



# Peninsula Methodist.



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## THE SWEET OLD STORY.

Tell me about the Master!  
I am weary and worn to-night,  
The day lies behind me in shadow,  
And only the evening is light!  
Light with a radiant glory  
That lingers about the west.  
My poor heart is weary, weary,  
And longs like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master,  
Of the hills he in loneliness trod,  
When the tears and blood of his anguish  
Dropped down on Juda's sod.  
For to me life's seventy milestones  
But a sorrowful journey mark;  
Rough lies the hill country before me,  
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!  
Of the wrongs he freely forgave;  
Of his love and tender compassion,  
Of his love that was mighty to save;  
For my heart is weary, weary,  
Of the woes and temptations of life,  
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,  
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow  
Or pain of temptation befall,  
The infinite Master hath suffered,  
And knoweth and pitieth all.  
So tell me the sweet old story,  
That falls on each wound like a balm,  
And my heart that was bruised and broken,  
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

—Selected.

## Recollections of General Grant's Church Life.

The Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, who was pastor of the Metropolitan Church in Washington during President Grant's administration, and who married Nellie Grant to Mr. Sartoris, delivered an address on "Personal Memories of General Grant as a former parishioner," Sunday morning, July 26th, in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. He said:

The first time I ever saw General Grant was on a visit that he made to Chicago near the close of the war. I had been requested by the governor of the state to assist in raising funds for the purchase of a soldiers' orphan home, and had informed the governor that, with his and General Grant's indorsement, I believed the effort would be a success. I was impressed with the aptness of the questions which General Grant put to me; they were brief, methodical, and seemed to cover the whole ground; Appointing the next day for an interview, at the hour named I found him in a room full of friends and visitors. When recognizing me, he directed one of his aids to bring him writing materials, and sat down in the midst of the confusion and wrote a commendation of the enterprise to the people of the state, who gladly responded.

A trait of his character was developed when on a subsequent visit to the same city he remained there over Sunday. Great interest was manifested in knowing where he would worship on that day. Pews were offered for his use in almost all the principal churches, and carriages were proffered by their owners for his accommodation. On Saturday afternoon beset one of his aids to inquire of a well-known Methodist lady whether a clergyman by the name of Vincent, who used to preach in Galena, was not preaching somewhere in Chicago, and was informed that Mr. Vincent was pastor of Trinity Church, in the southern part of the city. Trinity Church was then a mission station, and Dr. Vincent had not attained his present conspicuous position. And so, on Sunday, the General quietly with his staff entered a carriage and drove down unannounced to worship in the little church, and listen to a sermon by a pastor whom he had heard in his former home. I next met him at a reception given

by ex-Governor Ward, of New Jersey, at his residence in Newark; The question of my going to Washington was then under consideration, and the General very kindly offered to make me welcome, and encouraged the idea of my going. This interview became memorable with me, for I left the house of Governor Ward in company with Senator Frelinghuysen and Justice Bradley, and as we separated we noticed that the illumined clock of one of the churches pointed to the hour of 1, and there were doubts expressed as to our complying with the request of General Grant to meet him at the railroad at 7 next morning. We did so, however, and came to New York with him, and were surprised to read subsequently in the press a total misrepresentation of the facts in the case, occasion having been made by ribald defamers of the General to invent a succession of excesses, and to wickedly decry his good name and personal respectability.

When I went to Washington to become pastor of the Metropolitan church, I found him one of the most regular of the congregation in attendance upon public worship. He seemed to be scrupulously careful on this matter, frequently explaining, when necessarily absent, the occasion of his non-attendance. His attention to the service was marked and unflinching, and the subjects of sermons were frequently matters of subsequent conversation. He never seemed conscious of the fact that the eyes of the great congregation were often fixed upon him, and always in passing out at the minister's private exit (to avoid the crowd) he spoke cheerily and appreciatingly to the clergyman; He enjoyed all of the religious services of the church, excepting the singing, having a constitutional inability to appreciate music. He told me once that all music seemed to affect him as discord would a sensitive and cultivated ear, and he would go a mile out of his way rather than listen to the playing of a band. And when the hymn to be sung consisted of four stanzas, he experienced a feeling of relief as each one was sung and so disposed of.

Not long after my arrival in Washington, at a reception given by ex-Postmaster-General King, I was asked by his daughter whether it was true, as she had heard, that General Grant had never sworn a profane oath. I was surprised at the question and took opportunity to speak to the General about it; when he told me that he had never used profane language, and he was quite sure that if he had ever done so under any provocation, he would have remembered it.

On one occasion a friend whom I wished him to hear was to preach for me on a Sunday night. I called upon the President to inform him of this fact, and said that I had done so because I had observed that he attended service once on a Sunday, and thought that if he knew of this arrangement for the pulpit he might prefer to attend the evening service. He said to me: "I am glad of an opportunity to explain this matter to you. Secretary Fish and some others have an absurd notion that I ought not to walk about the streets of Washington at night and consequently I never get to the evening service, though I should be glad to do so." And seeing that I was surprised by this statement, he said: "Perhaps you think that I might have the carriage and ride to service; but, Doctor, when I was a poor man, long

before I ever thought that I should have a servant, I made up my mind that if ever I did have one, he should have his hours of Sunday for worship; and no servants or horses are ever called into use by me upon that day for my own personal convenience."

I was a stranger to him when I assumed that pulpit, and his Methodist training and education is shown in an incident narrated to me by Bishop Ames. There was in Washington a Methodist church much nearer to the White House than the Metropolitan, and the official members of the church believed that it would be greatly to its interest if a minister who was well-known to the General and much liked by him could be induced to become their pastor and the General induced to attend the service. And they waited upon him with a statement of their views, when the General simply remarked to the spokesman at the interview, that he believed it was the Methodist custom to change pastors, and not to change churches.

Some months before his second inauguration he asked me if I expected to be at home on the Sunday preceding that ceremony. I informed him that I did, and asked him why he put the question. He said he thought it would be appropriate to invite the members of his Cabinet to attend service with him on that day. Accordingly, they were invited and came. Chief Justice Chase, learning of this intention, invited the members of the Supreme Court; and, perhaps, this is the only occasion in the history of the Government that these chief officers with other military and civil functionaries, have been present at a similar religious service.

The home life in the White House, during the Grant residence, was beautiful in its domestic simplicity and purity, and the influence of the family in society was markedly beneficial. In former times, public receptions had been made the occasion of conviviality and excess; and the banishment of wine and spirits from the public receptions of the office, was requested by General Grant, and promptly complied with. Due credit was never given by temperance crusaders and politicians to the wholesome effect of this, and the admirable example thus set before the American people.

The tenderness and love of the General for his family was simple and unstrained, without ostentation. It was a sore trial to both parents to allow their daughter to leave their home, but when, after complying with the General's direction that Mr. Sartoris should become an American citizen, he took the necessary steps, their consent was given. The marriage took place in the East Room of the White House and was conducted according to our Methodist forms, with simplicity and dignity; but the parting of the father from his only daughter seemed to completely unnerve him. I found him in the evening of that day sad and depressed and lonely. His treasure had gone, and was to be parted from him by the seas. For a death had occurred in the Sartoris family which made it necessary that Mr. Sartoris should return to his English home. The life of that daughter was to him an inspiration. He longed for her presence, and wistfully counted the hours of their necessary separation, and rejoiced at the promised speed of the vessel which

would bring her to him. Her face was fittingly the last upon which his conscientious gaze rested, and the love of the two has thus become immortal.

He was silent under bitter accusation and calumny, and I remember well one evening at the White House when my family and Mr. Colfax and his sister were the only guests. Mr. Colfax remarked: "During the campaign, General, I marveled at the quietness of your endurance of wrong and misrepresentation. Now that I myself am passing under similar trials, it seems to me that your endurance was almost more than human." The General quietly remarked: "Did you ever believe, Mr. Colfax, that I was insensible to it, and that it did not hurt?" He made no special religious profession, and yet he was a man of religious habit, and thoroughly honest and earnest in his belief in a Superintending Providence, regarding certain facts in history as inexplicable without this, and admiring the firm faith of a devoted sister, and reverencing with a sacredness that was beautiful in its exhibition, the piety of his parents.

He made a visit of a week to Martha's Vineyard, which was then, as now, my summer home. I preached a sermon on the victory of the faith from the text, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." He was more moved than I had ever seen him under a discourse, and at the close of the sermon, at his suggestion, we wandered away from the crowd and engaged in earnest and serious conversation. He said: "Why is there so much stress laid on the blood in your preaching and in the New Testament?" I explained to him in the simplest terms the doctrine of atonement, and he seemed fully to comprehend it. The giving up of life as a test of love was an incontrovertible argument to a man who had led thousands through death to victory, and I have always had a strong confidence that on that day the General had a personal realization of the truth as it is in Jesus.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

## Lincoln's Mother.

Though President Lincoln's mother died when he was ten years of age, yet she lived long enough to inspire him with a noble ambition, to train him to love truth and justice, and to reverence God and goodness. Years after, when men were looking to him as one who might become a national leader, he said:

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my mother."

The wife of a pioneer, she shared the privations and hardships of life in a wilderness. The struggle for existence familiarized her not only with the distaff and the spinning-wheel, but with the axe, the hoe and rifle. She helped her husband to clear and break up the soil, to kill wild turkeys, as well as deer and bears, whose flesh she cooked and whose skins she dressed and made into clothes. When she married, her husband could neither read nor write, but she found time, toilsome as was her life, to teach both rudiments to him and to her son. She was unusually intelligent and refined for a pioneer's wife. Her taste and love of beauty made her log-house an exceptional home in the wilderness, where the people were rugged and lived so far apart that they could hardly see the smoke from each other's cabins.

When Abraham Lincoln had gained

the people's ear, men noticed that he scarcely made a speech or wrote a State paper in which there was not an illustration or a quotation from the Bible. "Abe Lincoln," his friends used to say, "is more familiar with the Bible than most ministers." He had been thoroughly instructed in it by his mother. It was the one book always found in the pioneer's cabin, and to it she, being a woman of deep religious feeling, turned for sympathy and refreshment. Out of it she taught her boy to spell and read, and with its poetry, histories and principles she so familiarized him that they always influenced his subsequent life. She was fond of books, and read all she could beg or borrow from the pioneers far and near. Her boy early imbibed his mother's passion for books. Here and there could be found in the cabin Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Weems' Life of Washington, and Burns' poems. Young Abe read these over and over again, until he knew them as he knew the alphabet.

When his mother died, the son had already received a good education—he told the truth, he loved justice, he revered God, he respected goodness, he was fond of reading, he could swing the ax, shoot the rifle, and take more than a boy's part in subduing the wilderness and building up a home. She selected the place for her burial. It was under a majestic sycamore, on the top of a forest-covered hill that stretched above her log-cabin home. No clergyman could be found to bury her, and the neighbors took part in the simple, solemn rites. Months after a preacher, who had been written to, traveled hundreds of miles through the forest to preach a funeral sermon under the great sycamore.

The boy of ten years never forgot those sad, plain services, nor the mother whose memory they honored. She ever remained to him the incarnation of tenderness, love, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. When he was President he honored her training by the thought: "She placed me here!"—Youth's Companion.

"He bade me count my mercies!" thought the sad-hearted man. And he began to do so, casting swift glances over all the good things in his possession, over God's leadings in his past life, over the grounds on which faith and hope might safely build for the future, until his heart leaped, his counting room grew bright as with the presence of angels, his business prospects seemed no longer shrouded in utter blackness, and he began softly singing Addison's glad lines:—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise."

Let him who has been looking gloomily toward his disjointed affairs, his eyes with burning, bitter tears, go and do as the merchant did. Let him count his mercies until his heart leaps with gratitude and the "star of unconquered will" rises in his soul and guides him on to faith and prosperity!—Zion's Herald.

In one way and another it is thought that 1,500 Jews leave the Synagogue for the Christian Church every year.

The city mission of Berlin circulates no less than 75,000 printed sermons on Sunday morning.



## 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.

### John B. Gough's Idea of the Liquor Traffic.

"I will tell you my idea of the liquor traffic very briefly; said Mr. Gough: God forgive me, I do not speak of it boastfully, for my sin is ever before me. Seven years of my life was a dark blank. I know what the burning appetite for stimulants is; I know all about it. As I have sat by the bedside of dying drunkards, and have held their hands in mine. I have tried to lead them at the last gasp to the Saviour, who never turned away any that came to him; and yet in the light of my own experience and the experience of others that I have received through my own observation, I could say, Father in heaven, if it be thy will that man shall suffer, whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight of temporal evil, impose it on me. Let the bread of affliction be given me to eat; take from me the friends of my old age; let the hut of poverty be my dwelling-place; let the wasting hand of disease be laid upon me; let me walk in the whirlwind, live in the storm; let the passing away of welfare be like the flowing of a stream, and the shouts of mine enemies like rain on the waters; when I speak good, let evil come on me, do all this but save me, merciful God, save me from the bed of a drunkard! And yet, as I shall answer to thee in the day of judgment, I had rather be the veriest sot that ever reeled through your streets than I would be the man who sold him his liquor a month.—Independent.

There has not been a time in the history of our land when such persistent efforts have been made to ensnare the young as now. Corrupt literature, games, drinks and smokes are prepared expressly for the young, and sold at prices that bring them within the reach of all boys and girls. The purpose seems to be to capture the youth and instill into them vicious tastes and habits, that they may become the allies of evil men and measures in years to come. The important inquiry is, How shall these plans be thwarted and our children rescued from the perils that threaten them? The best defense is to win them to Christ as early as possible.

"RINKING" is not a very good word, but having recently occasion to consult the *Contemporary Review* for four years ago, the eye of the writer fell on this passage: "Now that the nation is restored to its sound mind, it can perceive without difficulty that nothing could have come out of rinking. A person revolved round and round on a pair of wheeled skates, which gave him or her the appearance of having club feet, to the discordant sounds of a bad band. This was rinking. And the monotony was only diversified when the person fell with violence on the end of his nose and broke that feature of his face, or sprained his wrist, or had to be conveyed home on a cot, suffering from severe concussion of the brain. Such as it was, however, all classes were for a time quite demented on the subject of rinking. They imagined that they could rink without weariness or satiety for three hundred and sixty-five days of every year. Age could not wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. Rinks were constructed in all parts of London, and in most of our county towns; and then, all at once, rinking vanished from the number of popular amusements, like an unsubstantial pageant faded." No doubt the craze will have the same fate here.—*Christain Advocate*.

## Youth's Department.

### "But Then."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was a queer name for a little girl, and it was not her real name—that was Lizzie—but everybody called her "But Then."

"Course my real name is prettier, but then, I like the other pretty well," she said, nodding her short brown curls merrily. And that sentence shows just how she came by her name.

If Willie complained that it was a miserable, rainy day, and they couldn't play out of doors, Lizzie assented brightly—

"Yes; but then, it is a real nice day to fix our scrap-books."

When Rob fretted because they had so far to walk to school since they had "moved to this horrid out West," his little sister reminded him—

"But then, it's all the way through the woods, you know, and that's ever so much nicer than walking on pavements."

When even patient Aunt Barbara pined a little, because the rooms in the new house were so few and small compared with the comfortable eastern home, a rosy face was quickly lifted to hers with the suggestion:

"But then, little rooms are the best to cuddle all up together in don't you think, auntie?"

"Better call her 'Little But Then,' and have done with it!" declared Rob, half-veiled, half-laughing. "No matter how bad anything is, she is always ready with her 'but then,' and some kind of consolation hitched on to the end of it."

And so, though no one really intended it, the new name began. There were a good many things that the children missed in their new and ruder home in the west. Money could have bought them even there, but if the money had not gone first, their father would scarcely have thought it necessary to leave his eastern home. They had done what was best under the circumstances, still the boys felt rather inclined to grumble about it one winter morning, when they were starting off to the village on an errand.

"Just look at all the snow going to waste, without our having a chance to enjoy it!" said Will; "and the ice too—all because we couldn't bring our sleds with us when we moved."

"But then, you might make one yourself, you know. It wouldn't be quite so pretty, but it would be just as good," suggested little But then.

"Exactly what I mean to do as soon as I can get money enough to buy two or three boards; but I haven't even that yet, and the winter is nearly half gone."

"If we only had a sled to-day, Sis could ride, and we could go on the river," said Rob. "It's just as near that way, and we could go faster."

"It is a pity," admitted the little girl, with a momentary clouding of her bright face. "But I've thought of something—that old chair in the shed! If we turned it down, its back would be 'most like runners and so—"

"Hurrah! that's the very thing!" interrupted the boys, and the old chair was dragged out in a twinkling, and carried down to the river. Then away went the merry party, laughing and shouting, on their smooth road between the snowy hills, while Gyp followed, frisking and barking and seeming to enjoy the fun as much as any of them.

"Now we'll draw our 'rig' up here close under the bank, where nobody will see it, and leave it while we go up to the store," said Rob, when they had reached the village.

Their errand was soon accomplished, and the children ready to return; but as they set forth, Will pointed to a dark spot a little way out on the ice.

"What's that? It looks like a great bundle of clothes."

It was a bundle that moved and moaned as they drew near, and proved to be

a girl a little larger than Lizzie. She looked up when they questioned her, though her face was white with pain.

"I slipped and fell on the ice," she explained, "and I'm afraid I've broken my leg, for it is all twisted under me, and I can't move it or get up. I live in the village. That's my father's carpenter shop where you see the sign. I could see it all the time, and yet I was afraid I'd freeze here before any one saw me. Oh, dear! it doesn't seem as if I could lie here while you go for my father."

"Why, you needn't," began Bob; but the girl shook her head.

"I can't walk a step, and you two are not strong enough to carry me all the way. You'd let me fall, or you'd have to keep stopping to rest; and putting me down and taking me up again would almost kill me."

"Oh, but we'll only lift you into this chair, just as carefully as we can, and then we can carry you easy enough," said Will.

And in that way the poor girl was borne safely home, and the children lingered long enough to bring the surgeon and hear his verdict—that—"young bones don't much mind being broken, and she will soon be about again as well as ever."

"But I don't see how you happened to have a chair so handy," said her father to the boys. And when they explained that they were using it for a sled he added, with a significant nod of his head, "Your sled, was it? Well, I shall be surprised if my shop does not turn you out a better sled than that, just by the way of thanks for your kindness."

"But then wasn't it good that it was only the old chair that we had to-day?" asked little But Then, as she told the story to Aunt Barbara at home. "Oh, auntie, I had the nicest kind of a time!"

"I believe you did," answered Aunt Barbara, smiling, "for a brave, sunny spirit that never frets over what it has not but always makes the best of what it has, where it is, is sure to have good times. It does not need to wait for them to come, it has a factory for making them."—*S. S. Gen.*

### A Fine Scene.

Two boys were in a schoolroom alone together, and exploded some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition. The one boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again,—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender;

"Because there was only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud: "Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done,—so still they might almost have heard Ben's big boy tears dropping on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried "Master forgive!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—*S. S. Advocate*.

## Paper Wood.

A tall, elderly man, with a round pleasant face, took from the marble mantel-shelf of a room overlooking Printing-house Square on a recent afternoon a section of what appeared to be walnut board. "That is paper lumber," he said. "You may not be aware that a process has been invented for utilizing paper pulp in the manufacture of a substitute for natural lumber. A mill has been erected in a western town for the purpose of manufacturing artificial lumber from paper stock, and a number of capitalists have taken hold of the matter. I feel confident that it will prove much cheaper than wood, equally as durable, and fully as good an article for fine work." Attention was directed to several articles of cabinet ware made of the material. Two of these were ordinary parlor tables, one of which was finished in the natural grain of the lumber, resembling somewhat the peculiar mottled appearance seen in some choice hard woods. The surface of the table was varnished and highly polished, presenting a smoothness equal to fine plate glass.

The other table was finished in exact imitation of rosewood. A panel door was also shown, the finish resembling mahogany. A couple of jewelry or ladies' work-boxes, made after an elegant pattern and highly finished, were also produced, showing the adaptability of paper lumber in the construction of ornamental articles.

"The paper board," continued the gentleman alluded to, "is susceptible of taking the finest polish, as well as any tint, shade, or color. The lumber is made principally of the pulp of wheat, rye, oat straw, and other vegetable fibres, combined with chemical ingredients and cements. It is formed of layers about one-quarter of an inch in thickness, and these layers are pressed together by powerful machinery, and thus rendered as hard as the hardest wood, besides much more dense. The material is as durable as time, and can be sold at a good profit for almost half the price of ordinary pine lumber. It will take any finish, and in this respect alone is equal to the finest hard woods. Moreover, it can be marbled in imitation of any kind of marble, both in respect to high degree of polish and an exact imitation of grain.

It will not warp and can be rendered perfectly waterproof if desired, thus making it suitable for the construction of burial caskets. It makes just as solid a surface as any wood, and may be made of the hardness of stone. As a substitute for wood in the construction of buildings it possesses qualities of perfect adaptation. It will make the finest material in the world for roofing, not excepting slate or iron. It can be sawed, split, or planed, and boards made of it are perfectly smooth and flat from end to end on both sides, without any knots, cracks, or blemishes of any kind commonly met with in wood." "Do you think that the supply of paper stock is sufficient to permit the general use of paper lumber as a substitute for wood?" "Why not? The production of straw alone is sufficient. It takes 100 years to grow 20,000 feet of natural lumber on an acre of ground. This is according to official statistics. On the other hand, an acre of ground will produce every year straw enough to make 2,000 feet of artificial lumber, and hence in 100 years it will produce 200,000 feet, ten times the quantity of natural lumber."—*Correspondence of Chicago Tribune*.

### Chinese Story Books.

The Chinese are passionately fond of stories and story-telling. On the public streets and squares, professional story-tellers congregate from noon to midnight, going over the achievements of a hero or portraying the despair of a lover. They recite with a dramatic power not to be expected from their sluggish movements and stolid countenances.

All classes indulge in this favorite pastime. The dignified scholar relishes a good story as much as a child in the lap a fairy tale. Story-books in the language can be counted by the tens of thousands. The subjects are historical or romantic; of war, of love, of magic and enchantment. Some of the legends are really beautiful and are as interesting as a good English novel. There is one book which is the unfulfilling delight of all classes; I mean the *History of the Three Kingdoms*. It is an historical novel in twenty volumes, illustrated with wood-cuts. For arrangement of details, delineation of character and elegance of diction, I have found few books in English its equal. It is, in one sense, an epic in prose. When

a boy, I used to enjoy hearing passages of it read or explained.

Books of ballads are to be found in every household. Our ladies take great delight in learning to sing them to their own music, music which is not printed in the books, but suggests itself as they recite or sing. Ballad singers are found on all the public squares where they earn their living by passing around the basket at each crisis of the story. The spectators are eager to hear the rest, of course, and so will be more easily induced to pay.

There are no story-books which children can read and enjoy, since it takes them so long to learn the characters. But picture books are sometimes given to children. Still they are not made specially for them as they are in this country; and colored pictures are costly to be put into children's hands because they must be drawn by hand, painted by artists. So Chinese boys and girls lack those facilities for enjoyment in picture-books which American and English children have in great abundance.—*Yan Phou Lee, in August WIDE AWAKE*.

### Unnoticed Laborers.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labor and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a good deal more of at the last never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in Sunday-school; nothing striking in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many souls are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; The Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more how you work; never mind who sees if God approves. If he smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage we sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone, for God, the Eternal one, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—*The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*.

### Popularity.

"One-third voice and personal presence, one-third selection of sensational topics, and one-third heresy," according to the *Boston Journal*, are the ingredients for making "a popular preacher." Any preacher can be heterodox; you need neither study, nor think nor pray in order to surpass all others in this line. Notoriety can be gained at once by just being singular, and setting up to know better than those around you. Everybody will talk about you at once, and you can impress yourself upon their memories by saying something very cutting and impudent, and as nearly blasphemous as you dare make it. But is this a noble ambition? Can this be the course of a man of God? We think not. Perish the popularity which comes by any doctrine but the truth, or by any means but that of solemn, earnest well-doing. Empty sensationalism perishes like the green herb, and heresy dies like a noxious weed; but the faithful preacher of the Word shall be had in everlasting remembrance.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.



The Sunday School.

The Story of Naboth.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1885.  
1 Kings, xxi. 4-19.

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

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord.—1 Kings xxi. 20.

1. AHAB'S GREED (4-7).

4. Ahab came into his house—his palace at Samaria. *Heavy and displeased.*—The same expression is used of him on a former occasion, when the prophet rebuked him for sparing Benhadad (20:43). A sullen displeasure seems to have been characteristic of Ahab when thwarted in his purposes. *Because of the word which Naboth... had spoken.*—Naboth owned a vineyard adjoining the king's palace in Jezreel. Ahab coveted this vineyard in order to make of it a "garden of herbs," and offered to pay handsomely for it either in money or in land elsewhere. The proprietor refused to part with it. *I will not give thee, etc.*—Naboth had said, Jehovah forbid that I should give thee, etc. The very words of his refusal showed his reverence for Jehovah and consequent hatred of Baal, and embodied, moreover, a religious scruple which made them especially distasteful to Ahab—that his patrimony could not, in accordance with the law of Moses, be alienated. *Laid him down upon his bed—or couch;* showing his petulant discontent in a truly Oriental fashion. *Turned away his face*—rejecting all conversation or intercourse. *Would eat no bread*—refusing his usual food, making his absence, of course, conspicuous. Ahab had recently shown himself a great warrior; now he shows himself a contemptible weakling.

5-7. Jezebel came to him—"in the pride of conscious superiority to the weakness of her husband" (Stanley). She inquired into the cause of his sadness, and he tells her, dwelling upon the fairness of his proposal to Naboth to purchase the vineyard or barter for it, and the laconic curtness with which his offer was rejected. *Dost thou now govern the kingdom?*—a taunting question. You call yourself a king, do you? Arise, eat bread. *be merry*—have done with your sulks! *I will give thee the vineyard*—I, a woman, will dare what you, a man, will not dare, and take what you, a man, have not the courage to take. Rawlinson cites Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare: "Infirm of purpose! give me the dagger!"

2 JEZEBEL'S GUILT (8-16).

8. She wrote letters in Ahab's name.—He must have known what she was about. He must have suspected that she was relentlessly plotting what he dared not plot—the murder of the man who had thwarted his covetous desire. *Sealed them with his seal.*—Even though ignorant of the precise contents of the despatch, this permission to use his signet authenticated whatever was written, and made Ahab fully as responsible as Jezebel, if not more so. *Unto the elders and the nobles*—who constituted the tribunal of the city (Deut. 16:18). "Judges and officers to judge the people." *In his city*—Jezreel.

9, 10. Proclaim a fast.—Notice that throughout all this plot the idolatrous Jezebel adheres strictly to the Mosaic requirements. Evidently she was familiar with God's holy law even to its minutest details. She would give the impression, by having a fast proclaimed, that some grievous sin had been committed which was about to call down the divine vengeance. *Set Naboth on high*—bring him before the people as the accused; but Josephus says that Naboth was "set on high" in the sense of being made president of the assembly by virtue of his high position. *Two men, sons of Belial.*—The law required that two witnesses at least should appear against a man, and these two perjurers the elders were required to find. "Sons of Belial," in the Old Testament, are simply "worthless," "lawless fellows," "Belial" not being strictly a proper name, except in the New Testament where it is a name for Satan. *Thou didst blaspheme God and the king.*—a double, a capital crime. It may be possible that Naboth, in his indignation against Ahab's idolatry and covetousness, had let fall some hasty word which might have been construed into "blasphemy," or "revilement of" the kings but there is not the slightest ground for believing that he had blasphemed Jehovah; rather, it would appear that he was a firm supporter of His law and worship. The word "blaspheme" has another and shortened form—our familiar word "blame." In Hebrew, the word means either to bless or to curse. "Analogy in the Semitic dialects admits of directly opposite meanings in a word" (Terry). *Carry him out, and stone him.*—Everything was to be done in strict legal order: He could not be slain within the city, but must be carried forth outside the

walls; and the prescribed form of death—by stoning—must be visited upon him. *That he may die.*—From 2 Kings 9:26, it appears that Naboth's sons shared his unjust fate. Thus all the heirs-at-law having been put out of the way, the property would revert to the crown.

"Had she sent witnesses to inform against him, the judges might have been imposed upon, and their sentences had been rather their unhappiness than their crime; but to oblige them to find the witnesses, 'sons of Belial,' to suborn them themselves, and then to give judgment upon a testimony which they knew to be false, was such an impudent defiance to everything that is just and sacred, as we hope cannot be paralleled in any story (Henry)."

11-14. The elders and nobles... did as Jezebel had sent.—Perhaps they dared not resist a will so imperious as Jezebel's, for they must have recognized her hand in the message, and it is certain that they reported the consummation of their villainy not to Ahab, but to her (verse 14); perhaps they owed their petty elevation to her influence, and felt under obligation to please her; perhaps they were partakers in her idolatrous rites and disliked Naboth for his stubborn adherence to the old faith. But whatever motives governed them, the black fact remains that they complied with a royal order to murder an innocent family. Stoned him—Lev. 24:16, Exod. 22:28. Says Geikie: To add iniquity to the murders of Naboth and his sons, the mangled bodies were left unburied, the greatest insult that could be paid to the dead. Worse still, the prowling dogs and swine of the town (2 Kings 9:26) were allowed to devour them; and it was noticed that the blood ran into a tank at hand, which was the common bathing place of the prostitutes of the temple of Baal." [Geikie follows, apparently, the Septuagint, which makes Samaria the place of stoning; but Josephus mentions Jezreel as the place of trial and execution.]

15, 16. Naboth is not alive, but dead.—She does not announce that he has been stoned; simply, that he is no longer alive to refuse the sale of his vineyard. Ahab can have it now for nothing. *When Ahab heard that Naboth was dead.*—According to the Authorized Version, Ahab made no inquiries, evinces no compunctions; "he sprang from his bed with delight," according to Josephus; but in the fuller account given in the Septuagint, Ahab's first feeling was one of remorse "when he heard that Naboth was dead, he rent his clothes and put on sackcloth." Still this feeling, if really entertained, was a transient one. *Rose up.*—Apparently he had kept up his gloomy seclusion and ill-temper until assured that the obstacle to the accomplishment of his desire was removed. *To go down, to take possession.*—Jezreel lay below the hill on which Samaria was built. Ahab drove down in his chariot, attended by two of his officers (2 Kings 9:25), Bidkar and Jehu—the latter destined to play an important role in the history of the kingdom.

"Years afterwards, long after Ahab and Elijah had gone to their account, two of that same group found themselves once again on that same spot; and a king, the son of Ahab, lay dead at their feet; and Jehu turned to Bidkar and said, 'Remember how that thou and I rode behind Ahab his father, when the Lord laid this burden upon him. Surely yesternight I saw the blood of Naboth and the blood of his sons, said Jehovah, and I will requite thee in this plot, said Jehovah.'" (2 Kings 9:25, 26) (Stanley).

3. GOD'S JUSTICE (17-19).

17, 18. The word of the Lord came to Elijah.—The blood of Naboth like that of Abel called unto God for vengeance, and the cry was heard. Elijah could not have been far away at the time of the tragedy. *Go down to meet Ahab, king of Israel.*—Says Stanley: "As in the most pathetic of Grecian dramas, the unjust sentence has no sooner been pronounced on the unfortunate Antigone than Tiresias rises up to pronounce the curse on the Theban king, so, in this grander than any Grecian tragedy, the well-known prophet is there to utter the doom of the house of Ahab." He is in the vineyard of Naboth—exulting secretly in his new possession, trying perhaps to blunt his pricks of conscience by throwing the blame of the bloody crime upon Jezebel, and never dreaming of the Nemesis upon his track.

"Another voice from Naboth's vineyard is, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Ahab and Jezebel had managed their accursed plot. Naboth was in that silent land where no voice of protest can be heard against high-handed iniquity. But there was a God in heaven who maketh inquisition for blood, and who "remembered them." Their time for retribution did come at last, although years of gracious forbearance were suffered to intervene (Madcutt).

19. Hast thou killed, and also taken possession?—Ahab was to be directly charged with the murder of Naboth as though his own hands had done it; also, with "indecent haste" in immediately seizing upon the

vineyard. *Where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood*—retribution in kind, pronounced by the Infalible Judge whose law is the same for king and subject; and falling not on Ahab merely, but also on Jezebel (2 Kings 9:30-35).

Letter from Rhode Island.

EDITOR PENINSULA METHODIST: Please accept thanks for your paper, which finds its way into "Little Rhody," and into my sitting room every week. It is a welcome visitor, bearing news from all the churches with which my earliest recollections are associated. The territory over which Dr. Wallace's articles take us, is familiar ground. I suppose he will ere long be telling us of his hap and mishaps on Princess Anne circuit. Princess Anne! Ah! what recollections that name suggests!

Princess Anne! St. Peter's! I hardly know how to separate those two churches, and yet they are very distinct, but in my memory and affections, they are indissolubly united. St. Peter's church, or rather, Phœbus's meeting house, was the spiritual birth-place of some of my dearest earthly friends. In the Princess Anne church-yard, sleeps the sacred dust of my beloved father, two brothers, a sister, a babe taken from my embrace ere he had completed his tenth week, and other dear ones. Rest these dear saints! Your sleep is not forever, but "in the sweet bye and bye" we shall meet to be together forever.

But what rapid strides the Peninsula Methodists are taking! New churches and new charges are springing up as if by magic. When I read of it, I have to rub my eyes and wonder if I am not dreaming. Say it is real, or prophetic, this rapid growth; something for whose fulfillment we must trust to future years?

I will notice St. Peter's church. My grandfather, John Phœbus, brother to Rev. William Phœbus, who was the first man, that Somerset Co. gave to the itinerancy, doubtless with the assistance of others, erected a very simple, rude structure on his own premises, and gave it to the M. E. Church. This was about the year 1810, I think. It was called Phœbus's meeting-house. Subsequently an addition was built to one end, for the colored people; divided however from the main building by a partition about five feet high. The colored people were accustomed to sit there and enjoy the preaching, often responding very lustily to whatever the preacher said that especially pleased them. Amens and hallelujahs were not scarce in those days in that place. The preacher stood in a high pulpit, built against the partition, on the white people's side.

But churches must advance, or decline; and this one advanced, in numbers at least; so that it was found necessary to erect a more commodious edifice. Accordingly a new site was chosen, a new house built, and a new name, St. Peter's, was given. This occurred under the pastorate of Rev. Adam Wallace in '61 or '62, I think. The new church has had many "ups and downs; but judging from recent items in the Methodist it must have lately received a strong impetus upward; for it now boasts of an organ, a choir, and a pastor, all its own, and not long since held a festival which netted one hundred and seventy-five dollars! Now all this is truly marvelous! I can't help the exclamation points; they point themselves.

Well do I remember Phœbus's meeting house. One warm summer day my parents took me with them to church. I was, as usual, delighted at seeing the people and hearing the singing. During the singing of the second hymn I suddenly lost consciousness and sank to the floor. When I recovered, I was lying in the arms of a stranger, while father, mother, brothers, and sisters stood around me weeping; some of them thinking I was dead. I heard afterward that the preacher of the day, Rev. J. W. Hammersley had looked around for a pitcher of water, intending to dash it in my face to revive me; but could find

none. I am glad he did not; for I fear it would have been a long time before I could have forgiven him, had he spoiled the pretty bows of pink ribbon with which my white dress was trimmed. One thing puzzled me, how he could go on and preach after such an interruption; but he did. It was this same Rev. Brother Hammersley, who in the same pulpit, preached the first sermon that ever took a permanent hold upon my heart. His text on that occasion was Psa. 50:21 and 22. (The impressive passage is this—"These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes. Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.") Ed.)

Ask him if he often preaches from that text these days. I suppose I will never forget that sermon. It sent me home a thoughtful child. I was then in my ninth year.

I would like to speak of all the preachers who "rode" the Princess Anne circuit within my recollection. How very welcome they were to my father's fireside. Indeed their coming was always hailed with delight. Their numerous anecdotes were to me almost as marvelous as the stories of the Arabian Nights, or those of Baron Munchausen. I remember, one raw, wintry day, Rev. A. W. Milby, told a story about the devil's "back-stick," that never burned out. From that day, I have never doubted the existence of a personal devil. Twelve years ago, Mr. Milby baptized my baby boy in Chestertown Md., and the name we gave him was William Arthur.

In the M. E. Church, which had been appropriately draped, the Grand Army Post in this town, held commemorative services at the hour of General Grant's interment at Riverside Park. I suppose all such tokens of the esteem in which the departed General was held, are comforting to his bereaved family. It is sad to think how much the use of tobacco may have had to do with this great man's taking off. Will the warning be heeded, or will others subject themselves to the injurious effects of the weed that bewitches.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I. AUG. 15.

M. E. P. H.

A Letter from Deal's Island.

EDITOR PENINSULA METHODIST:—The enclosed resolutions, you will please publish.

Bro. Hanna, our pastor, is busy holding protracted meetings, and visiting the families of his charge. Several penitents are now at the altar. The church has been greatly strengthened in spirituality as might be expected from Bro. Hanna's incessant activity in every department of church work, during his pastorate here. Bro. Jacob Parks, an old father in the church, is now lying at the point of death. *The Peninsula Methodist* is a welcome visitor to the homes of your subscribers here; we love to hear from the other charges, and learn of our pastors, their whereabouts and their doings.

Yours in Christ,

JOHN D. LECATES, SEC.

At a meeting of the officers and teachers of the M. E. S. School, at Deal's Island, Md., Aug. 16th. 1885; the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas death has entered the ranks of our teachers, and taken away our sister Anna Webster, whom we all loved and admired.

Therefore Resolved 1. That in her death, we have lost a faithful teacher, a true christian friend, and a beloved associate, yet we can rejoice that our great loss is her eternal gain.

Resolved II. That we hereby extend our hearty sympathies to our bereaved Bro. Zach. T. Webster, and his children; and pray earnestly that God's comforting grace may sustain them in their deep

sorrow for the loss of wife and mother.

Resolved III. That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and published in the *Peninsula Methodist*.

JOHN D. LECATES, Sec.

Lean Hard.

The following lines, by an unknown author, are based upon an incident in the missionary life of Miss Fiske, in the Oroomiah, Persia. One Sabbath afternoon she was sitting upon a mat on the earthen floor of the church, surrounded by the heathen women whom she was instructing. She was very weary and with no support, felt that she could hardly go through with the service, knowing that other duties would press upon her when this was over.

One of the women seated herself in such a way that she might lean upon her. She says "I objected, but she drew me back to the firm support that she could give, saying, 'If you love me you will lean hard.' Did I not then lean hard? And then there came to me the Master's own voice 'If you love Me you will lean hard.' I did lean on Him and felt that he had sent this poor woman to give me a better sermon than I could have heard elsewhere. I was rested long before the services were ended, and then spent an hour with the Bible readers. A little after sunset we left to ride six miles to our home. I was surprised to find that I was not at all weary that night nor in the morning, and I have rested ever since, remembering the sweet words, 'If you love me, lean hard.'

Child of my love, lean hard,  
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.  
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,  
Poised it in mine own hand, made no proportion  
In its weight to thine unaided strength,  
For even as I laid it on, I said  
I shall be near, and while she leans on Me  
The burden shall be mine, not hers.  
So shall I keep my child within the circling  
arms  
Of my own love. Here lay it down, nor fear  
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds  
The government of words. Yet closer come,  
Thou art not near enough. I would embrace  
thy care  
So I might feel my child reposing on my  
heart;  
Thou lovest Me? I know it. Doubt not  
then,  
But, loving Me lean hard.  
Buffalo Christian Advocate.

Have a Purpose in Your Heart.

The Rev. Henry Martyn Scudder, in a recent sermon founded on the words of Daniel. "Give us pulse to eat and water to drink," said:

"The lesson is, young man: Have a purpose in your heart. Now what is your purpose in life? Is it that, under all circumstances, you will do what is right? Or is it to become rich at the expense of principle and right? The first purpose you should have is to care for yourself. Young men nowadays don't; and when the body is wrecked, they hobble through life, making everybody about them miserable. Find out what diet best agrees with you, and adhere to it. Daniel commenced by abstaining from wine. This would be a good start for you, young man. Next take care of your intellect. Study, if you have intellect—there are some young men who don't know whether or not they have any intellect—improve it. Many hard worked men have acquired profound educations by being studious during small intervals of leisure. Get an hour a day if you can get no more. Devote half of it to study of the Bible, and divide the remaining thirty minutes, say between astronomy, botany and geology. Do this one year, and you will be surprised at what you have accomplished. Then take care of your manners. The manners of Americans are degenerating. There was a time when a young man would not offend a lady by puffing cigar smoke into her face. Now I see it done on the street-cars every day. Imitate the sweetness and gentleness of Daniel. Be affable, suave, courteous and kind. Never utter a thoughtless word that will pain. Start in life with the principle, 'I'll be a gentleman, come what will.'"

At Waco, Texas, a brother who had neglected family prayers, said to the Rev. Sam Jones: "Bro. Jones, I feel as if I was not a bit account in the world." He answers "well, brother you are just now beginning to feel natural." Said another, "Bro. Jones, I felt awful mean about the way I acted; I am sorry for it." He replies, "Sorrow ain't worth a cent unless you have quit. Do you feel mean enough to make you quit? If you don't you don't feel as mean as you are."



## Peninsula Methodist,

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### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three Months, in Advance, 30 Cents.  
Six Months, " " 60 " "  
One Year, " " \$1.00  
Not paid in Advance, \$1.50 per Year.

Transient advertisements, first insertion, 20 Cents per line; each subsequent insertion, 10 Cents per line. Liberal arrangements made with persons advertising by the quarter or year.

No advertisements of an improper character published at any price.

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. These designed for any particular number must be in hand, the longer ones by Saturday, and the news items not later than Tuesday morning.

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

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

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 rail, 70 cents.

Marriage certificates for sale at this office at \$1.00 per dozen; by mail \$1.10.

We have secured a beautiful premium picture, 17x22, entitled, Two Bites to a Cherry," which will be given to all old and new subscribers of the PENINSULA METHODIST, who renew their subscription and pay in advance. The pictures may be had at this office, free to all complying with above terms, but if they are to be sent by mail ten (10) cents extra must accompany the remittance to pay cost of packing and postage. The above offer will also be extended to all delinquent subscribers who remit amount due and one dollar in advance.

We have full account of the meeting at Ocean Grove, which we are obliged to hold over until next week.

We are gratified to find that our esteemed brother, Rev. John A. B. Wilson is on the right side of the question of an elective Presiding Eldership. When an annual Conference is capable of determining by ballot so grave questions, as who shall be admitted to the functions of the sacred ministry, who shall preside over the Conference and make the appointments in the absence of a Bishop, and who shall go to General Conference with power to make Bishops, it is reasonably possible it may be capable of deciding, in a similar way, who among the members are most suitable to man the Districts and advise the Superintendent.

From brother Wilson's unequivocal disclaimer, it appears that brother "Itinerant" was mistaken as to one of the Presiding Elders. It is therefore, fair to presume he may be equally mistaken as to the others. We cordially endorse brother Wilson's expression of confidence in Bishop Merrill. If brethren concerned will place before him all the facts in the case then the honest Bishop will do the right thing; and no one, without sinister motives, will desire him to do otherwise.

The sad intelligence reached us by telegraph, of the appalling calamity that has overtaken our dear brother Rev. Johnathan S. Willis, pastor of our Church in Frederica, Del. Most deeply do we sympathize with him in his painful bereavement, and devoutly pray the God of all comfort to sustain him under the peculiarly distressing circumstances of his wife's death. The particulars as far as we have been able to obtain them are given in another column.

What a comment have we, in this painful Providence, upon the words of Solomon, "Ye know not what a day may bring forth."

### Sudden Death of a Minister at Ocean Grove.

Tuesday morning last, about seven o'clock, as the Rev. Thomas Shirlock, an esteemed member of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, was walking on the board walk that stretches along the beach for more than a mile, he was suddenly seized with bleeding from the lungs, and in a few minutes expired. He had enjoyed a drive to Long Branch the afternoon before, was on the platform at preaching on Monday night, ate breakfast with his sister, apparently in his usual health, and was taking an early walk along the sea, when the sudden summons came to leave the church militant to join the church triumphant. He was pastor of the M. E. Church in Lockhaven, Pa., and leaves a wife and seven children, besides other relatives. Dr. Stokes announced his death, at the morning service, and Rev. Mr. Barnits lead the congregation in a touchingly sympathetic prayer for the bereaved family, after which all joined in singing "The home of the soul."

An amusing blunder was made by the *Inquirer's* reporter in giving a digest of Dr. Newman's sermon at Ocean Grove Aug. 16th. The reverend gentleman in emphasizing the scripture doctrine of single rather than plural wives used an English form of a Greek word, ringing the changes on *monogamic* as against *polygamic* marriage. In the report we find the following reference to our Saviour's endorsement of *monogamy*—"His Eden-like *monogram* has blessed the world with happy homes, kind and tender parents, cheerful and pleasant children." Of course the types did it.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Caldwell the newly elected President of the Delaware College called at our office last Thursday. He was in the city looking after the interest of the College, and reports that the damage done by lightning last Sunday was slight. The first term opens next Wednesday, Sept 5th.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Miller, formerly of Grace Memorial, Wilmington, Del., now of Spring Garden M. E. Church, Phila., preached a sermon of great power and impressiveness, at Ocean Grove, on Prayer, last Tuesday morning.

We call attention to Bro. Wilson's advertisement on Page 5, for a preacher to go to Cape Charles City, Md.

### It Doesn't Pay.

Sabbath desecration is proving to be not profitable. At Coney Island, where the day is utterly disregarded, it has been difficult to obtain competent and responsible men to conduct the hotels because they do not pay, or pay so little as to make no adequate return for the work and worry expended. The restaurants in the same locality change hands pretty much every season, because they, too, "don't pay." The stock of the railroads leading to the Island has only a nominal price, because it is earning nothing. In this city the Sabbath opening of the Exhibition of Water Colors was a disappointment in the matter of revenue.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Texas Christian Advocate of Aug. 8th, contains the obituary of Rev. J. P. Stevenson, the first Methodist preacher that ever preached and organized a Methodist church in Texas. It was then under Mexican authority, and the organization of Protestant churches was forbidden. He organized a Methodist church and called it a society, and when called before the governor to answer for his conduct, the governor asked: "What is the object of the society?" The reply was, "To make men better." Then said

the governor, "Oh, well, if that be the intention of your society, go ahead and organize more, for that is much needed in this country." We can but admire such religious ingenuity, and thank God for the brave pioneers. But how little the governor knew whereunto this unintended commission would grow.—*Texas Methodist Advocate.*

### Keeping the Golden Mean.

An old gentleman was once telling some friends of his that the best way to fight the drink was by pledging all the children to shun it—to get them to hate it, and the next generation would not then be drunkards.

A friend of his laughed at the idea, and said such "tomfoolery" was "not necessary."

"Pooh! pooh!" he said; "such folly. Human nature ever rushes into extremes. One man drinks to excess, and another man, in order to be safe, drinks nothing and they are both equally weak. Why don't they keep the golden mean?" "Ah!" said the old man, it's just the golden mean that beats them. They do try to keep it, but they can't and they don't. Jim Alloside tried to keep the golden mean in the turnpike road the other day, but he'd been too long at the saloon, and he couldn't do it for the life of him. He had business on both sides of the road at the same time, and the dreadful way in which he struggled to do it was awful to see. I said, "Keep the golden mean, Jim." "The Golden mean," he stammered; "gold is all gone, and silver and copper, too, and there's only meanness left, as anybody may see."

And so it is with thousands of drinkers. They intend to keep the golden mean; not one of them ever begin life with the intention of becoming drunkards, but drunkards too many of them are, all because they aimed at the golden mean. If they had been brought up abstainers and kept to it, they would have been safe. So you see, boys and girls, the only safe way is to let strong drink of all kinds severely alone. Will you?  
*Temperance Banner.*

The University of Toronto has thrown open its doors to the ladies, and two girls, both of them colored, have entered. Others, both black and white, are expected to follow soon, and the result of the experiment will be a matter of interest. If it is any consolation to the opponents of co-education, we will state that by far the highest rank made last year by any person in Harvard College, in the classics, was made by a young lady student of the so-called annex. Her abilities are so marked, and her standing so far above that of the men in the regular course, that some of the conservative old doctors stand aghast, and wonder what will come next.—*Exchange.*

### The Best Reading.

Every family that desires to provide for its young people wholesome and instructive reading matter, should send for specimen copies of the Youth's Companion, of Boston. It is the brightest and best of papers for young people. Its columns give more than two hundred stories yearly by the most noted authors, including J. T. Trowbridge, William Black, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Oliphant and many others, besides scientific articles by eminent specialists, tales of adventure by noted travellers, papers of encouragement and advice by men and women of ability and experience, and reminiscences and anecdotes of famous people. With a circulation rapidly approaching 350,000 copies a week, the Youth's Companion can well afford to spread such a feast before its patrons; and spreading such a feast, it is no wonder it has such a tremendous circulation.

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Dr. John Hall's church in New York, has raised \$15,000 towards paying the debt on the Presbyterian Board of Missions, instead of the \$10,000 asked for.

### Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.

No. 24.

I have not been able to keep up with the divisions and sub-divisions of the old circuits on Snow Hill District as they stood in my time; nor is it necessary to my purpose, as nearly all readers of the PENINSULA METHODIST on the ground are aware of the changes constantly occurring under the itinerant system, which has far more than doubled its ministerial forces, giving the preachers a better support to-day than at the time of which I write. I think there are now three or four pastoral charges within the bounds of Princess Anne circuit, as I defined them last week.

It was with the kind family of Jonathan Huffington, near Upper Trappe, I had the pleasure to fix my home. They were devoted people. The old gentleman could hardly be happy without a preacher under his roof. Often, his wife and sons would tell me, when a day or two passed by and no itinerant happened along, he grew lonely, and would walk down to the road gate, leaning upon it until some of the brethren came in sight. He was a steward and attended all official meetings with the regularity of a clock, and his good wife was not only the bright particular star of a pleasant house, but the life of any meeting she attended. She was a shouter and had plenty of help in that line at Trappe, for it was their frequent boast that if the preacher became unusually fervent, they often "shouted him down," and brought the most hardened sinners under conviction by their demonstrative exuberance. William, James, and Jesse Huffington, James Anderson, and a dozen others, are well remembered at the camp and protracted meetings we held in that region.

We had a "mourner" one night whom I had cause to remember. Jimmy Anderson was leading in a song which run in this way:

"I don't feel any ways tired,  
O, glory hallelujah!  
For I hope to shout glory, when  
The world's on fire,  
O, glory hallelujah!"

The man was rolling on the floor, and as I stooped over him to give a word of comfort, he drew up his feet and let them fly with the energy of an army mule, striking me plump on my vest, and knocking me heels over head among the front pews from which I was rescued in a demoralized condition of temper.

The Hayman brothers, who were members at Zion, were also excellent workers, and out of the forest region around that church, there came two or three bright young preachers in subsequent years. It was at Littleton Hayman's I remember once, while reading a volume by Rev. James Caughey, that I was powerfully impressed with the need of a deeper baptism of the Holy Ghost, and spent some days and nights in earnest prayer for the blessing which alone could give point and power to gospel ministrations.

At Princess Anne, the young preacher had warm friends in Bro. and Sister Lecates, Bro. Lankford, Capt Josiah Crockett, Post-master Fisher, Wm. Smith and Alfred Whitney. A short distance from the town was Bro. Pinto, an Adventist with whom I spent many perplexing hours in investigating the facts and figures of Millerism, showing or attempting to show, how soon the world should come to an end in a general conflagration.

Bro. Foxwell who kept the County Poor House, gave us opportunity to preach there frequently, and has since become a preacher himself. Old Mr. Thomas Barbon a Portugese, in the neighborhood of Hungary Neck Church, furnished us a delightful home, and was never tired entertaining us with incidents of his awakening and conversion, under the instrumentality of Joshua Thomas at Tangier Beach Camp-meeting. In those days like most country store keepers, he kept liquors, and returning from camp a new man, the first thing he did, after setting up his family altar, was to

empty out all the rum and whiskey on his premises. The ducks came around, investigating the inundation, and every one of them became "drunk as a fool."

It was in this vicinity, but a little nearer the Manokin, that John Parks found a home in his last days at the house of Charles Marsh. He was an intimate friend and traveling companion of the venerable Parson Thomas, and of him one of the preachers told me this story; He was left a widower, and very soon married again. People thought he had used undue haste, and violated the proprieties; but when remonstrated with, justified his course by the estimate he placed on the fair sex, and the confusion his household was in for want of somebody to take the place of the departed: and besides he had waited and waited for some of his church friends to advise with him in the delicate premises.

"How long did you wait Bro. John?" asked the preacher.

"Why, brother," said he, "I waited as much as three long weeks, and couldn't wait any longer."

Court day, always brought a crowd to the county seat, and one of the saddest scenes enacted at such gatherings, was the public sale of slaves. This to me was such a sickening business, that, unless moved by sympathy to use some effort to prevent the separation of mothers and children, I never ventured near the auctioneer's block. I lived in Princess Anne, thirteen years afterward, when every slave in the U. S. was emancipated; but I shall come to that auspicious period hereafter.

It was twenty miles from the centre of the circuit to Deal's Island, the most interesting point we had to serve. On the way we had the Phæbus', Bethel, Dames Quarter and Rock Creek Churches, and easy access to the congregations of each. The house of Captain Phæbus was one of our most frequent stopping places, and it was peculiarly attractive to me, not merely on account of the genial wit of the Captain, who was one of our leading stewards, or the cheerful hospitality of Mrs. Phæbus, and her intelligent daughters, but there was a youth named George Alfred, lately out of college, with whom I formed a fraternal intimacy. George often accompanied me to the lower appointments, and began to assist me in religious services. He soon after joined the Conference, and for many years has been recognized as one of its foremost men, well read in history theology and ecclesiastical literature, and now one of the historians of Methodism, I refer to Rev. G. A. Phæbus D. D. whose work in the pulpit, or with his pen has made his name widely known and highly honored. Of some adventures in our Island experiences, when visiting Rev. Zach. Webster, or the Rowe and Daniel families, I shall have occasion to write, as my narrative drags its slow length along.

Mrs. Willis, wife of the Rev. J. S. Willis, the widely-known Methodist minister, died Saturday morning of burns received the night before, by the explosion of a coal oil lamp at her home, near Milford, Del. At midnight Miss Willis and a party of young friends returning home from an evening party, saw, as they approached the Willis home, that the house was on fire. The coachman whipped the horses, and in a few moments the house was reached. Rushing in, Miss Willis found her mother lying in an upper room shockingly burned.

Drs. Pratt, Marshall and Whiteley, who responded to the call, were powerless to aid the suffering lady, and she expired at 4 o'clock, having lived about 4 hours after the accident. Mrs. Willis was conscious long enough to explain that the coal oil lamp exploded, and set fire to her and the room. A number of towns-people, after hearing the news, went to the house and offered their assistance. Mrs. Willis was about 45 years of age. The house was saved. Mr. Willis and his wife were well-known all over the Peninsula. The house in which the accident occurred was one which Mr. Willis had finished since his recent retirement from the itinerancy.



Conference News.

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

The Rev. Charles Hill, presiding elder of the Wilmington District, preached at Grace M. E. Church last Sunday.

Rev. W. B. Gregg, pastor of Epworth M. E. Church has been holding a village camp-meeting during the past week.

The Rev. George W. Burke preached at Asbury M. E. Church last Sunday evening.

The Rev. J. H. Willey of Delaware City will preach at Union M. E. Church to-morrow.

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

Religious services have been held in the woods at the Tub Mill every night last week. Rev. J. S. Willis has preached several times. Services will be held there to-morrow and perhaps during the coming week. Several conversions are reported, and the attendance has been good.—Free Press.

Talbot circuit, A. P. Prettyman, pastor, writes: We are remodeling and improving the church at Bay Side, by adding 10 feet to length; also by adding a pulpit recess, putting on a new roof, weather-boarding, plastering, &c., and refurnishing the church by new seats, pulpit desk, &c., at a total cost of \$1200. The painters are now at work painting outside and frescoing inside. We intend having our reopening the latter part of September. We have a new Estey organ all ready to go in the church when finished.

The church at Tilghman's Island has lately been painted outside, and steps are being taken towards beautifying the interior and putting a fence around it, and paving in front. This church has recently been incorporated.

The church at Broad Creek has also lately been incorporated, and the trustees have appointed a committee to attend to insuring their church property, a thing neglected for many years.

The friends of Chatham's Chapel have purchased a new Mason and Hamlin organ for their church and Sunday-school.

Our second Quarterly Conference held the 22nd, voted the pastor a leave of absence for a few weeks.

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

Rev. R. W. Todd, pastor of Snow Hill, M. E. Church, who has been sick is now able to be about his work.

Chincoteague Island, Va., J. D. Reese, pastor, writes: Our woods' meeting closed last Friday night with 15 conversions. They all joined the church on probation. Rev. L. P. Bowen, a Presbyterian minister, of Marshall, Missouri, preached several times to the delight and edification of the people. We have not lost any of the large number of conversions that we had last year, so our class at Good Will now numbers 90. We now worship in the church, though not quite finished, we hope to dedicate this fall.

Woodlawn Camp-Meeting.

This camp ground is located in Cecil Co., Md., about four miles north-east by the public roads, from Port Deposit, and six miles north from Perryville. It comprises fourteen acres of land. The portion fenced in is comfortably shaded by a growth of oak and chestnut timber. There is no circle. The space for the audience is a large parallelogram. This ground has been used for camp meeting purposes for fourteen years, and the fifteenth annual meeting was held this year, August 11th, and 21st inclusive, Rev. Charles Hill, Presiding Elder of Wilmington District, having the religious management of the camp. All other matters pertaining to the camp are controlled by the Board of Managers. The fifteen meetings held on this ground have been noted for their spirituality. While conversions have not been as numerous as christian people desire, there have always been conversions, covering ages from infancy to great age. A peculiarity of this camp is, that after each annual meeting, some one of the charges, participating, has been blessed with a gracious revival of religion and strengthened largely in membership.

A number of families occupied their tents on Monday, August 10th. By Tuesday afternoon the moving in was completed, and when, at seven o'clock in the evening, the bell sounded, all were ready for service.

The singing during the camp was conducted by Mr. Charles Wilson, of Rising Sun, Md., assisted by a choir of very pleasant voices. Messrs. Sanders & Stayman of Baltimore, supplied a handsome, finely toned Estey organ, and Miss Bertie Sheppard presided at the organ.

Tuesday, at 7 p. m. Rev. Charles Hill, preacher in charge. Rev. Jos. Robinson

followed with prayer. Remarks were made by Rev. C. F. Sheppard and J. D. Kemp and the meeting closed with prayer by Rev. T. S. Williams.

Wednesday, August 12. Rev. T. A. H. O'Brien preached at 10.30 a. m., Rev. J. D. Kemp at 3 p. m., and Rev. C. F. Sheppard in the evening.

Thursday, August 13. Rev. T. S. Williams preached at 10.30 from Prov. 4:18, "The path of the just is as the shining light, etc." At 1.30 p. m. a children's meeting was held in charge of Rev. C. F. Sheppard of Zion charge, Md. The afternoon sermon was by Rev. Chas. A. Hill, from Isaiah, 6:3. On account of the heavy rain storm no preaching service was held in the evening.

Friday, August 14. Rev. Joseph Robinson preached from Gal. 1:4-5. At 1.30 the Second Quarterly Conference for Port Deposit charge was held, and at 3 p. m. the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held a meeting addressed by Mrs. E. B. Stevens, of Wilmington. Rev. T. A. H. O'Brien preached in the evening from 1 John 2:1. "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, etc."

Saturday August 15. Preaching by Revs. E. A. Atkins, C. F. Sheppard, and W. J. O'Neil. On Sunday the great day of the camp Rev. Thos. E. Terry of New Castle, Del., preached in the morning, and Rev. L. E. Barrett of Port Deposit at 3 p. m., and Rev. R. C. Jones of Mt. Salem church Wilmington in the evening. The congregations were large and good order prevailed. Preaching on Monday by Rev. W. J. O'Neil, T. E. Martindale, and Rev. Thos. E. Terry.

Tuesday, August 18. At 10 a. m. Rev. T. E. Martindale preached from Daniel 11:32. At 3 p. m. Rev. J. D. Riggs, from 2 Tim. 1:12, and Rev. T. S. Williams in the evening. On Wednesday Rev. L. E. Barrett, E. C. Atkins and R. C. Jones, preached. On Thursday, the last day of the camp, Rev. Charles A. Hill preached at 10 a. m., from 1 Cor., 2, 9, 10, after which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. At 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Robinson preached from 1 Thes. 5:23, 24. Rev. W. J. O'Neil preached in the evening from Matthew 25:10. followed by an experience meeting. The tide rose high, and Presiding Elder Hill was constrained to sing "The old ship of Zion," the audience joining heartily in the chorus.

Friday, August 21st. Closing service. Short addresses by the ministers. Then, while the choir sang an appropriate closing hymn, there was a general farewell hand-shaking, expressions of sorrow at parting, but hope for future meetings at this delightful place and a grand reunion in heaven.

The long metre doxology was sung, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Chas. Hill and the fifteenth camp meeting at Woodlawn, Cecil County, Md., ended. There were twenty-six conversions, and twenty-one ministers were at the camp. The audiences were prayerful, attentive and sympathetic.

A peculiarity of Woodlawn camp, before noticed, is that the benefits are not confined within the narrow limits of the fourteen acres. No matter how few or how many have been converted at any session of the camp, without fail, for fourteen consecutive years, its power and influence has gone abroad so that each year, one or more of the participating charges has had a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit and a wonderful revival of religion.

"What we have felt and seen With confidence we tell." And we look confidently to see during the coming fall, the fifteenth camp followed by a glorious work of grace, exceeding any which has preceded. May the Master of assemblies grant our desire and do abundantly beyond all we ask or think, for the honor of His name, and the salvation of men.

The annual meeting of stockholders will be held in the Port Deposit church at 2 p. m., Saturday September 12, when trustees and managers will be elected. The camp for 1886 will open at 7.30 p. m., the second Tuesday of August.

One Presiding Elder 'Explains.'

MR. EDITOR:—Permit the writer to plead *not guilty* to the indictment of "Itinerant," in the *METHODIST* of Aug. 15, namely, that "The Presiding Elders have united in asking the Bishop to appoint Bro. Haynes to preside over Easton District, when the preaches of that District have unanimously requested the appointment of J. D. Rigg."

This is a matter in which each P. E. can only speak for himself. The writer speaks for himself alone:

1. If there has been any unity of action on the part of the Presiding Elders, it is unknown to the defendant; as he has not been communicated with, either directly or indirectly, by any P. E. on

the subject; nor has the Bishop written to him with reference to the matter.

2. If Bro. H. had been chosen by the District, and the Bishop had asked the opinion of this P. E., it is possible he would have endorsed the choice. He has not, however; nor would he urge the appointment of any brother, however capable, against the express wish of the preachers most concerned; nor would he recommend any one, until they had an opportunity to indicate their preference. He has not forgotten that in this way his own appointment was made. By that fact he feels committed to this method, and so stated in the cabinet of Bishop Harris, when the appointment of a P. E. was under consideration.

The writer can imagine mistakes brethren might make in petitioning for a man, when a sense of duty to the church might lead him to oppose their choice; but their mistake would have to be very manifest, to prevent his endorsement of their selection. He cannot resist the conviction that the whole body of God-fearing, church-loving preachers of a District may rise superior to secondary considerations, and select for the good of the church, as even the favored four in the council are likely to do.

Though in the absence of law on the subject the action of the preachers is only a petition, yet, after all, waving mere technicalities, the appointment of a P. E. is a matter of election any how, and must and ought to be. The Bishops do not and cannot know the gifts, grace and usefulness of individuals. Nothing but the statistical tables of the Conference will show that. Hence the P. E. must be elected either by the preachers or the four Presiding Elders. For appointments to be made otherwise, (as a rule,) would be for the Bishops, by mere favoritism, to put in men who, through General Conference membership, or other accidental methods of acquaintance, outside of their own Conference relations and record for usefulness, have become known to them. This would amount to an unjust discrimination against those who have not been sufficiently fortunate to come into personal and favorable contact with our Chief Pastors. Hence, if the voice of the District is not heard the voice of the Presiding Elders is likely to be. But this is general, rather than specific.

Mistakes may be, and are sometimes made in each case. Nothing human is perfect. It does seem, however, that it is safe for the appointing power to pay great deference to the choice of the District; and certainly it will not count against any man.

"Itinerant" wants to know "what the Bishop is going to do about it?" No doubt he will find out shortly; and from the course of Bishop Merrill at our Conference, and the grand record he made there under trying circumstances, it is safe to assume in advance, that he will deal with brotherly consideration and kindness, as well as wisely, with a single eye to the good of the church, from the facts before him. The final settlement of the case could not be in safer hands.

If, however, "Itinerant" and his brethren should be disappointed in securing the excellent, capable and worthy brother for whom they have unanimously petitioned, let them remember that the mails are open to all, and others besides Presiding Elders have access to Bishops.

Thirdly, finally, in conclusion, and lastly, this prisoner at the bar pleads *not guilty* in the manner and form in which he stands indicted.

JOHN A. B. WILSON.  
Princess Anne, Md., Aug. 21, 1885.

At Ocean Grove Dr. Vincent stated that there are at present 820 Japanese young people studying in the Chautauqua course

A little girl in Cambridgeboro, Pa., has realized \$139.93 for foreign missions, by preparing thistle balls, which she sold for fifty cents a box containing five.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached on Sunday night, August 10 in the City Road Wesleyan Chapel, London. A thousand persons were turned away for lack of even standing room.

Rev. A. Smith, pastor of Greensboro charge is spending his vacation at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Robert H. Williams, eldest son of Rev. T. S. Williams, pastor of North East M. E. Church, left home this week for Tilton N. H. where he has accepted a position to teach during the year in the Conference Academy of that place.

We had a pleasant call this week from Rev. G. W. Burke, who, with his wife are visiting his brother in this city.

John B. Gough has just turned his 68th year.

Miss Cleveland already has made \$50,000 from her book.

Ex-President Arthur arrived at Newport on Saturday last from West Island, and is the guest of Mr. William R. Travers.

William A. Wheeler, ex-vice-president, is at Richfield Springs, and such is his enjoyment of life that though 65 years old, he does not seem a whit beyond 50.

Mrs. W. L. S. Murray, of Wilmington, and children, are visiting friends at Middletown, Del.

E. W. Burke, a student at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and son of Rev. G. W. Burke, pastor of Harrington, M. E. Church, was licensed to preach by the St. Paul's M. E. Church, Quarterly Conference, last Monday night.

Harrison, General Grant's body servant, has been engaged by Mark Twain as canvasser for a bust of the dead General.

Bishop Lay, of Easton, Md., is again very ill at Massanetta Springs, Va.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the popular Sunday-school hymn maker, is now fifty-five years of age, and from girlhood has been totally blind. She is below the average stature, delicate in appearance, and lives in New York. She has written fully 1,500 hymns, and is represented as always bright and cheerful.—Golden Rule.

Rev. Chas. Hill, Presiding Elder of the Wilmington District, and family, are spending a short time at Ocean Grove.

ITEMS.

The Religious Tract Society of England, one of the most efficient organizations for the diffusion of religious knowledge in the world, has translated and published "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" in seventy languages.

A charter has been obtained for the establishment of an institution for the education of colored girls, after the model of Mount Holyoke, Mass. The site has been secured and paid for. The college is to be located at Aia, about thirty miles from Baltimore.

The burial casket of General Grant, including the boxes, made by a Rochester, N. Y., firm will cost \$3,000.

The title deeds to General Grant's birth-place were transferred last week to the Department of Ohio Grand Army of the Republic. The purchase was closed last week and the transfer made at once. The Grand Army will put the house in repair, and will erect a monument beside it. Orders for collecting contributions for this purpose will be issued at once.

WORTH READING Between THE LINES.—"Little girl, do you know whose house this is?" asked a solemn-looking man of a bright child seated on the church steps. "Yes sir, it's God's; but he ain't in," she added, as the old gentleman was about to walk up the steps; "and his agent's gone to Europe."  
Christian Advocate.

Louis Kossuth is living in the Lanzo Valley, at the foot of the Savoy Alps. In the Fall he will take up his permanent residence in Naples, so as to be near his son Louis—who is employed on the Italian State rail way.

Moro Phillips, one of Philadelphia's wealthy citizens, died on Sunday, the 9th inst., at the Monmouth House, Spring Lake, N. J. His fortune is estimated at 10,000,000, which he made in the manufacture of chemicals and in real estate.

MARRIAGES.

SHERWOOD—MCQUAY.—At the Talbot M. E. parsonage, Aug. 18th, 1885, by Rev. A. P. Prettyman, Mr. E. Franklin Sherwood and Miss Alice B. McQuay.

JACKSON—COOPER.—At the bride's home, Tilghman's Island, by Rev. A. P. Prettyman, Mr. Wm. H. Jackson and Miss Margaret A. Cooper.

FRYXELL—WESTHOLM.—August 13th 1885, in New York City, by Rev. Andrew Johnson, Rev. Axel Z. Fryxell and Miss Adelia Westholm both from Sweden.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER			
Red Lion,	August	29	30
New Castle,	"	29	31
Delaware City,	Sept,	6	7
St. George's,	"	5	6
CHAS. HILL, P. E.			

EASTON DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.			
Middletown,	Aug	30	31
Odessa,	"	30	31
J. H. CALDWELL, P. E.			

SALISBURY DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.			
Deal's Island	Aug	29	30
Somerset	"	29	30
St Peter's	"	30	31
Cape Charles City	Sept	5	6
Onancock	"	7	8
Accomac	Modestown	"	8
Westover	Mt Olivet	"	12 13
Fairmount	Union	"	13 14
Asbury	"	"	13 15
Crisfield	"	"	13 16
Annamesssex	St Peter's	"	13 16
J. A. B. WILSON.			

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.			
Laurel,	Sept	18	20
Bethel,	Mt Zion,	"	18 20
Sharptown,	Sharptown,	"	19 20
Barren Creek,	S. Grove,	"	19 20
Shortley,	Asbury,	"	20 21
Delmar,	Hepburn,	"	20 21
Salisbury,	S	"	25 26
Quantico,	Mills,	"	26 27
Fruitland,	Zion,	"	25 27
Parsonsburg,	Melson's,	"	27 28
Gumboro,	Bethel,	"	27 28
Powellville,	St Paul's,	"	27 28
Roxana,	Sound,	Oct	3 4
Frankford,	Houston,	"	3 4
Berlin,	B	"	4 5
Bishopville,	Ebenezar,	"	2 4
Chincoteague,	"	"	5 6
Smith's Island,	"	"	10 11
Tangier,	"	"	11 12
Holland's Island,	"	"	8

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The Paradox of Time.

Time goes, you say? Ah, no! Alas, Time stays we go: Or else, were this not so. What need to chain the hours? For Youth were always ours. Time goes you say? ah no!

Ours is the eyes' deceit Of men whose flying feet Leads thro' some landscape low: We pass and think we see The earth's fixed surface flee— Alas, Time stays—we go!

Once in the days of old, Your locks were curling gold, And mine had shamed the crow. Now, in the self same stage, We've reached the silver age: Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Once, when my voice was strong, I filled the woods with song To praise your "rose" and "snow," My bird, that sung, is dead: Where are your roses fled? Alas, Time stays—we go!

See, in what traversed ways, What backward fate delays The hopes we used to know; Where are our old desires? Ah, where those vanished fires? Time goes, you say?—ah, no!

How far, how far, O Sweet, The past behind our feet Lies in the even glow! Now, on the forward way, Let us fold hands and pray; Alas, Time stays—we go, Dobson's "Old World Idylls."

Refutations of Socialistic Fallacies.

We are glad to see a republication by the Society for Political Education in this city of the tract by Robert Giffen, President of the British Statistical Society, entitled "The Progress of the Working Classes in the Last Half Century." The important and cheering facts it presents stand in indirect contradiction to the sensational assertion so often heard that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer.

Tables are given, showing that the wages of labor in Great Britain have increased during the last half century by from fifty to a hundred per cent., while the hours of labor have been reduced by twenty per cent.; the workingman thus gaining from seventy to one hundred and twenty per cent.

But has not the cost of his living correspondingly increased? The statistical tables say that, on the contrary, the prices of nearly all articles entering into the workingman's housekeeping have declined. There is an advance in the price of meat and also in house rent; but, fifty years ago, the British workingman did not eat meat, and the increased house rent is for better accommodations. Taking all the articles together which the workingman's family consumes, a sovereign will purchase as much now as it did fifty years ago, so the increase of wages is an increase of the means of comfort.

And many things which formerly only the rich could command are now within his reach. There is a state system of schools for his children, and there are free libraries and many other things of the kind which make life brighter and better. There are also improved sanitary conditions in factories and workingmen's dwellings. These things help him as much as would an additional increase of wages.

The improved condition is shown in the decline of the death rate. Within fifty years the average length of life in England has increased by two years, in the case of males, and in that of females by nearly three and a half. Now longer life indicates better health while life lasts, with less cost for medical treatment and less loss of income through inability to labor. And it is easy to see that the improvement among the poor alone must have been greater than is presented in the figures given, which are for poor and rich taken together.

That the working classes are better off is shown in the fact that they live better. The consumption of tea and sugar by the people of Great Britain is four times as great per head as it was forty years ago; and similar statements may be made regarding other staples of ordinary house-keeping. This increased consumption of articles of comfort is

found not so much among the rich, who have always lived well, as among the poorer classes, and it shows very plainly the increase of their material well-being.

The increased ability of people to send their children to school is a fair indication of an improvement in their general condition. But in the schools of England to which the working classes send their children there are about ten times as many pupils as there were thirty years ago.

A decrease in crime indicates an improvement in general well being. But while the population in England has vastly increased in the last half century, the yearly number of commitments for crime has decreased by some forty per cent.

And what are the statistics of pauperism? In England in 1849, thirty-six years ago, there were 934,000 persons in receipt of public relief. In 1881, with a greatly increased population, the number had fallen to 803,000.

The savings banks tell another part of the story. In the fifty years ending with 1881, the number of depositors had increased from 429,000 to 4,140,000, or about ten-fold. When it is remembered that such depositors are nearly all of the working class, their large number shows that a great proportion of this class have become able not only to survive, but also to accumulate means. And with depositors in savings-banks might be classed all who belong to industrial and provident co-operative societies, the number of whose members increased from 90,000 in 1862 to 525,000 in 1881.

In our own country the improvement has been even greater than in England. It is not true that the poor are growing poorer. There is, to be sure, much poverty in large towns, but the wretched creatures who crowd the cellars and dwell in the garrets of Baxter Street and Mulberry Street, in this city, are not "poorer," but are much better off than they formerly were in the crowded pestilential dens in the Italian cities, or in the mud cabins of Ireland. Though still distressedly "poor," they are not "poorer," but better off. On the other hand, the poor of forty years ago, and the families who, by industry and close economy, could then just make both ends meet, are to-day generally in comfortable circumstances and largely in actual wealth.

Some one may suggest, however, that though the poor have become better off, the gap between them and the rich has, nevertheless, been widened; that the latter have increased their wealth faster than the former have arisen into better circumstances. But this again is a mistake. The rich have not grown richer in comparison with the aggregate wealth of society. The rich men in New York to-day do not hold so large a proportion of the aggregate wealth as did the rich men of fifty years ago. The wealthy class in New York to-day are not as wealthy in comparison with their neighbors as were the wealthy class of fifty years ago. As the wealth of the city increases, the laboring man or the small operator gets a larger percentage of that increase than does the millionaire. The large fortunes are not increasing as fast in proportion as the small properties. In other words, the rich, though absolutely richer, are relatively poorer, while the struggling class are growing better off, as compared not only with their former condition, but also with the aggregate wealth of the community. The statement that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer is a false statement and one pernicious in its embittering effect. It will be scouted by every well-informed and thoughtful man.

In Lovell's Library is published a keen pamphlet, by President Hill, of Lewisburg University, on the "Principles and Fallacies of Socialism." We are glad to see these popular refutations of the unsound reasonings of socialistic declaimers.—Independent.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—Dr. Chalmers.

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Table listing club members and their contributions to the Peninsula Methodist. Includes names like 'The Peninsula Methodist' and 'Independent' with amounts.

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Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad. IN CONNECTION WITH O. D. S. Co. and P. R. R. CHANGE OF TIME. On and after Monday, June, 22 1885, trains will move as follows, Sundays excepted:

Table showing train schedules between Harrington and Lewes, including times for going north and south.

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Wilmington & Northern R. R. Time Table, in effect June 19, 1885. GOING NORTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations: Wilmington, P. W. & B. Station, Dupont, Chadd's Ford, Lenape, Coatesville, Waynesburg, St. Peter's, Warwick, Springfield, Birdsboro, Reading & R. Station. GOING SOUTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations: Reading P. & R. Station, Birdsboro, Springfield, Warwick, Waynesburg, Coatesville, Lenape, Chadd's F'd, Dupont, Wilmington, P. W. & B. Sta.

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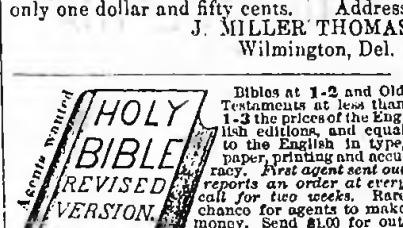
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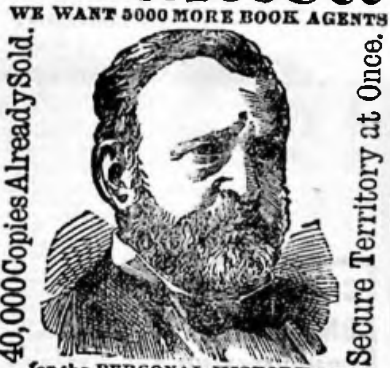
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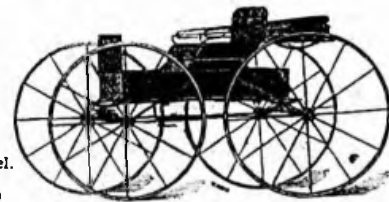
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