



# Peninsula



# Methodist.

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## The Philadelphia Conference, the Classic Ground of Amer- ican Methodism.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN A.  
ROCHE, D. D.  
CONCLUDED.

Who that knows the facts will deny us the liberty to speak of the Philadelphia Conference as retaining some of the proudest and most ancient monuments of the zeal of our fathers?

It was not the day of splendid churches, but some of the best specimens of our meeting houses, for the first half century, were found in the Philadelphia Conference. In 1780, Barrett's Chapel was commenced (in size, 42 by 48 ft.) It was built of brick, was two-stories high, and had a vestry-room. It was then, and for a number of years, far the grandest country chapel we had in America. (Led. 265) It was as plain as the bonnets of our Methodist mothers. But as I was long accustomed to see it, it was grand in its simplicity, as it was venerable in its age and associations. While being erected, a gentleman learning its purpose, said, "It is unnecessary to build such a house, for by the time the war is over—the Revolution—a corn-crib would hold them all." (Led. 265). Sage man! Wonderful prophet! Joseph had not corn-cribs enough in Egypt to contain them now.

Sacred to meditate! Glorious spot! My heart has thrilled as I have looked upon its walls, stood in its shade, and sat under its pulpit.

But in St. George's, Philadelphia, we have the most ancient monument of the zeal of our fathers.

There was no church in the connection for which Mr. Asbury labored so much as for this. It was for nearly fifty years the largest place of worship that we had in America; metaphorically, it was the Methodist Cathedral. With what earnestness Mr. Asbury, in 1772, endeavored to raise £150. This work he continued amid great discouragements. To this Capt. Webb gave his gold as well as service. Its walls are the oldest of our church on the continent. They have stood 113 years. Within this sacred enclosure, beneath the altar of that honored temple, reposes the dust of some of the grandest of our preachers. *This cradle of Methodism in the Conference remains.* It has been sometimes shaken by an unsteady hand. It has been rocked by tempests. It has been threatened by the fires that have flamed around it, and we point with pride as we say of it, "This and that man was born there." May these walls stand as a monument to the zeal of our fathers till the hand of God shall prostrate them!

But if ever my reverence has been awakened by hallowed memories of places and persons in our history, it has been when I have occupied the platform in the Conference Room of St. George's and as I have thought *here sat* and presided the first preachers and Bishops of Methodism in America.

But we go to classic ground to look for classic men.

Where shall we find them of American soil, if not here? From this Conference went George Pickering, in 1793, at the call of Jesse Lee, to build up Methodism in New England, and there he became one of the fathers. Here was the philosophic Gill, a tailor by trade, but so remarkable for his knowledge, as to inspire the admiration of Dr. Rush, who on hearing some speak disparagingly of the in-

telligence of Methodist preachers, replied by reference to Mr. Gill, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as this tailor, ye cannot enter."

Thence went Ezekiel Cooper, and preached in all the great appointments of his day; our book steward after John Dickens; a master in the discussions of the General Conference. He was called our Lyncurgus for wisdom. As a conversationalist, for his fluency and resources, a companion for a David Rittenhouse, a Dr. Rush, or a Benjamin Franklin.

Thence came the Boanerges of the pulpit, L. McComb, a dogmatist by nature, a debater by practice, a divine by study. Calvinism with him had not "the least degree of allowance," and as Thos. Fuller said of Wm. Perkins, he would pronounce the word "damnation" so as to make men's hearts fall down and their hair stand up.

Dr. Wm. Phœbus, the biographer of Bishop Whatcoat, went thence to the New York Conference and Stephen Martindale, a preacher of rare influence and eloquence, received in the same Conference the high honor he deserved.

Solomon Sharp was a man of extraordinary talents and character. He was pronounced by no mean judge, "the best every-day preacher he had ever heard." He found Methodism persecuted in his district by a parson, and he was asked to take up the pen and answer him. He thought if the pen is mightier than the sword, the tongue is mightier than the pen, and projecting his tongue far enough for a diagnosis, he with his finger snote that little member and said, "I will give them that." He did and was not like the prophet who did not smite often enough. He preached a series of sermons on the camp-ground, I think in Talbot County, and at the close, to use his own words, God rent the heavens and came down. The people fell like men in battle, and 300 were converted.

There was more than the tongue of the polemic, there was the tongue of fire and the assembly was in a blaze. He belonged to the heroic age, and he was worthy of the age to which he belonged.

Thence went Robert Seney to New York Conference. His father was a leading lawyer at the Maryland bar, and a member of Congress. His mother was a daughter of Com. Nicholson. Robert was a graduate of Columbia College, and was one of the first to enter a Conference with the burden or blessing of a diploma. He was worthy of his origin and succession, as the father of George I. Seney of American Methodism.

From the Philadelphia Conference went John Emory, with the academic advantages of Washington College, Md. He was one of the earliest and worthiest to receive the degree of D. D.; one of the first delegates to the Wesleyan body in England, who so preached as to compel Dr. Adam Clark to embrace him in his arms and ask if all the American preachers preached that way. He had the skill of the diplomat, and wielded a pen that was "the defense of our fathers." As Book Agent, he gave to the Book Concern the order of his own mind, and exalted the standard of our publications. He was raised to the Episcopacy in 1832. He was the father of that other great man, Robert Emory.

I would like to speak of the noble Lawrence Lawrenson—metaphysical, agnostic, sublime—who in his depression awoke our pity, and in his transports

made the pulpit flame with celestial ardors.

Am I denied the mention of the unctious Henry White, the princely Pitman, or the seraphic Lybrand, the elegant Hagany, the logical Hodgson, the magnetic Cookman; of Matthew Sorin, in his grip and grasp and grandeur, or of Thomas Jefferson Thompson, born not to dazzle, but to illumine?

May we allude to Dr. John McClintock, born in Philadelphia, there educated and received into Conference; at twenty-one years of age qualified for any chair in the faculty of Dickinson College, where he became Professor of Mathematics. In early manhood, the erudite editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*; he was the first President of Drew Theological Seminary, and was the origin, the inspiration, and largely the author of that vast treasury of Theological learning, the *Encyclopædia*, etc., that is an abiding monument to his fame.

But the Philadelphia Conference is not to be considered merely in the men she gave to the Church. There was one who, though not originally of us, on account of his position, cannot be overlooked by him who speaks of this body. Among the historical men of America stands the name of John Price Durbin. Entering the ministry in the West ere he attained his majority, without literary advantages, and advised by one of the fathers "to go home, as he would never be of much account," receiving for salary his first year, \$48.62, yet disdainful discomfort, and convinced of his capabilities and calling as above his culture, he eagerly sought the education that circumstances allowed, and by the light of knots in the log cabin of the wilderness, revealed the student and the preacher. Amid the duties of a charge, he pursued a college course and took the degree of A. B., from the Cincinnati College in 1825, after which he became Professor in Augusta College. In 1831, he received the appointment of Chaplain of the Senate of the United States. When only thirty-two years old, he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. In 1834, he became President of Dickinson College, where he showed his knowledge of men, and brought to his aid one of the finest faculties that have ever honored our institutions. He maintained discipline as President by impressing students with their own dignity, and by the exhibition of his own. Perhaps no college of our land, with equal numbers, produced as many first-class speakers as Dickinson while John P. Durbin was its President.

At the age of 42 he became the intelligent tourist, and gave the world four volumes of his travels in Europe and in Palestine and Egypt. But the grandest work of his life was for his last. Elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, he brought order out of confusion, and showed the master in all his movements. He was in this our Nestor, on the platform he was our Apollon, and was a glory in the American pulpit. As an orator, he interested, instructed, captivated and whelmed men. It was the honor of the Philadelphia Conference, that for forty years it shared his wisdom, admired his skill, and commended his virtues. She derived some brightness from the splendor of his genius, and gained reputation by the breadth of his fame.

What shall I say more? From you have already gone four Bishops, of whom

three were to the manor born, and the fourth, an honored transfer, will not impair the reputation of the Philadelphia Conference, as the Classic Ground of American Methodism.

The great John Emory, the acute and judicious Levi Scott, and the still living scholarly John F. Hurst, who despite his Maryland nativity, attained such excellence in the German language and literature, as to be elected President of our German Theological Seminary in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and the cultivated and brilliant H. W. Warren. Who shall say how many more this classic ground, the Philadelphia Conference, will yet give to the Episcopate? You must bide your time and learn.

Let us then conjure you to show a sanctified ambition that will demonstrate that you are not unworthy your exalted spiritual ancestry, the classic ground you tread, and the broadening fields that invite your diligence and reward your devotion.

## Reminiscences of Bishop Simpson.

BY MARY SPARKES WHEELER.

About twenty years ago, soon after I entered the Wyoming Conference with my husband as a minister's wife, I heard for the first time that wonderful man of God—the now-sainted Bishop Simpson—preach. The conference was holding its annual meeting in Oswego, N. Y., and the Bishop was announced to preach on Sabbath.

The day was beautiful and bright. The people came in throngs, crowding the church to its utmost capacity. Hundreds stood outside unable to gain an entrance, but waiting in patience, eagerly endeavoring to catch what they could through the open doors and windows.

The text chosen for the occasion was: "These light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." From the first the audience were interested. As the Bishop proceeded, the interest deepened, until every eye was fixed upon him, and every heart seemed lost to earth, unconscious of everything save that God was in the place speaking to them through His chosen servant. As he spoke of the afflictions of earth, "All his soul seemed steeped in pity," and the multitude was melted and swayed by the power of his eloquence; tears moistened every eye, and sobs were heard audibly all through the house. Then with seraphic sweetness, with heaven beaming from his eyes, he drew aside the veil and pictured the glory that should follow. As he went on reaching one climax after the other, telling us with glowing lips and tongue of fire, and irresistible pathos, of the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," the great preacher was lost amid the halo which seemed to emanate from the divine Son of God; he was hidden behind the cross, enveloped in the cloud of glory, and his voice was lost amid the hallelujahs and shouts of praises which arose from his enraptured listeners. I have heard many great sermons from many bishops and eloquent divines, but for its melting tenderness, its overwhelming power upon the audience, I have never heard it equaled. I think the Bishop ever afterward regarded this as one of his brightest days.

When the Conference met nine or ten years after, in the city of Scranton, Pa., Bishop Simpson gave an address to the candidates for elder's orders, I heard the sermon in the morning, but did not attend the ordination service in the afternoon. When my husband returned he said, "Oh, I am so sorry you did not go! You have lost the most wonderful address I ever heard." "Tell me all about it," I said. "I cannot," he

replied, "it beggars description. It was far beyond the sermon you have so often referred to." "It seems impossible, but let me hear all I can about it." "All I can tell you is that it was about John, on the Isle of Patmos. The Bishop took us up with him to the third heaven." Several clergymen were boarding at the same Christian home. Dinner was announced, and as they drew around the table I saw by the trembling lips and tearful eyes that hearts had been stirred to their depths. Not a word was spoken for some moments; they seemed to be filled with—

"The solemn awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love."

When the blessing was asked, with subdued voices they murmured, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" and rising with one accord from the table they said, "please excuse us, we cannot eat." They retired to the parlor, and I heard them pacing the floor, and saying in low tones: "We have meat that ye know not of. Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Let everything that hath breath praise the name of the Lord!"

We think few men have ever lived who could with such ease move all classes of society. The rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, the President in the White House and the bondman, all hung with equal pleasure upon his lips, and yearned for his companionship and counsel.

No man in Methodism ever succeeded in winning more fully the universal love of the church. In presiding over the deliberations of both the Annual and the General Conferences, he never indulged in sarcastic witticisms at the expense of his brethren, but he ever maintained his quiet dignity, blending with it a father's care, a brother's love, and a Christ-like tenderness. Love to God and all mankind seemed to be the mainspring of every action of his life.

The last time we met him socially was but a few weeks before his death. Mrs. Simpson had invited the Methodist ministers' wives of our city to her own beautiful home, and with the Bishop, and her lovely daughters, seemed to be trying to out-tire each other in making it a banquet of love and joy and inspiration to all present. It was a season long to be remembered. As the Bishop stood at the table, with Mrs. Bishop Kingsley at his right hand, conversing with her, I was impressed with his saintliness. He seemed on the verge of heaven; and the words came to mind: "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to your father and my father." I could not help thinking—ere long you will have ascended, and will be conversing with Bishop Kingsley around the throne of God in heaven.

No man was ever more loved in his own city. He was emphatically the man whom the people delighted to honor. All churches, all classes and conditions in society, mourn his loss as irreparable. As we look at the earthly side we say:

"And oh, to think the birds can sing,  
The sun can shine, the flowers can bloom,  
And he whose soul was all divine,  
Be darkly mouldering in the tomb."

But why should we seek the living among the dead?

"'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,  
Amid life's pains, abasement, emptiness,  
The soul can comfort, elevate and fill."

As we stand beside the new-made grave, mute with grief and blinded with tears, we hear the voice of the Eternal saying; "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." As we listen, our souls exult, and we join with our ascended Bishop in his last triumphant song on earth:—

O would He more of heaven bestow,  
And when the vessels break  
Let our triumphant spirits go  
To grasp the God we seek.  
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze  
Who bought the sight for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
To all eternity."

—Zion's Herald.



## Temperance.

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

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

### The Moderate Drinker.

The *Journal of Inebriety*, in a very suggestive article upon the early stages of inebriety, says:

"It is not will power which makes the difference between the inebriate and moderate drinker; it is physiological and pathological conditions of the brain and nervous system, which the possessor ascribes to will power. Alcohol cannot be used in moderation without grave injuries to the nerve centers.

"The moderate drinker is always diseased, although to the non-expert there are no clear symptoms or course lessons that can be seen. A careful study will reveal physically an irritable condition of the heart, with stomach and digestive troubles, also changing and disordered functional activity of all the organs at times. Psychically the disposition, habits, temper, and mental state slowly and gradually degenerate and become more unstable. The higher mental forces drop down or give place to lower motives and ambitions. No matter what his position of life may be, or his objects or plans, the moderate use of alcohol will alter and break down both physical and psychical energy and precipitate distraction. Moderate users of alcohol die from diseases provoked and stimulated by this drug. They always transmit a legacy of defective cell energy and exhaustion, which most readily finds relief in alcohol or any narcotic.

"But only a small percentage of moderate drinkers remain so until death. The disease goes on to full development in inebriety in a vast majority of cases. The boasted will-power to stop at all times is powerless before its peculiar exciting cause. Those who never got beyond this moderate use have simply never been exposed to this peculiar exciting cause. The moderate use of spirits for a lifetime is a mere accident in the order of nature, and the ability to stop resting in the will power is a popular fallacy.—

The liquor power is in a state of perpetual revolt against all law and order. It is the spirit of lawlessness and murder. It claims the right to trample upon all rights of individuals and society to serve its own destructive ends. It scruples not to use any weapon that will serve its devilish purposes. It is not a surprise to learn that liquor dealers have notified the Chief of Police of Montreal that if he does not stop interfering with tavern-keepers in Hochelaga, for keeping open on Sundays, they will blow up the City Hall with dynamite. This is exactly in their line of business. Destruction of property and life is their constant work. Dynamite will enable them to do some of their murderous work a little quicker than is all.

BEER OR A HOME—WHICH?—Mrs. Annie Wittemyer, referring to the wastefulness of beer-drinking, says: "Where land is worth twenty dollars an acre, one glass of beer at five cents, would represent a piece of land twelve feet long and nine feet wide; and this money duly invested in this land, would be paving the way to a good home and prosperity all around."

It is related by Dr. Scudder that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the Doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man colored, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

## Youth's Department.

### Watch Our Words.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings. For words are wonderful things. They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey. Like the bees they have terrible stings. They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine. And brighten a lonely life; They can cut in the strife of anger, Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchallenged, If their errand is true and kind— If they come to support the weak, To comfort and help the blind. If a bitter, revengeful spirit Prompt the words, let them be unsaid; They may flash thro' the brain like lightning, Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel Under bar, and lock and seal; The wounds they make, my darlings, Are always slow to heal. May peace guard your lives, and ever, From the time of your early youth, May the words that you daily utter Be the words of beautiful truth. —*Sol.*

### Speak With Sincerity.

A little girl, sent to the grocer's for an egg, returned with two, and told her mother that the dealer made her take both. "I would have thrown the egg at him," said the mother, as she turned to the work with which she was busy. The child was not wise enough to know that her mother, though exasperated, had made the remark only in jest. What should the girl do but return to the store, take deliberate aim while the grocer's back was turned, and throw the egg at him with all her little force. It struck him just below the coat-collar, and, to add to the mess, it proved to be an addled egg. The little thing, feeling that she had carried out her mother's suggestion in a praiseworthy manner, ran home to tell of her exploit. What the mother said and what the grocer said is not recorded in the history; but we have a forcible illustration of the manner in which children are often misled by the half-petulant and half-sportive remarks of those older. Teasing and baffling the little people is a favorite amusement of too many. Children need straightforward dealing. Sometimes they take, in all seriousness, a remark made only in a jest, and it leads them into serious errors of conduct; or, worse yet, the idea remains in the mind unsuspected, to work unhappiness and perhaps sad mischief long after the adult has forgotten the unwise words. Speak the truth in love.—*Selected.*

### Do our Children Hear the Gospel?

BY REV. J. E. RISLEY.

This is one of the most important questions discussed in preacher's meetings and Sunday-school conventions, on the right answer of which and its awakening influence depends, in large measure, the welfare of the coming generation. The commission given by our Lord to the apostles to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, is God's commission to His church in every age. Do we preach the Gospel to every creature under our care? The startling answer that makes angels weep must be, No. Are not children a part of the every creature? They are in the Sunday-schools of the churches, but, alas, a large proportion of them never hear the Gospel! Is not this a sad fact, that gives devils joy and angels and thoughtful Christians sorrow? Is there no remedy for this great evil, this wicked neglect of the church? We cannot offer any excuse that will be accepted at the judgment.

It seems to me scarcely possible to realize the evil consequences which will be likely to result from this neglect. Our children are at an age when moral and religious character is formed, or forming; and shall they be deprived, by our neglect, of that Gospel which is the best agency in the formation of good character and the power of God unto salvation! But do not our children hear the Gospel in the Sunday-school? No. They hear a commentary on passages of

Scripture, but not the Gospel by which those who hear are taught that they are sinners, and what they must do to be saved. The school is closed, and most of the children go away and do not come to hear the Gospel. A church in Rhode Island has adopted this plan to give the Gospel to children: The Sunday-school!—not closed—is followed by a short sermon, which all the school, and others who come in, hear.—*Zion's Herald.*

### Dust on Your Glasses.

I don't often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work; but one morning not long ago I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired. "This room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said modestly.

And sure enough the eye-glasses were at fault and not Katy. I rubbed it off, and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said:

"I am glad it was the glasses and not me this time."

This has taught me a good lesson. I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one that I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so-and-so, and she had said so-and-so. When her story was finished, I said, smilingly:

"There is dust on your glasses, Katy. Rub it off, you will see better."

She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children and it is quite common to hear them say to each other:

"Oh, there is dust on your glasses."

Sometimes I am referred to:

"Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses. Can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the persons, I think: "There's dust on your glasses. Rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses.

I said this to John one day, some little matter coming up that called for the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There is Mr. So-and-so and Mrs. So-and-so. They are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint; I don't know, I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now."

He laughed and asked:

"What is a boy to do?"

"Keep your own vell rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will," he replied.

I think as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."—*Observer.*

### A Courteous Cat.

A member of the Zoological Society says: "I once had a cat who always sat up to the dinner-table with me, and had his napkin round his neck, and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course; but he was very particular, and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish, I sometimes gave him a piece of mine.

"One day, he was not to be found when the dinner-bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were put around for the entree, puss came rushing up stairs and sprang into his chair with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse on to his own plate, and one on to mine. It divided his dinner with me, as I had divided mine with him."—*Manchester Times.*

### Trying the Wrong Man.

J. S. SIMMONS.

Some years ago I was living in a village in Solano county. Upon one occasion a young man drove a wagon into town loaded with fruit, after he had placed his fruit on the train he went into a saloon to take a few drinks and have a "good time" with the boys; very soon he became wild with liquor and was so unmanageable that the constable of the township had to arrest him. As there was no prison in the town he resorted to tying the fellow with his back to the tree right in the main street.

For a time he urged and tugged at the ropes, but finding his efforts useless, he cried out: "My God! has it come to this? Tied to a tree like a horse!"

Then gathering his scattered wits he said to the constable. "I ain't the fellow to tie. Tie the man that sold the whisky!"

Here was true philosophy for you; why arrest and tie the corrupted and let the corruptor go on with his work?"

We have temporized long enough with this giant evil. The time has come when we ought to rise in our might as sovereigns and crush it out. We have been tying the wrong man long enough. Let us seize the right man now and rivet fetters so securely upon him that no strength or skill will ever avail to break them.—*Review.*

### David Livingstone.

Dr. Livingstone was a native of Scotland. Born in 1813 at Blantyre, his early life was spent on the banks of the beautiful Clyde. When a boy only ten years of age he was put to work in the factory, where in the intervals of toil he would catch a few lines at a time from a book placed in his reach. When converted he determined to go to China as a missionary and for that purpose studied medicine. In 1840 he sailed for Africa, and found a home with Dr. Moffatt in the country of Bechmonus. Mary Moffatt became his wife and shared his labors. until, falling by his side, she slept beneath the great Baobab tree. Space will not allow me to tell of what Livingstone did, his travels northward in that unknown country, his visit to England, and the interest is aroused for the civilization of Africa.

In 1871 Stanley found him old, weary, and worn, but he refused to leave, saying: "No I must not go home; I must finish my task." He worked on sometimes too feeble to walk would be carried through the depths of the forests, he was trying to explore, by his faithful followers. His aim was to plant missions, and find a path for the minister of the Gospel.

Alone, upon his knees, in the heart of Africa this good man died, leaving his life-work to the world.

### The Mormon Protest.

The ecclesiastical authorities of the Mormon Church have recently issued a protest, addressed to the President and people of the United States, against what they style the persecutions and wrongs which, under the forms of law are now being perpetrated upon Mormons. What, then, do these Mormon ecclesiasties, who believe in polygamy and want to practice it, virtually ask of the people of the United States? Simply this: That they and all persons of like mind may be exempted from the operation of laws which prohibit and punish the practice of polygamy. Their protest comes down to this at last. The ground of the exemption claimed is that polygamy is a part of their religion, and that, in their opinion, they have the warrant of God for practicing it. The conclusive answer is that civil society, in the enactment of laws for the regulation of human conduct, can take no man's religious opinion in respect to polygamy or anything else, as an excuse for doing what that society, in the exercise of its best judgment, deems to be an immorality, contrary to good order and injurious to the general public, and hence properly the subject of legal and penal restraint. Civil society has nothing to do with the opinion, in itself considered; but it has much to do with the immorality that may flow from it, and in respect to the latter it will and must follow its own judgment, rather than that of any individual. It cannot exist and operate as a legal organization on any other principle.

We here make no issue with these protesting Mormons as to the question whether their religious belief in regard to polygamy is right or wrong. They may think and say what they please on this point. The Government of the United States will not, out of respect to their religious consciences, assume that polygamy has the sanction of God because they think so, but will assume that it is a gross and injurious immorality to be forbidden by law, because the most ample experience shows this to be its true character. The Government will and can take no other ground unless the Mormons succeed in radically changing the public sentiment of this country. They cannot, with impunity, practice what the people by law declare to be a crime; and they cannot make the law until they become the majority of the people. Hence they must either give up the practice of polygamy, or take the legal consequences in the penalty affixed to that practice. The

law will not and should not turn aside from its usual course, in order to adjust itself to their notions about polygamy. It never adopts any such theory in dealings with offenders.—*Independent.*

### Hotel Tables.

From an article on Hotel-keeping, in the August CENTURY, we quote "When I have seen the lengthy bill of fare so commonly furnished at large American hotels and thought of the waste entailed, I have often believed that a reformer might succeed, by establishing, say in New York, a hotel on a new plan, one that would afford the small, good variety that one finds at the smaller London hotels of the best class—a variety well cooked and served, through cook's attention not being dissipated among a multitude of dishes. The dietary, too, in America is unquestionably improving. Fruit and vegetables are consumed much more plentifully than before quick trains transported them cheaply and canning became a prodigious business. Baked joints and fowl, so often parboiled and sodden, are giving place to better things in the way of genuine roasts. The gridiron thank goodness, has well-nigh driven the frying-pan out of the kitchen, and wholesome broiled stakes and chops have taken the place of the hard, greasy meats that spoiled so many digestions in the past. Pie too, is going, and its exodus has had much to do with the genesis of fat. But hot bread and cakes still hold their own, and the baleful ice-pitcher remains active for stomachic mischief. Porridge, however, is more easily had at a hotel in New York than in Edinburgh, and, with cracked wheat, has gone abroad throughout the Union, crossed the Rockies, and visited the Pacific slope, doing good all the way. Salt fish, salt meat, and pork are now little used. Fresh fish and oysters are consumed very largely, and, exchanged for the game of distant backwoods and prairies, are carried from lake and sea to the most interior cities and towns of the continent—another blessing due to the rugged old Englishman who put a boiler on wheels and sent it traveling about the country! Under the influence of improved diets and the custom of taking a vacation during the heated term, we are glad to learn from statisticians that the physique of our people is improving, and that they are living longer than their predecessors did. Adipose is being deposited on lanky forms, and although Brother Jonathan can scarcely yet be depicted as a plump person, he bids fair to become such if he keeps on adopting common sense measures in food and rest."

### What has Infidelity Done?

Has infidelity ever raised a man or woman from the haunts of vice, and made a sinful life clean? Has it ever taken a drunkard from the gutter, the gambler from his cards, the fallen from a life of shame? Has it ever found a man coarse and brutal in character and life, and made him a kind husband and faithful father? Has it ever gone out into the heathen land and found a people ignorant and barbarous, delighting in rapine and murder, and by the power of its teachings lifted them out of their degradation, until they adopted the customs of civilized nations? Has it ever written down languages, translated literature, prepared text-books, planted schools, established academies, seminaries, colleges, and universities? Has it ever founded hospitals, builded asylums, established orphanages, and brought blessings to the poor, the sick, the maimed, and the blind? What discoveries has it made? What improvements has it introduced? Is there in all the history of infidelity a story of its moral triumphs that will match the regeneration of the Fiji Islands under the labors of the missionaries? Has it added anything to the sum of human happiness? Does it bring one ray of comfort into the chamber of death, filling the soul of the dying with peace, and the hearts of weeping friends with hope? The religion of Jesus Christ has done all these things. "The tree is known by its fruits." Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Does infidelity bear figs on thistles?—*Selected.*

The Interior favors sensational preaching of the right kind, of which it confesses a great lack. It says: what we need is Pentecostal fire. But that fire will not descend and kindle icicles, no matter how perfectly crystallized and polished. The preacher must have a warm heart as well as a clear and capacious brain. He must have sensibility as well as sense. He must feel deeply the truth that he is to proclaim. And deep feeling that will make the proclamation sensational. Genuine emotion must kindle the hearts with which it comes in contact. Let no preacher be afraid to cultivate his emotional nature in the atmosphere of the cross. And let him act out freely in the pulpit the promptings of a sanctified sensibility. If that results in sensational preaching, the more of it the better.



The Sunday School.

Elijah at Horeb.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1885.  
1 Kings, xix. 1-18.

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

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

I. GOLDEN TEXT: "And after the fire a still, small voice" (1 Kings 19: 12).

I. THE FLIGHT (1-8).

1, 2. Ahab told Jezebel—recounted the events of the day—the challenge, the failure of the priests, the astonishing success of Elijah, the confession of the people, the execution of the priests, and the availing prayer for rain. Perhaps he hoped to convince his imperious queen of the futility and peril of defending Baal against the God who had so mightily vindicated Himself: but if he so hoped, he was quickly disappointed. Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah. Furious as she was, she dared not attempt his immediate arrest—dared only to threaten. So let the Gods do to me, etc.—"one of those tremendous vows which mark the history of the Semitic race both within and without the Jewish pale—the vow of Hannibal" (Stanley) the vow of Jephthah, the vow of Saul. She devoted him on the morrow to the same violent death to which he had brought the priests.

3. When he saw that—that his confident hope of a national restoration of the true faith was thwarted: that the drama of such a day as had not been known in Israel since the time of Joshua was ineffectual; that Jezebel's will dared front the very judgments of God; that her authority was paramount, and not Ahab's; and that while the thirsty land was drinking in the rain which had fallen at his prayer, and man and beast were saved from perishing, his life, the life of a public benefactor, was threatened by this implacable woman, *Arose and went for his life*—starting southward, amid the driving rain; not stopping for rest either by day or night till he had reached the southern confines of Judah, and was beyond the limits of Jezebel's power and influence. The strain had proved too much for him; and in the keenness of his disappointment his lofty spirit suffered the reaction which has been recorded in the biographies of so many who "have been by turns confessor or coward—fervent as Peter, and as faithless too." *Beersheba*—nearly a hundred miles south of Jezreel. Left his servant there.—He wished to be utterly alone.

4. *Went a day's journey*—perhaps for privacy in the desert; perhaps to be where even Jehoshaphat could not find him in case of a demand made by Ahab. *Sat down under a juniper tree*—the *retiem* of the Arabian desert; the familiar broom tree (*genista monosperma*), found in the wadys of Sinai and in Egypt. *Take away my life*—and yet he was flying for his life! Physical weakness and mental depression had made life cheap to him. *I am not better than my fathers*. I am as weak as they, as powerless to accomplish great results as they; a feeble, worthless instrument; let me die! Terrible indeed, must have been the anguish of disappointment to have so completely unnerved a spirit so courageous and trusted.

5, 7. *An angel touched him*—arousing him from the refreshment of sleep, to the more needful refreshment of food. There is no indication that Elijah was undertaking this journey by divine command, but yet he is the object of special divine providence. An angel, a ministering spirit, watches his lonely steps, and interposes to save him from utter bodily exhaustion. A caked baked on the coals—a table spread for him in the wilderness. Though far out in the desert, and no markets near, his bread was given to him and his water was sure. *Came the second time*.—The Divine Nurse knew that this patient needed more sustenance than he had taken, to meet the ordeal of hunger and hard-

ship that lay before him. Arise, and eat, because the journey is too great—'otherwise the journey will be too great for thee.'

8. *Arose and did eat and drink*.—In all his inward fret he was obedient. Though twice aroused from sleep when thoroughly tired, he did not get angry or impatient. It must have been sweet to the disheartened prophet to find that he was not forsaken. Went in the strength of that meat forty days.—The implication certainly is that he did not again break his fast for forty days, going without food as our Lord also did in the wilderness for the same period. That such an abstinence is physically possible, has been demonstrated. *Unto Horeb*—or Sinai, the ridge probably bearing the latter name, and the peak, supposed to be the present Ras Sufsafeh, that of Horeb. The distance from Beersheba being only about two hundred miles, it would not, of course, require Elijah forty days to make the journey. The time was probably spent in wandering and contemplation. Stanley notes that "it is the only time since the days of Moses that the course of the sacred history brings us back to these sacred solitudes."

II. THE VISION (9-14).

9. *Came unto a cave and lodged there*.—"The cave," is the more exact rendering. Elijah's cave is still pointed out by the Arabs, just beneath the summit of what is called "the Mount of Moses." It is supposed by many that this cave was identical with the "cleft of the rock" in which Moses was hidden when the Lord "passed by." What doest thou here, Elijah?—a question that would hardly have been put, had the prophet been submissive to divine guidance. In his disappointment and despondency he had behaved willfully. Why is he here in Horeb, when he had been sent to Israel?

10. *Very jealous for the Lord God of hosts*—jealous at the encroachments of idolatry, zealous to exterminate it. Many find in these words "a tone of reproach that God had not followed up his zeal and services with adequate success." *For the children of Israel, etc.*—He utters a weighty indictment against them—rejection of the divine covenant, demolition of the altars (those at Ramah, Mizpah, Gilgal, Carmel, and doubtless others), the murder of the prophets, and their deadly intentions towards himself, whom he regards as the sole surviving representative of Jehovah's servants.

11. *Go forth*.—It would seem, from verse 13, that Elijah did not obey this direction until after the three material manifestations of the divine power had occurred; he may, however, have gone out at each manifestation and retreated to the cave in terror. *The Lord passed by*.—His awful presence betrayed by a series of natural phenomena of the most startling and convulsive type. *Great and strong wind*—a tempest so violent as to tear the lofty mountain crags from their base and pulverize the very rocks. *The Lord was not in the wind*.—That was symbolic, phenomenal merely, one form of manifestation, but by no means the chosen form. The prophet was taught that permanent national reforms were not to be accomplished by violent tempests of zeal, by gusts of indignation. *An Earthquake*—more terrifying even than the tempest, swaying and upheaving the solid crust on which he stood, and teaching him that, however much to his taste would be a moral convulsion that should shake the very foundations of the hated idolatry, the Lord was not in such convulsions; there was something more potent, more permanent yet.

12. *A fire*—perhaps "the incessant blaze of Eastern lightning flaming around" (Geikie), or a repetition of that awful fire and flame which had made this same mountain so dreadful to the Israelites in Moses' day, or of that which had fallen at Cramel. *A still small voice*—"a sound of soft stillness" (Rawlinson); "gentle blowing, or soft murmur, a sign of the nearness of God" (Gray).

13, 14. *Wrapped his face in his mantle*—in reverent consciousness that the moment for the real vision had come; that the Lord, whose presence was not to be confounded with phenomena however startling, was about to speak with him. *What doest thou here, Elijah?*—Question and answer are repeated, as above.

3. THE COMMAND (15-18).

15-17. *Go return*.—Elijah had had his lesson, and there was work for him still to do. *Wilderness of Damascus*.—beyond Israel, between Bashan and Damascus, a place where Jezebel's wrath could not easily reach him, and yet a convenient centre for the work and services yet to be required of him. *When thou comest*—not immediately, but when the spirit should indicate. *Annoint Hazael king over Syria*.—in place of Benhadad; Hazael was the chief general of the latter's army. His appointing, or appointment, occurred much later (see 2 Kings 8). *Jehu, the son of Nimshi*—strictly his grandson. *King over Israel*—in place of Ahab. This change, also, did not occur till after a lapse of years. *Elisha the son of Shaphat*—his own successor, of whom we shall learn more in succeeding lessons. *Abelneholah*—"the field of the dance;" supposed to have been in the Jordan valley, not far from Bathshean. *It shall come to pass, etc.*—Hazeal was to be God's sword smiting from without; Jehu, God's sword smiting within. Those of the children of Israel who should escape from these swords, and yet prove rebellious, should feel the edge of Elisha's sword—not a literal sword as in the foregoing cases, but "the sword of the Spirit," the word of God.

18. *I have left me seven thousand*.—God had been faithful, though His people had forsaken Him; and yet the apostasy was not so widespread as it looked to be, and as Elijah had believed. He was not the only one left; there were seven thousand hidden ones; unknown to the world, but known to God, who had kept the faith, and would keep it, handing it down a precious legacy to succeeding generations. *Every mouth which hath not kissed him*—referring to the habit of kissing the images of Baal in token of worship.

How Needles are Made.

Needles pass through the hands of eighty workmen before being ready for the trade, and valuing the needles at two dollars per thousand eight thousand operations are enumerated by twenty cents. There are five series of operations in the manufacture—conversion of the wire into needles in the rough, tempering, annealing, polishing, scening of the polished needles, and putting up into packages. The conversion into needles in the rough involves twenty operations, the principal one of these being gauging the wire, cleaning, reeling, and cutting into pieces of a length equal to two needles. Sharpening, or pointing, is done by means of grindstones. By the aid of a leather thumbstall the workman holds fifty wires at a time. The latter become red-hot by friction on the stone, and a constant stream of fine particles of steel and stone is thrown off, which formerly brought phthisis in the workman after a time; but the adoption of powerful ventilators has now remedied all that. After pointing, the wire is cut in two the head is flattened, and then annealed. Then the eye is punched in the head by means of a steel punch, the operation being performed by children. Other children "hole the needles;" that is, remove the particles of steel detached by the punch. After this, the heads are hollowed, sorted, and, when necessary, cemented. Tempering and annealing the raw product require nine operations; but these are performed with lots of thirty pound weight, each containing more than three hundred thousand needles. Polishing is the longest operation, although one million are polished at once. It requires five operations,

each of which is repeated seven or eight times. The needles are put into rolling cylinders along with small, hard stones and oil of Colza. The stones gradually become crushed, and the friction of the particles during the motion of the rollers effects the polish. The last polish is performed with oil alone and coarse bran. The sorting of the polished needles involves five operations; and after burnishing, which is a very delicate and important process, and that which gives the luster, the needles undergo the last operation of being put into packages.—*Religious Telescope*.

Wise Unto Salvation.

From a Sermon by Prof. John A. Broadus.

There is a great deal of wisdom in this world. It is wonderful that mankind considering how foolish they are, should be so wise; and oh! it is wonderful that mankind, considering how wise they are, should be so foolish. There is a great deal of wisdom in the world; wisdom that commands the admiration of all who are fitted to appreciate it. Men are so wise about their business affairs! Just look at the great business schemes and the grand business combinations! How easily men discern the new openings for business which new inventions and discoveries offer to them! How clearly we ordinary people see, after awhile, what some extraordinary man saw years before, and seized upon it, and made himself one of the great business men of his time by his wisdom.

There is a great deal of wisdom in the world; and this makes it all the sadder to think how few, comparatively, seem to be wise unto Salvation. Nay, these wonderful human endowments and energies of ours seem even to be directed toward wisdom unto sin. Men take their splendid powers and prostitute them in the service of wickedness. The longing to know evil is so intense in human nature! What is the early story in the dim light of the first history of mankind? And ever since—why, it is just wonderful to watch your own children and see how early they show a keen relish for knowing about wrong things; how they will get off with some bad schoolmate, and get themselves told things that it would be much better for them never to hear of. They do so want to know the bad things! The growing boys are so curious about places that are characteristically places of evil.

Wise unto sin! There are a great many things it is better never to know. There are things about which ignorance is bliss; yea, and ignorance is wisdom. There are things of which those who know least are the wisest people, and those who know most are the most foolish people. It is a matter to be thankful for, and in a good sense proud of, if a man can say, that as to the popular forms of outbreaking vice he never knew anything about them; that he never entered a place of debauchery; that he does not know the names of the instruments of gaming; that he does not know the taste of intoxicating liquors. Happy the man who can humbly declare to a friend such blessed ignorance, such wise ignorance as that.—*S. S. Times*.

Home Conversation.

Nothing in the home life needs to be more carefully watched and more diligently cultivated than the conversation. It should be imbued with the spirit of love. No bitter word should ever be spoken. The language of husband and wife, in their intercourse together, should always be tender. Anger in word or tone should never be suffered. Chiding and fault-finding should never be permitted to mar the sacredness of their speech. The warmth and tenderness of their hearts should flow out in every word that they speak to each other. As parents, too, they should never speak save in words of Christ-like gentleness.

It is a fatal mistake to suppose that children's lives can grow up into beauty in an atmosphere of strife. Harsh, angry

words are to children sensitive words which frosts are to the flowers. To bring them up in the nurture of the Lord is to bring them up as Christ Himself would, and surely that would be with infinite tenderness. The blessed influence of loving speech day after day and month after month, it is impossible to estimate. It is like the falling of warm spring sunshine and rain on the garden. Beauty and sweetness of character are likely to come from such a home.

But home conversation needs more than love to give it its full influence. It ought to be enriched by thought. The Savior's warning against idle words should be remembered. Every wise-hearted parent will seek to train his household to converse on subjects that will yield instruction or tend toward refinement. The table affords an excellent opportunity for this kind of education. Three times each day the family gathers there. It is a place for cheerfulness. Simply on hygienic grounds, meals should not be eaten in silence. Bright, cheerful conversation is an excellent sauce and a prime aid to digestion. If it prolongs the meal, and thus appears to take too much time out of the busy day, it will add to the years in the end by increased healthfulness and lengthened life.

In any case, however, something is due to refinement, and still more is due to the culture of one's home life. The table should be made the center of the social life of the household. There all should appear at their best. Gloom should be banished, conversation should be bright and sparkling. It should consist of something besides dull, threadbare commonplaces. The idle gossip of the street is not a worthy theme for such hallowed moments.—*Exchange*.

A Water-Museum

A water-museum consists of glass vessels containing fish, mollusks, larvae, and such other creatures as will live in the small quantity of water these vessels hold.

We must first make sure of a sunny window, where the museum will be out of the way, and where there is room for a small table. Then we must forage for the vessels in the glassware shops, or at the dealers in chemical apparatus. I have often been able to pick up confectionery jars which I got cheaply because their tops were broken, which, of course made no difference to me. I consider these the best for our purpose, in size from four inches diameter by six in height to seven inches in diameter and nine in height. The jars must be placed on the table in the sunny window, so that they will all get plenty of light, as this is necessary to most forms of life. One or two of the larger jars had best be used for fish, and to make them attractive their bottoms should be covered with clean river sand and pebbles, or fragments of rock in the shape of grottoes, as the fish like to rest on these and to eat the almost invisible weeds that grow upon them. Of course, all the vessels must be filled with water and sprigs of aquatic plants, such as water-cress, Vallisneria or duck-weed, placed in them to keep the water pure. Many kinds of water insects are carnivorous, or prey upon the weaker species. Of course, it would do to keep these in the same jar with their victims. To find out which kinds agree, we can mix them in the clear, shallow bell-glass, where we can easily observe the peculiarities of each.—G. E. Channing, in *St. Nicholas* for August.

We know of no one thing more significant of a lack of liberality than to be intolerant of others opinions. We meet with this spirit at times; and ignorance and arrogance—twin brothers, still have a living among men. This spirit was rebuked by the Saviour, as manifested by some of his disciples who forbade one who was casting out devils in his name, who did not with them follow the Master. Paul rejoiced that Christ was preached, though preached of envy and strife, and it is not in the suppression of the opinions that are opposed, that truth is to gain its triumphs, but it is in the contrast between truth and error. Truth asks no privileges, seeks no favors, and asks for nothing but what she wins.—*Free Methodist*.



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

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

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

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HAVING put in a new Gordon Steam Power Job Press, of the latest improved pattern, as well as a lot of new type, we are now prepared, better than ever heretofore, to do all kinds of Church, Sunday School and Commercial Job Printing, at reasonable prices.

Collection Cards for sale at this office at 60 cents a hundred, by mail, 70 cents.

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### Attractions of Ocean Grove.

In common with other seaside resorts, Ocean Grove has the invigorating sea-breezes, the wide and sky-bounded expanse of blue waters flecked with white-winged messengers of commerce, the delicious and exhilarating excitement of bathing, with the diversion of sailing or rowing or fishing; but in some other respects, it is perhaps unrivalled by any other such resort in the world.

The distinctively religious character under which it was inaugurated sixteen years ago, as a sea-side summer home for godly people, who craved the healthful and restorative influences of a sojourn by the sea for themselves and their families free from the follies and dissipation prevalent at fashionable watering places, has been admirably maintained. Not only is there an organized Methodist Episcopal church, with a large and well-appointed house of worship, in which religious services are held throughout the year, but special services, under the auspices of the Association, begin early in the summer and multiply in number and variety through the season. During the months of July and August, large Assemblies are held of the most eminent Christian workers in the country, including those of other than the Methodist fold, at which almost every live question relating to Church work, is considered and discussed by accomplished men and women, lay and clerical. The culmination is reached in the ten-days' Camp-meeting the latter part of August.

The sanctity of the Lord's Day is strictly observed. The gates are kept closed. No trains stop, no bathing or traffic is allowed, and as far as prevailing public sentiment or wise regulations can accomplish so desirable a result, the day is kept holy unto the Lord. As might be expected, the people who seek this place are either religious people, or such as respect religion and enjoy the immunity it secures from the vanities and vices of fashionable society. In fact, there is no place to be found, where the society is more select, in the best sense of that term, than here.

Besides excellent water from ordinary wells, there are now two Artesian wells, from which flow 140,000 gallons of pure water every twenty-four hours. At considerable expense the Association have provided a system of sewerage, that is thought to be equal if not superior to any thing of the kind on the coast.

Across Wesley Lake, the Northern boundary, less than 200 yards wide, lies Asbury Park, Ocean Grove's twin sister; albeit the former is considerably less pronounced against worldly amusements than her staid sister; theatrical entertainments, dancing and even the skating rink nuisance being tolerated. The beneficent rule of Prohibition, is maintained in both places, though it is said, some violate the law in the Park under druggists' license. Of course no law ever yet was framed, through whose meshes the lawless could not find some way to wriggle. As an illustration of the fertile invention of some engaged in the nefarious drink-traffic, the daily papers report a case, where certain parties had their barrels constructed with thick staves, where the gauger applied his measure, and thin heads, so as to deceive the official as to the quantity contained.

We clip the following from the *Asbury Park Journal*:

"Asbury Park was the first seaside resort on the American Continent to adopt a perfect system of drainage. We have fifteen miles of street mains. Our sewage is discharged into the ocean and is carried away by the current. We have miles of walks; an Ocean Plaza one mile long, and from sixteen to thirty-two feet wide.

Asbury Park has the purest water in the world from our Artesian wells, the analysis of which was made by Professor Cook, State Geologist.

Asbury Park has seven church edifices—Episcopalian, Reformed, Baptist, Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist and African. Hotels, boarding-houses, stores of every variety necessary to a large population are established; weekly papers with circulation of over 3,000 copies; a post office, salary \$2,300; two public halls—one, Educational Hall, being the same name it bore when it stood on the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia—seating over 1,500 people.

There are eight hundred cottages, besides hotels. The finest Masonic lodge-room in Monmouth county was erected by the late Allen R. Cook, who was for a long time the esteemed Superintendent of Asbury Park. We have also one of the best planned school-houses in the State, with a daily attendance of seven hundred; the school lot was donated, and fronts on three streets, and is 200x200. Asbury Park was assessed in 1869 for \$15,000; the assessed valuation in 1884 was over \$2,000,000.

Streets running at right angles to the sea are from one to two hundred feet wide, an advantage possessed by no other seaside resort on the New Jersey coast. The depot grounds are the finest on the line of the Long Branch Division of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and with adjoining streets cover four acres, including magnificent woods.

The Borough under a law passed in the winter of 1885, is now erecting water-works to cost about sixty thousand dollars—the water is procured from the Artesian wells which are now becoming so celebrated.

Electric lights were first introduced June 20, 1885, which makes our streets and beach promenade still more attractive."

The present promises to be a very prosperous season here. The Sheldon, with capacity to accommodate five hundred guests, is full to overflowing, so also most if not all the other hotels and cottage-boarding houses. It is likely the influx at the Camp-meeting week, will tax the place to the utmost to afford satisfactory accommodations; but we have no doubt, the feat will be accomplished.

The vicinity of the old favorite watering place, Long Branch, is another attraction of Ocean Grove. A drive of six miles over a fine road, much of it in full view of Old Ocean, and adorned on either side with cottages of every size and style, that taste, wealth and skill can construct, takes you to this popular resort, through Elberon, where

stands the cottage in which the lamented Garfield died. On this ride we see also the handsome Swiss Villa of George W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger, and near by it the Grant cottage, where the old hero loved to spend the summer, both during his Presidency and after it, until fatal disease forbade the indulgence.

Last week we gave our readers the first half of Rev. Dr. Roche's admirable address before the Phila. Conference Historical Society, at its anniversary in Lancaster, Pa.: the second and last part appears in this issue. A special interest will attach to it for Peninsula people, for several reasons, its veteran, accomplished and beloved author is "to the manner born," a distinguished son of *Peninsula Methodism*; our own youthful, but vigorous Conference was, not only an important part of the Philadelphia Conference from the beginning till seventeen years ago, but at the time when, of all times in its history it was "the classic ground of American Methodism," the *Peninsula* was the garden spot of that "classic ground." It was here in 1769, but three years after Barbara Heck and Philip Embury, first sounded the gospel call in New York, that Robert Strawbridge, the Sam's Creek Pioneer of American Methodism, organized the first societies on the Eastern shore in Kent Co., Md. It was on this territory, that the earliest and gravest trophies were won by the itinerant soldiers of the Cross. It was here that blue-blooded Methodists abounded; the refined, the cultured, the honorable in station and society, here accepted as their highest distinction to be numbered among "the people called Methodists." The Bassitts, the Barretts, the Ridgleys, the Eavalls, the Whites, indeed many, if not most of the leading families of the Peninsula identified themselves with the cause, while at the same time, the poor ignorant whites and blacks were not only not neglected, but from this lowly class of population were gathered many of the most wonderful trophies of grace. To the Peninsula, belongs the glory of Barretts chapel, with its memorable Conference in November, 1784, where Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury and Richard Whatcon, met for the first time and where for the first time, to American Methodists, were administered the ordinances of Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, by their own duly authorized ministers.

In view of these facts, well may the Wilmington Conference with pardonable pride, exclaim, in reference to these glorious records of the original Conference, "*quorum pars magna fui.*"

"HERE AND THERE ON SNOW HILL DISTRICT." We are confident many of our readers were disappointed, when they failed to find anything in our last issue from the facile pen of the versatile editor of the *Ocean Grove Record*. His serial articles illustrative of his experiences on the Peninsula thirty-five years ago or more have awakened widespread interest, by appreciative readers. We are glad, therefore that the series is continued in this number of our paper. A friend from Ocean Grove sends us the following suggestions, which we heartily second.

MR. EDITOR:—We are greatly interested in the articles in your paper, entitled "Here and there on the Snow Hill District." The subject, matter, and the style, are interesting and refreshing. Can't you induce the author, Rev. Dr. Wallace, to go back a little and give us some accounts of his earlier life, to which he has made a few allusions? We would like to know something of his boyhood, and his conversion, and whether the latter took place before he came to this country and under what circumstances. Dr. Wallace has very many friends, who would be glad to read these papers, and to know more about his early life, as well as to hear more of his ministerial experiences.

Respectfully, R. S. POTTS.  
*Ocean Grove, N. J., August, 1885.*

We are better prepared than ever before to do job work. Our prices are low, and our work will stand inspection. Give us a call, or write for estimates. Work neatly done.

We call attention to a most delightful pleasure trip over the Penna. R. R. to Cresson Pa., on the top of the Alleghenies. The rates include our full day's board at the "Mountain House, and the return coupons will be good for ten days from date of issue, during which time board will be furnished at a reduced rate. This feature makes it a fine opportunity for families to spend ten days on the mountain top, at comparatively small expense.

Tickets will be good, going to Cresson only on Sept. 3rd, on the trains named. Round trip from Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, \$8; from Wilmington Del., \$8.50. We recall with lively satisfaction, our first trip to these mountain summits, in 1848, just fresh from Academic toils in old Dickinson as also our second trip over these same mountains, on the Pennsylvania road, in 1864. Vividly comes the recollection of the thrilling sensations felt, as seated on the outside platform, with both hands tightly grasping the iron guards, we rushed down hill, and swing round the horse-shoe curve, where we could look down to the tops of the loftiest trees.

### The Lake Carnival.

Forty thousand people were packed around the banks of Wesley Lake Monday night. The carnival was the attraction. The clock on Association tower, struck eight, a boat anchored in the middle of the lake, near the Excursion House, threw out a flash of Greek fire, a sky rocket shot up into the clouds, and then the word "go" was given. "Quaker City," and "Victor Debow," two neat boats, beautifully and artistically illuminated, came first, and then stealing along in a line of fire were nearly 300 other craft. Chinese lanterns hung everywhere, from bow and stern and awning. Bands of music played as the boats swung into motion, and the thousands who were looking burst into a shout. The ferry boats stopped their regular duty and did service in the pageant. In one were the Commissioners and reporters, while the musicians occupied the others.

The glare of light mirrored on the water made a picture hard to paint in words. There were shadows and pencils of light blended so delicately that one could scarcely tell where the first began and the other ended. No two lanterns burned with the same shades of color and these reflected on the water telescoped each other into ever changing grotesque figures. It was a gorgeous sight, original with this place, and thousands will go back to winter homes carrying the remembrance of last night as a souvenir that memory will not let them forget.

Every house and hotel along the bank was decorated. W. F. Day & Bro., had a supply of fire works which were set off on the east side of the board walk at the foot of the lake. One hundred pounds of Greek fire was purchased for illuminating the lake during the carnival.—*Asbury Park Journal.*

### Letter from Milton, Delaware.

Dear Brother:—In your PENINSULA METHODIST of August 15th, under "Dover District," there is quite a mistake about Milton, which I desire you will correct in your next issue. It is true, that the members and friends of the M. E. Church of Milton are erecting a handsome parsonage for their pastor; and that the heirs of the late Mrs. Eliza A. Fisher, have, through the kindness of Captain John F. Fisher, given a good title to the valuable lot left by Mrs. Fisher to the M. E. church for a parsonage. The "certain properties" referred to, consisted of some old buildings standing upon the said lot, and which have realized by sale, but \$110, which sum has been placed in the hands of the Building Committee. The pastor's wife has been appointed to solicit subscriptions to erect this house, etc., and thus far has succeeded (notwithstanding the hard times) in securing subscriptions to the amount of \$1100, and other collectors have been added to assist in raising the remainder. It is estimated, that the parsonage will cost \$2000, exclusive of the site. With an elegant church, a handsome parsonage, and some few other things to come, Milton will be well-provided for in the near future, and ought to be one of the

most desirable appointments in Southern Delaware.

Yours Very Truly,  
W. UNDERWOOD, Pastor.

### Church Creek Camp.

Saturday, August 1. In the evening an opening sermon was preached by Rev. P. H. Rawlins, of East-New Market, on the subject of "Speaking often one to another. Sunday, August 2. The morning prayer and experience meeting was conducted by Rev. J. Conner. It was a meeting of power. Rev. P. H. Rawlins preached on "The God that answered by fire."

In the afternoon a children's meeting was conducted by Rev. W. W. Redman which was addressed by Prof. T. N. Rawlins, of the Conference Academy. Rev. J. Conner, Bro. Teal, of Baltimore, and Rev. G. L. Hardesty. Rev. J. E. Bryan of Cambridge, preached from "go and do thou likewise." In the evening Rev. J. Conner, of Bechtwiths, preached on "The glorious Gospel."

Monday, August 3. This was a rainy day. Only one service was held. In the afternoon Rev. W. W. Redman, of Crafo, preached from Luke, 5. . . 28v.

Tuesday, August 4. The morning prayer meeting was conducted by Rev. T. O. Ayres. Bro. P. H. Rawlins preached on "The new song," which made a profound impression. In the afternoon a children's meeting was held presided over by Rev. J. Conner. Addresses were made by G. F. Hopkins, of Hurlocks, J. B. Ashen, of the M. E. Church south, Ed. Dixon and T. O. Ayres, both of Denton. Rev. G. L. Hardesty discoursed from "The sword of the Lord and Gideon." In the evening Rev. Mr. Underwood, of the Cambridge Baptist Church, preached on "The temptation of Jesus."

Wednesday, August 5. E. Davis conducted the morning experience meeting. Dr. Ewell of the M. P. Church preached on "The Gospel of the Kingdom." In the afternoon R. J. Moorman, of Grace M. E. Church, South Cambridge, preached on "the pleasantness of Religion." In the evening E. Davis, of Bridgeville, discoursed on "Ye will not come unto Me."

Thursday, August 6. The morning prayer meeting was conducted by Bro. Ayres. L. P. Corkran, of Oxford, preached on the "Shepherd." In the afternoon a sacramental service was held, conducted by T. O. Ayres. 116 communed. In the evening E. Davis preached on "Repentance."

Friday, August 7. The morning meeting was conducted by the pastor. Dr. Ewell preached from the words "Lead Me to the rock that is higher than I," in consequence of the rain no more service was held during the day.

Saturday, August 8. The pastor held service in the afternoon, commenting on the "easy yoke and light burden." In the evening J. B. Askew preached on being "strong in the Lord." He was followed in an exhortation by Rev. Mr. Lowe, pastor of Williams street Independent Methodist Church, Baltimore.

Sunday, August 9. The morning meeting was in charge of Bro. Connor. R. J. Moorman preached on "the priesthood." In the afternoon a children's meeting was conducted by Bro. Lane. Addresses were made by Bros. Lane, Moorman, and Manning. J. Conner preached from "Peter and the Church." Bro. Lane, of Cambridge, preached from 1 Chro. 29. . 15v., in the evening.

Monday, August 10. The closing services were conducted by the pastor. This was one of the most remarkable camps I ever attended. The order was superb. People and preachers were delighted. The meetings were a power. There were a number of conversions. The preaching was much appreciated. May the influence of this camp long live. To God be all the praise.

CHAS. H. WILLIAMS, pastor.  
*Church Creek, Md., August 13, 1885.*



Conference News.

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

Rev. G. W. Burke, preached last Sunday morning, at Grace M. E. Church, and in the evening, at Brandywine M. E. Church.

Saturday was a grand day in the Brandywine Summit tented grove. Large crowds of people kept pouring in on Saturday, the most of them armed with camp-stools, to spend Saturday night and Sunday at a boarding tent or at the tent of some friend. The religious services were impressive. Lewis Todd conducted the 8.30 a. m. prayer meeting, and Rev. J. Owen Sypherd preached at 10 o'clock. Rev. G. W. Burke led the children's meeting, and Rev. T. B. Hunter preached at 3 p. m. Mrs. Pierson, of the Union charge, Wilmington, led the 6.30 prayer meeting in the evening. Rev. Lewis Todd preached in the evening, and the revival meeting that followed was one of the liveliest of the camp. Several persons were converted.

The Sabbath, the great day of the camp, came with a beautiful sunrise. It is estimated that 7,000 people were present during the day. When preaching was commenced, ropes were stretched across the avenues to prevent promenading. There was an inclination to listen to good preaching, and almost the entire seating capacity of the circle was filled with listeners.

The religious services of the day commenced with family worship, led by W. W. Sharp, of Ashbury, and although it was only 6.30, a large audience was already present. Prayer and testimony service followed at 8.30 a. m., led by W. L. S. Murray. At 10 o'clock Rev. W. H. Smith, of Siloam, Philadelphia Conference preached. He took his text from Revelations 1st chapter, 5th and 6th verses.

Rev. W. B. Gregg filled the tabernacle with happy, smiling children at 1.30 p. m. to whom he spoke. He was assisted by several other brethren.

At 1 o'clock a Holiness meeting was held in Union tent, led by Mrs. Kenney, of Philadelphia.

At 3 p. m. Rev. L. W. Layfield, of St. George's charge, preached a powerful sermon from a passage of Hebrews. Mrs. Boyd, of Philadelphia, led the 6.30 evening meeting and Rev. E. L. Hubbard of Brandywine M. E. church preached the evening sermon from a passage in Romans: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," etc., Mr. Hubbard had possibly the largest audience of the day.

Easton District.—REV. J. H. CALDWELL, P. E., SMYRNA, DEL.

Seegar's Camp, under the management of Rev. T. L. Tompkinson, opened on Friday. The camp is very prettily situated about 1 1/2 miles from Millington and five miles from Suddlersville. There are about fifty tents on the ground and the majority of them are two story frame structures with a few canvas. The attendance on Sunday was between 3,000 and 4,000, the largest ever known there. Three services were held which were largely attended, and the sermons attentively listened to. Good order prevailed throughout the day. The weather was delightful, which accounts in a degree for the large attendance. The camp will continue until after Sunday next.—Centerville Observer.

The old M. E. Church in Princess Anne is undergoing a thorough repair, and additions are being made to it.

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

Wye Camp, at Wye or Golden Run closed on Friday morning last, after a successful run of ten days. On Monday morning, Rev. Theodore Stephens of Chester Penna., preached; at 3 o'clock Rev. T. O. Crouse, of the M. E. church of this town preached an excellent sermon; in the evening Rev. Stevenson filled the pulpit. On Tuesday the preaching was done respectively by Rev. T. E. Martindale, of Dover, T. O. Ayers, of Denton, Alfred Smith of Greensborough. The pulpit was filled on Wednesday, by Revs. I. Jewell, K. K. Stevenson and Geo. S. Conaway. Thursday there were but two preaching services, (the rain preventing at evening), which were presided over by Rev. J. O. Sypherd, and J. D. Kidney. An amusing incident happened Tuesday morning while morning prayer was being conducted contrary to all rule and presence, (for it is a well-known fact that chickens flee the presence of ministers,) a chicken, which had escaped from a vender, ran through the circle and perched upon the alter while the camp was a prayer. Children's meetings were held each afternoon by Rev. F. C. MacSorley, assisted by other ministers present, which were very successful, there being a number of conversions at each service. The rain of Thursday night stopped the service

for that evening. There were sixty-four conversions in all, mostly young people and members of the Sunday School.—Centerville Observer.

Rev. T. E. Martindale, pastor of Dover M. E. Church, has been granted a vacation of three weeks by his official board, and was recently presented with a handsome sum of money by many friends.

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

Rev. J. Hubbard, of Laurel, writes:—An eye witness reported several peculiarities about the Wye camp meeting, which closed last Friday, that has not often been seen elsewhere. The preaching though good, produced but little apparent effect. 68 persons professed conversion, and many of them give clear evidence, that the work was genuine, and they were all converted in the day time mostly in the afternoons. There were no mourners at the altar after night fall, except on one occasion. There were present a part of the time, 25 or 30 preachers, and while the congregations ordinarily were good, a vast crowd attended on Sunday.

Your correspondent had the pleasure last Sunday of addressing a congregation to which announcement, had been made, that the preacher for that occasion, preached at that place, 37 years ago. Of course the people wondered who he could be. Old Moor's chapel, to which we refer, is connected with Delmar circuit, and is one of the oldest preaching places on this Peninsula. Rev. A. Chandelar the pastor is very popular, with his people, and has been away a short time recruiting his health. Rev. F. C. MacSorley, preached last Sunday evening, an excellent sermon on the writing of Christ upon the human heart.

PERSONAL.

At the age of eighty, Dr. J. M. Sturdevant retires from the Presidency of Illinois College, Jacksonville, at his own request. He was President thirty-two years, professor thirteen, and tutor two years. His connection began at the founding, 1820.

John E. Gough, who is in Northfield, Mass., participating in the Moody Christian Workers' Convention is reported to be ill.

The official board of Zion M. E. Church, Wilmington, has voted to give their pastor, the Rev. H. A. Monroe, a vacation of two weeks and presented him money to defray his expenses during his absence. He will be in his pulpit again on the first Sunday in September.

Ex-president Purnell of Delaware College has moved from Newark, to the scene of his new labors at Frederick City, Md., where he will assume the presidency of the Frederick City Female seminary, an established and flourishing institution devoted to the higher education of woman.

At the recent commencement of the private academy at Church Hill, Md., the medal was awarded to Miss May O'Neill, daughter of Rev. W. J. O'Neill, pastor of our church there, for the best English essay.

Rev. J. Dodd, is spending his vacation at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Rev. R. C. Jones, pastor of Mt. Salem M. E. Church of this city, spent a few days at Woodlawn Camp near Port Deposit Md.

Rev. Adam Steuple of our church at Middletown, Del., has been spending a few days at Ocean Grove N. J.

Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., of New York, lectured to a large audience on evolution under the title of "A Scotch Verdict," last Monday, at Chautauque, N. Y.

Rev. G. W. Burke and family have been spending a week at Brandywine Summit camp.

Harry Garfield, eldest son of the martyred president, will take a professorship in St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H. His brother James will study law in New York City.

ITEMS.

The *Southwestern Methodist* says a majority of the preachers in the St. Louis Conference of the M. E. Church, South, received less than \$1 dollar a day for service last year.

A canvass made under the auspices of the Allegheny churches, show that 75 per cent of the residents of Allegheny, Pa., attend church.

The session of the Norway Conference held at Trondhjem—the highest point North where a Methodist Conference has ever met—was a very successful one. Bishop Hurst expresses himself as being much pleased with the outlook for our Church in that country. There has been an advance over last year in every department of the work. The statistics show 31 churches, 649 probationers, 3,453 members in full connection, 46 Sunday-schools, and 3,502 scholars.

Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D. No. 23.

The Annual Conference of 1850, on the way to which, I was bound, at the close of my last letter, was the crucial point in the early history of our class.

We had been "on trial" for two active, laborious years. This was to develop our adaptation to the itinerant ministry. As yet we were without membership in the body, and had neither vote in the proceedings, nor function outside, except what belonged to an unordained preacher. We could neither baptize children, perform the marriage ceremony, or administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The conditions of admission turned on personal character, competency in prescribed studies, proper subordination in circuit work, and promise of usefulness in the future.

The entire class of '48, except those already fallen on the field, and one or two who dropped back into the local ranks, passed the ordeal of examination, were held in esteem by our respective colleagues, represented by the Presiding Elders, and by vote, were first admitted to the Philadelphia Conference, and secondly, elected to be ordained to the office of deacon. We were duly called forward, and questioned by the Presiding Bishop on matters of faith and disciplinary duty. The admonitions of that hour have stayed by some of us, whether in the "effective ranks" or in other relations of Christian activity to this hour.

It was in old Union Church, Fourth street, below Arch, at the altar where five years previously, I had surrendered myself to the Saviour in an everlasting covenant. I had the honor and happiness to be ordained to the work of the ministry, and became one of the sixty young men, as Bro. John Whiteman used to keep tally, whom this mother Church had sent out from her altars, to preach the gospel.

Awaiting the opportunity, whenever I should be competent to perform the rite of baptism, were several children of relatives and friends, so that I had to begin exercising my office, as soon as the bishop's hands had been laid on my head. The first, I remember, was a remarkably beautiful baby girl, who is now the mother of a family, and some of whose children I have baptized in more recent years. It was also my privilege to be called on, the first Sunday after Conference, to assist in the administration of the Communion, at Vesley chapel, Baltimore, while on my return to the "Eastern Shore." My first adventure in the marrying department, was also memorable, the contracting parties being a handsome couple of ebony hue, who behaved with more decorum than many possessing superior advantages, with whom I afterwards became acquainted, in pastoral relations. My first fee was a piece of gold of the value of \$2.50, although at that day, in similar cases, it rarely netted over a dollar.

By the way has nobody ever thought of writing a book of experience on the funny features of some marriages? It might be entitled "Hilaries of the Hymeneal noose;" or "Laughable contratemps in the silken tie;" or still better; "Scared victims of Cupid's arrows."

The writer knows one Clergyman now growing venerable, who has collected a curious chapter of odd adventures connected with the performance of his duty in this line. If published, wouldn't such a book create the liveliest literary boom of modern times.

But I am digressing again. To return to the Conference—an occasion was stamped upon my memory by still another incident. It was one of those painful cases now so happy rare, of the arrest of a preacher's character, and his trial on a charge of immorality. The specification was one that has wrecked more ministers than any and all others combined, but in the course

of investigation, the circumstances were so vague, that a conclusion was hard to reach. Some of the brethren took sides very earnestly, and argued the points and probabilities of the matter outside, as well as in Conference, which in those days, always sat with closed doors, when a trial was on hand.

The brother's presiding Elder was one of those dogmatic men who were always strenuous to have their way. Even when good ministers and members stood in it, or were forever lost to the church, by their extreme measures. While no man in the body, as I remember, showed a disposition to extenuate a fault, yet the verdict was believed to be unwarrantably harsh, and on sober, second thought, was modified next day. The accused withdrew, so hurt and prejudiced by what he regarded as oppressive action, that he abandoned the ministry forever. He is still living, and in a hale old age enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him.

Such an occurrence crossing the path of a set of young men so early in their public career, could not but have made a strong impression on our minds of the necessity of constant circumspection in social behaviour. Sad as the isolated cases are, is it not one of the marks of a special providence, that amid the perils besetting a thousand men, there should have been so few to furnish scandal for morbid news papers, and mar the pages of our past history?

It happened that my new appointment was Princess Anne Circuit, then one of the most prominent on the District, and desirable to me on account of its territory adjoining Annessex, where I had passed such a pleasant year, despite the rough treatment of chills and fever.

Princess Anne was the centre, a some what aristocratic county seat, and the home of a good many prominent people. They were friendly to our branch of Zion, but the membership included very few of them.

The Circuit in 1850, included Upper Trappe, and Zion, Princess Anne and Hungary Neck, Phœbus' and Dames' Quarter, Rock Creek, and Deals Island. Our week day appointments, were Bethel, and Smith's and Holland's Islands. During the summer season it was our routine to cross the Sound every two weeks, after our Sabbath at Deals Island, and spend Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in navigating and preaching among the Islanders.

The chief personage of our charge at that time was Rev. Joshua Thomas, "Parson Thomas," of whose curious history every body had something to tell. Accompanying my colleague, Rev. R. E. Kemp, we paid him a visit soon after reaching the Circuit. His home was on "Little Deals Island," and his days of active ministry were about ended, for he was almost entirely helpless from rheumatism. He received us joyfully, and the visit won me so effectually, in veneration and love to the dear old man, that whenever I found opportunity, as long as I was on the Circuit, I hastened to his little Island home, to sit by his chair, and gather wisdom from his words.

This enabled me, ten years afterwards, when it seemed to become my duty to prepare his biography, to make that book the unique thing it is, calling for edition after edition, to supply a demand which still continues, such is the interest kept alive in the public mind in the memory of one simple hearted man.

Rev. Bro. Kemp, with whom my lot was cast, was an itinerant of the pattern now quite rare in most Conferences. He was of a quiet, gentle manner, had a large family of bright children and a wife who might well be termed one of the excellent of the earth. His sermons were of the hortatory style, and his industry in versification was one of his least faults. He had turned the entire Book of Psalms into poetic paraphrase, and composed a good many pieces besides.

I had two full years of his genial company and oversight, having been sent as his colleague in 1852 to Lewis Circuit. When discipline had to be enforced he was always slow to take the initiative, preferring to stay in the peaceful retirement of his study, wishing that everybody was good, and could behave themselves without giving their pastor or neighbors any trouble.

Sir Moses Montefiore's will was executed personally in 1882. He bequeathed large sums of money to various charitable institutions, and left numerous legacies to faithful servants.

MARRIAGES.

BRINSFIELD—WHEATLEY.—At M. E. Parsonage, Galestown, Md., on evening of July 1st, 1885, by Rev. W. M. Green, Mr. Wm. W. Brinsfield, and Miss Mary H. Wheatley, both of Dor. Co. Md.

BRINSFIELD—MARINE.—At M. E. Parsonage, Galestown, Md., on evening of Aug. 8th 1885, by Rev. W. M. Green, Mr. Alfred M. Brinsfield and Miss Maggie E. Marine both of Dor. Co. Md.

DICKINSON—ELLIS.—At home of the bride's father, Mr. E. J. Ellis, near Woodland Del., on evening of Aug. 12th, 1885, Frazier A. Dickerson and Obechoe V. Ellis both of Sussex Co. Del.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER		
Asbury	August	22 23
St. Paul's	"	22 24
Red Lion	"	29 30
New Castle	"	30 31
Delaware City	Sept,	6 7
St. George's	"	5 6

EASTON DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.		
Easton	"	20 23
Royal Oak	"	21 23
St. Michaels	"	21 23
Tabbot	Chatham,	22 23
Middletown	"	30 31
Odessa	"	30 31

SALISBURY DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.		
Newark	Poplartown	Aug 22 23
Girdletree	"	22 23
Snow Hill	"	22 23
Pocomoke City	"	23 24
Stockton	Goodwill	23 24
Pocomoke Ct	Williams	23 24
Tyaskin	Trinity	25 23
Mt Vernon	Asbury	23 25
Princess Anne	"	23 25
Deal's Island	"	29 30
Somerset	Rock Creek	29 30
St Peter's	Bethel	30 31
Cape Charles City	"	Sept 5 6
Onancock	"	7
Aconac	Modestown	8
Westover	Mt Olivet	12 13
Fairmount	Union	13 14
Asbury	"	13 15
Crisfield	"	13 16
Annessex	St Peter's	13 16

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O Hero uncrowned among the princes of the earth what was the mystery of thy support in the long weary troubled years when "without were fightings, within were fears"?

a contested field, the largest and grandest over which man ever fought; Hero of a battle long-strenuous, and without a truce...

In Memoriam. Laura, daughter of Abram Jump, of Caroline county, Md., was born in October, 1844; and died in Vienna, Md., Tuesday, August 4, 1885.

The DORCAS has found an unoccupied field and is filling it in so satisfactory a manner, that it is fast becoming a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to WOMANLY HANDICRAFT.

Sunday School Cards. The Ten Commandments, Illuminated Border Size 1 x 2 1/2. Price per set, 25cts.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for September is a number full of notable attractions. The frontispiece this month is an illustration to one of Dorothy Holroyd's pretty poems entitled, "The Dryad and the Nightingale."

The DORCAS MAGAZINE, a periodical devoted to the interests of WOMEN and the HOME, has completed its first year's work.

WIDE AWAKE for August opens with a fanciful frontispiece by E. H. Lungren, entitled "In the Sweet of the Year," the same artist also contributes a fine full-page drawing of Burns' "Highland Mary."

Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad. IN CONNECTION WITH O. D. S. S. Co. and P. R. R. CHANGE OF TIME.

Table with columns: GOING NORTH, Mixed, Mail, Leave, Arrive. Stations include Rehoboth, Lewes, Nassau, Coolspring, Harbeson, etc.

Table with columns: GOING SOUTH, Mixed, Mail, Leave, Arrive. Stations include Georgetown, Stockley, Millsborough, Dagsborough, etc.

Table with columns: GOING NORTH, Mixed, Mail, Leave, Arrive. Stations include Wilmington, Reading, P. & R. Station, etc.

Table with columns: Regular Price, Price for both. Lists various items like Independent, Godey's Lady's Book, Cottage Heart, etc.

Additional information about the Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad, including train schedules and service details.

Bel. Franklin City & Georgetown. GOING SOUTH, Mixed, Mail, Leave, Arrive. Stations include Georgetown, Stockley, Millsborough, etc.

Wilmington & Northern R. R. Time Table, in effect June 19, 1885. GOING NORTH, Daily except Sunday.

Additional information about the Wilmington & Northern R. R., including train schedules and service details.

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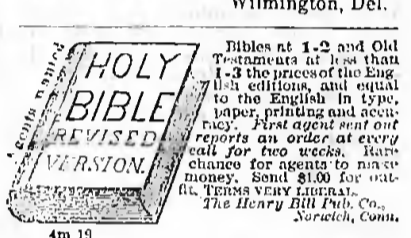
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