, and we are off for that place, which is 12 miles distant. The ride was a little tiresome, but Bro. Hunt the driver of the stage, being a warm hearted Methodist, we passed the time very pleasantly, and 3 P. M. arrived at St. Michaels, where we are met by Bros. W. B. Walton, and Jas. Benson. The former is the pastor of the church, and the latter one of the oldest and most substantial members of his charge, and whose heart and home are ever open to receive his Presiding Elder. After a hearty supper, we repaired to the church for prayer meeting, and which we found to be a living means of grace. The room was filled with people old and young, and the singing of a most inspiring character. At the close of the prayer service, the Quarterly Conference met, and transacted the business pertaining to that peculiar institution of Methodism. After a night of refreshing sleep, and a breakfast equally invigorating, we find Bro. Gollie of Talbot Circuit, on hand with horse and carriage, to take the Elder to Broad Creek Church when another Quarterly Conference is to be met. Reaching the church at 10½ A. M., we find the official brethren promptly on hand, and we proceed to hold the Conference. Talbot Circuit, once so large, is now composed of but two churches, Broad Creek and Chatham Chapel. The members of the latter church have about completed arrangements to enlarge and beautify their house of worship. After a hasty dinner, Uncle Patrick McQuay, one of the veterans of that region, is on hand with horse and carriage to take us to Tilghman's Island, a distance of 18 miles, where another Quarterly Conference is to be held at 3 P. M. This ride was through a splendid farming district, and over one of the best roads in the county, and which is as level as a board from St. Michaels to the Island. Another peculiarity is that nearly every farm of the 18 miles has a water front. On arriving at the Island, we find Rev. J. D. Reese the pastor,

and a number of his official members ready for the important business which has called them together. After the Quarterly Conference, we go home with Bro. Jas. E. Shannahan, who lives down on the Bay Shore, and where we spend the night. Sabbath morning dawned bright and clear, promising a fair day for our Quarterly meetings. At 9 A. M. we assembled at the church for the Love Feast. The people came from all parts of the Island. The Love Feast was full of interest, and different from some others in that we had the opportunity of listening to the singing of a good many old time melodies. At 10½ A. M., preaching by the Elder, followed by the Quarterly collection. Then came a hurried dinner at the parsonage. This is a new parsonage, built by Bro. Reese, and when finished will be a nice Island home for the preacher of that charge. Tilghman's Island has a future before it. It now has a population of about 600, and is connected with Easton by telegraph. As soon as dinner is over, we are off to Broad Creek, a ride of 18 miles, between morning and afternoon services. On reaching the church, we find the Love Feast in progress, under the direction of Bro. Gollie the pastor. At 3 P. M. the church is full, and everybody on tip-toe to hear the Elder. Sermon over then comes the collection, and after that a Baptismal service. Then hasty farewells are exchanged, and under the care of Bro. Harrison we are off to St. Michaels, 8 miles distant, where we eat supper, and repair to the Love Feast, which is the best feast of the day. At 8 P. M. preaching is in order, and the Elder has the opportunity of again presenting the glorious truth as it is in Christ. The day being now over, we turn in at Bro. Dodson's when after an hour's talk with Dr. Dodson and our host, we retire to our rest a tired man. On Monday morning we are taken in charge by Rev. W. R. Mowbray, who takes us to his home at Royal Oak, where we take dinner. We find Bro. M. proud of his beautiful parsonage, and perfectly at home with this kind people. Yesterday (Sabbath), was Children's Day on Royal Oak charge, and they were rejoicing in the success which had crowned their efforts. We might also say, that Sabbath afternoon was Children's Day services at St. Michael's, where the exercises under the direction of the pastor, and of the Superintendent, Bro. Clay Dodson, were full of interest, and the collection beyond the former years. After dinner on Monday, Bro. Mowbray kindly brought the Elder to Easton in order that he might take the cars for home. But before leaving Easton, we again call on Bro. Wilson, to know of their success on "Children's Day." We find him as happy as a king; a grand day, and a collection which will lead the District.

Yours truly,
J. FRANCE.

June 13, 1887.

To the Pastors on Salisbury District.

BRETHREN:—I am being asked to whom the collections for Domestic Missions is to be sent? Send all monies for Domestic Missions to Mr. Joseph Smithers, Clayton, Del., who is Treasurer of Society.

Yours truly,
T. O. AYERS.

Mrs. Adam T. Bruce, of New York, has presented to the Johns Hopkins University the sum of \$10,000 in cash for the establishment of a fellowship in biology, in commemoration of her son, the late Adam T. Bruce, Ph. D., recently a fellow and subsequently an instructor in the Johns Hopkins University. The trustees at their meeting, May 2, accepted the gift, and adopted resolutions thanking the donor and arranging to carry out her wishes.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Marriages.

McNAMARA—ABBOTT.—On June 8th, 1887, by Rev. Benj. C. Warren, Allison W. McNamara and Katie Abbott both of Holland's Island, Md.

FRESKOING CHURCHES.

Send for designs and estimates, without extra charge, to Nicholas F. Goldberg, 4th & Shipley Sts., Wilmington, Del.

FOR RENT.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

An eight rooms furnished Cottage, most eligibly located, near the foot of Wesley Lake, two squares from Ross' bathing grounds, and convenient to Auditorium and Post Office. Having Thomson Park on the west, an open lot on the east and the Lake in front, its surroundings are far less restricted than the most cottages in the Grove, and is correspondingly desirable. For terms apply to Rev. T. Snowden Thomas, North East, Md.

Obituaries.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Margaret Wroten, daughter of Charles W. and Annie Wroten was born near Vernon, Sussex Co., Delaware, in June 1825. She was married to Mr. Nehemiah Smith in June 1845. After a wedded life of nearly three years, she was bereaved of her husband. In 1852 she was married to Mr. Jackson T. Lee, who now survives her after a union of nearly thirty-five years. She had been failing in health for about ten years, and since Christmas last she has been a constant sufferer. I called to see her several times during her illness, and she did not hesitate to say that she was on the Rock Christ Jesus. While busy in my study, May 25, about ten o'clock in the morning, a friend called for me to go see Sister Lee, as they thought she was dying. I went, and saw what proved to be the happiest death-bed scene I have ever witnessed. She had already called her entire family about her, and told each one, husband, sons and daughters, that she was dying, and wanted them to meet her in heaven. When I entered her room, she was praising the Lord; she seemed stronger than I had seen her for weeks; but it proved to be that last rallying of the forces of life, before death shall cut them off forever. Sister Needles, who sat by the bed, said, "Brother Collins has come; do you know him?" A smile passed over her face, as she turned to me and said, "Oh yes, I know him. God bless you, Brother Collins. I am almost gone. I want to meet you in heaven." And she went on praising the Lord, as happy as only christians can be, when they see the glory land so nigh at hand. We sang several hymns, and with her weak voice that seemed almost an echo from that other land, she joined in with us. After a few minutes quiet, a look of suffering stole over her face; and turning to me she said, "I guess we must suffer a little pain, as we cross the Jordan, mustn't we?" I replied, "no more sister, than you are suffering now, I suppose, and besides, God has promised to be with us, and that his rod and staff shall comfort us," at once the expression of suffering disappeared and the old smile came back again as she said, "that is so; that is so; it is alright; it is alright; praise the Lord; he is so good; he is so precious; he is with me; praise the Lord forever more; Glory, Glory, Alleluiah." She was so happy, I was reminded of the lines,

"My soul for joy then clasps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home."

She was almost home; at three o'clock in the afternoon, she passed peacefully away. The funeral service was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and her remains were deposited in the family lot, in the Odd Fellows cemetery at Camden. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Louise Abshear, of Texas, by her first marriage, and two daughters and three sons by her second.

"Let me die the death of the righteous;
and let my last end be like his."
V. S. COLLINS.

Catharine Friedel, daughter of Jacob and Susanna Friedel, was born at Larris creek, Lycoming Co., Penna., October 4th, 1862. At the close of the war her parents moved to Delaware, and settled near Felton, Kent Co. Katie as she was called, gave her heart to God, in early childhood; and as the years went by, she developed into a strong, robust woman, of sterling christian character. December 17th, 1884, she married Elbert Dill, a noble christian young man; and on the 16th, of the June, 1886, their union was blessed with a son. From this time, her health began to decline, but her strength failed so gradually, that her friends could not scarcely note the change. After lingering for months, death came May 30th, 1887, as a messenger of mercy and relieved her from her suffering; she was ready. A few hours before her death, in answer to a question from her mother, she said, "all is well." She passed away, trusting in that God, who had been her choice from childhood. The funeral was a most remarkable one, from the fact, that the relatives were all christians. The departed had just triumphed in death, the bereaved husband is an active christian worker, the father and mother are pillars in the church, and have taught their children the fear of the Lord, as can be seen in the fact that both of the surviving daughters are christians, and four of the five sons are not only christians but workers, holding such positions as trustees, class leader, and Sunday School Superintendent. So we could not sorrow, "even as others which have no hope," for all are pressing forward for the prize. Rev. W. H. Stone of the M. P. Church assisted the writer in the service.
V. S. COLLINS.

Mrs. Eliza Cannon, widow of the late Isaac Cannon, died April 19th, 1887. She was the daughter of John and Rebecca Allen, and was born June 6th, 1798. At thirteen years of age, she made a profession of religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained a faithful member up to her death, a period of seventy-six years.

In the 20th year of her age she was married to Burton Hurley, by the Rev. Lemuel Davis, with whom she lived happily for twelve years; when he died very suddenly, leaving her with five children, but one of whom is now living.

After three years she was married to Isaac Cannon, by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Morgan. They lived together in Christian love and devotion for forty three years; and her husband was called away to his heavenly home, leaving his widow and five children to mourn their loss. Living with her only son, in her late widowhood, she received loving care and attention from him and his wife and children.

Mrs. Cannon loved her children and often visited them; she loved her neighbors, abhorred contentions and strife, and lived a true

Christian life. She was often found in silent prayer, and towards the close of her days, she was often heard to say, "I am on the top round of the ladder that leads to life everlasting." She was a progressive Christian, and beloved by all who knew her. Her funeral services were conducted by Revs. James Carroll of Greenwood, Wm. Harris and J. H. Howard of Bridgeville, and W. T. Valiant of Cannon's. Her body was interred in the family lot on the old homestead near Seaford, Del., now occupied by her only son, Mr. Wm. J. Cannon. We mourn her loss.
Y. H. S.

Fifty representative Republicans—including seven United States Senators, five members of the House of Representatives, and Governors, Presidents of Colleges, etc., wrote letters endorsing the Anti-Saloon Republican Mass Meeting at Cooper Institute, New York, May 25th.

The date for the assembling of the Michigan Conference, Sept. 7, under the presidency of Bishop Harris, is the fiftieth anniversary of the Bishop's reception into that Conference at a time when it included all the State of Michigan. The *Northwestern Advocate* suggests a celebration appropriate to the occasion.

James H. Marr, chief clerk to the First Assistant Postmaster General, died on Monday, in the 76th year of his age. He had been connected with the Post-office Department in various capacities since 1831, having been appointed when Andrew Jackson was President.

Miss Mary Tillinghast, who has just completed a wonderful memorial window for Grace Church, New York, was once paid \$30,000 by Vanderbilt for designing an original tapestry hanging for his houses.

Emory College, Oxford, Ga., celebrates its semi-centennial during its approaching Commencement in June. The programme includes the Commencement sermon, by Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D., and addresses by Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Hon. A. H. Colquitt, and Hon. T. M. Norwood.

PRESIDENT McCOSH declares that since he abolished secret societies at Princeton there has been better order, less drinking and less opposition to the faculty.

In response to a letter from a well-known lecturer as to which of the golden opportunities were most useful to him, John Wanamaker replied: "Thinking, trying, toiling, trusting in God, is all my biography."

The Fall Conferences are all to open on Wednesday, as of old. The Bishops have promptly acceded to the almost unanimous wish of the ministers on this subject, as indicated in the votes of the Spring Conferences.

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The Richmond Advertiser is glad Bishop Key is going to hold Virginia Conferences this year. Here is the reason: "He goes to district conferences and camp-meetings. He believes people ought to shout, if the pressure is a hundred pounds to the square inch. The pious snifle, which is only air blowing by an empty hunch, he despises. He is direct, devout and full of loving kindness. I love him—so will Virginia."

Miss Frances E. Willard proposes that the Fourth of July shall be Temperance Day throughout the nation.

One of the oldest preachers in the country is Elder Philip S. Fales, of the old Campbellite church, in Nashville, Tenn. He has preached there since its dedication sixty-six years ago, and his age is eighty-nine.

Rev. John Ker, of Ireland, has returned home with much American respect and money.

Miss Frances E. Willard, President Nat. W. C. T. U., and the ladies of Evanston W. C. T. U., gave a reception at Rest Cottage, to five hundred guests, in honor of Mrs. C. B. Buell, of New York, Corresponding Secretary Nat. W. C. T. U., who has become a resident of Evanston. Mr. Frank Lincoln, the well known humorist, with several fine singers, assisted in the entertainment.

Rev. Charles S. Nutter, the indefatigable Methodist antiquarian and hymnologist, has just issued a verbatim copy of the second edition of the Discipline of the year 1786.

THE Rev. S. F. Smith, who fifty-five years ago wrote "My country, 'tis of thee," has lately celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversary in vigorous health.

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Additional Trains, on Saturday only, will leave Wilmington at 11:15 p.m. for Newbridge, Dupont, and all intermediate points.

French Creek Branch Trains. Leave St Peter's 6:50 a.m. 12:35 p.m. Arrive Springfield 7:25 a.m. 1:00 p.m.

GOING SOUTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations: Reading P & R, Station, Birdsboro, Springfield, Wayneburg Jc, Coatesville, West Chester Stage, Lenape, Chadd's Ford Jc, Dupont, Newbridge, Wilmington.

Additional Trains, on Saturday only, will leave Dupont Station at 10:02 p.m. for Newbridge at 10:20 and 7:16 p.m. for Wilmington and intermediate points.

French Creek Branch Trains. Leave Springfield 11:10 a.m. 6:20 p.m. Arrive at St Peter's 11:40 a.m. 6:50 p.m.

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Trains leave Market Street Station: For Philadelphia 6:30, 8:55 a.m., and 2:45 p.m. For Baltimore 2:45 p.m. For Lansdowne 6:30 a.m., daily except Sunday, 8:55 a.m. 2:45 p.m. and 5:40 p.m.

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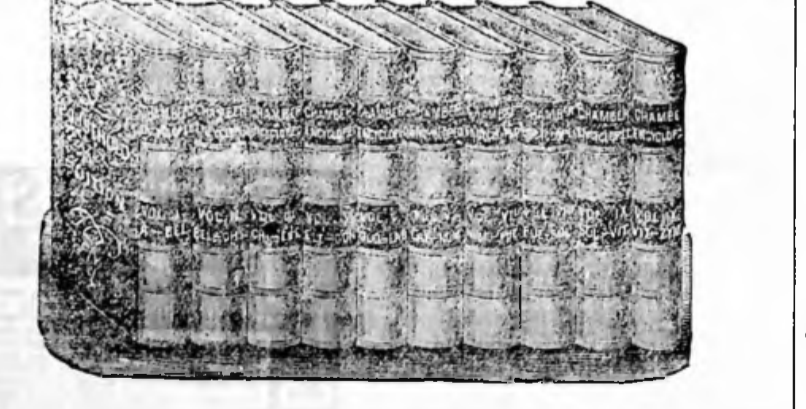
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