

# Peninsula Methodist.

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## THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears;  
There's never a life so happy  
But has had its time of tears;  
Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing  
With roses in every plot;  
There's never a heart so hardened  
But it has one tender spot;  
We have only to prune the border  
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant  
But has bitter with the sweet;  
There's never a path so rugged  
That bears not the print of feet;  
And we have a Helper promised  
For the trials we may meet.

There is never a sun that rises  
But we know 'twill set at night;  
The tints that gleam in the morning  
At even are just as bright;  
And the hour that is the sweetest  
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's lappy  
But the waking makes us sad;  
There's never a dream of sorrow  
But the waking makes us glad.  
We shall look, some day, with wonder  
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow  
But the entrance is made straight;  
There's always a Guide to point us  
To the "little wicket gate."  
And the angels will be nearer  
To the soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty  
But will some day bow and kneel;  
There's never a heart so wounded  
That the Saviour cannot heal;  
There is many a lowly forehead  
That is bearing the hidden seal.

—Boston Transcript.

## Letter from Bishop Taylor.

Now we go up the Kroo coast in an open boat—Bro. Pratt, Amanda, Tom Nimly, Laco, "Thomas," (a bush boy with Amanda,) and myself. First night becalmed in sight of Cape Palmas. Our six boys pulled against a head sea, and could make but little progress. To give some variety to the scene, about midnight we had a thunder storm, and got thoroughly wet. Some of them wrapped up, and went to sleep, but I sat upright in my wet clothing and dried them with the heat of my body; and before day we get a good breeze that took us early to Garaway, 20 miles N. W. from Cape Palmas. Tuesday.—Had palaver, but many towns are represented here, and we have to wait the arrival of the kings and chiefs. Went this P. M. and explored mission site. Wednesday P. M. we had the big palaver; some big talk, but they all concurred. They asked me where I wanted to locate the mission? I said, "On and beyond the big hill east of us." They all broke out in a great laugh, that I had explored and selected the best place, and the place they had decided to offer me.

We left Garaway at midnight of Wednesday to get the land breeze, and reached Grandess about noon. This is the biggest town we have seen on this coast. Tom Nimly, a tall fine looking Kroo man, visited us in Cape Palmas, and invited us to be his guests while at Grandess. He met us and escorted us to his place, a small house on pillars about three ft. up, of corrugated iron, and veranda in front. The women and children surrounded the place with an unceasing gabble until late at night. They never tired of seeing us and shaking hands with us when they could get near enough, and bowing and smiling recognitions when at a distance. We could not get through with the business till Saturday P. M. Our selection of a site is a high ridge, about a quarter of a mile back from the big town, but two

other towns are in sight. The land there has been worked so long that it has not the strength we have found in every preceding place, but it will yield, under proper treatment, sufficient for our needs.

Saturday P. M. we went aboard our surf boat, hoping to get on to Sass Town before night, but we had a dead calm until about 9 P. M., and then a thunder storm with wind so strong that we did not dare to venture out to sea till it abated. We were wet enough, and our men had to row most of the latter half of the night as the wind was light and against us, but we reached Sass Town about 10 A. M. We were now in the largest native town on this coast, and found the head king to be a young man and dressed in English costume, but not able to speak our language. We had preaching service about 11 A. M. Sako interpreted for us and did well. Amanda preached at 5 P. M. Both large and attentive audiences. Monday, 9 A. M., we had our first palaver, except at the meeting yesterday morning when I explained the object of our coming. We had a large council and plenty of big talk, which finally broke up in a roar of confusion, nearly all talking at once, so we retired and went to breakfast. About noon we met again. Our Tom Nimly made the big speech of the occasion.

We went at once with King Reah and a lot of others to find the best site, and selected a high ridge, nearly half a mile north of the big town, and much nearer the big cove for landing than is the big town; a site, too, that commands a sea coast view of many miles. By 3 P. M. we were out at sea in our little boat, and landed at Niffo.

Chief Tapwa, to whom I preached often in Monrovia, over two years ago, met us and conducted us to his house, and with him was our brother, Rev. J. R. Ellery, late a seaman's preacher at Palermo, in Sicily, whom I had accepted before I left Liverpool in January. He arrived in Niffo yesterday morning, and preached to the native people three times. Our Bro. Pango, whom with his wife I baptized in Monrovia two years ago; interpreted for him. We had meeting that night, and had great interest. Tuesday we had the big palaver. The king before it was over presented us with a fine female goat to kill for our use while there. I accepted the goat, and said, "I present her to the mission of Niffo." As we came down the coast a fortnight later, Bro. Ellery told me she had two kids, so that we have three mission goats there already.

Very early Wednesday morning we were off, and in the afternoon reached Nanna Kroo. What with the detention of getting chiefs in from the interior towns, and continued heavy rains, we did not get off till Saturday noon, and reached our next field, Settra Kroo, before dark. One of our signers at Nanna Kroo is king Jim, the big king of all this region, yet the youngest king we have met. Dr. Diffy, the town master, is our head farmer. I sent B. J. Turner to Settra Kroo last year with articles of agreement, to establish a self-supporting mission. He is a very good young man from Atlanta, Ga., now about three years in Liberia. The people received him and put up the frame of a mission house, but he did not understand management; the people got discouraged, and

nothing was accomplished. So in our palaver I said to them, "Last year Turner did nothing, and you did nothing; so we will let that go for nothing and begin anew." At the first meeting they stuck on the land question. Their selection and the building frame of the preceding year was very near their town, and they did not want to give the large amount of land we required so near the town. So I said to them, "There is plenty of land between us and the sea; and I prefer a school farm half a mile away from town;" so the meeting adjourned till I should make a selection which I did to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Bro. Turner has John Yancey, a young Grabo, who was converted to God at my meetings at Cape Palmas over two years ago, and has made a good record as a holy young man. He is over six feet high and finely proportioned and comes into our work to get an education and help us. They will make a success, but the people insist upon one white man so in addition to the present force at Settra Kroo, we want a good young white man, single or married. I don't advise any young man to come here single, if he can bring a suitable wife with him.

Sess was on my program, but we received no invitation to go there, as we did to the other places, and some of our party belonged to tribes, which were at war with the people, and we would imperil their lives by calling there, so we passed them by, but since our return to Cape Palmas, I received the following communication from them.

PICKENINY SESS, Apr. 29, '87.

Rt. Rev. Wm. Taylor:

DEAR BISHOP:—We the Pickeniny Sess people, regret very much that you pass us on your way up to Settra Kroo, and did not give us no call. After we hearing from you at Grand Sess, our hearts was very glad; but when you pass us, we was very sad; and more so, after we heard that you pass us on the way from Sinoe to Cape Palmas; so we write you and the first we must say; Dear Bishop come back here. We are about six thousand in number and about eight thousand children, boys and girls, who have never heard the Gospel sound. Come back, Bishop, we will build you a house and give you as much land as you want, and pay your teacher, just to teach our children. We had already, when hearing you was at Grand Sess, picked out a place for you; so that we beg you to come back.

Signed, King Sawier and his head men, The letter was dictated by the king and his chiefs, but written, I think by C. H. Smith, a trader who does business there occasionally. I think that they have overestimated their numerical strength, but they have a large population, and it is said can muster 1000 fighting men, and they are full of fight. They are now at war with Sass town, the biggest on the coast. I have written them that I accept their proposal and that J. S. Pratt, my mission agent, will submit to them articles for them to sign and that they may proceed at once to clear and plant a mission farm, and that Pratt will tell them what to do in helping us to build a good American house. Our houses on Cavalla river, at Jo Benson's, and Kie Peter's in Bassa country, are all to be built of wood, raised on pillars, five feet above ground, 24x22 feet.

A young man and wife can supply these nice fields for some years, before they need other missionary helpers. But the population of the different tribes on the Kroo coast is much larger, and will in the near future, require additional missionaries from home; hence, on this coast we will build larger houses, and as timber is scarce on the coast, and sea transport not difficult, we will make the wall partitions and the roof, of galvanized iron. The houses will be uniformly 36x28 feet, and a six foot veranda the whole length of the building in front. We hope to have these houses ready for occupancy by the first of January, 1888. So we require, to man these missions by that time, fifteen young men and fifteen young women, equally well adapted to this difficult but most interesting work. I believe that the "Lord of the harvest" has His eye upon them, and when they read this letter, He will speak to them as He did to Elisha, who killed his oxen, burnt his plow that day and was off on the mission to which God had called him.

We want holy men, "apt to teach," with the "woe upon them," if they preach not the Gospel; but we want men as well who can take the first row in the Industrial School Department. My committee on credentials in New York will accept suitable candidates and send them on. The two couples for the two Bassa stations, Jo Benson's and king Kie Peter's will land at Grand Bassa, but all the rest will land at Cape Palmas. Bro. J. S. Pratt will receive them, and, assisted by Amanda Smith; conduct them, to their fields. If we lose a hundred men and women in bringing up this "forlorn hope," it would not be too great a sacrifice, to atone for our past cowardly neglect of this work of redeeming Africa. When the Church appointed me to this work, sharing as I did, in the general apprehension of the deadly climate of Africa, especially of Liberia, I gave myself up to die, and to die like a soldier at the front. So we would have all the candidates for this work present their lives to God, on the altar of Africa's redemption; but I have entirely changed my mind in regard to the perils of life in this country, especially in Liberia, which I believe to be a healthful climate, much more so than the Eastern Shore of Maryland, Jersey, or New York, and far ahead of the new settlements of the Mississippi Valley. It is an equable, salubrious, and enjoyable climate, and no plagues of flies, and but few mosquitoes. If people of good constitution will join this mission, and conform to the laws of health, especially securing nightly and Sabbath rest, and regular work in our school industries, we shall have but a very small death roll to call. The native kings and chiefs offered to build our mission houses, but to give our missionaries every advantage possible, we will build healthful houses with sills five feet above the ground. They will find sailor men in every place on the West coast to whom they can speak in their own language, which will give them a start by several years, of our dear fellows in South Central Africa, where we have to feel our way in without interpreters; so this West coast is, in many respects an inviting field. In four days, from today (D. V.) the S. S. Nubia will be due in this port, and I will be able to introduce myself to our new recruits for the Upper Congo countries and ac-

company them.

God is most manifestly leading this movement, and if we go with Him we are bound to succeed on a scale, in breadth, depth, and accumulating force proportionate to the stupendous work to be done, and the available resources of God for this very thing. May the mighty God of Missions lead you in your responsible work, along the highest lines of successful possibilities.

We must go for a full realization of God's own purposes and plans, for giving all these heathen to Jesus, for "His inheritance." We are in for it.

I remain, ever faithful and true,

Your brother in Jesus,

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

The *Baltimore Methodist* of July 9th, has these earnest words of counsel to the friends of our College at Carlisle, Pa.

"Last week we printed the resolutions of the Trustees of Dickinson College, approving the course of the faculty in the suspension of refractory students, and expressing "high appreciation of the personal character, professional ability, and long continued services of Dr. J. A. McCauley, the honored president of Dickinson College." Nothing now seems to remain but for the friends of the College everywhere to rally to its support by securing new students from the patronizing Conferences. It is not easy, perhaps, for the president and faculty, with all their duties, to canvass personally either for students or endowment funds; but if all who are interested in religious culture and denominational prosperity, as well as in higher education, will do their part, a better day will soon dawn on this venerable and now highly equipped institution. In Baltimore, with all our educational facilities in the Grammar Schools, the City College, the High Schools, and the Johns Hopkins' College and University courses, it is not probable that many young people will be sent away from the city for their education. But outside of Baltimore, in the Baltimore Conference, it will be as cheap, and in many respects more desirable, to send our sons and daughters to Dickinson than to any other institution. If a parent hasn't any other legacy to leave, let him, if possible, leave the child the inheritance of a pure life and a liberal education.

The *Independent* says that of the 19-018,977, communicants in the American Churches, "nearly every fourth communicant is a Methodist, every fifty a Baptist, every seventeenth a Presbyterian and every twentieth a Lutheran."

The *Vermont Christian Messenger*, for a long time the quasi organ of the Vermont Methodists, has been sold to the Wesleyan Association of Boston, and will be merged into *Zion's Herald* the first of July.

Our negro membership is 236,346, including 1,237 pastors, 3,105 local preachers, sixty-three presiding elders, 29,496 probationers, 183,345 members.

A committee of Baltimore clergymen have sent a document to President Cleveland urging him to consider the propriety of a change in the army regulations that will secure to the United States soldiers the privilege of a better observance of Sunday and protect them against excessive duties on that day.



## Youth's Department.

### IN VANITY FAIR.

Through Vanity Fair, in days of old,  
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,  
And a peddler opened his tempting pack,  
Crying: "O my pretty lass! what d'ye lack?  
Here's many a ware  
Costly and rare.  
Come, buy—oh, come, buy!  
In Vanity Fair."

"Silks and satins are not for me;  
Lace is for damsels of high degree:  
The lads would laugh in our country town  
If I came clad in a brodered gown:  
But yet there's a ware,  
Precious and rare,  
I fain would buy me  
In Vanity Fair."

"Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,  
A heart that will love me for evermore,  
That, whether the world shall praise or blame  
Through sorrow or joy will be still the same  
'Tis the only ware  
For which I care,  
Mid all the treasures  
In Vanity Fair."

"Much it grieves me, O lassie dear,"  
The peddler said; "but I greatly fear  
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way  
Have been out of fashion this many a day;  
And gilded care  
Is all the ware  
You will get for your money  
In Vanity Fair."

—Florence Tyle.

### For the Children.

Well, children how is it? How many have organized themselves into "Million-Dollar Leagues?" How many have planned some way to earn money to help along the Million? Do try to think of some plan, for we need a million of dollars so much. God honors the smallest gift.

About fifty years ago a child gave a penny to the missionary box. A little tract costing just one penny was bought with it, and some one gave it to a young man, the son of a Burman chief. He traveled 250 miles to learn to read it. The Christian teachers taught him, and God gave him a new heart. He went home and preached to others, and 1,500 heathens became Christians and were baptized.

Do you know how the little girls in India are treated? Many of them are killed, thrown into the Ganges River, or sacrificed to their gods. Those who grow up are compelled to submit to all kinds of degradation and abuse. One poor heathen woman said: "Any life is better than this; even an animal, a worm is less miserable." In 1881 there were in India 78,000 widows under nine years of age, 207,000 under fourteen years, and 382,000 under nineteen years. In China little girls are often pawned or sold. The money that you give will help to abolish these cruel customs, for as soon as the people hear about the Lord Jesus Christ they no longer do such dreadful things.

Great changes have already come over these countries. At Lucknow, India, where so many were murdered during the Sepoy rebellion thirty years ago, 2,000 children, nearly all of Hindu or Mohammedan parentage, recently marched in a Sunday-school procession.

A little company of Telugus was asked how many missionaries they wanted the Christians of America to send to their people, and the answer was: "Send a thousand!" Who among the children will be little missionaries to help send these thousand men and women to heathen countries?—*Christian Advocate.*

### Too Many Dolls.

"Of course it was very kind of my aunts and uncles to give me so many pretty presents on my birthday," said Hattie Foster, as she closed a box containing a lovely wax doll; "but considering that I have already four beautiful dolls and six sets of dishes, it does seem a pity that they couldn't have selected something else. If you, Sophie, were not done with toys, I'd be glad to supply you; but I'm afraid my friends wouldn't like it if I should give away their presents."

While Hattie was speaking, her companion, a girl of sixteen, was trying to decide the best way to broach a subject

which she felt she ought to mention. Hattie had always been so petted by numerous childless relatives that it never seemed to occur to her that any other child could possibly want the things which she cared so little about.

"I heard such a pathetic little story yesterday; a true one, too," said Sophie, at last.

"What was it? Do tell it to me!"

"One of the nurses at the City Hospital was in to see mamma, and she told us that one of her patients is a little girl about ten years old who has a fractured hip, and will be confined to her bed for ever so long. She is very poor; her mother is a widow with three girls younger than this one, little Nannie Ryan. The child suffers a good deal, but is very patient and docile. The other day she waked up from a nap, and said to the nurse, 'Oh, I've had such a lovely dream! I think the angels must have whispered it to me. I dreamed that I was sick in bed, like I am now, and that I was so tired, having nothing to do, and nothing to play with; presently I heard a soft noise at my pillow, and when I looked round, the fairies had laid there beside me such a beautiful dolly! It had real hair, soft and yellow, and a fine silk dress on, and even little shoes on her feet. Oh! I can see her now, if I just shut my eyes; so it's most as good as if I really had her, isn't it?' The poor child has never had a nice doll, so, of course, it is the one thing she craves."

"Poor little Nannie!" said Hattie, wiping tears from her eyes. "And here I am grumbling because I have too many dolls! Sophie, don't you believe this is like the one she dreamed of?" and, as she spoke, she held up a pretty "lady doll," dressed as if for a party, with lace-trimmed petticoats, with silk stockings and bronze kid slippers, with a pink silk and velvet costume, made quite in the fashion, and with "real" golden hair and movable blue eyes.

"She is lovely!"

"Will you ask that nurse to take her to Nannie for me?"

"Suppose we go down to the hospital ourselves, and give the doll to Nannie? That will please her still more; she gets lonesome lying there," suggested Sophie.

Within an hour's time the two girls were walking down the children's ward of a large hospital. The long rows of little white beds were clean and neat, and the room was light and cheery, but it was not home; "mother" could not be there all the time, and though the little sufferers were far better cared for than they could possibly be in their own houses, some of them looked wistfully at the new comers, as if wishing the visitors were to see them. As they approached Nannie's cot, the nurse held up a warning finger; the child was asleep. Hattie nodded and smiled, and expressed by dumb show that now the child's dream might come true; she tiptoed to her side, and gently laying down the doll, stepped back to await Nannie's waking, which came in a few seconds, as she never slept long at a time.

Three or four of the children near her were eager witnesses of this little scene, and, when she began to stir, their pale little faces glowed with anticipation, and they raised themselves on their thin elbows to see the result.

No words can express the emotions on Nannie's face as she slowly opened her eyes. She lay motionless for a few seconds, as if fearful to dispel the sweet vision; then timidly reached forth her hand and touched the doll to see if it were real; then, with a cry of delight, she drew it to her (she could not move her body) and exclaimed: "Oh, it's a real, truly doll! The fairies have brought it at last! It's the very one the angels whispered to me about! Just look at her, nurse! See her curls and her little shoes! And, nurse, take her just a minute over to little Mary Brady: 'cause she is like me and can't move to see it."

Hattie now came forward, and the

nurse told Nannie that she had brought her the doll. Then Nannie said, "Sure, the angels told you to give it to me, didn't they, now?"

"Sophie told me about your dream; so that put it into my head to bring it," answered Hattie.

"And God put it into Sophie's heart to tell Hattie," said the nurse gently, not wishing to disturb the child's simple faith in the Divine origin of the gift.

"It's much obliged I am, then, to both of yez; for the one that thought of me was as good as she could be," replied Nannie, with Irish politeness.

And here she was right. God sometimes gives to people the will, but not the ability, to help others, and if they use that will by suggesting things to those who can do them, their offering though it seems a slight thing to us, is as much accepted by God as if they gave largely out of their great wealth. If we try very hard to serve Him, He will show us a way, though it may not be the way we would choose, and though it may not appear to us as if we did anything for Him.

That first visit to the hospital was by no means the last. Hattie now found a ready market for her overplus of toys and books, and they carried a gleam of brightness to more than one little sufferer whose earthly days were numbered.

Just before Nannie Ryan died, which was soon after the doll came to her, she expressed a wish that the doll might be put away and given "for keeps" to the next little girl who lay in her bed; so the gift was useful to more than one of Christ's "little children."—FRANCES E. WADLEIGH, in *Congregationalist*.

### He Kept His Word.

The man who is constitutionally incapable of telling the truth is a difficult subject to manage. He requires such drastic treatment as Colonel Cockerill, the managing editor of the New York World once administered to a man who never told the truth when a lie would answer. Cockerill was then editor of a struggling weekly in a Western town, and one morning a fellow walked into the office, saying, "If you'll send me your paper, I'll bring you a load of wood next week." The editor suggested that he would prefer to see the wood first.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the subscriber. "Just send me your paper, and"—

"See here. How am I to know that you are going to keep your word?"

"Easy enough. If that load of wood aint here by next Saturday, you'll know that I'm dead! If I'm livin', I'll bring it myself, or I'll send it, one or t'other."

"All right I'll send the paper, and take the wood."

The paper was sent. A week passed, and no wood came. Another week went by, and still no wood.

The editor wrote a glowing obituary of his delinquent subscriber. He paid a touching eulogy to his manliness and integrity.

He said that his word was his bond, and that in all his dealings he was reliability and honesty personified. There was not a degree of praise and exaltation that the editor did not use upon his subject.

The next morning Editor Cockerill, looking through the office window, saw the "corpse" approaching, with fire in his eye and a copy of the paper in his hand. The editor suddenly became busy. The door opened. In walked Mr. Delinquent.

"Say, there!" he exclaimed. "The editor turned, and started in amazement. 'What!' said he. 'You alive? I thought you were dead. Let me congratulate you.'"

"Of course I'm alive. What do you mean by this infernal article in your paper?"

"Oh, that?" said the editor, blandly. "That? Why, you told me that if the load of wood you promised wasn't here

in a week, you'd be dead, and I took you for a man of your word."

The fire faded out of the delinquent's eye, and going closer to the desk, he said, "See here, young feller, it's no use tryin' to get ahead of you. I'll bring that wood next Monday, if it rains brimstone and pitchforks."

And for once in his life he kept his word.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Dr. Talmage on Novels.

In a recent discourse on novel reading, Dr. Talmage said:

"One great need of all our cities is a great bonfire of bad books. It would make a great blaze of one hundred feet high. Some publishing houses of this country would do well to bring out their entire stock and pitch it into the fire. The printing press is the mightiest agency for good or evil. Take the fact that the New York dailies issue 700,000 copies a day. Take that and the fact that there are three periodicals that have a circulation of 1,500,000 and then calculate if you can how far up and how far down and how far out reaches the influence of the American printing press. Great God! Thou alone knowest the issue. I believe that the printing press, under God, is to recover and evangelize nature. The last great battle will be fought, not with guns, but with type and a Christian press. The only way to overthrow bad books is to publish plenty of good ones. I declare to-day that I believe that the blessings of the country come from elevated literature, and its curse in depraved literature. The latter has its victims in insane asylums, penitentiaries and the grave. The London plague was nothing to it. That had thousands of victims; but evil literature has shovelled millions into the charnel house of the morally dead."

"I am asked the question by young people: 'Should we read novels?' I make two replies: I reply first, that there are good, honest, Christian novels that help prepare us for the duties of life and of the life that is to come. I have for my second response, to say that ninety-nine out of a hundred novels I believe to be debasing to the last extreme. The tendency is even with respectable publishers to publish evil literature. You have books on your tables that will curse your children and generations unborn. They are everywhere—in the desk of the school-room, in the steamboat cabins, on the table of the hotel reception room. There are always people ready to lend bad books to young people."

"I charge you in the first place to avoid those books which give a false picture of human life. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. I charge you also, my friends, to beware of books containing an admixture of good and evil. You stick fast to the bad."—*Ec.*

### Young Man You Will do.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brother and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath, one of his fellow-travelers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road-acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then, slapping him

on the shoulder, said, "Right my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honor to him in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Sel.*

### Never Get Into Debt.

Not many years ago a young man come in town to finish his studies at the office of one of our best lawyers. He was well educated, intelligent, agreeable and kind; but he was poor, and in order to support himself tried to get a class in French. A few scholars came, and the thing did not pay. After awhile he paid his landlady, left his boarding house, and took to the woods. On the side of a hill, in a thick pine grove, he pitched his tent where he cooked his food, ate, slept and studied. Of course his strange conduct made a good deal of talk. One morning, after a terrible thunder-storm during the night, his friends hunted him up.

"You'll be sick of your bargain after this," they said, "and be glad enough to have a waterproof roof over your head."

"I did not take to the woods from choice," answered the young man. "I could not see my way clear to pay for lodgings, and I am resolved never to be in debt. I know too well the danger of being in debt—my scanty income will carry me through the Summer, when I hope better times are coming."

Gentlemen offered to aid him, but he sturdily refused their offers, got through his studies, and has now a large business which handsomely supports him.

Was not that pluck? And did he not well think that the danger of being in debt is a serious danger? I wish more people thought so. Getting loose in money matters is often the beginning of ruin. When a boy or a young man falls into the habit of borrowing money, spending freely, having things charged, neglecting to pay, dodging his creditors, promising to pay and not keeping his promise, he is in a bad way. He forgets, lies, loses his self respect, and is slowly but surely letting himself down, down, down. The history of many a man shows how far down it may be, even to robbery and murder. Two of the worst murders ever committed in Boston were done by respectable men to hide their debts. One killed his intimate friend because he could not pay a debt which he was owing him. The other young man, shot in cold blood in broad day, a young associate that he might rob the bank he was in of a few thousands to pay his debts with. Both did their work coolly, and apparently without any twinges of conscience.

Both were above all suspicion. They had borne a character fair to the world; but there was a weak spot, a screw loose, a canker at the core. They were loose in their money matters. Debts were dodging at their heels. They had lost their uprightness; and having lost that the devil can tempt a soul to anything.—*Child's Paper.*

A newly married Baptist pastor reports that his perfection of a bride has joined the Sunday school, and is teaching a Bible class of young men. That is just as it ought to be, and that is the way it generally is. The best female workers that we have in the church, as a rule and according to their opportunities, are the wives of the pastors. But yet, you can find in almost every community, some pale-eyed simpleton, who is willing to stand in the rain a half hour, to tell you how peculiar, universal and melancholy it is, that preachers show such a want of judgement in selecting their wives.—*Baltimore Baptist.*



The Sunday School.

The Baptism of Jesus.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1887.  
Matt. 3: 13-17.

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

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. 3: 17).

13. Then cometh Jesus the first appearance in His public ministry. To be baptized.—Not that the sinless One needed this rite, but simply that being "made sin for us," He might subject Himself to all fleshly ordinances. His submission to this baptism may also be regarded as a solemn induction into His public life and ministry. From this moment the mission of John practically ends.

"Luke (3: 21) has this important addition: 'Now when all the people were baptized, it came to pass that Jesus being baptized, etc, implying that Jesus waited till all other applicants for baptism that day had been disposed of, ere He stepped forward, that He might not seem to be merely one of the crowd (J. F. and B.)"

14. Forbade—tried to dissuade. He did not fully recognize the Messiah (see John 1: 33: "I know Him not"), but he felt the atmosphere of stainless purity in this Galilean candidate for baptism, and doubtless intuitively suspected that the Being who stood before him was the Christ. The confirming sign came afterward. I have need—the depth of humility. Comest thou to me?—"the gold to dress? the sun to the candle? the Son to the slave? the spotless Lamb to the sinner?" (Brugensis.)

"No wonder he shrank from assuming to such a Being the relation in which he stood to other men. He knew that only one who was wholly free from sin could be the Messiah, and such a one he felt was before him. The meekness, gentleness and purity which overawed him spoke of nothing less, and the heart of John on the instant could express its overpowering emotion in no more fitting thought than that he "beheld the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (Geikie).

15. Suffer now.—Under existing relations, which are, of course, temporary, comply with My desire. It becometh us—both of us. There is no necessity; but it is fitting and appropriate. Fulfill all righteousness—you, in performing your ministry even against your sense of proprieties; Me, who came not to destroy the Law, but to fulfill it, in submitting to its righteous requirements. Suffered him.—"Christ was baptized, not that He might be sanctified by water, but that He might sanctify water" (Maximianus). Says Abbott: "Nothing is known as to the formula, if any, used by John; he certainly did not baptize in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Evidently baptism into 'Christ's death' could not precede His death."

The true meaning appears to be, because Jesus was consciously certain that He must, agreeably to God's will, subject himself to the baptism of His forerunner, in order to receive the Messianic consecration; that is, the divine declaration that He was the Messiah, and thereby to belong from that moment solely and entirely to this great vocation (Meyer).

16. Heavens were opened—while He prayed, according to Luke 3: 21. There was some miraculous cleaving apart in the heavenly expanse, so as to permit the dove to appear. The Spirit descended like a dove.—"In bodily shape like a dove," says Luke (3: 22). The appearance and the voice seem to have been manifested to our Lord and the Baptist only. The Holy Spirit descended not only in the manner of a dove, but in bodily shape, which I cannot understand in any but the literal sense. Two circumstances may be noticed respecting the manner of the descent of the Spirit: (a) it was as a dove; the Spirit as manifested in our Lord was gentle and benign. (b) This was not a sudden and temporary descent of the Spirit, but a permanent though special anointing of the Saviour for His holy office. It "abode upon Him" (John 1: 32). And from this moment His ministry and mediatorial work (in the active official sense) begins. Immediately the Spirit carries Him away to the wilderness; the day of His return thence John points Him out as the Lamb of God; then follows the calling of Andrew, Peter, Philip, and Nathanael, and the third day after is the first miracle at the marriage in Cana. But we must not imagine any change in the nature or person of our Lord to have taken place at His baptism. The anointing and crowning are but signs of the official assumption of the power which the king has by a right independent of, and higher, than these" (Alford). Abbott thinks that the supernatural features in this bap-

tism were perceived only by Jesus and of John. He says: "The vision in Stephen's case appears to have been confined to him; and at the time of Saul's conversion, while a sound was heard by the men who accompanied him, they saw no man and understood not the meaning of the words addressed to Saul. Moreover, it was not the divine way to manifest the character of Jesus by such manifestations to the multitude. These were afforded only to those who already believed on Him because of the supreme excellence of His character and teachings, as in the transfiguration, which was seen only by Peter, James, and John, and in the ascension, which was witnessed only by the disciples."

"The dove was historically connected in the Jewish mind with the abatement of the waters after the flood; and has become, as well as the olive branch, a symbol of peace among all Christian people; and it is referred to by Christ as a symbol of harmlessness and gentleness. It was thus a fitting emblematic form for the Holy Spirit to take on in giving a divine endorsement to Him who is a sacrifice for all, whose coming brings life to the world and the assurance of the peace of God to the soul which accepts Him, and who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners (Abbott).

27. A voice—a true, literal voice.—Jehovah speaking in human accents. The Holy Trinity were conspicuously, palpably present at the Saviour's baptism. My beloved Son—not Joseph's but Mine; My Son, in that unique sense by which in His very nature He is "separated from all creatures by an impassable chasm;" My beloved Son in whom I feel ineffable complacency. Believers are called "sons of God;" but Jesus is the "only begotten," the "beloved" Son (Matt. 17: 5).

"The voice from heaven thus makes sublime reference to what was from of old. It gathered up the most interesting of the Old Testament utterances, and concentrated them all upon the head of Jesus. It is not implied that the Father had ceased to be well pleased. Everything the reverse. The Father's present action was proof of present good pleasure. But the good pleasure was not merely in the present; it was a thing from of old. The voice thus pointed Him out as the Son referred to explicitly in Psalm 2: 7, 12, etc., and implicitly in all the preceding and succeeding oracles that spoke of the Messiah. It indicated that it was in Him that the Father was, all along the dispensations, well pleased; it was in Him that even before the dispensations, before the world was, the Father had ineffable complacency in relation to men that were to be (Morrison).

Methodism in Wilmington.

If the mission of Methodism should fail in any locality, the writer is sure, that he can safely assert that Methodism itself can not be blamed. It was the assertion of one of the most gifted divines of the present century, and one outside the pale of our denomination, that "Methodism is Christianity in earnest. And all disinterested clergymen, Historians and Statesmen, contemporary with the origin and progress of Methodism bear a similar testimony. Its doctrines and discipline with its methods of evangelistic work are superior to adverse criticisms;—the Bible being unspire. Nor will it be contradicted, I believe, by any person of the various christian denominations, intelligent and fair minded enough to render a just opinion that the whole history of church life and of civilization has received from its presence and influence, a purer animus and impulse. By way of analogy it may be said as the gospel mission, under the teachings of the apostles elevated the doctrinal tone and religious life of that age, so has Methodism in this age impressed and improved the religious opinions and practices of all classes of the people. Nor has she expended her forces or finished her work. She is still marching on the Highway of Evangelism; but in every succeeding generation she should renew her strength and her votaries take a new departure. And now as Methodism in Wilmington will soon celebrate its first century, at Asbury, its followers, so highly favored with such a grand inheritance, should, like Israel in the Exodus, "go forward," all "harnessed" for battle and victory. This should be the watch-word of every pulpit of our Zion, in the metropolis, and out of it. And responding to the word of command; our church everywhere should respect the declaration, and from the "frank and file" of the Sacramental host, the response should be shouted. By the grace of God we will.

HELPER.

Letter from Deal's Island Md.

EDITOR, PENINSULA METHODIST:—The Ginst. we had one of the grandest entertainments our people have ever had. It was given by Naujemoy Tribe, No. 68. I. O. R. M. of this place. That they might have the use

of it, the tribe erected a tabernacle, out of the lumber purchased by the church for camp meeting purposes, this lifting from the shoulders of the Pastor the burden of its construction.

At 9 A. M. the Red Men, under the direction of their Marshall, Geo. T. Rowe, headed by the Brass band of Allen, Md., began their march from the wigwag, the parade extended three eights of a mile northward, then back again beyond the church, and thence to the tabernacle. An address of welcome by request of the tribe, was delivered by John D. Lecates. To all visiting members of the order, to all members of Naujemoy tribe, who were present but in following the hunt, were compelled to be distant from the reservation of their tribe, and to every pale face be extended in behalf of his tribe a cordial greeting. The raising up of the chiefs, by Deputy Great Sachem G. T. Rowe, was next in order and presented an impressive scene. After this, Rev. T. R. Creamer of Odessa, a member of the order, was introduced, and delivered a brilliant and instructive address on the principals of the order. A recess was then taken until 3 P. M. that the people might enjoy themselves in social recreation, and partaking of refreshments at the dining tent, and ice cream stand.

During the recess, the members of Concord Conclave No. 54. I. O. H., accompanied by some visitors, from Fairmount, Md., marched from their hall to the tabernacle, where Dr. M. Rowe, Deputy Supreme Archon, installed the officers for the present term. After this ceremony, the secretary of the Conclave, J. D. Lecates, made a short address, upon the objects of the order, Rev. Wm. R. McFarlane, of Roxanna followed showing the relation of this order to others, and the advantages of this one. On the reassembling of the Red Men, Rev. Mr. McFarlane in a well prepared address, showed that all the orders owed their existence to the church, and therefore the orders should sustain and encourage it. Rev. B. C. Warren, the "pale face," brother who had been invited by the tribe to deliver an address on "Friendship," followed first alluding to the welcome address of the morning and then turning to his subject, he poured forth a stream of such eloquence, as moved the people to applause, and then to tears. The verdict of the visitors was, that the church of Deal's Island has for its pastor a man endowed with rich powers of thought, and the ability of an orator, to express them.

Mr. James D. Anderson, expressed the thanks of the Red Men to all who had contributed to the success of the day. Rev. John Tyler, Rev. James T. Daniel, Dr Taylor, and James L. Bennett, were then called on for brief remarks.

The exercises were enlivened by music furnished by the Brass Band.

The attendance was greater than at anything of the kind, ever held on the Island. The behavior was excellent, with the exception of one case of drunkenness.

Sunday July, 10th. Brother Warren preached fine sermons on future reward and punishment. Our Thursday night prayer meetings are a grand success, last Thursday night the Pastor indulged in an old time shout as he passed up and down the aisles.

Yours,

QUIZBY.

Letter from Blackbird Delaware.

MR. EDITOR:—We have in this charge two churches, Union and Friendship. Besides the Sabbath schools at these points, we have one in Walker's school house, near Friendship, and one in the village of Blackbird. Last year we held children's day service only in Friendship Church; this year we have given the advantages and privileges of such service to each one of our schools. At Friendship and Walker's they were held June 12th. At the former place, in the forenoon the audience room and gallery were filled, with enough outside, to make up a large congregation. The children spoke their pieces well, excellent music was rendered; and Brothers J. Lassel and Wm. Faries, local preachers from Smyrna, addressed the children most happily. The collection was \$8.22.

At Walker's in the afternoon, the gathering was in the grove, near by, presenting the appearance of a camp meeting. The children did well, and Brothers Lassel, Fairies and Dr. John. Isenberg made appropriate addresses. The collection was \$3.28.

At Blackbird it was held in the afternoon of June 26th, in the school house, this was crowded, while at the door, the windows and in carriages, were many who could not get inside. The exercises were highly interesting. Collection \$2.90. At Union it was postponed until July 3rd, on account of Quarterly meeting, and our strawberry festival. We succeeded well notwithstanding it was in the midst of harvest. We had splendid music, the children did well, and all were delighted and surprised at our success.

Dr. J. Isenberg spoke in behalf of education, and \$6.75 were collected, making for Appoquinimick charge, after deducting \$2.25 for programmes, a total of \$18.90 against \$4.80, last year. "God be with you till we meet again" was sung at the close and after the benediction, as the congregation was dispersing, one sister began to shout, and then another and another gave expression to their feelings of joy until the rejoicing became general.

G. S. CONAWAY.

"You Don't Believe in Jesus."

ALFRED T. SCOTT.

After my conversion for more than a year I walked with the Lord; but, yielding to the temptations of Satan, I ceased to follow Him. I lost the peace that passeth understanding, and my consciousness of acceptance. Again I became "of the devil," for it is written, "He that committeth sin is of the devil." 1 Jno. 3: 8. Out of respect to the feelings of my parents, I let my name remain on the church book. Months passed, and at last I determined to go back to Jesus. I publicly sought for salvation. I had had a clear evidence of my acceptance, and now I wanted it again. I made a full surrender, and called upon God, determined to spend my life, if need be, in the effort to be at peace with Him. Days passed, and yet no light came.

At last, one night after the meeting had closed, a brother said, "Let us walk together." And so, taking his arm, we walked the streets of New York city. He said, "What is the matter?" I replied, "I do not know. If I know myself, I am willing to do or be anything God wants, if I may only again find rest to my soul." He said, "You do not believe in Jesus." I was hurt, and earnestly replied, "I do believe in Jesus. He did save me. And I know he lives, and none other can save me from sin."

He turned the conversation just then into another channel, and, after a short time, abruptly asked, "What would become of you, if you were to die tonight?" I replied, "I would be lost." How could that be?" said he, "you told me you believed in Jesus. Can a soul believing in Jesus be lost?"

Instantly I saw my error. With my intellect I believed about Jesus, but I did not trust him as my Saviour.

He called my attention to the fact, that I was looking for the evidence to what had not taken place. How could I have the assurance of salvation before I was saved, and how could I be saved unless I gave myself to Jesus and trusted Him? I was waiting, and asking for a very powerful manifestation of the Spirit. He suggested to me, if it were not better for me to let that lie in God's hands; that it was not becoming to a rebel against God, to dictate terms. And he also suggested it might not be the best, for it to be as I desired.

I clearly saw I had reversed the order of salvation. The right order is, repent, believe, be saved, and then the witness of the Spirit to our sonship. I also saw that faith in God was a matter between two persons—me and God. I must obey and trust Him. Satisfied God did not wish me to continue in sin, as we parted I promised I would, before I slept, give myself again to God and believe Him.

As I went to my bed chamber, I thought the whole conversation over. I was satisfied my friend was right. Before getting into bed I kneeled down, and looking up I said, "Oh, God, you are here, you know all about me. You know what a sinner I am. I cannot cry, or feel as I would wish to, but you have said if I would repent, give myself to you and trust you, you would for Jesus' sake, save me. Now Lord, I do it. I am thine. I believe now thou dost save, and while I trust thee, thou wilt continue to save me. As to the assurance, I know thou wilt give that, while I trust, in that form and

manner best for me and for thy glory." Satan tried to get me to stay on my knees, and to doubt God, because the evidence had not yet been given. I said, "No, I am saved, and it is time I was asleep. God will not go back on his word, He said he would save me if I would yield myself to him. I have done it. God helping me, I will not doubt Him.

I went right to sleep—a sweet sleep—and when I came to consciousness in the morning, instantly the suggestion was presented "You went to sleep persuading yourself you were converted, and that if you died you would awaken in heaven."

Recognizing the voice of the tempter, I instantly replied, "Yes, I did go to sleep, after I had given myself to the Lord, believing that he was true to his word and did save me. And he still saves."

During the day I was enabled to keep my eye on Jesus, and to trust. But, aside from a sense of rest and peace, which I found the moment I believed, I had not the assurance I was looking for.

When, at night the time came for the penitents to be invited to go to the mourner's bench, I said, "What shall I do? 'If I go there it is practically saying 'I am not saved.' But I have not taken myself out of the Lord's hands, and he does save. I will not doubt him." So I sat still. Friends came to greet me. "When were you converted?" "Last night I gave myself to the Lord, for him to save me. And he did, and he still saves me, I have not yet received the assurance I am looking for, but that will be all right in his own good time."

And so I found my way back to God. In a short time the assurance came, clear and strong.

Oh, reader, there is no other way. "Without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh unto God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Are you His? Do you believe Him.

Learn to be Useful.

Ruskin says, "It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy: the two cannot be safely separated." Of all true education this is the keynote. The long years spent in study is to fit boys and girls for the duties that await them as the men and women of their day, and to teach them whatever will give best knowledge of the realities of life and the best methods of meeting the hardships that come to them.

A woman likes to do dainty work, and pretty things grow naturally under her fingers; and the ability to give pleasure to the eye and ear is greatly prized by her; but these accomplishments, attractive as they are, will always fail to fill a life. Of real practical knowledge of every day work they cannot take the place.

A girl may have a most thorough knowledge of music, may be able to charm all friends with sweet melodies, and yet her after life may be spent miles from a piano, where she will hear her only music in the humming of bees or the lowing of cattle; but if she know of the many curious effects of her simple housekeeping, and be able to see the beauty in her wild surroundings, and understand the changes or transformations nature carries on before her she can wake home full of happiness and joy from which go out minds that will wield an influence in the world too great for measurement, and of which the end shall not be told.—Sel

According to a table prepared by Rev. O. A. Houghton for the Northern, the general conference of 1884 was composed about as follows: Laymen, 156; presiding elders, ninety-two; president, principal and professors, ninety; supernumeraries, seven; agents, chaplains and secretaries, eighteen; foreign missionaries fifteen; pastors 100.



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### Who Should go as Delegates to General Conference.

This live question, one indeed in which every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whether in the laity or in the ministry is profoundly interested, and which, for this reason ought to be fully discussed and ventilated, we considered tentatively on the negative side in our last issue. We resume the theme on the positive side.

Who then are left, may be asked, after these four classes are eliminated. No paid officials, no presiding elders, no self seekers, no rich men. This depends entirely on the fidelity and sagacity with which the tests are applied. There ought certainly to be some who are not obnoxious to such objections. Hence we naturally come to consider the other side of the question, whom ought we to select, as our delegates?

How would it do to pay some respect, to a long obsolete and well nigh forgotten, yet still existent provision of our Discipline, which gives the Conferences an option in their mode of selecting delegates, either by election, or by seniority? This latter would surely be popular with the fathers of the Conferences, and would afford the younger men an opportunity to give some practical proof of their respect for their seniors. Besides, it is hardly possible, that men, still doing effective work, in the truest sense of that term, after forty or fifty years of varied experience in the service of the church, with the stores of learning and practical wisdom they have acquired, are not far better qualified for the duties of Church legislation, than the most of their brethren of fewer years, and less extensive experience. Gray hairs, we know, often fail to bring wisdom; but it is none the less proper to recognize those with whose hoary heads, it does come. Men who have passed the "dead line," as popular favorites, may perhaps still be able to render the church very valuable service, by their wise counsels, and unimpeachable and long tested integrity, if they are sent as delegates to our supreme Church Council. A sprinkling of venerable Solons among those who have not travelled so far along life's pathway, would at least add picturesqueness to the aspect of the body.

Then among the wise, devout and loyal laity, whether rich or poor, from whom a selection is to be made, we should not fail to include our "chief women," of whom it is our boast that we have "not a few," as was the case with St. Paul at Thessalonica.

Favoritism, partiality, personal interest, and all other ignoble and unworthy influences should be discarded in making choice of our delegates. "Gifts, grace and usefulness," should be emphasized with a true loyalty to the Church in contrast with loyalty to any party or clique which may assume to be the church, and with a true independence that can't be swerved by official

dictation, however imposing. Any one who is known to be an aspirant for place, or who has shown a truculent spirit and a readiness to

"Crook the pregnant knee,  
That thrift may follow fawning,"  
should, without doubt, be chosen to remain at home.

Men and women, high or low, rich or poor, in the private walks of life, in official position, are for the church; not the church for them. And the main consideration in selecting our delegates should be, shall we be rendering the church the best service we can, in voting for these brethren to be members of her supreme council? The most capable, the most faithful, the tested ones should be charged with these grave responsibilities. Men of such quality should go, even if they should happen in some cases to be presiding elders, or men of large wealth. But as to the paid employees, it is thought there could hardly be any exceptions.

### "Alas! that so much Noble Blood should be shed."

Such is the exclamation of a correspondent in the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, of the 14th inst., in reference to the sanguinary conflict at Gettysburg, twenty four years ago. As he visited the spot, upon the occasion of the recent reunion, whence, as he claims he fired the last shot from Pickett's Division, and recalled his brave comrades who fell, he says, "I could not refrain from weeping bitterly, and exclaiming, 'Alas! that so much noble blood should be shed.'" Such sorrow must be shared by every surviving participant in this internecine strife; and it is to the credit of this Virginia preacher, Rev. Richard Ferguson, that he gives such public expression of his grief, as it is fitting that he should so earnestly seek to enlist his fellow soldiers to enter Immanuel's Army. And yet, with all this regret and sorrow so freely expressed, for the inevitable incidents of the war, there comes no hint of any compunction, or regret for the armed rebellion that made the war a necessity, not a word of censure for the men, who turned from the judgment of the ballot to the arbitrament of the sword, and thus precipitated the conflict. From the memorable day in April 1865, when General Grant accepted the surrender of General Lee, upon terms of unexampled magnanimity, to the present time there has been upon the part of the National Government and its friends, the most generous and magnanimous treatment of those, who had done their utmost to overthrow its authority over a large part of its territory. But one person of all those engaged in the rebellion, has been excepted from amnesty, and he has full liberty of speech and action, save only that the penalty of disfranchisement is exacted, in view of his responsibility as the chief leader in the revolt. This unparalleled clemency, emphasized, and enhanced, as it has been recently, by the cordial welcome and fraternal greeting, extended by those who fought for the Union, to those who fought against it, has our heartiest approval. When a foe submits, true manliness sheaths the drawn sword, and if his submission includes a renunciation of his enmity, the victor extends his hand in friendship and fraternity. The great Supreme offers full pardon for the greatest offenders, but only to such as confess and forsake their sins. The sin of rebellion, we are all glad to know has been forsaken, it would be much more reassuring to have some more explicit confession as to the great wrong of that transgression. The Stars and Bars may have been, and doubtless were followed by as brave and noble soldiers, as any that rallied round the stars and stripes; but the former standard was the symbol of Dis-union, and of a Government, whose cornerstone was the enforced enslavement of a class of our fellow human beings, and as such must ever be held in reprobation by every true American patriot. It is

not a question between one section of our country and another, between the North and the South, between our friends and your friends, but a question of right and wrong, of "liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof," and of slavery to a portion of those inhabitants with all its heritage of woe to the rest of them. While therefore all may deplore the fact that "so much noble blood was shed," as was indeed only too true with respect to both sides in this war, two facts be ineffaceably impressed upon every memory, first, the responsibility for this sacrifice rests with those who repudiated the national government, and secondly, the results of the conflict, illustrating how marvelously God maketh "the wrath of man to praise Him, are worth all the great sacrifice that has been made. Fraternity in harmony with these sentiments may be not only cordial, but what is equally desirable, will be permanent. If it be thought best to draw the veil of oblivion over the past, let it be drawn; only let it cover all that past; and let there be no more attempt to glorify the flags of a defunct abortion, or to apotheosize its chief figure head. To defend the indefensible is a bootless as well as foolish task. Nobility of mind shows its greatness in nothing more than in frank confession when truth requires that we admit we were in error. Only little minds affect infallibility.

"Let us have peace" by all means, but no such peace as surrenders truth and righteousness.

"In the patronizing Conferences of Dickinson College, at camp meetings, etc., this summer, we ought to hold special meetings for the higher education of our young ladies and young men, and get as many of them as possible to go to Dickinson. If the President and Professors of the college can be informed of the willingness of our camp meeting managers to give a day, or at least a service, for education, they no doubt would arrange to be present. Why not have at Mountain Lake Park, Ocean Grove, Ocean City, Emory Grove, Washington Grove, etc., etc., an educational day this summer, and urge our people to new responsibility in the higher education of their sons and daughters?"

We most heartily commend the above suggestions, in the *Baltimore Methodist*, of the 16th inst., to the favorable attention of every friend of Old Dickinson. In this day, when time and distance are almost annihilated by steam and electricity, the "patronizing territory" is no longer monopolized by our College at Carlisle; but from Boston, and Middletown, and Syracuse, and Baltimore, and beyond, active agents are soliciting recruits to fill their ranks; and if Dickinson does not "go and do likewise, her splendid appliances, and her able and faithful board of instruction will not have the proportion of students to which they are entitled. Why not emphasize the fact, that our daughters are made as welcome to the halls of Dickinson as our sons. Both last year and this, the first prize, a gold medal, was awarded to a lady member of the Junior class; and it is current, that another of Eve's fair daughters has led her class for two years, with a good prospect of being valedictorian at the next Commencement. In the Boston University, College of Liberal Arts, answering to our College the last catalogue shows almost if not quite as many young women on the roll as young men. Let us send our daughters as well as our sons to Old Dickinson.

The tide of modern evangelism, that, under Mr. Moody and others of his ilk, have swept such multitudes from the low grounds of religious indifference and positive wickedness, into the current of deep concern and active endeavor, has had incidental effects not uniformly of the best quality. The old-time "wrestling for the blessing," the pungent conviction for sin and its inevitable con-

comitants deep distress of soul and anguish of spirit, so universal for the last century in Methodist revivals, and largely so in other churches where revivals prevailed, this phase of experience seems much modified, by, possibly, a disproportioned emphasis being placed on the precious truth of God's gracious compassion toward the sinner. We still think it wise to have men "behold both the goodness and the severity of God." While it is true, that to them that fear his name, "shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings," it is also true, that from that same sun shall emanate that "consuming fire," which shall burn up as stubble, all the proud, and all that work wickedness, leaving them "neither root nor branch." Any attempt to magnify the Divine mercy without faithfully presenting the true character of sin, as "the abominable thing that God hates," must issue in superficial results. So long, then, as sinners are made to feel painfully conscious of their guilt, and are constrained to cry out, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death;" so long will there be occasion for Methodists to use much of their well tried and effective machinery. We take the following from a Virginia exchange:

"The Preachers' Meeting at Norfolk, passed the following resolution: *Resolved*, That we regard the ancient and honorable usage of Methodism, of inviting penitents to the altar of the church for prayer and instruction, that they may experience a sense of pardoned sin and make a public profession of conversion to God, as the best method of conducting revival services."

We are indebted to a friend for this clipping from the *Orange (N. J.) Journal*. Some features of these "simultaneous" meetings we might adopt to advantage. The great charge of the ministry is to lay the burden of these last words of Christ upon the heart of the church, For His sake!

"N. S. M."

This is not the name of a secret society. On the contrary, it is the title of an undertaking that seeks the greatest publicity. For two years the Church Missionary Society of England has held simultaneous meetings during one week in February, in two hundred towns and cities of England and Wales. In 1886, more than nine hundred meetings were held during the seven days. They were called the February Simultaneous Meetings, or for brevity's sake the "F. S. M." Similar meetings have been held in Ireland, and recently in two of the Presbyteries of Scotland. Finding suggestion and encouragement in these meetings beyond the sea, the Presbyterians of New Jersey propose to hold simultaneous meetings next November in more than two hundred places within the bounds of this State. The week selected is from the 13th to the 19th, and the name given them is the "November Simultaneous Meetings," or the "N. S. M."

It is expected that within the limits of the appointed week, one or more meetings, on one or more days, will be held in every village, town or city, where there is a Presbyterian church. In addition, nearly sixty places in the State have been selected as "centres," where there can be the gathering of several congregations, and where the best speakers available, ministers and laymen, will be sent to assist the local participants. The one topic for all the meetings will be Christ's last command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

The one object of the meetings will be to arouse Christ's followers to the duty laid upon them, with reference to the heathen world; to put the last words of the risen Lord urgently before the church, as the high motive for foreign missions. Although the inauguration of these meetings is due to the Presbyterian Synod of New Jersey, there is no thought or desire of making them exclu-

sive. The plan has no sectarian purpose. All Christians will be invited most cordially to make the week their own, and to push on by its means their own plans for sending the gospel. No collection will be taken (unless for local expenses), and any interest that may be awakened will help brethren of other denominations in doing their part in the great work which has been laid upon the Church of Christ. Orange and East Orange have been selected as "centres." A programme of the services will be prepared at an early day. The arrangements for the State are in the hands of a large and enthusiastic committee.

### On the Old Camp Ground.

The salvation camp meeting near Parksley, Va., under the Presiding Elder A. D. Davis, begins today, and it is to continue over two Sunday. We hope Christians of the various churches will cordially unite with our people in this effort for the salvation of the people. If the soldiers of the late terrible war can shake hands and weep tears together, on the battle field where they met in deadly strife in former years, surely Christians, whatever be their differences in non-essentials, will not hesitate to join heart and hand, in cooperation for the advancement of the kingdom of our one Lord and Master. We trust there will be great good accomplished. Let believing prayer be offered.

### A Chance for Philadelphia.

"The Methodist Book Concern in New York City, having outgrown the capacity of the property, it is intended to sell the property and erect buildings adapted to the needs of the Methodist publishing interests. It is said such a building can now be put up free from debt."

Why not make *amende honorable* to the City of Brotherly Love, and restore the Book Concern to the place of its origin, from which it was deported to New York, in 1814, after flourishing in Philadelphia for twenty five years. Philadelphia as the most Methodist city in the world would seem to be a suitable place for a Methodist publishing house. Rents are lower, land cheaper, and the general tone of society, more salubrious than in the great Metropolitan Babel, where it now is. Let the Quaker City be hereafter our ecclesiastical headquarters. A change might be advantageous in many respects. Now is the time. Let the question be discussed.

### The World Does Move.

While our brethren of the M. E. Church South have their own peculiar difficulties in adjusting their relations with their "Brother in Black," it seems the woman question keeps looming up to further complicate the task of consistently maintaining equal rights for all the people. We think the time will come, and probably not be long in the coming, when the question of sex will be no more pertinent to the halls of education, than to houses of worship. We note the following:

"The Board of Trust will have under consideration from their meeting this year to be acted upon in 1888 the question of co-education at Vanderbilt. All will await with anxious interest the decision of that question. It is rumored that the Faculty very heartily recommended the measure. There are possible evils that ought not to be overlooked in the consideration of the question."—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

To some readers, the following scrap may be a reminder of the Lion's answer when ridiculed by the hare for bringing forth but one at a birth, while the hare brought forth many; "very true," said the king of the forest, the lion brings forth but one at a birth, "but that one is a lion."

"Germany, with a population of 45,000,000, has twenty one universities. Our country, with a population of a little more than 50,000,000 has 123 universities. Writers on the "College Question" can make a note of this."



Conference News.

A meeting is still in progress in tent erected in Chincoague, Va., some weeks ago. It accommodates about 400 people and is crowded daily, notwithstanding the revival services held in other parts of the island.

The Quarterly Conference for Hockessin has been changed from Saturday 10<sup>1</sup> a. m. July 30, to Monday 9 a. m. Aug 1st.

Rev. J. H. Caldwell, D. D., President of Delaware College, with his family, is sojourning at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Rev. W. L. S. Murray, Ph. D. addressed the young men's Christian Temperance Union of the Mt. Salem M. E. Church, last Tuesday evening.

Rev. A. S. Mowbray, who has been confined to his room for sometime from sickness, we are glad to learn is now improving quite rapidly.—*Pockmoke Gazette.*

Rev. J. W. Norris pastor of Bethel A.M.E. church read into full membership, Sunday the 10 inst., a class of seventy-two probationers, out of ninety-seven taken into the church, as a result of the revival last winter. There are some eight or ten yet to read in. Rev. J. C. Brock, a former pastor, was present and filled the pulpit during the day.—*Smyrna Times.*

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.—The corner stone of the new M. P. Church, Chestertown, was laid last Tuesday afternoon. The work upon the building is progressing finely; the architect, Mr. B. B. Owens, inspected it last Thursday, and expressed entire satisfaction with its character. The first floor joists have all been laid and some of the door and window frames are set. The three foot granite base is finished, and, with the heavy granite steps and entrance ways, gives a very solid and substantial appearance to the whole.—*Kent, Md. News.*

FELTON DEL.—Our Children's day exercises came off the 17th inst. Late do you say? Yes, but we have been waiting to have a reopening of our Sunday school room and Children's day all at the same time. But finding that we would be obliged to wait too long we decided to go ahead. For a week past it has been a contest between the school and the weather as to which would triumph; but the school won. For notwithstanding thermometer was cavorting about 100° in the shade we had a most delightful and successful day. A home-made programme and brother Friedel's bucket of ice-water were the only innovations upon the stereotyped plan of exercises; but when the day closed with fifteen dollars for the educational fund, one received on probation, and twenty three received from probation into full membership, all agreed that it had been the hottest and perhaps the best Children's day Felton had ever known.

The Sunday school and lecture room is being entirely refitted and refurnished. Wainscoting, fresco, paint, carpet and improved seats will make us a comfortable and beautiful room.

V. S. C.

The Rock Hill W. C. T. U. met at the parsonage Wednesday evening 13 inst., and was encouraged by the addition of several new members. The outlook of this little society is encouraging. Mrs. McQuay was unanimously chosen president; a vacancy having occurred by the resignation of Mrs. Addie Satterfield. The president-elect acknowledged the honor conferred, spoke of the responsibility involved, of her need of the prayers and hearty co-operation of all the members, her purpose to do all she could to advance the interests of the Union. Miss Fannie Stevens was unanimously elected secretary, and Mrs. John Stevens vice-president. Mrs. Mary Kendall was made superintendent of Sunday-school work, and Miss Lucy Apsley of temperance literature and Union Signal work. The meeting was pleasantly entertained by well-chosen selections read by Mrs. McQuay and Miss Fannie Stevens. The pastor followed the reading by a few encouraging remarks.

The W. C. T. U., an outgrowth of the most heroic step in the 19th century, known as the women's crusade, and led by women of highest social rank, and of finest intellectual culture, is fast becoming world-wide in its organized work, and there is no missionary organization that is more faithfully obeying the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature. The time is probably not distant, when these women will stand before every throne on earth and make appeal, as only they can make, for national prohibition. He who sneers at them shows either gross igno-

rance of the strength of the organization and of the grandeur of its work, or else great moral depravity.

RUSTIC.

Kent (Md.) News.

Easton District.

Our Quarterly meetings for July the 3rd were at Cecilton, Galena, and Sassafras. Cecilton is a charge of two appointments, viz: Cecilton, and St. Paul's. The preacher, Rev. E. C. Atkins, lives in the town of Cecilton, and in one of the largest and most convenient parsonages of the conference. The work on this charge is in a good condition. The attendance upon Class meeting is reported at fifty per cent or one half of the membership. The Pastor reported at the Quarterly Conference two hundred pastoral visits for the quarter. The "Children's Day" collection amounted to \$68. This, so far as heard from, is the largest free will offering given to the cause of Education on the District this year. On Sunday morning the Love feast was held at the St. Paul's appointment. The church was crowded with a glad and happy company of christians, and the service full of interest. The one thing needed at this point is a new church, and we devoutly trust that our people at St. Paul's will soon rise up and build. During my stay at Cecilton I had the pleasure of stopping with Bro. George Vandegrift who is one of their large hearted and earnest working laymen.

Galena circuit is a charge made up of three appointments, viz: Galena, Chesterville, and Locust Grove. Rev. I. G. Fosnocht, their present pastor came to them last spring, and is getting along finely among this royal people. As an evidence of their good will they at once made him a present of \$50, to help him in securing a horse and carriage, and having ridden with him in his carriage, I can testify to the completeness of his outfit. Bro. Fosnocht reported to the Quarterly Conference that \$1700 had been subscribed toward the remodeling of the church at Galena. In a short time the work will be commenced, which, when completed, will supply what has long been needed at Galena. The quarterly meeting sermon at Locust Grove was preached by Bro. E. C. Atkins, of Cecilton, and was doubtless a good one, for the people of Cecilton say that Bro. A. never preaches a poor sermon.

I think it worthy of remark that both at Galena and Cecilton the preachers do not have to buy any hay for their horses, as this is all supplied by their generous hearted people, an example worthy of imitation on all circuits.

On Sabbath evening the Elder preached at Sassafras. This is a single man's appointment, and at present supplied by a young preacher of the name of W. Sheers. Brother Sheers comes to us from the Boston University, and is proving himself to be the right man in the right place. Sassafras under his care is looking up. Sabbath school, social meetings, and public services are all receiving increased attention. Our prayer is that the Lord will pour out his Holy Spirit upon Sassafras, and upon all churches.

Fraternally, J. FRANCE.

Letter from Ingleside.

DEAR BROTHER THOMAS:—Children's Day was observed at Roseville, June 5th. The church was neatly decorated with flowers and mottoes, the exercises interesting and profitable. "Path-ways of Truth" were used, the children rendering their parts well. A new Beatty Organ added much to the music, with Miss Martha Seaney as Organist; Bro. Walter J. Draper is the Superintendent. We received at this church into full connection June 19th, eleven out of thirteen probationers, converted during last fall's revival.

On the afternoon of the 19th of June, our second Children's service was observed at Bridgetown. Some had opposed holding such a service saying it would be a failure; others were anxious to have it and worked the harder for its success. Bouquets were plentiful. The exercises consisted of singing, concert-reading, recitations, Scripture acoustic, &c. The children had a good time; the church crowded to its utmost capacity. Bro. S. R. Downs is Superintendent and W. T. Jarman, assistant.

The third service was held the evening of the 3rd inst., at Ingleside. A temple was erected upon the platform which was tastefully trimmed with evergreens and flowers; around the platform was a border of pot-flowers and bouquets; suspended over the temple was the passage, "Search the Scriptures" in gilt letters, which in the form of an acoustic was recited by a class. Appropriate mottoes decorated the walls. The exercises were all of an interesting character. "Flowers of God," consisted of two recitations by Miss May Welch and Miss Annie Straughn and five girls, one with a basket of mixed flowers, one of roses, one of lilies, one

of leaves, and one of mixed fruits; each one reciting an appropriate verse, and then hanging her basket on the temple.

"Truth in conduct" was recited by four boys and four girls, with banners of justice, truth, honesty, mercy, humility, chastity, temperance, and charity; each reciting a verse appropriate to the banner, and then all uniting in singing, "Dare to do right." A duett "Buds of Promise," by Misses Lida and Edith Price received commendation as the best ever heard, from little girls." The music by the choir was exceedingly fine. Miss Rosa Johnson was organist. Rev. Mr. Nevitt of the M. E. Church South, gave a short and interesting address to the children. Mr. L. L. Beatty, school examiner of Queen Anne's Co., gave an address on Education worthy of a place in the PENINSULA METHODIST.

The old mother church of Methodism in this place, was crowded, many unable to find entrance, sat in their carriages, or stood near the windows as possible. There were some eighty carriages besides those who came on foot or on horse-back. Bro. S. C. Johnson is Superintendent. The ladies at all the appointments deserve great credit for the tasteful manner, in which the churches were decorated.

The fourth service was held the 10th, at old Busiek's, which has been noted for her glad Halleluiah, and Holy Ghost Amens. This church too was neatly decorated. The pulpit placed aside was covered with flowers, and an arch erected over the platform. The programme was specially interesting. "Mother, Home, and Heaven," by three little girls was a touching recitation; the choir was mostly composed of young ladies, who did themselves great credit. Bro. James Bramble is the Superintendent. Collections equal to last year.

The ladies have furnished the new parlor of the parsonage with Brussels carpet, and upholstered furniture, the sitting room with a good ingrain carpet. They have also procured a bedstead, an extension table and a nice writing desk for the Pastors's study.

W. W. SEARP.

The Work of a Methodist Preacher.

Our work is great, complex, urgent; it contemplates the grandest objects. It has reached its present form and proportions faster than either preachers or people have been educated for it: it can be done in a spirit of genuine consecration to God, or in a spirit more or less consciously worldly. This last consideration being fundamental, let us dwell a little upon it. It is possible to have great zeal for christianity as a system of doctrines and church order, and under the impulse of that zeal to do "many wonderful works;" we may build "twenty a day," fill the treasuries of benevolent organizations to overflowing, preach eloquent sermons, gain the affections of the people, and bring many of them into the church, and yet be ourselves as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Christ's real kingdom is shrinking and not extending. There may be good done, for such is the inherent power of the Gospel, that even when Christ is preached "of strife and contention," some are saved thereby. But in such cases, the outward appearance of success is utterly deceptive. Here is the inherent weakness of statistics, when applied to an organism like the invisible church of Christ: it is impossible to know, merely by collating statistics, whether that kingdom grows as they grow; how closely its dimensions correspond with what can be seen and counted; or whether its progress may not be in a direction opposite to that of the statistics. I believe in statistics, but I am deeply convinced that they should be studied, and used with far greater care, and far less confidence, than by even the indefatigable author of the "Roll of Honor." One might almost as well put forth a description of a rose, based only on the chemical analysis of it, as to confidently measure the progress of the church, mainly by figures. It is possible, of course, to pervert these principles, and construct out of them a shelter for the man, whose laziness and self-indulgent spirit have prevented him from making any progress either real or seeming; but He who judged the man of one talent, will attend to that case.

How, then, shall we do our work, so that the invisible and spiritual kingdom of Christ, and the visible church may grow together?

It seems to me, that as never before, we need to cultivate vital, apostolic, practical holiness. This is said without any reference to the theories of holiness. Only the other day I was told of a lady, who was long hindered from seeking Christ, because of living next door to a minister. In this age of steam and telegraph, heathendom and christendom are next door to each other; and in vain will be "a million for missions," or ten millions, unless we can show them the Bible, in living epistles, a religious life, strong enough to

control the relations of government and commerce with heathen peoples.

2. At the same time we do need a larger knowledge, and a spirit of holy enthusiasm for the promotion of those practical efforts, made by the church to evangelize our own and other peoples. The work of collecting money for these purposes is spiritual and sacred work, if the man who collects and the men who give, and the men who spend it, are spiritual men, seeing the great object, and working with reference to it alone. We do need to "lift up our eyes and look on the fields," bending all the while before the throne of grace; and if we do this, we shall not need external pressure and penalties, to move us to our duty.

3. We need to cultivate enthusiasm of a methodical sort, enthusiasm for and through wise planning and forecasting. Only thus is it possible to keep all parts of our work in hand.

4. We need to cultivate patience, discrimination, and in the broad Pauline sense, charity toward each other. One glory of the Methodist ministry is its spirit of intimate fellowship and brotherhood, every man's welfare, success, failure, in a deep sense mine. What a help in my work to be assured that I have the sympathetic interest, the availing prayers on my behalf, of at least every member of my conference; that I need never fear from them, any plotting against me and, if my poor performance of the great work requires rebuke in the interest of Christ's kingdom, it will be the faithful words of a friend, and not the poisoned arrow of malicious criticism, glad that I have failed.

5. We must secure in all this, and in the details of our work, a more systematic co-operation on the part of our membership; especially those who stand forth as "leading men" in the churches. God bless these men who have it in their power to raise the standard high, or drag it in the mire, more than any other set of men. God make them all examples of true holiness, and of devotion to the great principles and mission of Methodism.

Let them see to it, that none are sent to the conference for admission, and none sought from it, but those who show at least indications of true manliness, clear common sense, energy, devotion, as well as power to talk religion in public. Those of us, who undertake to do all things ourselves, whether financial, or what may be called spiritual work are not the wisest, but those who can set others to work most. A minister is unquestionably working for God, when in the right spirit he goes about personally collecting all funds, but he is not acting wisely nor according to the Discipline. That wonderful book seems to point out our position in these matters, to be rather that of the engineer in the great cotton mills, than that of personally running every loom and spindle. Of course we have no right to make this a matter of official dignity, and let the work go undone, if we cannot find helpers to do it. But it is beyond doubt true, that we can do our own work best, when we can secure the greatest number of willing fellow laborers, in every department.

Has the reader, ministerial or lay, found this survey of our work fragmentary, imperfect, in some points mistaken? That was foreseen, and inevitable. One thing, however, has been in and behind it, the yearning of the writer's soul, for himself and all his brethren, that we may "show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed."

J. P. ORIS.

PERSONAL.

Bishop Taylor is a much-discussed man at all points of the Methodist compass.

Ex-President Hayes wrote to his pastor as follows: "We must not fall below the million dollar line. Do your best, and what you may be short I will make up."

The *Southwestern Advocate* nominates Dr. George R. Crooks for the episcopacy.

Bishop Warren is to preside in the Japan conference at Tokio, August 11.

It is Bishop Merrill's opinion that every Methodist preacher should know enough about law and medicine to keep himself out of the first and the second out of him.

The late W. C. de Pauw left a fortune variously reckoned at from ten to fifteen millions of dollars. During his life he gave away \$4,000,000, almost entirely for religious or semi-religious objects and purposes.

There is a beautiful and touching coincidence in the fact that a daughter of Bishop MARVIN will join the daughter of Bishop GRANBERY in our mission work in Brazil. We congratulate the living Bishop that God has thus honored him.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

The Mountain Lake Park Assembly will commence August 2nd, and continue 14 days. An able corps of lecturers have been secur-

ed, the Normal and C. L. S. C. work will be under able instructors, and in every way this will be a first-class assembly. Round-trip tickets from Philadelphia \$9.65. This will be a good opportunity to visit this cool and famous mountain resort.

The Tours to Luray and Natural Bridge via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The weekly tours to Luray and the Natural Bridge via Pennsylvania Railroad are now fully inaugurated for the summer. They will run every Thursday during the months of July, August, and September, and the return coupon of the ticket will be good for use until the Tuesday following. The next tour in regular order will occur on Thursday, July 28.

These tours are far in advance of the ordinary excursion. A special train, equipped as are the standard through express trains, runs on a special schedule, which is both faster and more direct than ordinary express trains, on account of the small number of stops it is required to make.

Both Luray and the Natural Bridge are points of absorbing interest to every one. The fame of the celebrated Caverns eclipses that of the Natural Bridge, not because the former are more wonderful, but that the extent and variety of their natural wonders are greater.

Excellent hotels at both points afford ample accommodation for all comers.

The summer climate of this region is peculiarly agreeable. A fine, pure air, refreshing breezes, magnificent water, an abundance of fruits and vegetables, make it a most desirable place for a summer outing of either long or short duration.

Round-trip tickets will include railway fare to Luray and return, one day's board at Luray Inn, and admission to the Caverns.

Extension tickets to Natural Bridge and return can be procured of the agent at Luray. The round-trip rate from Wilmington is \$10.50 and train connecting with special at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, will leave 7.50 A. M.

FRESKOING CHURCHES.

Send for designs and estimates, without extra charge, to Nicholas F. Goldberg, 228 Shipley St., Wilmington, Del.

FOR SALE.

Clark's Commentary on Old and New Testament, Watson's Institutes—two vols., Wesley's Sermons—two vols., Smith's Theological Dictionary, and other works; a little used, but nearly as good as new. Terms reasonable. A good chance for a young minister.

J. R. DILL,

Templeville, Md.

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An eight rooms furnished Cottage, most eligibly located, near the foot of Wesley Lake, two squares from Ross' oathing grounds, and convenient to Auditorium and Post Office. Having Thomson Park on the west, an open lot on the east and the Lake in front, its surroundings are far less restricted than the most cottages in the Grove, and is correspondingly desirable.

For terms apply to Rev. T. Snowden Thomas, North East, Md.

METHODISM OF THE PENINSULA.

New edition, improved with new chapter on the "Record and Status of Peninsula Methodism," and containing portraits of "Uncle" Haneey Bradshaw, "Uncle" Stephen, the Slave Preacher, and of the author, now ready. Price \$1.25. To be had of J. Miller Thomas, Wilmington, Del., or the author, R. W. Todd, Snow Hill, Md. Will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Those having the book in the first edition can procure the new chapter alone, in paper covers, 40 pages, with portrait of the author, by mail, for 20 cts. It is not for sale in this form to others.

Of the new chapter, Bishop Hurst writes:

"A most interesting and instructive contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the whole American Church." "Contains most rare and valuable statistical tables of all denominations on the Peninsula." "The four Methodist secessions down on the Peninsula, are treated with special care; the picture is entirely new, and in clear and full light."

"One of the most thoroughly entertaining books we have ever read."—*Baltimore American.*

"Any American Author might feel proud to have written it."—*Wilmington Morning News.*



**Mr. Wesley's Big Tea-pot.**

We wandered around the church yard, where Mr. Wesley and most of his co-adjutors lie buried. His monument stands out more prominent than any other in the church yard, except that of his honored mother, Susannah Wesley. Near the venerable founder of Methodism lie Adam Clark, D. D., and Joseph Benson, the commentators on the Bible, among the Wesleys. Near by, and in seeming neglect, the name almost too indistinct to read, lies Thomas Rankin, the man whom Mr. Wesley sent to America to preside over the first Conference ever held in the New World for the Methodists. On one side of the chapel building stands the house where Dr. Joseph Benson lived and wrote. On the other side still stands the house in which Mr. Wesley lived, and labored and died. We were conducted into this house, and into an "upper chamber" where John Wesley and his faithful lay preachers met every Sunday morning for breakfast, and to arrange their work for the day—no one knowing as to what point he was to be sent. Thus originated the Methodist itineracy. We looked into a beautiful and well preserved book-case, which held this remarkable man's library. I sat down by the desk, well worn, where he wrote, and in the chair in which he used to sit, and went into the room where he did all this wondrous work, and then into the room from whence his blessed spirit went up to heaven. In the hall, just outside the door, stands the same old clock which used to wake Mr. Wesley at four o'clock every morning, over a hundred years ago. It still measures off the hours with as much accuracy as in the days of yore. We also were shown Mr. Wesley's tea-pot—a huge affair, holding a gallon of tea at a time. To a Methodist, all of these have sacred associations, and the writer claims it as one of his greatest pleasures to have looked upon these objects. All of them are in a wonderful state of preservation.

To the readers of the *Advocate*, the family burying lot of England would seem a misnomer, because of its dimensions. It consists of a piece of ground three and a half by seven feet. Space is one of the most precious things in London, and an ordinary family can only afford but a few feet of the surface. However, the lot extends downward fourteen feet. When the first member of the family dies, the grave is dug, if necessary, fourteen feet deep, and the body deposited. When the next one dies, the grave is opened and the body placed on top of the other; and so on, until the grave is full. It costs a guinea, which is about five dollars in American money, every time the grave is opened, independent of the burial expenses.

Another peculiarity of an English death and burial, they never bury with indecent haste. When any one dies, the body is kept out of the grave a whole week. They do not "sit up" with a corpse, as we do at home, but place it in the coffin and shut it up in a room. In the meantime the family go about their business, and when the day comes for burial, the friends assemble and the body is deposited in the grave.

All this will sound strange to many of your readers, but not more so than the fact astonished the writer when he first learned it. It is said that there are eleven bodies in the same grave with Mr. Wesley, and that in Bunsfield burying ground, just opposite City Road Chapel, which is an area of about four acres of ground, contains the remains of over 100,000 persons. This is the case in all burying places about London.—*English Cor. Macon Advocate.*

**Two Sacks.**

There is an ancient legend that tells of an old man, who was in the habit of traveling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back, and another in front of him.

In the one behind him, he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view; and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got there, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other; "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See, here is the half crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door; and"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveler, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two, "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when happily, a third traveler—also carrying two sacks, as they were, overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sack?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through, and if lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down backwards."—*Independent.*

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Table with columns: Stations, a.m., p.m., p.m., p.m., p.m.
Stations: Wilmington, French St, Newbridge, Dupont, Chadd's Ford Jc, Lenape, West Chester Stage, Coatesville, Waynesburg Jc, Springfield, Birdsboro, Reading P & R, Station.

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

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Daily except Sunday.

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10:55 A.M. - Accommodation for Union Bridge, Hanover, Gettysburg, and point on H. J., B. & O. R. R. (through cars).

2:50 P.M. - Accommodation for Glyndon, (Reisterstown) 3:30 P.M. - Express for points on Shenandoah Valley and Southwestern points.

4:05 P.M. - Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikesville, Owings' Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glenn Falls, Finksburg, Pataasco, Westminister, Meadford, New Windsor, Linwood, Union Bridge and principal stations west also Hanover, Gettysburg and stations on H. J., B. & O. R. R. (through cars).

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Cincinnati Limited, 11:25 a.m.
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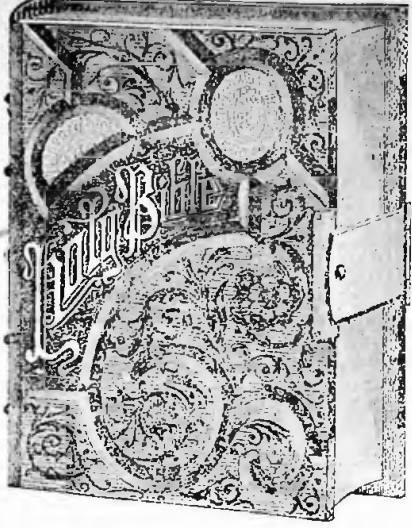
Baltimore Accommodation, 8:00 p.m.
Chicago and St. Louis Express, 5:40 p.m.
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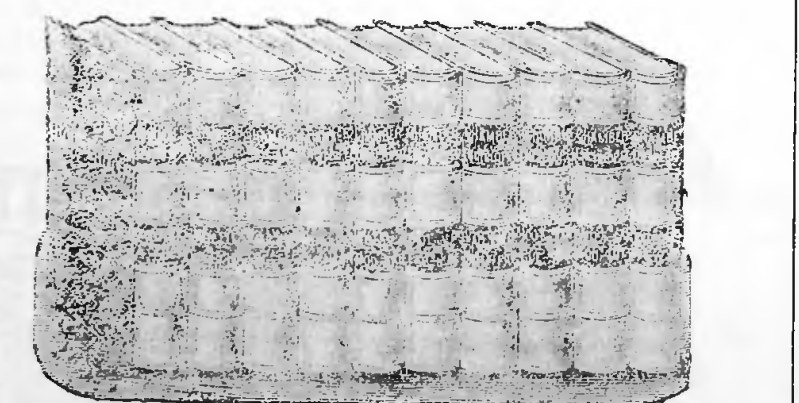
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