

# Peninsula Methodist.

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Editor.

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.  
SINGLE NOS. 3 CENTS.

## LITTLE NELL'S ADVICE.

(The following poem was composed by Miss Ida Green, a member of St. Paul's Sunday-school, Wilmington, Del., and read in connection with the review exercise of the school, June 27th, 1886.)

It is the month of roses, June,  
The year has reached its golden noon,  
And Nature now doth seem to say,  
My feast is spread for all to-day.

The cherries in the trees o'erhead,  
Doth hang in clusters bright and red;  
The berries ripe upon the vine,  
Invite you now to come and dine.

And beauty doth pervade the scene,  
For hills and vales are clothed in green,  
And like the ocean's billowy main,  
Wave the fields of ripening grain.

Thus while the birds did sing their song,  
Musing, I took a stroll along  
Woods and fields on a clear June day,  
But soon I found I'd lost my way.

The scene had unfamiliar grown,  
No longer was the landscape known,  
But turning to an orchard near,  
Sounds of voices reached my ear.

Then looking around, I did see  
Playing under an apple tree,  
A boy and girl, whose greatest wealth  
Were rosy cheeks, the signs of health.

"Willie," the little girl did say,  
"I'm too tired to run and play,  
Let's sit down and rest awhile."  
And then she added with a smile,

"I forgot, it is nearly noon,  
And father will be coming soon,  
He's been in town to-day, you know,  
So, good-by, now, for I must go."

But something in the boy's young face,  
A saddened look the girl did trace,  
"What is the matter?" then she said,  
Willie but hung his curly head.

And then he answered, "Little Nell,  
Why you are glad, I cannot tell;  
But when my father does come home,  
I go away and hide alone."

For he's so cross and so unkind,  
Mother says, "he's lost his mind,  
Because he takes some poisonous drink,"  
What it is I cannot think.

"Oh, little Willie, do not fear,"  
Nell said, and wiped away a tear,  
"What he wants are kisses sweet,  
Go home, and thus your father greet."

"Then, if he's thirsty, go and bring  
Fresh, cool water from the spring;  
I know he will be glad to find  
His boy so thoughtful and so kind."

I heard no more, they went away,  
Ten years have passed since that June day,  
Yet oft I've thought of Nellie's plan,  
Of being kind to those you can.

This is the lesson I have learned,  
And deeply in my mind 'tis burned;  
Go with a brave and trusting heart,  
Speak kindly, act a noble part.

To raise the fallen, and to save  
Some father from a drunkard's grave,  
Then you will gain the last reward,  
"Well done, thou faithful" of the Lord.

## Letter from Bishop Taylor.

MAMBA, West Coast Africa, April 22.  
My Dear Brother:—I arrived in Mayumba Saturday night, the 20th of March. Bro. Benoit (Benwa) was just recovering from an eight days' siege of fever and was greatly reduced in weight and vital force. Sunday night I preached to Bro. Benoit, Messrs. Evans, Stockleman, Kirkbride, Stokes and Jaggars, traders at Mayumba. Tuesday a. m. in company with Mr. Evans and some of his people we came on by whale boat, 17 miles, to Mamba. Bro. Benoit and I spent Wednesday and Thursday exploring the woods to find suitable ground for our mission school farm; and put in Friday and part of Monday in preparing for a garden. We selected 100 acres (550 yards frontage on the lake, also called Bena River), parallel with the ocean and less than a mile distant. Saturday p. m. Mr. Evans conducted a great "Palaver" with King Mamamba and four of his chiefs and closed the agreement for the land.

The original has to be submitted to the

French Government at Loango for their confirmation. Ever since our arrival, four weeks ago, Bro. Benoit and I have worked from five to seven hours, six days in the week, in the sun, clearing land, digging and planting. Much of the remaining time was spent in work indoors. Benoit is a most cheerful, indomitable worker. He had to be, to keep up with me. He has fully recovered his health and I never enjoyed better health in my life than during this month of hard work in the sun two degrees south of the equator. The proper season for planting here is October, the beginning of the rainy season; but the former rains have been very light and with the hope of more copious later rains we are putting between 30 and 40 square rods of mostly staple products of this country, including nearly 3,000 coffee seed which I brought from Liberia. It takes five years to develop a coffee tree into full bearing, but it will go on producing a yearly crop for sixty years if cared for. I saw a fine coffee tree in Monrovia last year, full of berries, which had been producing 60 years, so I was credibly informed. Yesterday we framed and put up the door posts of our house. To-day we cut a tree for flooring plank, chopped and hewed two sides of it, 52 feet, and to-morrow (D. V.) we will try our pit-saw on it.

There are two trading stations here in Mamba, one belonging to Messrs. Nutton, Cookson & Co., of Liverpool, in charge of Mr. Cooms, an Englishman, and the other to Mr. Evans, in charge of Mueza, a black man. We occupy a part of Mr. Evans' house, and will, till ours is finished. It will last but a few years; meantime Bro. Benoit hopes by the aid of his school boys, to build a brick house, not liable to decay or to destruction by ants. I will work away here (D. V.) till our new recruits shall arrive. Their ship, leaving Liverpool April 7th, is due at Mayumba the 5th of May. We are hoping that a good man and wife will come for Mamba.

In regard to trading, where it is suitable we may develop a little as one of the industries of our schools and train some of our boys for business. But to set out on that line of endeavor would bring us into prejudicial antagonism with the traders with very unequal chances for successful competition with them. The many traders here have been so long established in this trade, and such extensive lines of agencies far into the interior, and one chief staple being rum, which we would not keep on any account, you see how difficult it would be to fairly compete with them. The various articles we bring for currency, will, however, start us in on the line of barter, and in some places it will grow into a business that will help to support our workers. My plan as you may know is first, to cultivate in profusion everything required for food for all concerned. Second, to cultivate yams, coffee, sugar, arrow-root, ginger, &c., that will in time bring us an income from foreign markets, and as I said the trading will grow in some place as one of our industries.

I learn by recent letters from Angola that all our people are in good health, happy in their work, and making good progress in learning the Portuguese and the Membendu languages. However, as we were told last year, they have had another dry season when it should have been wet. The rule is 8 years of plenti-

ful rains in their season and three years of drought and famine prices. This is the third year and the plentiful rains are not due until next October. Then the ensuing years we can reap if we faint not; Meantime we grow a partial supply, and the supplemental supply from home in flour, sugar, &c., will not amount to much in cost. Our business is to establish self-supporting missions here just as soon as possible. A number are self-supporting from the start, the rest partially so, and as we pay no salaries, the pinch between winter and grass won't draw heavily on our resources and we must meet the demand adequately and keep our people in good health and good working condition. God intends that we shall make a success worthy of so great an enterprise. Love to all. Good-bye.

Your Brother, WM. TAYLOR.

## Bishop Mallalieu Jogging Through Mississippi.

It comes to pass in these last days that most of the traveling public keep themselves to the railroads and steamboats. The canal and turnpike are out of date; they belong to the long, long ago. Nevertheless, there are portions of the country where, if one travels at all, it must be by the most primitive methods. Within the last few days I have seen and preached to scores and hundreds who never saw a steamboat, and never heard the screech of a locomotive whistle! All this in the centre of the great State of Mississippi.

After a full two weeks' tour through the State, I found myself at West Point, on the eastern edge of the State, ready at 3 p. m. to start on a hundred-mile trip across the country. The team was a tough little horse and a meek and mild-mannered mule. The vehicle was a long-bodied open buggy, with seats for four, strong but easy springs. The presiding elder and one of the preachers on the district sat on the front seat, the presiding elder officiating as driver. On the back seat was an aged, life-long Methodist from Iowa, the father-in-law of the presiding elder; the remaining seat was occupied by the writer. The average weight of the four was just about 190 pounds—not any means a light and trifling crowd.

Moving out of West Point, the first object of special interest was seen about a mile from town, in an open field some hundred rods from the road. It looked like the frame of some sort of building, but was so peculiar that the question was asked as to its purpose, when the reply was made that it was a gallows. It stood in the broad, open, level field, just a bare, horrid piece of frame work. The only object to relieve the dreadful monotony of the scene was a beautiful towering tree, twenty rods from the gallows. These executions are of the most public character. It is difficult to imagine anything that would tend to worse results than an application of the death penalty under these circumstances. Men, women and children can be present if they choose; and they go by thousands and tens of thousands. There will come a change, however, over all this, for the spirit of the age and of Christian civilization is opposed to it.

The roads are pretty good, so far as observed. Taking the whole hundred miles, and there are not more than twenty hills of any considerable difficulty,

though the land is broken, and but very few level tracts are found. The eastern half of the distance very few brooks or streams are to be seen. It is a section among the headwaters of many streams and rivers, so that there are no considerable supplies of water. The western half of the journey was quite different in this respect. Water in the shape of little brooks was often seen, supplying the needs of the people and of the many cattle of the section.

The best average speed of our team was not far from three miles and a half per hour. So when we had been on the road nearly five hours, we had only made sixteen miles. Dusk was coming on, and we had not a place to lay our heads, so far as we knew, unless we slept under the wagon. But just then coming to a comfortable looking log house, with an unusually good supply of log barns, a little grist mill, and a blacksmith shop, the preacher, who is a native of Tennessee, suggested that we might possibly find entertainment for man and beast at a place where the people were evidently well-to-do. He spoke to the owner of the place who was close at hand, and waited a reply. I don't really know whether he fully explained the character of the company, but the man replied that he would see his wife and would let us know directly. Going to the house, he returned in two or three minutes and said it was all right. In a half hour supper was ready, and in another half hour we had some good Methodist hymns sung by the presiding elder and the preacher, and after a season of prayer we retired to rest. A sixteen-mile ride over a rough road in an open buggy is a good preparation for sound sleep, especially if one has a light supper; and all conditions being favorable, the most was made of the time allowed. Daylight the next morning found us on the way.

At about 9 a. m., we reached the residence of the county doctor, who was standing on the porch of his log cabin as we rode up. The preacher had seen him before, and after the usual salutations, the doctor came out to the buggy and invited us to stay a few hours and take dinner. This, of course, we could not do and accomplish our day's work. Then he said to us that, while he was a Presbyterian, his wife was a great Methodist, and they had five little children they would like to have baptized. Assuring him we had time for such a service, we all alighted and went into the house—a sort of double log cabin. The part we entered was the office and spare room; the mother and children were in the room adjoining. Within fifteen minutes, the mother and five beautiful little girls came into the room where we were. The oldest was about seven, and one of the sweetest and prettiest little blue-eyed girls that could be found in a day's journey, and the others were as nice as any one could wish; the baby, about six months old, was just as cunning and precious as little girl babies always are—at least, almost always. We concluded the service with prayer, and resumed our places in the buggy, and with words of kindly farewell took our leave of those, whom we may never see again on earth.—W. F. Mallalieu, in *Zion's Herald*.

Sah Jai Pih, a Korean exile, has confessed his faith in Christ, been baptized, and received into the Howard Presbyterian church of San Francisco.

## The Higher Christian Life.

REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

If a believer has a right to all the privileges of a child of God, why should he not enjoy them? If "Christ liveth in me," then ought I to be a live, cheerful, athletic, and happy Christian. I ought to enjoy the open vision of Christ as my teaching Prophet, my atoning Priest, and my conquering King. Surely I ought to be strengthened with all might in the inner man—to be filled with the Spirit, and to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

How many of all the members of Christian Churches are thus seeking the things that are above, and living in the purer atmosphere of a constant fellowship with Jesus? Too many, we fear, are content with the very least and lowest form of piety. They are barely alive. Their names are on the Church register, but they make but few entries in that "record on high," which contains the "well done's" of good and faithful servants. Their spiritual pulse is feeble; their appetite for the bread of life is poor; their joys are meagre; their assurance has dwindled down to about this—"Well, I hope that I am a Christian, for I think I was converted several years ago." This is about like referring to the list of "Births" in our old family Bible to prove that we are alive. Such professors have no muscle in their faith; no power in their prayers, no ring in their experiences, no inspiration in their example, no sunshine in their souls. Their barometer, like that of a steamer on the banks of Newfoundland, indicates "falling weather," and plenty of floating ice not far off. They hope that some time or other they will make the harbor of heaven after a chilly, uncomfortable voyage through the fogs. All this is better than smashing into the wreck on the lee shore of perdition, but it is no more like Paul's "log book" in the eighth chapter of Romans than the snail's pace of a canal scow is like the splendid speed of a White Star Steamer.

Such dead and alive Christians need a new resurrection. They want something more than Easter music and flowers and religious entertainment; they must have an Easter in the soul. A new baptism of the Holy Ghost would make them new beings. Gasping for breath is not living; it is not pressing toward the goal of a high calling; it is not joy in the Holy Ghost, nor is it a glorifying God in the bearing of much fruit. No little crude nonsense has been said and sung about the "higher life." But the word of God does describe such a life and it is the form of Christianity that the Apostles preached and practiced. Jonathan Edwards got a fresh installment of it when he said, "From that time I began to have a new idea of Christ and of the work of redemption." John Wesley had such a spiritual Easter when he began to realize that "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made him free from the law of sin and death." Such a higher life in the hearts of all our Church members would be a revival that would echo in heaven, and put a new face on our Christianity, and introduce a new and tremendous power for the conversion of a dead world to God. Not for one festival Sabbath would it last, but for years to come. Risen with Christ, the Church would put on the beautiful array of Holiness. As in Jerusalem on that memorable Lord's day men would come out of their grave and be seen walking about the city. Why shall not every one of us seek this new quickening? It would be a fresh and unanswerable manifestation of Christ to all around us; no infidel could deny or deride if he actually saw "Christ living in us." The risen Christ would appear in a risen Church.—Sel.

The removal and re-interment of Mrs. Ann Wilkins' remains was consummated last week. The grave was made on Long Island Memorial services were held in Bediort-Street Methodist Episcopal church, New York.

What's the Trouble?

BY REV JOHN D. C. HANNA.

Well, time moves rapidly on, and so should our story. Conference comes with all its hopes and fears, its disappointment and joy. The great iron wheel has taken another turn, and the Wilmington Conference preachers are hurrying by railroad and stage, by steamboat and sail, by land and water to their various appointments; some to old charges where numerous friends wait to welcome them home again; others, leaving happy fields of labor, to try new work, where everything seems so strange and cold, until new friendships are formed, and new ambitions for the Master's cause are aroused. Wesleyville is in commotion. Bro. Playfair is to leave on the next train, and the new pastor, Bro. Hardwork is to come tomorrow. Between seeing the old pastor's family off, and getting ready for that abomination of abominations—a large ministerial reception, the heads of the people, at least the Methodists, of this quiet town, are in a constant whirl. But now Bro. Playfair has gone and Bro. Hardwork has come. Everything seems promising, yet even the first day of this new pastorate, the trouble, like a cloud no larger than a man's hand, has appeared.

As the ladies of the Mite Society were showing Mrs. Hardwork the parsonage, she was unfortunate and uncharitable enough to remark that "Sister Playfair certainly could not have been much of a house-keeper, judging from the untidy condition in which she had left her house." Now this was most unkind because it was a slander on the preceding preacher's wife, and it was unwise because, while each lady present had a warm spot in her heart for Sister Playfair, they really intended to love the lady who had taken her place. But what a prejudice against her such an unworthy insinuation had awakened! A prejudice that in some minds, perhaps will never die. Moreover it was unjust, for no parsonage had ever been left in better condition. When, however, Bro. Hardwork's furniture, books, and other things had been moved in, the house had been torn to pieces, and everything made untidy. But the remark was specially unfortunate, because among the ladies present was Mrs. Tellemall, who had hardly gotten home before she had commenced a long letter to Mrs. Playfair making all, (and a little more) out of the remark, that a truthful person could possibly find therein. The result any lady may readily predict; a feeling of bitterness arose between these two preacher's wives, for ladies will forgive almost anything, sooner than a reflection on their housewifery.

Three months passed away, and Bro. Hardwork was beginning to feel at home. Slowly but surely he was gaining a place in the hearts of the people, and, no doubt, would soon have occupied as high a position of usefulness as his predecessor. But about this time Bro. Playfair and his wife thought it a proper season to make a visit to their dear friends at Wesleyville. It should be remembered that this preacher and his wife were the soul of honor. They would not have done a wrong thing for the world. They were perfectly kind in intention to every one, more especially their brethren of the ministry. Yet just at a time when Bro. Hardwork needed to be let alone in his work, this well-meaning couple who are awfully anxious to know how their last charge is progressing, make a visit of a week among these "dear people."

Now Bro. Hardwork has been doing faithful labor both in and out of his study, yet, since the greater part of each day must be given to pulpit preparation, he has succeeded in making but one pastoral round. As might be expected, this visit was more or less formal, for he was a perfect stranger to all, and, of course, could not be as free in manner or word, as he would be at the close of

a three years' pastorate. Bro. Playfair, however, is having a holiday, and moreover is perfectly at home with everybody. He and his wife are the guests of the wealthiest and most influential Methodist in Wesleyville, a man, by the way, whose friendship the present pastor with only scant success has been cultivating, that through him he may advance God's cause. Bro. Playfair considers it his duty to visit everybody; indeed, he takes with but small courtesy to his successor, a sort of spiritual and social supervision of the town. Of course, this is pleasant to the people. "How nice Bro. Playfair is, how social! You know we wouldn't say a word against our present pastor, but why can't he be as free, and make one feel as easy in his presence"—forgetting all the time that if their new pastor, a perfect stranger, were to act with the same freedom as Bro. Playfair, an old friend, they would have serious thoughts of getting him behind high walls and iron bars, and into a strait-jacket. Sister Playfair, during her visit, makes herself exceedingly pleasant and helpful to all whom she meets, and often evokes the remark that such another nice preacher's wife never existed as she. Thus is the present pastor's wife placed at a painful disadvantage, for laboring under an immense burden of home duties, she cannot, if she would, give the time to this work that Sister Playfair can, and besides she has not the talent for it, if she should attempt it.

Well, the visit is ended, and when Bro. and Sister Playfair have returned to their home, where they ought to have been all the time, everybody feels, though they don't know why, that the atmosphere is not as clear as it was, and that something is wrong. Bro. Hardwork and wife have not even mentioned their thoughts to each other, but both feel as if somehow they had been badly treated. A few months pass by, and the Playfairs make another visit, during which about the same scenes are enacted as before. But the breach is perceptibly widened. This time they do not even make a formal call at the parsonage, but from their actions it might easily be imagined that they had been the ones appointed to the charge at the last Conference. A few criticisms on Bro. Hardwork's labor, are not answered by Bro. Playfair in that manly manner in which one Methodist preacher should ever uphold another's work and character, but expressions of regret, of surprise, and, it may be, even of faultfinding, he allows to escape his lips.

At one place especially, Bro. Hardwork had been remiss. An old gentleman, a venerable member of the church, was sick when he came to the charge. The new pastor was most attentive to him during his sickness, visiting him though it was a long walk, several times each week. But when the old man died and was buried, through a pressure of duties, Bro. Hardwork had failed to visit the widow to condole with her in this time of needed consolation. This pained the lady greatly. So when Bro. Playfair came, making his usual pastoral visits in his brother's charge, this lady poured her complaints against her pastor into his ears. How easily he might have put in a word of excuse! What an opportunity to show that magnanimity supposed to be characteristic of the Christian gentleman! But no. In this case he acts, as I conceive, in a manner nothing less than dishonorable; for he not only enters into the spirit of condemnation, but informs the widow that he cannot see how any minister of God could act in so unfeeling a manner. When Bro. Hardwork does finally visit the sister, the whole conversation is rehearsed to him, and naturally he begins to feel indignant at such treatment.

Bro. Playfair and wife, among many excellent qualities not unfolded here, have one that in our itinerant work is to be regretted. Having made a friend in any charge they serve, they intend

never to let go their hold upon him. So, as they cannot make visits enough to Wesleyville to maintain the first place in their friends' affection, they supplement their visiting by incessant letter writing. Bro. Playfair writes quite often to all his best friends, the most prominent men in the church, and his wife has been heard to boast of writing 75 letters in one month to various families in the town.

It is to be regretted, but, perhaps, you may think it excusable, that Bro. Hardwork and wife, about this time, display a characteristic not consciously possessed by them before. They have heard so much of Bro. Playfair, he has been so often represented to them as a model in all respects, the housekeeping of Sister Playfair has been so frequently commended, while Sister Hardwork has fairly hungered for a word of praise, that that green-eyed monster, Jealousy, is beginning to bestir himself in their breasts, and all the thoughtless things that the Playfairs have done and said, are being magnified into acts of maliciousness. But when Mrs. Songtongue informs Mrs. Hardwork that they'll never have another preacher's wife like Sister Playfair, and "there's a great difference between what the parsonage is now, and what it was in the last pastorate," and when Bro. Criticus lets Bro. Hardwork know that "his preaching ain't like Bro. Playfair's; 'tain't got the power you know. Why Bro. Playfair used to make us cry every time he preached," the discouraged pastor and wife were ready to wish they had never heard of Wesleyville, and to bring charges of conduct unbecoming a Christian and a gentleman against Bro. Playfair.

But more unpleasant consequences soon resulted. The private heart-burnings soon crystalized into public sentiment of condemnation. Two parties were formed in the church. The friends of the old pastor accused Bro. Hardwork of jealousy and a lack of courtesy, while Bro. Hardwork's friends retaliated by charging Bro. Playfair with being an intermeddler in affairs with which he had no proper concern. Thus in a church previously harmonious, were created two contending factions doing the most un-Christianlike things in their attempts to show condemnation of each other. The world, the meanwhile, smiled and remained unsaved, spiritual advancement was impeded, interest in religious services decreased, and everybody was unhappy.

The members of this unfortunate church, loving God and his cause as they did, and filled with consternation at this growing trouble in their hitherto harmonious society, mourned helplessly over the widening breach, but none were more deeply distressed than were three of the old mothers in Israel who had been members of this flock from girlhood. These three Godly ladies had indeed, been a blessing to Wesleyville. At every service sweet, peaceful, time-marked faces might be seen as they sat together in the "Amen corner," their quivering voices might be heard as they joined in the hymn of praise or responded to an earnest prayer, while their moving lips and holy look told of fervent supplication for God's minister, and smiles and tears spoke of the joy the word was bringing to their own hearts. Thank God for remembrances of such woman; What preacher has not had his heart inspired and his lips made to glow, by some such grand old Christian woman, whose prayers for him have been benedictions, whose sympathy has made his duties lighter, and whose hand in blessing on his head he can feel to-day?

These three old ladies, as I said, were much troubled about the deplorable condition of things in the Wesleyville Methodist Episcopal Church, so, after many consultations and prayers they determined to do what they could toward bringing back the old-time peace and quiet to the charge.

Fearing an inability to carry their plans to success, they call to their assistance, Bro. Gray, a superannuated preacher, who resides at Wesleyville. This old patriarch had passed through life's prime in the Master's work, has experienced the decline of strength, has seen his raven locks become frosted, and now is only waiting for the summons that shall call him home. Unlike many of his own age, he has grown old gracefully. No jealousy is found in his character against younger men who have assumed the burdens laid aside by him, he never mourns for the old days, for he does not believe they were any better than these, and he rejoices that God has raised up such a band of true and strong men as are now in the forefront of the fight against sin.

Like the three old sisters referred to, Bro. Gray has also been saddened by the unfortunate condition of feeling now prevailing in the charge. He sees the difficulty growing greater every day, the breach widening, discord increasing, but knows not how to prevent the evil. One of the old ladies, however, has a plan which she believes will bring relief. The next time Bro. Playfair visits Wesleyville, he, Bro. Hardwork, and Bro. Gray are to be invited to a tea-party at the house of one of these sisters, and Bro. Gray is to represent the difficulty under which the charge is laboring, and give such advice as may have a tendency to restore the peace and harmony of other days.

TO BE CONTINUED.

We print this tender tribute of filial love, which our readers will be glad to peruse, for two reasons; first it is reassuring to devout pilgrims to learn of the triumphs of grace in a fellow disciple for nearly four-score years; and secondly, it reminds the writer, of his own blessed heritage, devotedly pious parents, his own dear mother living to a beautiful old age, but eight years less than that of brother Thompson's mother, and being similarly favored in her posterity.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23.

Dear Brother:—My dear mother died yesterday morning at 1.32 o'clock in the 92d year of her age, after having spent 76 years in the Methodist Episcopal Church. My dear father has been dead 19 years and I have no doubt but he and my two brothers ere this have greeted her in her new home. Mother and father were born in Yorkshire, England, and came to this country a few weeks after their marriage. I am the only male member of the family left to mourn the loss of our dear mother, but I have three beloved sisters who now mingle their tears with mine. Mother lived to see all of her children and nearly all of her grandchildren converted, and eternity alone will reveal how much of this good has come to us through a mother's influence and prayers. From our early years we have somehow been accustomed to look upon mother as a model Christian, and all along the way the model has been growing brighter and brighter and becoming more and more conspicuous in our eyes.

After receiving the despatch informing me of her illness, I hastened by the first train of cars to see her, but before my arrival her spirit had taken its flight to its heavenly home. Mrs. Lane and another sister were by her side when the chariot came for her. Her faith was strong, her sky was clear, and she talked of her departure as the most familiar events of the day.

I may be a little superstitious as to revelations made to dying saints when about leaving earth, but it does seem to me that sometime the curtain is lifted up, and they are permitted to get a glimpse of their heavenly home—before mother departed, she seemed so absorbed as not to be noticing things around her, when she raised both hands and exclaimed with apparent surprise, "There is nothing like it." She was resigned, and yet anxious to go to her heavenly home. When sister said, "Mother, you don't want to leave us?" with tenderness and with a mother's affection she said, "Yes, I want to go."

When I was home a few weeks ago, I was making my arrangements for my summer vacation, she interrupted me, saying, "Do not be confident about your plans, for I think I shall go home this summer, and you will have to be here;" but somehow I could not think that this would be so, and notwithstanding her caution, her death is a great surprise, and it seems almost impossible to realize that she has gone, but it is so, and I will try and meet her in Heaven.—*Christian Standard.*

Camp Meetings.

Table with columns for location, date, and duration. Includes entries for Chester Heights, Federalsburg, Camden Union, Brandywine Summit, Woodlawn, Cecil Co., Md., and Deal's Island.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

Table with columns for location, date, and duration. Includes entries for WILMINGTON DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER and EASTON DISTRICT—JOHN FRANCE, P. E.

Table with columns for location, date, and duration. Includes entries for DOVER DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER and SALISBURY DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.

Table with columns for location, date, and duration. Includes entries for SALISBURY DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER (continued).

Table with columns for location, date, and duration. Includes entries for SALISBURY DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER (continued).

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

The Sunday School.

Jesus the Good Shepherd.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1886. John 10: 1-13.

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

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

GOLDEN TEXT. "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep" (John 10: 11).

I. THE ALLEGORY OF THE SHEEPFOLD (1-6).

1. Ferily, verily I say unto you—a formula never used by our Lord to open a new discourse, but rather to conclude one or enforce some truth; hence this chapter is closely connected with the preceding. Entereth not by the door, etc.—The sheepfold is an enclosed area, into which the various flocks are driven at night by the shepherds, and committed to the care of the "porter," or undershepherd, for protection from robbers and beasts of prey. "It has a 'door'—an appropriate place of entrance and egress. The walls are not high, and evil-minded persons may scale them; but, by this act of climbing over, their real character as intruders, who have no right to the premises, is revealed. To apply the figure, the "fold" is the visible church of God, both before and after Christ. Within its walls "the flock," the community of believers, find safety and protection. Christ is the "door" (in the first ten verses), the way into the church, alike for the shepherd and the sheep. The entering in is by faith and obedience. Only they who thus enter in are entitled to the privileges and protection of the fold. The sheepfold—R. V., "the fold of the sheep." (Climbth up—forcing an entrance from selfish motives. A thief and a robber—whose purpose is to harass, or fleece, or butcher, but not to feed the sheep. Jesus here intimates to the Jewish rulers that they have no right in the fold, and no rightful authority over the flock. They have not entered by the door, and have received no commission from Him to execute the office of a shepherd. He brands them, therefore, as thieves and robbers.

2. He that entereth . . . the shepherd—not a robber, but a shepherd. The term is generic and refers to all faithful pastors. They show themselves such in entering by the door. Of the sheep—not the mingled multitude of good and bad, but the real sheep—the faithful, who are what all in the fold should be (Alford).

3. To him the porter.—Various interpretations of "the porter": The Holy Spirit (Lange, Stier, Alford); Christ (Cyril, Augustine); Moses (Chrysostom); John the Baptist (Godet); the licensing power of the church when moved by the Holy Ghost (Whedon). Meyer, Lucke, DeWette think that the porter need not be explained—that he is thrown in, to fill up the picture. Sheep hear his voice.—The shepherd's voice is recognized by the sheep, and his call obeyed. In like manner the invitations of the true pastor, whose loving care and fidelity have stood the test, are listened to and heeded by the flock over which he ministers. Calleth his own sheep by name—peculiarly his, and endeared to him by their docility and helplessness. There were several flocks folded at once; but each sheep recognized his own shepherd's call. Leadeth them out—into rich pasture lands of revelation, and by the water of the river of life. For a perfect commentary on this verse and the next, see Psalm 23, and Isaiah 40: 11.

4. And when he putteth forth his own sheep—R. V., "when he hath put forth all his own." The sheep are timid at first, and linger behind, reluctant to leave enclosure. A gentle force must be used to drive them forth. Lange and Godet interpret these words as a prophecy of the approaching thrusting forth of Christ's followers from the Jewish fold. Says the latter: "The moment is come for Him to draw forth His own flock from the precincts of the doomed theocracy." Goeth before them, etc.—to lead, not to drive them; to guide them to the best pastures, and guard them from danger and inspire them with confidence. The sheep follow their leader, submissively relying on his wisdom and protection, and quick to hear and heed his call—a suggestive type of the reciprocal relations between a Christian flock and its approved pastor.

5. A stranger will they not follow . . . nor from him, etc.—Dr. Thomson ("Land and Book," I, 391) vouches for the literal truth of this description: "If a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm, and if it is repeated they turn and flee." Other travelers also declare that the shepherd's voice cannot be simulated. In like manner the counterfeit tone and teaching of unfaithful and undevout ministers are quickly detected by the spiritual ears of meek and truth-loving disciples, who shun and fly from the unfamiliar "voice."

6. This parable—more strictly, an allegory,

or an apologue. The word (paroinia) here rendered "parable," is not the same as that so commonly used by the synoptists (parabole). It means anything which diverges from the common modes of speech. They understood not—failed to catch the drift and design of His teaching. So entrenched were they in their false authority, and so complacent and self-satisfied in their acknowledged position as the religious leaders of the people, that they never dream that Jesus is here describing them as thieves and robbers. See Isa. 6: 9, 10; Dan. 12: 10; Matt. 13: 13, 14.

II. CHRIST THE DOOR (7-10). 7. Then said Jesus—R. V., "Jesus therefore said." They did not understand "therefore" He divided the allegory by the way of explaining it, proclaiming Himself first "the door," and afterward "the good Shepherd. I am the door of the sheep.—The emphasis is on "I." Jesus claims Himself the portal to the church; "not a thing of wood, but a spiritual, living door, discriminating those who enter in" (Cyril). "Through Him we have access by faith to this grace wherein we stand" (Rom. 5: 2). Even the shepherds—except the one Shepherd—are sheep also (Westcott).

8. All that ever (R. V., omits "ever") came before me.—The word before is equivocal, and has given rise to a great variety of interpretations. It may refer either to place (in front of), or time (previous to), or substitution (instead of). The meaning seems to be: "All who have come, professing to be the door, before I appeared as the door," etc. Alford understands by them "the false teachers, and their father, the devil, who was the first thief to climb into God's fold, and made the first attempt to lead human nature before Christ came. The sheep did not hear them.—They may have worn the livery of shepherds, but at heart they were selfish and mercenary. The sheep did not follow them or obey their instructions. Says Ryle: "A spiritual instinct in believers enables them to distinguish between true and false teaching."

9. I am the door.—Says Erasmus: "There is no safe entrance into the church but by Me, whether you wish to be a shepherd or a sheep." By me if any man enter in—referring to him who enters the kingdom of God through Christ. Shall be saved—delivered into from external dangers, being incorporated the heavenly flock. Go in and out and find pasture—R. V., "go in and go out and shall find pasture." Says Ryle: "Go in and out" is a Hebraism, implying the habit of using a dwelling as a home, and expressing habitual and happy intercourse of a believer with Christ."

10. The thief cometh not but for to steal (R. V., "but that he may steal") etc.—The thief's motive is plunder, and he scruples not to take life in the accomplishment of his purpose. Notice that "the thief" is not openly a thief. He is in the guise of a shepherd, but he is a thief at heart. False teachers have no other purpose than to enrich themselves, whatever interest they may profess. I am come that they might (R. V., "may") have life.—Our Lord's purpose, as opposed to that of the thief, who steals, kills, destroys, is to confer life—true life, life in its highest, fullest, noblest sense, the very crown of life. Might have it abundantly—R. V., "may have it abundantly." The best commentators prefer, "may have abundance," that is, all superadded blessings for soul and for body.

III. CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD (11-13) 11. I am the Good Shepherd—the ideal, the genuine, the faithful, the true (the word kalos, here rendered "good," is almost untranslatable) Shepherd. Giveth (R. V., "layeth down") his life for the sheep—that is, is ready to meet any risk, to face death, if need be, for the sheep. This devotion shows that He is genuine as contrasted with the hireling.

12-13. He that is a hireling and not the (R. V., "a") shepherd—the mere mercenary, who cares only for his pay, and has not the shepherd's heart. Seeth (R. V., "beholdeth") the wolf coming—the willful opponents to truth, such for example as the Pharisees were at that time. Wolf catcheth (R. V., "snatcheth") them—in their unprotected condition, abandoned by the hireling. Scattereth the sheep—R. V., "scattereth them." The hireling fleeth—R. V., "he fleeth." The hireling is by nature selfish and cowardly. In the hour of danger he cares only for himself, and leaves the sheep to their own fate. I am the good shepherd—in contrast with the hireling. Know my sheep—R. V., "I know mine own," the intimate, direct personal knowledge, which comes from union with them. No minister, no matter how faithful, can "know" his flock as the Good Shepherd knows them. Am known of mine—R. V., mine own know me; the reciprocal knowledge of Christ on the part of the believer. As the father, etc.—in R. V., "even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father. These words should have been joined to the preceding verse. I lay down my life for the sheep—the expression and measure of the strength of His love to-

ward His people (Lange). 16. Other sheep I have—outside the Jewish fold; the despised Gentiles. I must bring.—Jesus was sent to all the world, to every creature. They shall be one flock, etc.—R. V., they shall become one flock, one shepherd; where there shall be neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, but all shall be one, not necessarily in creed, but in Christ.

17. Therefore doth my (R. V., the) Father love me—as though Christ's self-sacrificing had called forth a new relation of love between the Father and the Son. Because I lay down my life that I might (R. V., may) take it again.—Christ died in order to rise to a completer life, and to raise man with Him. This purpose evoked the love of the Father (see 12: 32; Phil. 2: 9, Heb. 1: 10) (Watkins).

18. No man taketh it (R. V. adds away) from me—the assertion of absolute voluntariness in the matter of His death. His murderers had their own way, because He chose to submit. He chose to leave heaven; He chose to die; He chose to rise from the embrace of death. He had power in regard to all that He did, and His acts were voluntary, sovereign, and divine. This commandment have I received (R. V., received I)—this, all this, in order to be the Shepherd Saviour, to die, and rise for His sheep; and thus to gather them all, Jews and Gentiles, into one flock, and to be their Shepherd—this, neither more nor less, was the mission which God had given Him; this the commandment which He had received from the Father; that which God had given Him to do (Edersheim).

Temperance.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Scripture.

Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.—Shakespeare.

There is no section of the country in which the advance of temperance sentiment and progress in effective prohibitory legislation, have been more encouraging than in the Southern States. The movement has been non-partisan, though under the local option status the question of prohibition is usually decided by local elections. The habit of the Prohibition party organs in the North of proclaiming the Southern movement indiscriminately as a "Prohibition" movement in the same general terms in which they speak of their third party movements, deceives many and gives rise to inquiries which call for an answer. It is only necessary that it should be borne in mind always that the Prohibition movement—under the form of local option usually—in the southern States is purely non-partisan, and nothing would endanger its success so much as third party organization and agitation. In the North, too, all prohibitory constitutional amendments and statutes, in States where they exist, are the result of non-partisan, or at least of non-third-party effort. If every reader who sees these lines will just remember this one fact, he will be able to properly interpret the term Prohibition as often employed indiscriminately, in speaking of "Prohibition" movements.

The Local Option election in Scott county, Va., last week, resulted in a victory for the Local Optionists by a majority of 268. Referring to this result the Bristol Weekly Reporter says: "This is an unexpected victory, and is certainly highly encouraging. The counties of Southwest Virginia are wheeling into the Local Option line at an alarming rate to the whisky men. The politicians of this sections favoring liquor have lighted on the wrong side of the fence to their sorrow."

The decision of Judge Garrison, in the test case made up, to try the rights of parties who had licenses to sell liquor for the ensuing year, in Lee District, before the election was held in said district, and which was carried for no license, was rendered last Friday. The only question which entered into the opinion of his Honor, was whether the licenses granted were contracts, which the commonwealth had made with them.

In his opinion, they were not contracts, but were police regulations and subject therefore, to be annulled at the pleasure of the State, through its proper authorities. Decisions of the State and United State Courts, were read which sustained fully his views. Licenses granted at this term of Court were revoked, and orders for the return of the money to those, who had obtained them.—Peninsula Enterprise.

License has been tried for more than half a century, and its fruits have been manifest in the living wretchedness and dying agonies of a million men.—Justin Edwards.

The Preachers' Relation to Revivals.

BISHOP W. F. MALLIEU, D. D.

"O Lord, revive Thy work" was the prayer of one of God's preachers under the old dispensation. But before prayer can avail—yes, before prayer is really offered—there are certain indispensable requirements. First of all, it is essential that the preacher himself should have an experience of religion that lifts him out of the ordinary rounds of formal Christian life. It is possible to make that profession at very little cost of self-denial or self-sacrifice. It is quite different many times, and under many circumstances in living daily the life of a Christian. The preacher who would see the Church built up and souls saved must be a real Christian himself. It may be that some who are standing before the people as heralds of the cross have not a present experience of pardon. Preachers are men, subject to infirmities and temptations, and they may fall into sin, they may wander from God, they may lose the joy and light of salvation out of their own hearts. Under such circumstances they can read essays, preach old sermons from old notes, or read old written sermons, but the word is not with power, and assurance, and the Holy Ghost. It is sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. There is in it no unction, no power. The whole work of the preacher is perfunctory and heartless. The preacher's heart must be right with God before he can expect to succeed in an effort to promote a revival.

It is great and blessed, indeed it is a glorious experience, to know one's sins are forgiven, for it can only be realized through saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It puts the preacher into relations with God, with the divine law, and with the work to which he is called. But no preacher should be content to rest with the simple experience of pardon. The doctrines of Methodism embrace the doctrine of full salvation, perfect love, sanctification, the higher life, all meaning the same thing, and taught explicitly in the Scriptures. This doctrine for more than a hundred years has been the distinguishing feature of Methodism in all parts of the world, it is to-day, and God grant it may never die out. It does not need that the doctrine should be defended, or the experience apologized for, or its necessity for ministerial success demonstrated. Those points are accepted almost universally by all persons in all branches of Methodism. What does need to be done is, that the preachers of our own Church, for we are considering our own needs, should seek for and attain this experience if they would become efficient in the salvation of souls. The first thing for any one to do who feels called to preach the gospel is to know that God fully saves him to the uttermost. Then when he has this experience he will begin to pray, he cannot help praying; and night and day his supplications will go up to God for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the careless and the impenitent, and the prayer of such a man will be heard. Somebody, somewhere, somehow, will be made to feel his lost and hopeless condition, and the cry will be uttered, "Men and brethren what must I do to be saved?" and just then there is

a revival; and there is no reason why it should not be continuous.

Will every preacher whose eyes rest upon these lines believe me, when I tell him that it rests absolutely with himself whether he will have this very Conference year a revival of religion? Remember this, that God is on your side; and with God to help, if the preacher's heart be right, results will follow. God's blessing on judicious, patient, consecrated, earnest, honest effort will ensure a blessed revival. The revival may now commence; God's time is now. Behold, now is the accepted time! Behold, now is the day of salvation!

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose

I will not, I will not, desert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never, forsake;" Have faith in God and His work shall revive.—Methodist Advocate.

A Lost Chord.

"Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

So runs the hymn, and some of us who seem so placed, as to be able to contribute nothing to the harmonies of earth and heaven should carefully consider if it be in reality responsible for us—even us—to set immortal echoes astir. There are so many ways of rendering life tuneful, so many opportunities that go by, lost.

"I go regularly to that place of worship," said a workingman. "When I chanced in they gave me a friendly word and a shake of the hand, and now I've settled down and feel at home."

The kind grasp and greeting cost little to the giver, but who knows where their influence may end?

"I will speake to her next time," thought a lady, shyly, as a stranger of whom she had some slight knowledge—a traveler from a far-off land—stood near her at the close of a communion service.

"Next time" the stranger was in the Father's House, and the friendly words unspoken must be mute till eternity.

"As we have opportunity," let us tread in His steps who went about doing good, whether the only service we can render be a look or tone of cordiality to a fellow-worshiper, a letter or visit to the sick, or comfort and peace brought to a fretful child, perchance one of our own household.

Our very existence here is a proof that in some way or other we have a special work to perform. In one of his sermons, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse relates that a piccolo player at a Handel rehearsal, stopped playing, thinking his instrument would not be missed amid the crash of cymbals, but Sir Michael Costa hushed the music of the whole orchestra, missing him. So God may be waiting and listening now for music which is in our heart and within our power to awaken.—The Quiver.

Learning Scripture verses is much commended but too little practiced. Good examples in that direction are helpful and stimulating. Here is one which is hard to beat. It comes from a missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Missouri. A little Roman Catholic boy stole away from home to a mission school. The first month of his attendance he committed to memory six hundred verses of Scripture. The next month he learned the whole Gospel of John so as to be able to recite it "without mistake." This Gospel contains nearly nine hundred verses, so that the boy averaged thirty verses a day. Such a feat implies an unusual memory; but every one could do better than they are doing. Suppose a year were taken for mastering John's Gospel; only two and a half verses need be learned each day, and that would not be a heavy task even for the dullest or the most busy. Who will make the trial?—Sunday School World.

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## SPECIAL OFFER

FOR THIRTY DAYS.

We will give to any one sending us ten (10) dollars, and the names of ten new subscribers, to the PENINSULA METHODIST, a Waterbury Watch.

The Peninsula Methodist to new subscribers from new until Jan. 1, 1887, only forty (40) cents.

### Bishop Hurst and Dr Wallace—A Correction.

When we find typographical inaccuracies, whose barbs wound editorial sensitiveness almost as keenly as they disturb the complacency of the contributor, in such models as the *Independent* and our own "Great Official," we note the short-comings of our own typos, with the alleviating thought, that at least we are in good company. Last week's *Advocate* reports a contribution of \$1000 to Church Extension from four parties in North Ohio Conference, and closes with, "we congratulate all the parties in the achievement," only a single letter wrong, and yet how funny it looks, and still funnier, it sounds.

In the PENINSULA METHODIST of the same week, our versatile and vivacious correspondent, whose Snow Hill letters are so entertaining and edifying, in a most appreciative notice of Rev. R. W. Todd's new book, "Methodism of the Peninsula," is made by our types to characterize Bishop Hurst's *Introduction* as "a model of comprehensiveness and levity." Of course, our intelligent readers, who knowing the staid gravity of this young Bishop, can have no difficulty in supplanting the offending initial *l* with the missing *br*, and reading what Dr. Wallace wrote, of this admirable prelude, "a model of comprehensiveness and brevity." Scarcely were there occasion however for this correction, but for the fact, that Bro. Todd's "Methodism" is so largely of the facetious and ludicrous type, that our good Bishop might very naturally be supposed to have written his introduction in a similar view.

We hope this correction will result in calling attention not only to what Bishop Hurst has so comprehensively and briefly written, but also to the book itself which is brimful of humor and life-like characterizations of Methodists in earlier days. Every family on the Peninsula, including our Methodist people, ought by all means to secure a copy.

We had intended writing a notice, but Dr. Wallace's letter in our issue of the 5th inst., seems to us to supercede any such work on our part. We shall occasionally give our readers a taste of these savory viands, so temptingly proffered by Bro. Todd, in the hope that no one will be content without partaking of the banquet itself.

Dr. Wallace says, "If it captivates

others as completely as it has charmed me by its repertory of quaint characteristics, some of the *furor* created by 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' in years gone by, will be revived all through and far beyond the bounds of the Wilmington Conference." We heartily endorse the Doctor's exhortation to Peninsula preachers and people, to "see that this extraordinary publication is allowed 'free course.' It will 'smooth the wrinkles in the brow of care.' It will amuse and edify at the round table and fire-side; and what a 'treasure-trove' it will be to your friends scattered abroad, in the great states of the growing West. Get it as soon as possible, and don't forget to make it a veritable itinerant from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." Price \$1.50 to \$2.75 according to binding. For sale at the "Methodist Book Store," 4th & Shipley Sts., Wilmington, Del.

The *Glorious Fourth* coming on Sunday this year, the Ocean Grove authorities arranged for a patriotic celebration of this National Anniversary, on Monday the 5th. A national salute was rung out by the bells at sun rise; religious meetings were held at 9 A. M., and at 10.30 A. M., a large congregation assembled in the auditorium for the more formal exercises. An admirable programme was admirably carried out. After prayer by Rev. J. B. Westcott, pastor of St. Paul's, "Hail Columbia" was finely rendered by a large and well-trained choir. Presiding Elder, I. Simmons, of Brooklyn, then read that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, in a most impressive manner; the Old Flag was then sung, followed by a recitation of "Independence Bell," by Prof. Ludlum of Philadelphia. Miss Anna VanKirk, of Ocean Grove, then sang most beautifully and with fine effect, "The Star-spangled Banner," the choir joining in the chorus. It was now 11.30, when Rev. B. M. Adams, of Brooklyn, was introduced as the orator of the day. His oration, on the Glories, Perils, and Safe-guards of the Republic was one of the best we have ever heard, and made a fine impression. At its conclusion Dr. Stokes announced that Switzerland our sister Republic beyond the seas, was this very day celebrating her five hundredth anniversary of her deliverance from the yoke of Austrian tyranny; and that it was certainly a very happy coincidence that a gentleman was present who had so recently been our National representative to that Republic. He then introduced Rev. M. J. Cramer, D. D., late U. S. Minister-resident in Berne, Switzerland, and since his return to his own country, filling a chair in Boston University. When the applause with which he was greeted had subsided, Dr. Cramer said: "About seven years ago, while representing the United States at the Court of Denmark, I was in company with representatives of various other foreign countries upon one occasion, when it was suggested that they should give the chief characteristics of their respective countries, each one in four sentences. When my turn came, I said, 'my country is a four-fold wonderland; it is wonderland of magnificent natural scenery and material resources; it is a wonderland of marvelous, though brief history; it is a wonderland of great enterprises, of great inventions and multifarious industries; and it is a wonderland of intense patriotism. A few years ago, at a national fête in Switzerland, to which I had then the honor to represent my country, I was requested to respond to a complimentary toast, which I did, by repeating these four sentences, and applying them to that republic. This greatly delighted the people. To-day Switzerland is celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of her great battle for independence at Sempach, July 9th, 1386, the Swiss government having fixed the day of celebration four days earlier, in honor of the United States, that the sister republics might hold these festivities upon the same day.' In a few thrilling

sentences, Dr. Cramer then portrayed the memorable scene when the Swiss hero, Arnold Von Winkelreid, in the crisis of the battle, when his brave little army was almost overwhelmed with the masses of Austrian troops, commending his wife and children to the care of his countrymen, cried out, 'I'll make a way for liberty,' and rushing upon the deadly spears of the Austrian host, gathered them within his outstretched arms, and made a breach through which his followers pressed to complete victory."

'Make way for Liberty,' he cried; 'Make way for Liberty,' and died.

"May the industries and prosperity of the United States and Switzerland be as firm and lasting as their grand Rocked-ribbed mountains; and their patriotism as clear and deep as their wonderful lakes."

The "Red, White and Blue" was then sung; and a rising vote of thanks tendered to all who had taken part in this most interesting celebration of our one hundred and tenth National Anniversary amid waving of handkerchiefs and hearty cheering.

Mr. Gladstone has said that the nineteenth century, whatever else it is, is in a new and peculiar sense, the century of the workingman. It is the century which has seen his position raised, his circumstances improved, new means organized for his benefit, new prospects opened for the future.—*Ec.*

And this is so, because the Church, under the great revival of the eighteenth century, has exhibited the credentials of the Prophet of Nazareth, as never before—"the poor have the gospel preached unto them." The "Salvation" unto which it is God's power, includes man's present weal, not less than his future; for it has "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Rev. E. J. Way died suddenly last Tuesday at his home in Baltimore, in the 75th year of his age.

### Letter From Ocean Grove.

The lines between Asbury Park and Ocean Grove fade into each other like dawn and day-light almost indistinguishably, though the one is under a municipal government, and the other is a pocket-borough, or some excellent Methodist brethren, lay and cleric, who, with character rights, manage affairs sacred and secular, as seemeth them best. This "paternal" government has thus far worked with as little friction as could be expected in this age, when family discipline seems to be in such imminent danger of falling into "innocuous desuetude." To the credit of the Association, it should be said that, they have maintained the character of the place, as originally designed, excluding as far as possible, every thing out of harmony with an intelligent and devout respect for the claims of our holy religion. The observance of the Lord's Day here, is perhaps more accordant with the true intent of its institution, than in any other considerable community. No rail-road trains stop at the station, no pleasure boats are allowed on the lakes, no vehicles pass the gates or none on the streets, no barter is allowed. From early morn to the hour for evening slumbers, the sounds of praise and prayer in suggestive unison with the successive services of the day, afford incentive and stimulus to earnest devotion. With the deep and broad blue sea on our eastern border, singing its perpetual anthem to the great Creator, and, in its marvelous and ever varying beauty and grandeur, leading the mind toward the Infinite, and with all these gospel privileges, it would seem as though none could come here without finding something to lift them heavenward. But here as elsewhere, the bondage and blindness of sin only yields before the power of the Divine Nazarene. Sabbath June 20, Rev. J. B. Westcott, the faithful and esteemed pastor of St. Paul's, preached in the morning in the

beautiful church, erected during his incumbency, to a large congregation. The sermon was a thoughtful, suggestive, and very striking presentation of the necessity of Christian control of the education of the youth of our land. His text was, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."

In the evening, Mr. Anthony Crostock of New York, addressed a large congregation in the same place, on his personal experiences in the work of suppressing the vices of impure literature, licentiousness, and gambling. Dr. Wallace says of him in the *Record*:

"He began about fourteen years ago on his own account to ferret out dens of vice and prosecute lawless parties for publishing obscene books. His career has been a thrilling one all the way through. He has now a powerful organization at his back, stringent laws on the statute books, and is master of the situation. The position has not been reached on flowery beds of ease. His life has been imperilled as often as was that of Paul, but God has protected and helped him wonderfully. It was to illustrate the providence of God and special answers to prayer he occupied a full hour. He is a grand speaker and made a profound impression."

Sunday morning, June 27, St. Paul's was filled to overflowing to hear Rev. Dr. Cramer, formerly U. S. minister to Switzerland, and the last year, a professor in Boston University. His personal eminence is of course embraced by his near relationship to the late distinguished head of our National Army, Mrs. Cramer being a sister of the lamented General Grant. Dr. Cramer's sermon was on the text, "That which has been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past." Eccl. 3-15.

Alluding to his peculiar feelings, as he attempted to preach for the first time, in this "unique place, this wonderful place, with its wonderful history," he announced as his theme, "the law of the conservation and correlation of forces as applied to morals." The discussion was logical and forcible, with very striking illustrations, impressing all with the solemn responsibilities of life in its bearing on eternal doctrines. "According to our thinking and our doing," we fit ourselves for heaven or hell. Though the Doctor is an admirable reader, his elaborate manuscript was a serious obstacle to popular effect.

At night we had a marked contrast in this respect, our popular correspondent, the editor of the *Ocean Grove Record*, was detailed for duty; and though the congregation was depleted, by the weariness of protracted services through the day, by a synchronous service in the tabernacle, and by the allurements of meditative promenade upon the beach, to the strains of music by a band, who essayed to give a sacred concert on the Asbury Park side, yet a goodly number assembled and greatly enjoyed Dr. Wallace's characteristic discourse on the words, "And he preached Jesus and the resurrection." We need hardly say there was no manuscript in the way, neither were there any of his audience overcome with the seductive charms of Old Morpheus. As the preacher elaborated his "three-fold arrangement," the preacher, the place, and the discourse, held the close attention of all, and when toward the close, he made a practical application of a part of Paul's discourse, by unsparingly ridiculing and denouncing the absurd vanities of personal adornment as regulated by modern fashions, there was no room to doubt he had made a hit. The tenacity and fidelity of our brother alike challenged admiration.

Col. Richard M. Hoe, the senior member of the great printing-press manufacturing firm, died in Florence, Italy, on June 7th. He was the principal inventor of the present perfecting press, the most elaborate printing machine ever made.

### General Conference of the M. E. Church South on Temperance.

*Resolved*, We congratulate the church that no change in or addition to the Discipline is necessary in order to bring our law fully abreast with the aroused and earnest Christian sentiment of our people. Our founder, Wesley, anticipated the truth on this question, which is rapidly winning universal acceptance. We need not do more than restate the position of our church, as embodied in our Discipline, respecting the drinking, manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages. The drinking of them except in cases of necessity is forbidden. Drunkenness is denominated a crime forbidden by the Word of God. No person engaged in the sale or manufacture of intoxicating liquors for the purpose of their use as beverages can be received in the church; and any person in the church who engages therein subjects himself to disciplinary rebuke and punishment. These provisions, we think, embody amply all necessary legislation on the subject.

*Resolved*, We rejoice in the widespread and unprecedented, interested both in and out of the Church, in the movement in behalf of temperance and prohibitory law. The public has awakened to the necessity both of legal and moral suasion to control the great evils fostered and stimulated by the liquor traffic. It is chiefly the function of the body to assert and to emphasize the gospel methods of dealing with these evils; not as exclusive of, but as virtually necessary to, the repressive measures adopted by the State.

*Resolved*, We recognize in the license system a sin against society. Its essential immorality can not be affected by the question whether the license be low or high.

*Resolved*, Viewing the principle of license thus, we regard the system by which receipts which operate as permits to engage in the liquor traffic are issued by the Federal authorities to persons who reside in localities where licenses are refused by the State laws as wholly wrong.

*Resolved*, That the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is opposed to the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes, and that we will continue to agitate the subject of prohibition as a great moral question in all its bearing on the life and work of the Church, and strive with all good citizens and by all proper and honorable means to banish the horrible evil from our beloved Church and country.

*Resolved*, That the time has now come when the Church, through the press and pulpit, its individual and organized agencies, should speak out in strong language and stronger action in favor of the total removal of the great evil of intemperance from our land.

Miss Easton, returning from India, started from England on the *America*, but in consequence of a broken piston, the steamer was obliged to put back.

General Fremont is next to appear in the field or authorship. His theme will be political and military history in the form of personal reminiscence. He will have considerable to say about the presidential campaigns of 1836 and 1864.

### Our Book Table.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for July is brimful of beautiful things. The first embellishment, "The Rival Belles," representing three lovely women, is a steel-engraving of art, and alone worth the price of the number. The high character of "Peterson" for giving the best original stories is more than maintained in this number. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper has a weird story, Frank Lee Benedict a charming tale. "A story of Two Kisses" is even better than its title foreshadows. Every lady ought to take "Peterson." It is perfect, as a lady's book. Now is a good time to subscribe, a new volume beginning with this number. The terms are but Two Dollars a year. Specimens are sent gratis, with full particulars, to those wishing to get up clubs. Address CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By the bye, we club "Peterson" with our paper. For \$2.50 we will send a copy of both for one year.

Conference News.

The Fourth Religiously Observed.

As the Fourth of July came this year on the Sabbath, the Sunday-school superintendents of the morning and afternoon schools of the St. Paul's M. E. church, prepared special programmes for the occasion, and the pastor united with them in a full day's service. The school programmes were well rendered, and great interest was taken by all present. Addresses were made in the morning school by Joseph Pyle and the pastor; in the afternoon by the Hon. Chas. B. Lore, Rev. Mr. Corkran, the pastor of Epworth chapel. The Declaration of Independence was read by Grant Gist. Miss Hannah Foulk read an essay on the origin of the Star Spangle Banner, which was requested to be published.

The Sunday-school session was held in the audience room, which was beautifully decorated with flags, flowers, the goddess of liberty, two stocks of arms, a ship with the flags of different nations, emblematic of our peaceful relations with all. The music led in the morning school by J. A. Cannon, and in the afternoon by Joseph Jones, in the church by Z. R. Pickels, was especially good, and contributed largely to the success of the programmes. The sermon in the morning by the pastor, from the text—"As God was with our fathers, so may he be with us," was historical, dwelling upon the hand of God in our history and the dangers threatening our perpetuity and prosperity. In the evening an address was made by Joseph Pyle, who rehearsed in a very instructive and entertaining manner, the struggles of our fathers, and the debt we owe to their memory and our God. They left us three things to contend with. Two to be destroyed, one to be controlled, slavery, rum, and the ballot. The first we have abolished, the second must be destroyed, the third must be purified, honestly counted, and righteously regulated. The day was one of special interest and religiously observed.

Children's Day was observed at the Upper church, on Talbot circuit on Sunday, June 27th, and at Chatham last Sunday, July 4th. The services at both places were very interesting. The congregations were very large, and collections good.

ST. GEORGE'S.—A correspondent writes from St. George's:—Our Children's Day, in interest and results, surpassed any previous celebration on this charge. With overflowing congregations, and a finely rendered programme, the day was all that could be desired. The work is prospering in all the departments. Crowded houses, attentive hearers, class and prayer meetings well attended, and Sunday-schools are doing a grand work. The Missionary Society here is rapidly nearing the million line. Pastor and people happy in their work, and God gives us a blessing at every service. We are looking for a blessed harvest this year.

The good people of Elkton, having voted their pastor three weeks leave of absence, made arrangements for supplying the pulpit and keeping the social services in full vigor, crowned all, by presenting him with a purse of \$42.00, to make the vacation go. Tomorrow, Rev. Vaughn Smith will preach. There is much of the revival spirit prevailing here, and high hope of a blessed work of grace in the near future.

The following from the Parsonsburg's pastor to his Presiding Elder, has the ring of work, as well as "the swing of conquest."

DEAR BRO. WILSON:—Our Children's Day is over. I am glad that I can say we had a success. We had very large congregations; the people took a very active part. The children did themselves credit. Collections, —Jerusalem, \$6.05; Zion, \$5.39; Melson's, \$4.86; total \$16.30. All our Conference collections are up and in hand, except missionary, and we have a part of that. I expect to be up in two weeks. We are working in the interest of a parsonage. Thank God we are living. Pray for us.  
Your brother,  
W. W. JOHNSON.

Children's Day was observed in the M. E. church, Lewes, Del., on June 13th. Two services were held, of which large congregations were in attendance. The church was profusely and tastefully decorated by the members of the Sunday-school. A number of fine singing canaries were suspended over the pulpit platform, and enlivened the services throughout the day. It was indeed, a Children's Day service, as all the addresses, excepting a short address by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Bridle, just before the collection was taken, were made by the children of the school. The collections exceeded any former Children's Day by about sixty per cent.

Letter from Rev. J. A. B. Wilson.

DEAR BRO THOMAS:—The first quarter closed yesterday. The indications are favorable all along the line.

The following charges have advanced on ministerial support: Tyaskin, Pocomoke circuit, Holland's Island, Smith's Island, Cape Charles City, Onancock, Accomac, Frankford, Bishopville, Selbyville, Powellville, Laurel, Bethel, Salisbury, from \$800 to \$1000; and to stay, so say the stewards; also Delmar, Riverton, Westover, and possibly at Gumboro, 17 in all. Every charge on the District, but one, has advanced in ministerial support, in the last three years; and that one was already up to a first class figure, \$1000. We have now three paying first class support, Fairmount, Salisbury and Laurel, the last having gone up to \$1200. It feels very nice to have one \$1200 charge on the district. Now, when the news comes of their building a decent parsonage in Laurel, and not on B. H. Alley—! But we did not hear of it this week; hope to, next, however. Move up once more brother Fooks, while the fever is in your blood.

Collections for Bible, Tract, Sunday-school Union, Domestic Missions, and General Conference expenses are all up to standard, in nearly all the charges.

Children's Day returns as follows:—Tanger and Riverton, \$5 each; Cape Charles City, \$6; Roxanna, \$8; Frankford, Fruitland and Quantico, each \$10; Stockton, \$11; Princess Anne, \$14; Annessex, Asbury and Sharptown, each \$15; parsonsburg, \$16; Somerset, and Westover, each \$20; Selbyville, \$22; Bishopville, Deal's Island, Delmar, Laurel, Tyaskin, each \$25; Snow Hill, \$26; Girdle-tree, \$31; Salisbury, \$40; Crisfield, \$45; Fairmount, \$61; twenty-five charges, \$530, nett; and sixteen, yet to report, from which I doubt not we shall have good reports.

Delmar, Riverton and Sharptown paid up every dollar due for the quarter, and Onancock not only advanced on pastoral support, but paid up in full for the quarter, and \$12.50 beyond. They have the best system on the district. The whole charge is districted. Every district is in charge of a steward, or collector. Every member and friend is called upon to know what he will pay quarterly, and is called upon for it quarterly; that is all there is of it; but they work the system. May they not weary in well-doing.

Kingston and Westover churches on Westover charge, paid up for the quarter, their share also. Christ church, Fairmount, had enough in hand to square accounts, also. Here also, they have an excellent plan, and it is worked to date, for this year.

Rev. A. D. Davis is putting in grand work for the cause. Encourage and help him everybody.

Royal work is being done, the outlook was never better for a great work of God, and for God, than now. The association was a time of religious power.

Will brethren whose charges have been omitted from honorable mention, send the facts. I am anxious to get all the returns for Children's Day.

Princess Anne, Md., June 27th, 1886.

Letter from Ingleside, Md.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—Having so many appointments, we began our Children's Day services on June 6th, one week in advance at Roseville. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and mottoes. The entire programme prepared by Rev. D. P. Kidder, was carried out, and no one seemed to tire. The children in the clock exercise, each had a clock pointing to the hours. It was one of the best Children's Day services ever held in this church. Collections \$7.33.

On the morning of June 13th, Children's Day services were held in old Pippin's church. While they had no mottoes on the walls, flowers were in abundance and tastefully arranged by the lady members. The exercises were interesting, church filled, and when the time arrived for the collection, two little boys with baskets, containing flowers, went through the congregation and brought back \$2.79.

On the afternoon of June 20th, Children's Day was observed at Bridgetown. The church here was whitewashed outside and in, and the shutters painted green, which made it look new. The decorations and mottoes were attractive. At one end of the altar was a circle in green wreath to represent the face of a clock, on which was the word "Time," and through which the children spoke in the clock exercise. At the other end of the altar was another circle entirely covered, on which was the word "eternity." Good music by the choir and interesting speeches by the little ones. Collection \$4.15.

On the afternoon of June 27th, Busicks church followed in the line and was crowded, many unable to obtain admission. The church was very pretty. At each end of the platform was an upright, on one of which was the word "Christian" and on the other

"Education." When the time arrived to open, while the choir was singing "Bringing in the Sheaves," the superintendent and children marched up the main aisle singing the chorus, each child holding a bunch of wheat. Rev. J. R. Dill and Rev. Wm. Welch made short addresses. Collection \$4.32.

Ingleside selected our glorious Fourth for the observance of the Children's service, and it was held in the evening beginning at 8 o'clock. It was the first Children's Day service ever held in the church, and the last one for this year on this circuit. A stage was erected and artistically decorated with evergreens and flowers, showing great skill and taste on the part of those who participated. In the centre of the platform was a beautifully arched doorway, over which was the motto in gilt letters on a green background, "Jesus says, I am the door," through which the fairylike forms of the little ones came to speak and sing. On the walls were five beautiful and appropriate mottoes arranged in an artistic manner. Recitations were made by the little ones and Rev. Mr. Nevett of the M. E. church south, made a good address on the "Open door." He was followed by the pastor, who made a few remarks, bearing on the subject of the service, and the collection was then taken, resulting in \$7.07. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The exercises closed by the choir singing "One day nearer home," and the doxology; dismissed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Nevett. Total collections on the circuit \$25.36.

W. W. SHARP.

Letter From Rock Hall.

DEAR BROTHER THOMAS:—Children's Day services were held at Rock Hall on the 13th of June, in the morning and afternoon, and at Piney Neck in the evening. June 20th was also observed as Children's Day at Piney Neck, the afternoon and evening being devoted to the service. The programme edited by Dr. Kidder, with many additional selections of music by the Rock Hall choir, some of which were from Sam Jones' Great Awakening, were used. A number of interesting addresses by officers of the schools were interspersed, also exercises by the smaller children. The floral decorations at both churches were abundant, and tastefully arranged. Packed churches, and a large overflow at each session attested the interest on the part of the people. The collection, one of the most vital features, was good. At Rock Hall, \$13.25; at Piney Neck, \$8.15, making a total of \$21.40. While this is the best collection ever raised here for the Children's Fund, there has perhaps, never been a time when the financial pressure in the community was greater. Most of our people being dependent upon resources, now almost entirely closed up. Yet, notwithstanding this, the spirit of liberality is on the increase, and all our collections, as far as taken, are in advance. The hand of God is with us, and the golden flush of a better day is on the horizon. We are looking and laboring for a large ingathering of souls.

On the glorious Fourth, appropriate services were held in Rock Hall church. The discourse was based on Psalm 144: 15; and 117: 1.

We are blessed with a good board of stewards, who are seeking to bring order out of confusion, by faithfully operating an improved financial plan, which they adopted at the close of the last Conference year. As a result of the new plan, the best financial report ever made by the charge at the first quarterly conference, was made this year. The board are firm and earnest in their adherence to the plan, and most of the membership, and those who are not members, are cheerfully falling into line. In regard to my relation to the charge, I can say, "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places."

The pastor's Bible class which numbers thirty members, most of whom are heads of families, and some of them wearing the venerable badge of gray hairs, is a reputation of the theory that the Sunday-school is only for the young.

Yours in the truth,  
N. McQUAY.

PERSONAL.

The venerable ex-President of Princeton College, Rev. Dr. John McLean, attended the recent Alumni Re-union. He was too feeble to speak, but his written address was read by a friend.

The Rev. J. E. Smith, D. D., formerly pastor of Grace Memorial, this city, now pastor of Plymouth Methodist Episcopal church, Buffalo, N. Y., has been honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws by the State University of West Virginia.

Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, Md., and Archbishop Taschereau of Canada, have received from Rome official announcements of their appointments as cardinals.

Thomas M. Coleman, Sr., formerly city editor of the *Public Ledger*, has returned to Philadelphia from Buffalo, N. Y. He is still suffering from nervous prostration, which followed the attack of acute pneumonia, that laid him up at Buffalo.

Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes was the honored guest of the English Cambridge University last week, and a recipient of an honorary degree. The laudatory speech in Latin contained many translated passages from his works.

The late Dr. J. Dorman Steele, of Elmira, N. Y., willed \$8,000 to the First Methodist Episcopal church of that city. He also bequeathed \$40,000 to found the "Steele Professorship of Theistic Science" in Syracuse University, and mortgages and lands to the amount of \$50,000 or more, to maintain the chair. The legacy to the University, we understand, is subject to annuities during the life of the members of his family, but is designed to be sufficient to support a professorship even while the annuities are in force. Dr. Steele was, during his life, an earnest friend of the University, of which he was a trustee at the time of his death, and by his munificent bequest has left a monument of his devotion to the cause of Christian education, and, as it were, perpetuated his effective educational work through the generations to come.

At the monthly meeting of the Maryland Historical Society, in Baltimore, Mr. Edward M. Allen, of Harford county, read a paper entitled "Lafayette's Second Expedition to Virginia in 1781." He gave a sketch of the period, and mentioned \$400 as the price of a pair of boots, and \$100 as the price of a handkerchief. Lafayette, left Elkton for the South on April 11, 1781, and spent the first night at Joe Haines', at Rising Sun. The next day he crossed the Susquehanna at Bald Friar's, and stopped at Colonel Rigby's. The scow carrying Lafayette sunk when near the Harford shore, and Aquilla Deavor took Lafayette in his arms. Mr. William J. Burton presented the society with a carved boundary stone that served to mark the line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. It is almost four feet high, over a foot square, carved and marked. It was moved from its original site on the building of a railroad.

Harry M. Davis, son of Col. I. D. Davis, of Elkton, took the Ferris prize for proficiency in Chemistry at the commencement of Delaware College.

Rev. J. P. Otis, pastor of Elkton, Md., will spend his vacation with his father, at Clifton Station, Fairfax Co., Va.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to be an uncommonly good letter writer. She learned or inherited this art from her mother, to whom she has been a most devoted daughter.

The death of Lionel Tenyson, son of the British poet laureate, is deeply mourned in England, for his own as well as his father's sake. He was himself a rare scholar and a writer of strong prose. He caught the jungle fever while visiting in India, and died on the journey home.

The Whirrig of Time.

The wise methods of Mr. John Wesley and his sons in the gospel, and their apostolic zeal have been the butt of ridicule of witty sinners, and "baptized infidels" for a century. Prelates and priests in the pulpit and by pen, have jeered the men of God who have sought to spread scriptural holiness over these lands. The stirring songs, the exhortations, the instruction of penitents, all have been caricatured and ridiculed. The refined sermonizer and the political blackguard have joined in jests at these services.

Years go by. The leaven of Methodism leavened the lump. Millions have been gathered in the meeting-houses. The unclean champions of the hustings have become hypocrites and flatterers of the saddle-bag heroes, and the parsons now patronize their "irregular" brethren that they may win some proselytes.

And now the fashionable, high and dry Episcopal churches of New York have imported from the land of Wesley, genuine revivalists of the primitive Methodist type, and daily crowds witness an old-time protracted meeting in ritualistic Trinity. We give in this paper an account of these doings. They imitate the noisy and garish advertisement of the "Salvation Army," by having flaming bills carried on the back and

front of walking showmen on the street.

We are expecting Bishop Whittle to appoint a camp meeting next year, with Bro. Minnegerode "as preacher in charge."

Since the ritualists of New York are singing the Sankey hymns, and rector exhorting without robes, we begin to doubt but the Low Church of Virginia may object to our "Third Order Heresy," and set up as Primitive Methodists to our utter undoing.—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.

George W. Cable, the author, in reference to the attitude of the South toward negro education, says; "The South does not exist in the desires of the South ern people, I, as a Louisianian, have as much interest in Vermont as in South Carolina. I believe the South has made as much progress in the understanding of the negro as a citizen in the twenty years since the war as the North did in the twenty years before the war. The safety of society lies in the elevation of the masses. The South lacked the belief in this idea in days of slavery. There are men among you, your neighbors around the corner, here in New York today, who lack this idea and who actually cherish the opinion that safety lies in the subjugation of the masses. The negro must be educated as the South is reconstructed. This work, abandoned by the Government, has been handed over to the Christian Church in America."

It is sad to see one who has attained to the years of manhood but still retains the mind of the child; whose intellect has remained passive while the body grew. How many there are who have passed sufficient years since they first entered the service of God, if properly used to have made them strong men in Christ, but who are yet as babes in His service. Their conceptions of the divine life are no broader, their grasp of the promises is no stronger, their experience of the riches of Christianity is no deeper, than when they first began to tread the path of the righteous. When they ought to be feeding upon the strong meat of the Word, they are subsisting upon milk, and that in us diluted a state as they possibly can obtain it. When they ought to be planning great things for the cause of the Redeemer, they can scarcely decide to take a step in advance. Poor, puny babes, the objects of pity, rather than of admiration and trust.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

The question whether a good sermon ought to be preached to a few on a rainy night has two sides to it. Some of the best sermons we have ever heard were preached to a few on bad nights, and some of the best social prayer-meetings we have ever attended were substitutes for the sermon, which the preacher was kindly and thoughtfully asked to reserve for a fuller house. There is something about a stormy, bad night that makes the church and prayer-meeting cheerier. The temporary sacrifice of comfort, the contrast between the storm and fireside, the cheery faces and warm hearts, always cheerier under such circumstances, make a meeting, religious or social, pleasant on a stormy night than any other.—*Interior*.

Marriages.

MURPHY—BRADLEY.—On June 30th, 1886, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. C. Jones, George W. Murphy and Josephine Bradley.

JARRETT—FRIEDEL.—On July 4th, 1886, at the residence of the bride's father, Jacob Friedel, Felton, Del., by the Rev. V. S. Collins, assisted by the Rev. J. H. Caldwell, D. D., William H. Jarrott, of Pennsylvania, to Sarah Friedel, of Delaware.

CAMPERSON—COLE.—On July 4th, 1886, at the Mt. Salem Parsonage, by Rev. R. C. Jones, Chas. N. Camperson and Clara Cole.

A Musical History. THIRD PAPER.

The era for instrumental music in our churches had scarcely commenced. It may have been that in many of the city churches instrument had been introduced; and here and there in the larger towns. But in many of these cases it was not without a protest from a few persons who considered them out of place in the house of God. And even to the date of this writing all opposition has not ceased. The objection to choirs was intensified by the presence of the instrument. The writer remembers when pastor in Philadelphia, that a good brother who objected to instrumental music in the church; to show his opposition in apprehension that it might be introduced into the church to which he belonged, left and joined another church where a pipe organ was in full blast. This was rather a spunky way to show his opposition to the measure. It at once intimated at least his inconsistency, and the evil animus that for the most part underlay the prejudice. The good people of our congregation at St. Michaels took the questioning of instrumental music under consideration whether the opposition to the new order was numerically strong and outspoken, I am not informed. It is my impression however, that those who favored it had no apprehension of serious opposition, and supposed, I presume as in most instances of the kind, that the charm of music would subdue, at least modify all antagonism. But the sequel proves, it was otherwise. After the organ or melodian had been put in its place in the church—by night some modern vandals came, invaded the house of God, the instrument was rudely taken perhaps parts of it broken and then cast into a cove of Miles river! How many were engaged in this nefarious work and who they were, has remained for the most part unknown, or a matter of unuttered suspicion. The true friends of church were highly incensed; and the matter was brought to the attention of the grand jury of the county, and I believe over twenty individuals summoned before it, but nothing could be found to justify indictment. I did hear that the testimony of one was to the effect, "I know nothing about the matter and if I did I would not testify." And so the case went by default: but the sacrilegious act remains locked up in the consciences of the guilty perpetrators. May divine justice haunt them, and the mercy of God forgive them.

B. F. PRICE.

More of the Presiding Elder. There is danger of raising the standard of the model presiding elder so high that moral man cannot attain unto it; and yet a few traits, additional to the many already mentioned, should be noted

1. He should have a fair degree of education: not that he should be a college man or a book worm, but he should be able to use his mother tongue correctly, and be a man of general information and intelligence. The pastor may be deficient in the use of correct language, but his presiding elder must not be.

2. He must be a man of culture. Not every educated man is a cultivated man. But the presiding elder should be cultivated in manners, and chaste in language. We always wish to find in this official a model in true refinement.

3. He must carry a fair degree of dignity, not a kind that would impress the pastor with a sense of his superiority, but an easy, unostentatious dignity that will secure the respect of pastors and churches, and make them feel proud of him. If he is not dignified, the office will suffer.

4. The model presiding elder must be far above the very reprehensible practice, sometimes indulged in, self-candidating. The minister who will stoop to work up his own case, candidate in his own interest, and even vote for himself, using every method, and approving of the rest, to secure the office, should be left every time. By all means, let this office seek the man. And yet how often one's checks are made to burn by the clearest proofs of this self-seeking on the part of aspirants, by methods, that are reprehensible in the highest degree! Such men will do the office no credit.

ITINERANT. June 23, 1886.

Obituaries.

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

William H. Rice was born on Corsica Creek, Queen Anne's Co., Md., Oct. 1831, and died at Belle View in the same County, March 26th, 1885. He was of Methodist parentage, and became a member of the M. E. Church while quite a youth. Nov. 25th, 1856, he was married to Miss Frances Amanda Bryan, of the same County, by whom he had twelve children, ten of whom survive him. His death came quite unexpectedly to himself and family, but it found him prepared for the conflict. He was an official member of the church; was deeply interested in its welfare, and was a constant worshipper at its shrine. His presence was always a benediction to his pastor; he was truly the minister's friend. He was devoted to his family, and governed them by the laws of love. Several of them are members of the church. May God bless them all, and may the mantle of the father fall upon the children. Bro. Rice was an estimable citizen and won the admiration of all who know him. He was unflinching in his fidelity both to church and state. He could not be made to advocate any principle that he thought was wrong. The church has met with a great loss in his death, as well as his family and friends. His aged father still survives. May God bless him in this sorrow, and may it be an incentive to him and to all the family and friends to prepare to meet him where death will forever be a stranger, and parting unknown.

JOHN W. POOLE.

White clothes may be whitened in washing by boiling a teaspoonful of turpentine with them.

Cholera ramps Colic all Summer Complaints and all Bowel Troubles are cured by Perry Davis' Pain Killer All druggists sell it.

Dickinson College. CARLISLE, Pa.

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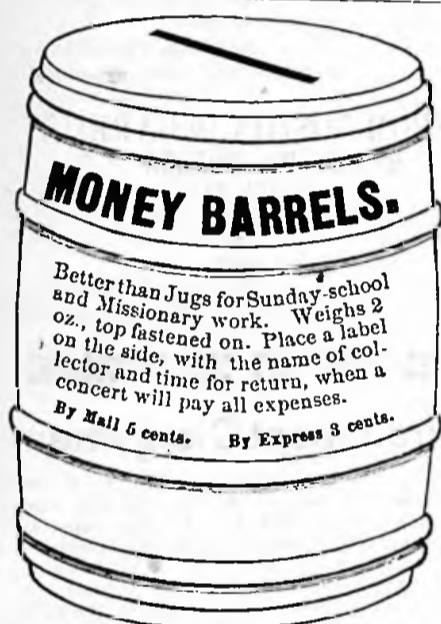
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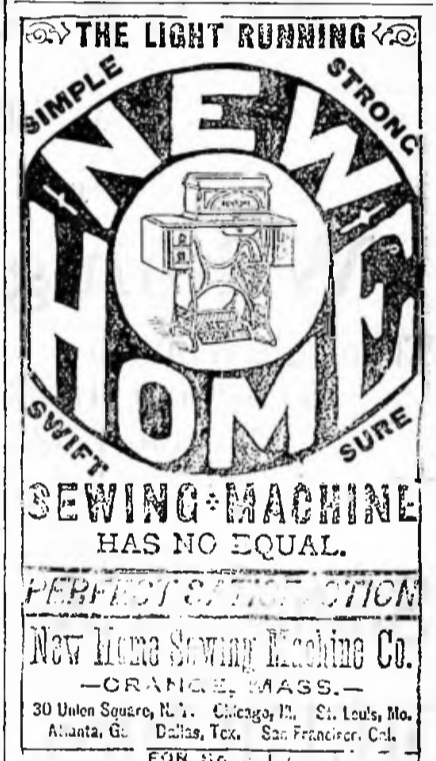
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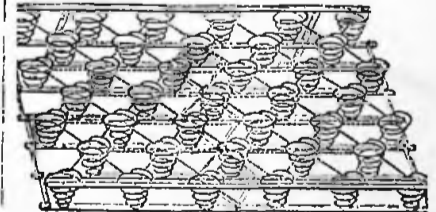
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