



Peninsula



Methodist.

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Editor.

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

J. MILLER THOMAS,
Associate Editor.

VOLUME XIII.
NUMBER 36.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
SINGLE NOS. 3 CENTS.

LIGHTENING THE BURDEN.

BY M. A. KIDDER.

"Let me carry your pail, my dear,
Brimming over with water."
"No; I'll take hold, and you take hold,"
Answered the farmer's daughter,
And she would have her own sweet way,
As her merry eyes grew brighter;
So she took hold, and he took hold,
And it made the burden lighter.

And every day the oaken pail,
Over the well-curb slipping,
Was upward drawn by hands of brawn,
Cool, and so softly dripping.

And every day the burden seemed
Lighter by being divided;
For he took hold, and she took hold,
By the self-same spirit guided.

Till by and by they learned to love,
And each trust in the other,
Till she for him, one twilight dim,
Left father and left mother.

The wedding bells were rung at morn,
The bridal blessings given,
And now the pair, without a care,
Entered an earthly heaven.

When storm and sunshine mingled, they
Would seldom trouble borrow;
And when it came, they met the same,
With bright hope of to-morrow.

And now they're at the eve of life,
While the western skies grow brighter;
For she took hold, and he took hold,
And it made the burden lighter.

—Selected.

Letter from Amanda Smith.

DUKE TOWN, OLD CALABAR S. W. C. A.

Mrs. Richards Boyle:—My dear sister in Jesus, no doubt you will be a little surprised to get a letter from me away off here in Africa, and yet why should old acquaintance be forgotten. * * * *

I often think of you and of the many precious meetings I enjoyed at your home in Philadelphia with so many other dear friends the Lord has given me to remember and love, as I have knelt before Him, borne up at a blessed throne of grace.—and, oh! how often have I praised God for a blessed mercy-seat—

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat."

—and to day, though so far away from so many I love. I feel the consciousness in my soul that the Lord is indeed my Rock and my Fortress: in Him I trust and am saved and kept. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

In April Bro. Deputie came to Cape Palmas, and, having your last letter, gave it to me to read. Reading your letter seemed like having a good chat with you. I was so glad that you spoke so kindly of dear Bishop Taylor and his great work here in Africa. My heart is cheered when any one speaks kindly of this servant of the Lord; for, like Paul I feel to say that there is "no man like-minded", who will care for poor dark bleeding Africa as this man has. And yet as his Master was, so is he. There is not that deep Christian sympathy for him and this work, even among his own people at home and also in Africa—I mean Liberia. It ought not to be so, and, when we remember that we are brethren, it hardly looks possible, but so it is; and unless the Lord shall baptize and send help from America, or somewhere else, from a human standpoint we should expect failure. But the work is of God, and depending on Him we cannot fail. We make all our wants and wishes known.

Fear not! His merits must prevail—
"Ask but in faith, it shall be done."

Last year I did ask the Lord to give me strength to remain in Africa, until the Bishop could get his work started in Liberia. I felt as if I knew the people pretty well and could be of some assist-

ance. I am glad the Lord did answer my prayer, and perhaps I did help a little. I had the privilege and pleasure of being present at the opening of 16 stations on his only hopeful plan for Africa, self-supporting schools, farms, and missions. Praise the Lord! The natives everywhere were so glad, and after they heard the Bishop's explanation, readily agreed to all he proposed and were willing to do everything they could do, to help themselves. We found no opposition anywhere on the Kroo Coast nor on the Coughly River. All the stations are high and well situated; no swamps anywhere near them.

For 8 weeks we were going. It was rough, but the Lord wonderfully sustained me; and the dear Bishop never once complained. Sometimes for 7 and 8 hours we would be in the drenching rain, then in the burning sun on the river, then on the sea in an open surf boat, then walking 12 and 13 miles in the interior, up steep hills, down ravines, through narrow paths. Sometimes I would get in the hammock, carried by two men, heels often higher than my head, then again I would be sitting up almost straight, shaken up until I suppose I felt like buttermilk, then sway back and forth like a boy in a swing.

After a day's journey like this, we would stay in a native house for the night, make a fire and dry our clothes before retiring. Of course the houses have no chimneys—we make the fire on the floor—earthen floor of course, and then (if it is any sign of sympathy we are full of it) tears would come in spite of ourselves. Then we would, after an hour or two, have the headache after the tears dry up. Then we get a cup of cocoa or tea which I was able to take with me; and one good sister who was kind enough to go with us helps greatly.

The Bishop never sleeps in a house. He always, when in a native town, sleeps in a blacksmith shop—a thatched shed. It seems in every town, the shed is just the thing. The Bishop carries his bed with him. It consists of two poles with a sacking bottom, like an old-fashioned cot, rolls up conveniently, and is a load for one man.

Last June I opened a night-school for native boys, and it was getting on so well, and a Sabbath School I started, in a native town, about a mile from where I stayed in Cape Palmas, that I hated to give them up. It is so hard to get any one to be interested enough to keep it up regularly. I hear one good sister has taken hold of it while I am away. She is a widow with no support but her needle, and has a daughter to care for. If she could only learn to trust the Lord for everything, I know He would help her. Pray for me and for the work in Liberia. I expect to leave next month for Cape Palmas. I have been here nine weeks. I have had some rest and quiet, and some medical attention from the lady doctor here at the mission, and it has done me a little good, I think.

I have been asked to speak in the Scotch Presbyterian Church here. True, the Lord helped me, but it is a new thing under the sun, for a woman to speak in a Scotch kirk; but I was well received and my people were glad. My friend is a Scotch Presbyterian lady, is married, and gives me a comfortable home. I praise the Lord for giving me this privilege. I have visited some of the Zenanas in the towns, as no man has done;

Livingston and Stanley not excepted. Oh! it is all wonderful. Praise the Lord.

The last week of our travel I took cold and got a fever which exhausted me greatly, so I was obliged to leave for a little change. I would have gone to England or home but I could not rest a bit at sea, and rest I felt that I must have or die of exhaustion, so I made up my mind to come to Old Calabar, and left on the steamer that called at Cape Palmas for the Bishop May, 7th. I was glad to meet the missionaries, 13 in number, all bound for the Upper Congo. They were all well and happy, and seemed not to have the slightest idea of the trials and difficulties that await them in their new fields of labor. May God bless them and I know He will, for His grace is sufficient, even in Africa, for ever trial. Amen. Amen. Not one word of all His good promises has failed, but all are being fulfilled even to me.

The work has opened so among the natives now, that I would rather stay than return home, if my strength would hold out. Pray the Lord may guide me. The doctors say, I must leave the country. Change of climate is what I need, and I think I must try to get home next year, or get as far as England any way. May God bless the seed sown here. This mission is 40 years old, nearly, and much has been done. But oh! the deep rooted superstition that has blinded the people for ages is so hard to uproot. Pray that this long night of darkness may pass away forever and forever. God bless you.

Yours in Jesus,
AMANDA SMITH.

—Christian Standard.

Historical Notes of Past Conferences.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

THE FOURTH CONFERENCE—1776.

The fourth Conference has a very brief record in the published "Minutes," consisting of only five questions and answers. Thomas Rankin again presided, as he had on the three previous occasions. Its meetings were held in Lovely Lane chapel in the city of Baltimore, commencing Tuesday, May 21, and ending Friday, May 24. The chapel was only two years old; it was not finished; the seats had no backs, and no warming apparatus was provided, and no gallery was erected. The preachers numbered 25, the members 4,921; the increase for the year, 1,773—the largest which had been reported. Four new circuits were made, three of them in Virginia, and Englishmen headed the ministry, namely, T. Rankin, F. Asbury, M. Rodda, and G. Shadford. Freeborn Garretson was, with eight others, admitted on trial at that Conference. The love-feast was a time of great rejoicing; they were "of one mind and heart, and took sweet counsel together." Mr. Asbury intended to be present, but feeble health debarred him. North Carolina took its place that year as a circuit, with three preachers and 683 members, indicating that the cause had taken deep root there. The large increase was a cause of great thankfulness, although the president himself makes no mention of the precedings, only of the love-feast. Five probationers were admitted to full membership as itinerants.

THE FIFTH CONFERENCE—1776.

The Minutes for 1777 report that the fifth Conference was held "at the preach-

ing house, near Deer Creek, Hartford county, Md." It opened at the house of John Walters, May 20. It was a memorable Conference in several respects. It was a great increase in all respects on all that had gone before. There were 36 preachers on the roll; 6,968 members—an increase of 2,047; three new circuits were accepted, and there was a good increase of native men in the itinerancy. Fourteen preachers were received on trial, and eight others accepted into the full ministry. Among the new men were some who distinguished themselves in various ways, and who were owned of God in winning some remarkable men to join the society and to enter the ministry. Among them were Caleb B. Pedicord, John Tunnel, William Gill, and Reuben Ellis. One of the evangelists of that period was John Dickens, a man who projected the first literary work in American Methodism; who took charge of John Street Church in New York, 1783; and in 1789, at the request of Mr. Asbury, went to Philadelphia, and there commenced the greatest of all the institutions of American Methodism, the Book Concern, afterward removed to New York, where it exercises immense power for good all over the land. A warm discussion took place at the Conference in reference to the administration of the sacrament owing to the Episcopal clergymen fleeing from the country on account of the war. Even those urgent reasons did not secure for the people the privilege they desired. During the year which followed, all the English preachers then belonging to the Conference fled to England, and Mr. Asbury was placed under guards and prevented from itinerating; but he remained in America to the joy of many, and not least to himself, as he afterwards acknowledged. That was the first of several severely trying years for the Methodist societies. Some strong, native men, who became talented and useful preachers, entered the ministry that year, to take the places of the departing Englishmen.

THE SIXTH CONFERENCE—1778.

This Conference began at Leesburgh, Virginia, on May 19, and was held in that remote locality for two reasons; 1 Because the northern districts were chiefly in the possession of the British troops, striving for conquest; 2 Because two thirds of the Methodist societies were in the southern district. It was a desolate year, both to the State and to the Church; general dismay prevailed, and only part of the preachers could attend. Several circuits disappeared from the minutes, and a few new ones were introduced. A decrease of nearly 900 members was reported, and the preachers came down to 29—a loss of seven. The members were 6,097. William Moore and Henry Fry were made the general stewards of the Conference, the latter being the treasurer to receive the collections. The quarterage allowed to the preachers was fixed at eight pounds, Virginia currency. The allowance to the English preachers at that period was a much less amount. Nine preachers were received on trial, and eleven admitted into the full ministry, among them being W. Gill, J. Tunnel, and John Dickens. Only native members were appointed to circuits—Asbury being excluded, although in the country. Asbury being in seclusion for safety, Rankin having fled the country, Wm. Watters was

chosen president, being only 26 years old. The times were not propitious; the clamor of war was heard over the land; the hardships of the itinerants were so great and oppressive, only about half of the probationers remained beyond two or three years. The sacramental question was again considered, and with earnestness too, but the unsettled state of the societies led to the postponement of the question for another year. It was a great hardship for both preachers and people, as the clergy had all fled. Two men that year received on trial became distinguished: Henry Willis, a pioneer of very marked usefulness, and who has a glorious record in the last century of Methodism; and also James O'Kelly, who at first was highly esteemed for his talents and fervent devotion, but who afterwards caused a serious division in the body. The circuits made no return of members this year.—Zion's Herald.

Who Can Wake Up The Rich?

The relative status of our missionary treasury and our mission fields is alarming. A debt of nearly \$100,000; the workers in distant fields liable to be recalled, or left to perish: these fields white unto the the harvest: men and women all around feeling called of God to enter these fields; the voice of the Holy Ghost speaking to the Church, "Separate these people unto the work whereunto I have called them;" they who hold in their hands the pounds—the dollars—intrusted unto them by the Master, deaf to this call, the clatter and din of worldly business filling their ears, the seductions of worldly pleasures drawing off their attention. Nobody but the poor are making any sacrifice for the work.

Thank God, many poor in this world are making sacrifice—investment rather, in the kingdom of God. I know men who will give five dollars for missions, while wife's best shoes are out at the toes, and her best dress a faded calico, and the children barefoot; and wife would not that husband should withhold his hand from Christ's cause. I do not want these poor to give less: but O for the rich who will cast in of their abundance! The Methodists of Nashville could pay every dollar of the mission debt to-morrow. There is not a young man waiting to go that has not a neighbor able of himself to send him. "Is this a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen?" "Sell that ye have and give." O for the pentecostal Spirit which when received they sold their possessions and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet. Prayer and self-denial. We hope many a widow will heny herself fruit, and even desired clothing, that she may give; that an itinerant preacher will deny himself needed books, a new saddle, an umbrella, a watch, that he may give; that here and there a poor farmer will deny himself glass for his windows and chairs for his dining-room; but where is the man or woman who will deny him or herself a tour of Europe, or a costly parlor furnishing, or of a new \$10,000 house, of an opportunity to invest in mines or railroads or U. S. bonds, that the thousands may go into the missionary treasury?

J. H. RTGGIN.

—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Temperance.

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

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

Prohibition by Imperial Decree.

It is stated that during the recent hot spell the John Hauck Brewing Company, of Cincinnati, issued orders that no beer should be given to employees while the hot weather continued, and the order was obeyed. And yet the brewers and their friends, the anti-prohibitionists, tell us beer is good for health. If they are sincere, why did this company refuse the cooling, invigorating liquid to their hard worked operatives during such an enervating season? If ever men were called upon to prove their faith by their works, sure it was in this case, but they did not prove it. Well, perhaps they did, after all; for they know full well their vile product is death-dealing stuff. This is necessarily their faith, though their profession is otherwise. They proved their faith and exposed their profession.

See here. Was not that order denying their employees beer a serious invasion of "personal liberty?" One would suppose that of all things dear to a brewer's heart, "personal liberty" is the dearest. But lo! they adopt prohibition, and without a vote of the people, by imperial decree, after the manner of the Czar, whenever it is to their interest to do so.

In this connection it is proper to say saloon-keepers are all prohibitionists, as to their clerks. They will lead boys into dissipation, but no dissipated or even moderate drinking boys need apply for employment at their hands. They are prohibitionists as to their clerks. They say in answer to this charge that a clerk's liberty is not invaded by their rules; he is not obliged to stay with them. That is just what prohibition States and counties say to them; if they don't like the laws the people make, they can move—Nashville Christian Advocate.

The liquor dealers and their servile dependents tell you that prohibition is a failure in Georgia, when the records of the criminal courts show that in every county which has adopted it, crime has been reduced not less than ninety per cent. They tell you that it has greatly impaired the value of real estate in Atlanta, though the assessed value of her real estate is a million and a half dollars greater than it was a year ago. They tell you that it has killed the business of Atlanta, when it is an admitted fact that, in comparison with other cities of the south, the present activity in business circles is almost phenomenal. They tell you that business men are leaving us. The doggerly-keepers, drunkards, gamblers, loafers, dead-beats and prostitutes are leaving us—just these and no more.—Georgia Paper.

A Pitiable Picture—a Drunken Ruler.

A cablegram says that a British officer who recently visited Russia reports that the Czar is "a homeless and oftentimes helpless sot. Among those nearest to him it is well known but never mentioned, that he has several times suffered that most frightful of all species of insanity—delirium tremens. His cruelty upon those occasions would have appealed to the finer sensibilities of the king of Dahomy, and caused that fiendish monarch to shed tears of compassion. In his lucid intervals the Czar is reasonable and even sagacious; but when under the influence of champagne or brandy—which two liquors most delight the imperial palate—not even his ministers, and least of all his wife and children, can restrain his tendency to imperil his personal safety by exposing himself to the attacks of secret foes."

Youth's Department.

"God Will Take Care of You."

A gentleman walking along one of the streets of Philadelphia, was accosted by a boy who pleaded for a penny. The gentleman was at first inclined to send him away, but something in the boy's looks forbade that, so he asked, "What do you want to do with a penny?"

"Buy bread," was promptly answered. "Have you had nothing to eat to-day?"

"Nothing, sir." "Boy, are you telling me the truth?" asked the gentleman, looking him in the face. "Indeed I am, sir." "Have you a father?" questioned the gentleman, now thoroughly interested in the boy. "No, sir; father is dead." "Where is your mother?" "She died last night. Come with me, and I will show you where my mother is."

Taking the hand of the boy, the gentleman followed his guide down a narrow alley, and stopped before a miserable place which the boy called home. Pushing open the door, he pointed to his dead mother, and said, "There is my mother, sir." "Who was with your mother when she died," asked the gentleman deeply moved. "Nobody but me sir." Did your mother say anything before she died," "Yes, sir; she said, 'God will take care of you, my son.'"

Sooner than this dying mother had dared to hope, God had honored her faith by sending to her son one whose heart was touched with tenderest pity for his condition. The gentleman was a Christian, to whom God had intrusted much of this world's goods, and the little orphan was kindly cared for by him.

Hearing the Sermon.

A little girl used to go to church. She was only between four and five years of age—quite a little girl. But she listened to her minister: she knew that he would tell her about Christ, and she wanted to learn. Once, when she reached home from church, she said, "Mother, I can tell you a little of the minister's sermon. He said 'Touch not the unclean thing.'"

Wishing to know whether her little daughter understood the meaning of these words, the mother said, "Then if the minister said so, I hope you will take care in the future not to touch things that are dirty."

The little girl smiled and answered, "O, mother, I know very well what he meant. It was not that."

"What did he mean?" asked the mother.

"He meant sin," said the child; "and it is all the same as if he had told us, 'You must not tell lies, nor do what your mother forbids you to do, nor play on Sunday, nor be cross, nor do anythings that are bad and wrong.' The Bible means that a sinful thing is an unclean thing mother."—Sel.

Only a Flower to Give.

"Mother," asked little Phebe Cary, "have you nothing I can carry to Aunt Molly?"

Phebe's mother was poor, and her cupboard was empty that morning.

"I wish I had, Phebe," said she "Can you think of anything?"

Phebe thought a moment, and then said: "I've only a flower. I will take her a sweet-pea."

Now, Phebe had a sweet-pea which she had planted under the window, and as it grew and flowered both mother and daughter loved and enjoyed it. Phebe picked a fine blossom, and ran down the lane to poor Aunt Molly's cottage. This was a poor sick woman, who for a whole year had laid on her bed, suffering great pain.

In the afternoon a lady called to see Aunt Molly, and noticed the sweet-pea in a cracked tumbler near the poor woman's head.

That pretty posy," said Aunt Molly, looking up with a grateful smile, "was brought to me this morning by a little girl, who said it was all she had to bring. I am sure it is worth a great deal to know I'm thought of; and as I look at it, it brings up the image of green fields and the posies I used to pick when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have! If this little flower is not beneath His making and His care, He won't overlook a poor creature like me."

Tears came into the lady's eyes. And what did she think? She thought, "If you have only a flower to give, GIVE THAT, and remember too the Saviour's words, that even a cup of cold water given in a Christian spirit shall not lose its reward."

It is worth a great deal to the poor, and the aged, and the sick to know that they are thought of.—Way of Life.

A London paper tells of a class of boys in a "board-school" who were being examined one day in the Scriptures. One of their special subjects of scriptural study for the year had been the life of Moses. "What would you say was the general character of Moses?" asked the inspector; "that is to say," he added, "What sort of a man was Moses?" "He was meek," said one boy; "brave answered another boy; "learned," added a third boy. "Please, sir, he was a gentleman," piped a pale-faced, bright-eyed neatly-dressed lad of eleven or thereabouts. "Gentleman!" repeated the official, with a look of unmistakable surprise; "What do you mean?" The well behaved little boy promptly replied in the same thin, nervous voice. "Please sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies, first, please, gentlemen.'"

Laplander Babies in Church.

I want to tell you how the mamas away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sunday.

Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church. And I suppose, too, that the ministers are privately as thankful as can be. But the Lapp mamas don't stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience, and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is, should he choose to drop one himself; the congregation wouldn't make so much noise as that under any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then papa piles the snow around it, and the parents go decorously into church. Over twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough! But how would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think.—Wide Awake.

William Taylor—Bishop of Africa.

[Delivered by Rev. P. H. Bodkin, at DePauw University, Greenville, Ind., June 22, 1887.] Come, ye youth, who search for heroes among the dead of ancient time, You shall have a living hero portrayed in halting rhyme; Worthy be your emulation, great in deeds and great in fame, He, the world-renowned evangel, William Taylor is his name. Sing, O Muse! in choicest measure, sound his praises o'er the earth Set the heaven's angels singing over many a Christian's birth. Tremble we to tell his story, covering six decades of years. Volumes ample could not tell it, till the book of Life appears. Born in Rockbridge, Old Virginia, in the year of "twenty-one"—

But what matters where the birthplace when the wide world claims a son. Twenty years thereafter sees him born into the church we love, From whose altars envious rivals oft have sought to step vent forward, upward to the topmost height, Never from a duty swearing to the left or to the right. Soon we find this young disciple preaching Jesus with such power That a field of labor opens to him from that hour.

That the days of '49 came with their weird, enchanting spell, Young men, old men, seeking fortunes, rushing westwardly pell-mell. Tidal waves of men swept onward, over desert, mountain crest, "Round the Horn," 'cross the Isthmus, hurrying forward toward the west. Every vessel sailing outward bore its "Argonauts of Greece."

Every hamlet had its Jason searching for a golden fleece. All the world had heard the tidings from far California's shore—

Gold in mountains, gold in rivers, gold for all forevermore. San Francisco was the Mecca for the whole world's "Brain and Brawn,"

Pure and cultured, strangely blending with the nation's scum and spawn. There the turbaned Turk and Russian, stalwart Celt, vivacious Gaul, Sturdy English, smooth Castilian, Yankee shrewder than them all.

In among these worldlings Taylor goes with message from the Lord, Thunders forth the curses, blessings, yields the Spirit's two-edged sword. Daniel in a den of lions needed less an angel's care.

Than did "California Taylor" preaching on the public square. Round him gathered motley thousands, miners, gamblers, drunkards—all, El Dorados gilded palace is deserted for the mail.

Seven years, that sacred number, holds he forth the words of life; Succors strangers, calms the dying, soothes the heart with troubles rife. From Satan's surging sea of sorrow saved he many a shipwrecked soul, Leading them to Calvary's mountain and the cross which made them whole.

As upon that pentecostal day when Peter, with the eleven, Had the power forth to utter every language under heaven—

'Twas prophetic of that future when the tribes o'er all the earth, Heard the Gospel in their language as on day that gave it birth—

So when God sent His evangel to earth's nations on the coast, 'Twas prophetic of his labors to each nation greater host.

Hear the poet's words of wisdom, "God moves in mysterious ways"— Through earth's darkest clouds of sorrow shines the bright eternal rays.

God now owned His faithful servant's labors in a signal way, Triumphed he o'er Satan's stronghold in that Sodom by the bay. Here he builded mighty Bethel, house of God to Jacob's all, Fleeing from avenging justice, or led on by fortune's call.

Now behold mysterious movements of the Providential hand, Banks are breaking, merchants quaking, wreck and ruin o'er the land. Bethel's debts—a mighty burden—rolls upon our hero's soul, Worse disaster quickly followed—fire has consumed the whole.

Thus like Job is ancient record, felt he, too, affliction's rod; And like Job he never murmured—leaned he still upon his God. Then began our hero's life-work: from old Bethel's ashes rose

A mighty faith and hope reliant—strength to conquer all his foes. Eastward now his footsteps turning burdened with old Bethel's debt, "Forty thousand"—interest bearing—can it be he'll triumph yet?

Triumph! yes, with years of toiling, book and sermon, voice and pen, Thirteen years, and single handed, makes him a free man again.

Where, we ask, in all man's dealings can be found a nobler deed? Soul of honor, stands undaunted 'twixt the church and human greed.

Broadens now his field of labor, eastward, westward, northward, south, Send their urgent invitations for the Gospel from his mouth.

The Canadas beyond our border raise the "Macedonian cry," Sounding 'cross Atlantic's billows comes the message from on high.

Broader yet, and yet still broader, stretches out the harvest grain; Wesley's motto is his watchword, sailing o'er the billowy main,

Far Australia claims his labors, so does Ceylon's fragrant isle; Lands where every prospect pleases, man alone is counted vile.

Crosses he the Indian Ocean to Kaffaria and Natal, Journeys long and great privations, yet he triumphs o'er them all.

Thus does God lead forth His servant, through the nations small and great— Leads him as he led a Joseph to the Pharaoh's throne of state.

Swift on Ceylon's splay breezes comes a call from Braham's land, Africa's sunny fountains leaving, goes to "India's coral strand,"

Here began his mission labors on the self-supporting plan, This the mightiest undertaking challenging the faith of man.

Here he labored, here he triumphed, here he brought his name renown;

Here he set two conference jewels in our Methodistic crown. On he goes and nothing daunted, follows now the rising sun, In South America repeating what in India he had done. Hard indeed to find his equal since the days of valiant Paul, Carey, Livingston, or Judson, he is greater than them all; Greater than great Francis Xavier, calling with his Gospel bell, Centuries coming men will know him better than we now can tell.

Africa, the land of darkness, long implored for help in vain, Young Liberia, child of Freedom, could not break the tyrant's chain.

Light of Livingstone and Gordon smothered in the thickening gloom, English swords and English bayonets carved out nothing but a tomb.

Did they fail? No! nothing fulleth in which heaven takes a part, God can weave our honest failures with the woof of heaven's art.

Livingstones all find their Stanleys worthy of their cloak and name, Throughout the sable continent bearing civilizations trembling flame.

Chinese Gordon falls expiring, thrust right through with heathen spears, Man that dies for man is immortal, is the dictum of the years.

These, all these, were but the heralds of a dawning Gospel day— Day when Taylor leads his forces to the "thicket of the fray"

Lift your head, O Ethiopia! thy redemption draweth nigh; Day is breaking, men are waking, light is streaming 'cross the sky.

Manhood, womanhood, and childhood, consecrated to the plan Of self-supporting mission stations, and our Bishop leads the van.

See his giant frame now bending under years, threescore and ten, Toils on foot, just like the Master, for the love he has for men.

Up the swiftly flowing Congo, soon shall sound the steamer's note, Anne Taylor—worthy helper—peace attend our Gospel boat.

Long his years have been and toilsome— years of weariness and pain; Years of unrequited labors, till the Master comes again;

Years of exile from his kindred, cheerfully forsaking all, Hearing but the voice of duty and the Saviour's loving call.

Honored with a Bishop's office, with it given the hardest field, Who can tell but Africa's desert may produce the largest yield?

Oh, thou brave unselfish toiler, hard to find thy like again; Bearing in thyself resemblance to the mightier among men.

In faith an Abraham—An Enoch walking closely with thy Lord, In integrity, a Daniel, fearless in both deed and word,

In thy loving heart, a David; in thy world-wide labors, Paul; In thy holy consecration thou art peer among them all.

Have You Seen Him?

When the Bishop read off the name of Bro. Steadypull for ——— charge, his heart suddenly sank within him. He felt the charge was plenty good enough for him, in fact a little above his grade. But Bro. Rocket was preacher in charge last year, and though report said he had rather petered out near the close of the year, yet he was accounted a brilliant man, and Steadypull was not brilliant, and he knew it. The people were of like opinion after he had finished his first sermon. He gave them a plain Gospel message, with no flourish of trumpets, and no promises of great things. The "outsiders" nudged each other as much as to say, "Well, there is not much style about him, anyway." The church members did not say much, only that the brother seemed to have no time for nonsense nor rhetorical flourishes, and was terribly in earnest. Rocket had left him the inheritance of many empty seats, and for a time they remained empty. Three months past, empty seats still look lonesome. Six months, beginning to fill up, and signs of a revival. Nine months, sanctuary full, fifty received into church as partial result of steady pastoral pulling; social and financial affairs of church growing finely. Ten months, people getting uneasy lest Bro. Steadypull shall be wanted to follow the brilliant Rocket and pull another church together. No cause for fear, though, for the "elder" knows the blessed man pulls better the second year, and best the third. Do you imagine we have written of a fictitious character? Not so. Such a man lives, moves, and has his being not a thousand miles from this sanctum, and we have given you a bit of actual church history.—Michigan Advocate.

The Sunday School.

Trust in our Heavenly Father.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPT. 4, 1887.
Matt. 6: 24-34

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

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Casting all your care upon him: for he careth for you." (1 Pet. 5: 7).

24. No man can serve—with undivided fidelity. The service referred to is not that of a hireling, but of a slave, one whose obedience is entire and devoted. *Two masters—two unlike masters. Either he will hate the one, etc.*—Whatever may be his behavior, his affections will be fixed either upon the one or the other. There will be no hearty obedience of the one whom he secretly hates; hence it is impossible to truly "serve both. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—The principle is here applied. The "two masters," God and Mammon, are so utterly opposed to one another, that service of both at the same time is a simple impossibility. Either the one or the other must be supreme, and whichever is chosen claims the whole man. "The friendship of this world is enmity with God" (James 4: 4, see also Josh. 24; 14-25; 1 Kgs. 18: 21). "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," (1 John 2: 15). The Chaldee word "mammon," meaning, originally, "trust," or "confidence," came afterward to mean "gain." It is here personified as money, "and regarded as an idol, somewhat like Plutus, though it cannot be shown that such an idol was worshiped" (Olshausen). "Mammon" may be a servant, but must never be a master. "All men must serve," remarks Dr. Parker; "the choice is between God and Mammon."

23. Therefore.—Because undue anxiety about temporal support makes men eager for wealth, and inclines them to serve Mammon rather than God. *Take no thought* (R. V., "Be not anxious.")—Do not be over-careful, or solicitous, do not be harassed, or distracted. This word "thought" in the sixteenth century had this meaning of anxiety; thus Bacon speaks of an alderman who "died with thought (anxiety) and anguish," and Shakespeare speaks of "the pale cast of thought." Hence the translators in 1611 probably preferred to follow the prevailing usage, instead of the expression, "Be not careful," which appears in the earlier versions. Your life—"your soul," the seat of physical life, and comprehending therefore bodily wants. Is not the life more than meat, etc.—The argument is; He who, without our aid, gave us life, can doubtless sustain while he has given the greater; can He not be trusted to give the less? Meat—R. V., "food"

26. Behold the fowls of the air (R. V., "the birds of the heaven.")—Open your eyes to one of the commonest of sights, and yet one of the least considered—that the birds of the air who make no provision for themselves, are divinely provided for. Learn a lesson from this lower rank in creation. *For they sow not, etc.*—R. V., "that they sow not." Notice this fact especially about them, that they take no forethought, expend no labor; that they do not even use the means which we all feel we ought to use. Yet (R. V., "and")—and additional fact to be noticed. *Your heavenly Father—not their heavenly Father, but yours:* He who regards you as His very children, "of more value than many sparrows." *Are not ye much better than they?*—"Will He take care of His birds, and starve His babes?"

27. By taking thought (R. V., "by being anxious.") The emphasis is on the word "taking." Suppose you do get anxious, what is gained by it? *One cubit unto his stature.*—This passage is almost universally interpreted as referring not to increase of height but to the prolonging of life: Which of you, by care, can add a span to his life?" (So Alford, Schaff, Meyer, etc). "Our age is conceived of as a race or journey. If, then, we cannot do what is least by our care (cannot prolong our age) why be anxious?" (Schaff.) The cubit was the length from the elbow to the point of the middle finger—from 18 to 21 inches.

"My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!"

28. Raiment.—"Not only anxiety, but the common and childish vanity about raiment, is reproved" (Schaff). *Consider*—make them your study; they are right beneath your eye, and have a lesson to teach you. *The lilies*—the wild flowers in general, or according to Dr. Thomson ("Land and Book") "the Huleh lily; it is very large, and the three near petals meet above, and form a gorg-

eous canopy, such as art never approached, and king never sat under, even in his utmost glory."

29. *Solemn in all his glory*—not Solomon's wisdom, but the purple, and gold, and white splendor of his apparel and the magnificence of his surroundings, so captivating to the Jewish mind, are brought into comparison. *Was not arrayed like one of these.*—Even the rich fabrics of his dress would not stand the scrutiny which one of these common lilies invited. The microscope which reveals the imperfection of man's handiwork only adds new beauties to the perfect handiwork of God. "Needless, then, the worry, and vain the attempt, to surpass others in dress, if with all our efforts the commonest wild-flower surpasses us."

30. *If God*—seeing that God, etc. *Grass of the field*—which included these wild-flowers—Among the Arabs to-day lilies and other wild-flowers are called "grass," says Van Lennep *To-morrow is cast into the oven.*—God subtracts nothing from their beauty because they are doomed to be transient, and to be made into fuel. He paints every petal as though it were to last forever, and as though it individually received His undivided care. The lack of wood in the East compels the use of dried grass, twigs, leaves, etc., for fuel. The ovens were, commonly, large, round earthen vessels, covered at the top, with an aperture at the side for introducing the fuel, and a hole for the escape of the smoke. It was heated very much like the old-fashioned brick oven, or according to some authorities, by putting hot embers around it. *Much more*—as a *fortiori* argument; if He does so much for the frail flower, will He not do vastly more for those who bear His image, and who are to live eternally? *O ye of little faith*—a frequent style of address to the disciples, reminding them that their faith was feeble, whereas it ought to be strong; reminding them, too, in this instance that faith could be strengthened by simply "considering" what lay before their very eyes every day.

31. *Therefore*—remembering the bird and the flower, and the providence that feeds the one and clothes the other, without effort on their part. *Take no thought* (R. V., be not anxious.)—a thrice repeated caution. "There is scarcely one thing about which our Lord warns His disciples more frequently and earnestly than the sin of distracting, distrustful cares about the things of this life" (Henry).

32. *All these things do the Gentiles seek.*—It is *heathenish* to be distrustful and anxious, and make our bodily wants our chief concern. Let the Gentiles, the outside nations, act in this way, who know nothing of God or His providence, but not you who know both. *Your heavenly Father knoweth.*—A father knows his child's wants, and God is your Father. He recognizes every need, and will supply it; dismiss anxiety, therefore.

33. *Seek ye first*—as of supreme importance, to which all temporalities are subordinate; let it be your highest and chief concern; be engrossed in seeking, etc. *The kingdom of God*—that it may come within you, and break the dominion of evil, and rule over your inner man; that you may become a member of that spiritual fellowship which acknowledges the reign of Christ as king, and takes delight in His service. *His righteousness*—inward purity, showing itself in outward integrity and blamelessness; and good works. *All these things*—these needful things; not wealth, but things requisite for the body. *Shall be added*—"as as overplus; as paper and pack thread are given when we buy spices and fruit," etc. (Trapp.)

34. *Therefore*—summing up the argument. *No thought* (R. V., "be not anxious") *for the morrow.*—Do not borrow trouble from the future. A wise forethought is not forbidden, but distracting, harrowing care, or forbidding. *Morrow shall take thought* (R. V., will be anxious.)—"Morrow" is here personified. The "morrow" will have its own cares. Do not add to those of to-day the fears of what may come to-morrow. *Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*—Sufficient for the day are its own evils, or sufferings. "He meets to-morrow best who uses to-day well."

"Our worst misfortunes are those that never befall us."—"Let your troubles tarry till its own day comes."—"How much pain have cost us the ills that never happened."

Peninsula Boys Abroad.

BY REV. L. P. CAUSEY, M. D.

Dear old Peninsula. The very thought of thee suggests all that is sacred in my life. My ancestors—their lives—their graves! My childhood home and associations, my conversion, my call to preach, my beginning in the ministry, my marriage. Though most of my life has been spent away from thy loved scenes, yet it is all connected with thee.

But I sat down to write of some Peninsula boys, who like myself have not remained in the home territory. By way of introduction allow me to present the radiant face of one who though not a native of the Peninsula, was I think, the first Secretary of your Conference: The Rev. S. L. Gracy, now pastor of the Lafayette Street Church in Salem Mass. For years Dr. Gracy has been a conspicuous member of the New England Conference. For a time he was the dignified President of the Boston Preacher's Meeting, and his voice is often heard in the deliberations of that brainy progressive body.

In 1865 while assisting Rev. T. L. Tomkinson on the Accomac Circuit I became acquainted with Geo. Douglas Watson of Onancock Va., and in October of that year he accompanied me to Concord N. H. where we studied and roomed together in the famous old Biblical Institute. Though he returned to the Peninsula it was but a few years till his logic on fire was helping to mould the thought and move the hearts of the great West. Original, honest, ardent, he is one of the bright lights that have shone out from Old Virginia, upon the sin and darkness of this generation.

Among the many Methodist preachers whose horses rested and refreshed themselves in my Father's stables, more than 25 years ago, I have many reasons for remembering especially David Daily Hudson. Mr. Hudson was a native of Snow Hill Md. For several years he was a member of the Philadelphia Conference. I was united in marriage with his youngest sister at his house, he performing the ceremony, when he was stationed at Girardville Pa., in 1868. In 1869 he was transferred to the New England Conference. After nearly four years in this Conference, he left the ministry for the medical profession, in which his success was extraordinary; but his work was soon done. Nine months after he began practice, he was attacked with typhoid pneumonia. The disease did its fatal work in six days, and he died Feb. 1875, before reaching his 37th year. He was a man of strong faith, warm sympathies, and a brilliant preacher.

The last Sunday before his illness he preached from the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." These words are appropriately engraved upon his tombstone, which is in the form of a pulpit, holding an open Bible with a prone cross over its pages. His remains rest under the oaks in the beautiful cemetery in Medway, Mass. Rev. Geo. Hudson, a brother of David D. is a local preacher, who ten to fifteen years ago was well known in some of the lower counties of Maryland and Delaware. Some years ago he went west and preached two or three years in one of the Indiana Conferences. Some six years ago he came to New England. Three years of this time he has been in charge of churches in Massachusetts, and Connecticut. He is now in charge of an appointment in the New England Conference.

I now wish to say something of two or three older boys than these already named. I remember when a mere boy myself, the names of three promising young men were spoken with pride by the citizens in the old town of Salisbury. These were John H. and Robert L. Dashiell and Robert Laird Collier. I have seen but one of these since they entered the ministry. When I was pastor of the Spruce St. Church, in Nashville Tenn., Dr. R. L. Dashiell, then Missionary Secretary, visited Nashville and preached for my congregation on a Sunday morning. The following day we had a most delightful interview, in which the work of our Church in the South was remembered, and old Salisbury was not forgotten.

When I was preaching in Iowa, I became acquainted with some Methodists who were members of the Church in Iowa City where R. L. Collier was pastor, when he accepted his first call to a

Unitarian Church. His change of church relations was a surprise to the church from which he went. His son Rev. Hiram Price Collier, named for his grandfather Hon. Hiram Price of Davenport Iowa, is now the popular pastor of one of the Unitarian Churches in Hingham Mass.

These are a few among the many of our Peninsula Boys who have done good service, outside that little strip of land so famous the country over for its oysters and its peaches.

Salisbury, Mass. Aug. 15, 1887.

A Home For Christ In The Heart.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

If Jesus actually lives with you, other people will be sure to discover the fact. When he went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, he "could not be hid." If you travel through a certain district in Southern France in lavender time, you are sure to know that it is a lavender country by the sweet fragrance in the air. Christ is always self-revealing. No genuine Christian will ever desire to conceal Him; he could not even if he would. Many absurd things have been written about "secret hopes," etc., but, my friends, if nobody in this world, not even your most intimate friend, suspects that you are a Christian, I do not believe that you are one. If there is any fire in a stove, a touch will show it. Here, then, is an infallible test. Do I feel and recognize that Christ is in my heart, controlling my conduct, quickening my conscience, and helping me every day to resist evil and do right? Then He is there; but if no such internal evidence exist, then Christ has never been there, or has gone away.

For the question whether the Master will always stay with us depends largely upon ourselves. Self-will and pride may drive Him out, for He promises to dwell only with them who are of an humble and contrite spirit. Neglect may provoke Him to depart—and so may a persistent disobedience to His commandments. Dr. Maclaren beautifully remarks that "the sweet songbirds and the honey-bees are said always to desert a neighborhood before a pestilence breaks out in it." So the ineffably holy Saviour will not dwell with evil, and we may so poison the heart atmosphere with indulged sin, that He will not stay in it. Free agency does not cease after conversion; if Christ enters our heart through faith, He must be kept there by faith. O what wondrous condescension, that the Lord of glory will consent to occupy such a hut as my poor heart; yet He is kindly saying to me: "Give me room in this thy heart, and I will give thee a place in My heaven."

A practical thought not to be lost sight of is that if Jesus dwells in our hearts we should be carrying Him with us. "Let your light so shine before men" that they may recognize that Jesus is within you. Show your Christ-like kindness to people while they are living, and do not take it out in heaping flowers on their coffins. I have sometimes thought when I looked at such posthumous displays, if these poor, silent lips could speak they would wish that a few more flowers of love had sweetened their hard, weary lives! Carry Christ with you to your unconverted friends. If you win their respect for you and get a hold on them, you can talk to them about their souls; tell them what Christ has done for you, and as it were, add your knock to his knock at their heart's door. Reverently be it said, the Christ in you will appeal to them through you. Just here lies the only real power which any Christian has with the sinning and suffering around him. As for such of my readers as have never had this glorious Son of God living in their hearts, it is because you do not want him there. He will be in the way of your favorite sins. Beware, my friend! Christ gives last knocks; and if you bolt Him out of your heart, He will shut you out of His heaven.—*The Independent.*

The Sunday Newspaper.

Of Sunday newspapers Dr. Talbot W. Chambers says: "A seventh part of every man's existence is to be given to the consideration of his relations to God and eternity. No other view than this can come up to the meaning of the words, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Now, the whole tendency of the Sunday newspaper is to break down and obliterate this important truth. It says, in effect, that there is no difference between Sunday and other days as to what one is to read and think about. The fact that most men have more leisure than is only a reason why they should read more of the same class of matter which they read during the secular week. And the paper coming to them in the morning, cannot but give their mind and feelings a direction wholly inconsistent with the design of the day. And this is true, whatever be the character of the journal. It may be pure and elevated in tone, and its contents both interesting and instructive, yet being thoroughly secular, 'of the earth earthy,' it must needs lead the reader's mind away from the things which the rest-day was intended to keep before him. Indeed, it is hardly a paradox to say that the better the Sunday paper is in a literary point of view the worse is its influence, because it is the better adapted to catch the unwary and lead them away from the proper use of holy time. No man can habitually read such a paper without insensibly losing the feeling that there is any sacredness in the first day of the week."—*Ex.*

An Unanswerable Argument.

It soon became apparent to H—that the purpose of their call was, if possible, to overthrow his religious convictions, and by banter, cojoling or ridicule, to entice him from his allegiance to the grand principles and duties of the Christian life. They were received cordially, however, by Mr. H—, who, though suspecting their purpose, did not betray the least impatience or restlessness during the ordeal, but was able quietly and firmly to meet all the reckless flings at the religion of Christ, all arguments in favor of the theatre, the wine cup and a worldly life. As the batteries of his visitors were all opened upon him, he whispered a prayer for divine help and guidance, and boldly, resolutely, met each point. Starting from his own experience as a basis, he spoke of his early need of a Saviour—of his joy at the forgiveness of all his sins, and of the utter impossibility of his ever seeing anything in the things of the world compared to the riches which were in Christ, or which could ever entice him from the narrow path to heaven. He reasoned with his friends of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He placed before them the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and their great need of a Saviour; the hollowness of the word; the corruption of the theatre, as indicated by its placards alone; the destruction which lurks in the wine cup; and the utter inability of a worldly life to satisfy the heart or save the soul. He testified of his joy in the Christian life, and his hope of heaven.

As H—proceeded in his personal testimony, all arguments ceased, and at length his friends, realizing their mission was a failure, began to suggest the lateness of the hour. The leading spirit among them jumped to his feet, and, striking the table with his hand to emphasize the remark, exclaimed, "Well, H—, my boy, I can only say I wish we were all just like you! Good night." The young men took their departure in the utmost good feeling. On closing the door, the Christian student immediately knelt, and with uplifted arms returned thanks to God, who had abundantly sustained and comforted his soul, enabling him to put to silence those who would have drawn him back to the world.—*Mount Vernon.*

Peninsula Methodist,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
J. MILLER THOMAS,
 PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
 WILMINGTON, DEL.

OFFICE, S. W. COR. FOURTH AND SHIPLEY STS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three Months, in Advance, - - 35 Cents.
 Six Months, " " " " " " 60 " "
 One Year, " " " " " " 1.00
 If 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. Those designed for any particular number must be in hand, the longer ones by Saturday, and the news items not later than Tuesday morning.

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

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

Our esteemed confere, Rev. J. W. Cornelius in the Baltimore Methodist of the 27th inst., makes a point against the Book Committee's "invidious discrimination" between "our missionary bishop" and the other bishops, in the matter of salary estimates, that these worthy brethren will find hard to turn. Why go back twenty years to construct a technical precedent in justification of such discrimination, while they approve the appropriation of all the profits of Book Concern, \$230,000 for that year to the increase of its business capital, except \$30,000, in the face of no more technical difficulty, but in the face of the 6th Restrictive Rule which declares, "the General Conference shall not appropriate the produce (profits) of the Book Concern, nor of the Chartered Fund, to any other purpose, than for the benefit of the traveling, supernumerary, superannuated and worn out preachers, their wives, widows, and children?" The suggestion of "unfriendly pressure" is warranted not only by the facts alluded to, but is further justified by the unauthorized interpolation of the formula of consecration, the omission of Bishop Taylor's name from the Discipline, and the studied reticence of leading officials in reference to the noble hero and his work. With a few honorable exceptions, there have come no words of endorsement, sympathy, or commendation for him and his work, from these dignitaries. What has been accomplished, has been without these elements of encouragement. The consecrated bishop and his consecrated fellow laborers have gone forth alone in their perilous field. Now that they have displayed a heroism and achieved a success that challenge the wondering admiration of all within and without our church who are acquainted with the facts, it is not strange, that "the tendency now" as Bro. Cornelius says, "in the whole church, amongst officials and non-officials, in prominent and obscure places, is to rejoice in Bishop Taylor's work, and to commend his noble character." We trust this "tendency" will so rapidly develop, and assume so practical a form, as to induce the Book Committee at its meeting in February next, to reconsider its action in his case, and as far as possible make reparation for the great injustice they have done this man of God, in refusing to estimate for his support, as for that of the other bishops.

We have never thought of impugning the motives of these brethren; we credit them with entire honesty; but we maintain that they grossly blundered, in dealing with this question, and have exposed themselves to just criticism for the same. To claim as "precedents" for their action what was done by the General Conferences of 1856 and 1864, is to assume that they possess General Conference powers; and as the General Conference which "constituted" Dr. Taylor, Bishop of Africa, did not legislate spe-

cifically for his support, as the Conferences of '56 and '64 did for Messrs. Burns and Roberts, this august committee assumes the role of a legislative body to supply the omission, and "revives" the defunct regulations respecting the defunct bishops, and applies them to a case, which in almost every respect, is a contrast to the "precedents." Will these brethren be magnanimous enough to receive the light thrown upon this question, by the elaborate and able discussion it has had since their first decision in 1885, and acknowledge their mistake; or will they hold their ground?

Camp Meeting Sunday Schools.

It has become a well-nigh universal custom to devote special hours to the instruction of children and youth, during the progress of the camp meeting, and usually no service is of more interest and profit than that of children's hour. At Woodlawn, Rev. I. Jewell, of Rising Sun, had charge of this department, and was ably assisted by Miss Gray, and Miss Grace Quigg. Some two hundred names were enrolled as members of the Woodlawn Camp Meeting Sunday-school. Blackboard lessons, addresses, and devotional exercises, intermingled with sweet and inspiring music, made up an attractive programme for each day; and a number of the young people were led to embrace the blessed Jesus as their personal Saviour.

A Brandywine Summit, similarly successful children's meetings were held daily, under the direction of Rev. L. W. Layfield, of St. George's and Summit. At Parksley, Va., Rev. J. N. Geisler, of Cape Charles City, showed himself to be an efficient worker in this department. Nothing is more important than to secure the early conversion of the children, and then to train them in religious knowledge and duty. For this the family and the Sunday-school are the special agencies, in connection with the church and the religious press.

That "Grand Old Man."

Says Dr. Warren, in the *Northern Christian Advocate* of last week:

"How often we have heard the exclamation, when Dr. Curry's name has been mentioned, 'Grand old man!' And now, as his death occasions recollections of his life, the same words mingle with expressions of reverence and sadness—'Grand old man.' Grand in the strength and vigor of his intellect, grand in his christian character, and grand in the fidelity of his service in the cause of truth. He has gone to his reward, loved and honored by a church which will cherish his memory."

In view of the wide-spread interest and affection felt among us for the "Grand old man," we supplement our hastily prepared sketch of last week with biographical items and delineations of character, gathered since.

In the home of his ancestors, near Peckskill, N. Y., on the east bank of the Hudson, and forty-five miles north of New York city, Daniel Curry was born, Nov. 26th, 1809. "Working his own way," Dr. Buckley says, he entered Wesleyan University, and was graduated from it in 1837. He at once became Principal in Troy Conference Academy, and two years later accepted a Professorship in Georgia Female College, at Macon. In January 1841 he was admitted on trial into the Georgia Annual Conference, in a class of twenty-five. After two years of pastoral service in Athens, and one in Savannah, he was appointed in 1844 to Columbus; but during that year, in view of the probable secession of the southern portion of the church, and his clear convictions on the subject of chattel slavery, Mr. Curry, sought and received a transfer to the New York Conference. Here he filled prominent appointments until, in 1848, the Conference was divided, and he became a member of the New York East. He continued in pastoral work, until, in 1854, he was elected President of Indiana Asbury University, (now DePauw University.)

In 1857, he resigned this position, and re-entered the pastoral work. In 1864, he was appointed Presiding Elder, but at the ensuing General Conference he was elected Editor of *The Christian Advocate*. This exalted and responsible position, he filled with signal ability and success, as previously noted, for three quadrenniums.

We clip the following tribute from an editorial in *The Religious Telescope* the official organ of the United Brethren in Christ.

"Next to the late Dr. Whedon, Dr. Curry was the most thoughtful writer, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of our times. He was an able thinker, who traveled outside of the usual routes of ecclesiastical writers. He was often severely criticised for his utterances, and yet was read with intense interest. He was broader than his church, and perhaps no writer in his denomination was more widely known or more highly appreciated by other churches. He knew much of other denominations, and took a deep interest in their work. His long career as editor of the *Christian Advocate* marked a period of great ability in the journalism of that church. He wrote ably upon various philosophical subjects for other journals. One of his late works was the revision of Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament. As a writer he had an independence of thought seldom found in church-officials, and yet he was thoroughly loyal to his denomination. His eagle eye surveyed a wide horizon, and his great soul took hold of lofty and holy thoughts. He was an intellectual giant, but had a meek spirit. We sorrow that such a soul is gone from earth. Such as he passing into the unseen add to the holy fellowship of the saints in light."

The following appreciative notes are from an editorial in the *Independent* of the 25th ult.

"A familiar and imposing figure has been removed from the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the death, last week, of Dr. Curry. Though he has been seriously ill for about two months, the end came suddenly and before it was generally expected. His form had become somewhat bowed, as though yielding easily and gracefully to the weight of years; and his strong, rugged, Scotch face was softened by a lovely crown of abundant white hair. That white head was conspicuous in the General Conference, in his own annual Conference, and in all the notable ministerial gatherings of his church. He was everywhere a central figure, and his personal force and influence were always a large and positive quantity, to be reckoned with, but not to be ignored. He was familiarly spoken of, as the 'old war horse.'"

He was a member of every General Conference of his Church from 1848 to 1884, excepting those of 1852 and 1856, and in none of them was his leadership more conspicuous and successful, than in the last. It was the last General Conference that elected him, at the age of seventy-five, to the editorship of *The Methodist Review*. His reputation as editor has been made on *The Christian Advocate*, in which, during his twelve years of service, he proved his qualities as a writer, as a thinker, and as a fighter. Independent, combative, with great tenacity of opinion, he made the columns of the *Advocate* ring with the blows of conflict whether on the right side, or obstinately on the wrong side, as in the lay delegation controversy. Liberal in his doctrinal views, he was as conservative on most ecclesiastical questions as he was radical on one or two others. Great mental vigor was characteristic of everything he wrote. His power in debate—and he took part in many well-remembered discussions—was due to his skill as a reasoner, his wide knowledge and his intense convictions. His voice was thin and unpleasant, and his manner of delivery was not graceful; but he always compelled a hearing, he was always impressive, he always appeared to have the wisdom needed for the solution of the question at issue.

In the last ten years of his life the softer side of his nature came uppermost, and revealed itself to those who had only known him as a man of stern mold to be admired and feared. But there was in his nature, hard though it seemed to many, the tenderness of a little child, and young ministers struggling with doubts and difficulties, always found in him a ready sympathizer and a wise counselor.

No name was more familiar to the

millions of Methodism than that of Dr. Curry, and no Methodist since Dr. McClintock was more widely known and highly respected among other denominations. He passes away full of years and full of honors, leaving to the church he loved and served the memory of a great personality, and the results of a life of devotion to its interests. These results cannot be weighed or measured. They have become a part of its life and thought. Though he left a few books, the larger Curry is not to be found in them. His life and thought were wrought into the life and thought of Methodism, indistinguishably. It is there that the larger Curry lives, and will live."

His end was eminently peaceful and triumphant. To his pastor's inquiry as to his confidence in the promises, he replied, "I not only trust the promises, but I experience the promises." Blessed trust precious experience in such an hour! Dr. Curry leaves a widow, his bride of fifty years ago, and one daughter. One of his two surviving brothers is Hon. John Curry of the Supreme Court of California, and the other, Mr. James Curry, a retired merchant, resident in Evanston, Ill.

Rising Sun, Md.

This thriving borough, is beautifully located on elevated ground, in the north-eastern part of Cecil county, but two miles south of the Pennsylvania State line. It is surrounded by fertile farms, showing the thrift and industry characteristic of those whose habits have been formed under the teaching of Friends. The town has a flourishing bank, two canneries, an academy, an hotel, and the usual supply of mercantile and mechanical establishments. Mr. E. E. Ewing, at one time editor of the Cecil Whig, publishes here a weekly paper, entitled "The Midland Journal." The Methodist Episcopal Church, the only church in the place, is a neat two story brick structure, affording ample accommodation to such of the community as desire to attend upon its services. Rev. Dr. Gayley, of the Nottingham Presbyterian Church a few miles distant, preaches in the academy building every alternate Sabbath afternoon.

At the request of the pastor, Rev. I. Jewell, the Editor of the *Peninsula Methodist* spent last Sabbath with this people, as pulpit supply in his absence. Leaving North East station on the 5.21 p. m. south bound train, we made the eight miles run to Perryville in thirteen minutes; here we change cars for the Central Division of the P. W. & B. Rail Road. A four miles run along the left bank of the Susquehanna brings us to Port Deposit, nestling at the base of tall granite hills along the brink of the broad river. A short distance beyond, our road departs to the north-eastward, winding through the hills and across water courses for eleven miles to Rising Sun, passing Octorau, Rowlandville, Liberty, Grove, and Colons stations. Two and a-half miles further is Sylmar, between Maryland and Pennsylvania, whose location is on the boundary line and whose name is formed by combining three letters of one State, with three of the other's title, suggests this fact. The road extends a little to the north of east through Oxford, five miles and a-half beyond Sylmar, to Broad street station, Philadelphia, fifty-seven miles from Rising Sun.

During our stay, we were entertained in the family of Mr. Jethro T. McCullough, one of the stewards of the charge, whose enterprise and generous interest in all that pertains to the prosperity of the church, makes him a most useful and efficient member, and shows him to be a worthy son of his worthy sire, the late Jethro J. McCullough. Sunday proved a beautiful day, and good congregations greeted the visiting brother, both morning and night. The Sunday-school meets before morning service, and shows the happy results of faithful pastoral care, stimulating both teachers and pupils. With 100 members, they report over 200 Sunday-school scholars. A

festival held Saturday evening, not only afforded an occasion for pleasant social intercourse for the young people, but netted, we understand, something like \$30 for the school.

In the afternoon, we had the pleasure, with a little company of some thirty persons in the Friends school-house, to hear a thoughtful and earnest discourse by Dr. Gayley, on the words, "what is truth?" This gentleman has the reputation of being a very accomplished scholar, and we were told, came within a single vote of being elected to the Presidency of Lafayette College.

Brother Jewell, now in the second year of his present pastorate, is the first appointee to this charge as a separate station; and the success of the experiment is most gratifying. Soon after his arrival, the building of a parsonage was projected, and by December, it was ready for occupancy. A neat, convenient, and comfortable home, for the preacher and his family has been provided, and the same were furnished by the Ladies Mite Society; the whole, at an expense of more than \$2,000; all of which has been paid except \$400. The debt that was so long a heavy burden on the church had been paid off previously; we think, during the pastorate of brother Jewell's immediate predecessor, Rev. Joseph Robison. Bro. W. W. Carter is the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and Bro. C. W. Wilson, leader of the choir. The latter has been recently nominated as a candidate for the Legislature, and, if elected, will no doubt prove to be an efficient and faithful representative. He is known to be an earnest friend of the Temperance Reform.

Saturday evening, Mr. Magill, President of Swathmore College, delivered an able lecture on Temperance in the Friends school-house, urging the importance of keeping this great question of popular interest disentangled with party politics, so as to rally to its support, the good and true men of all parties. He suggested that party candidates should be interrogated as to their views on this question, and, if satisfactory, they should be voted for by Temperance men; if not satisfactory, they should not receive the support of Temperance men.

Rising Sun, in common with the rest of the county feels the beneficent influence of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants. Of course, the drink is smuggled in occasionally, and the evil is not entirely abolished, but there is no traffic under sanction of law, and even the surreptitious, and secret traffickers are at the constant risk of apprehension, and an assignment to hard work in the House of correction.

We trust that Brother Jewell and his earnest and devoted people will be favored with showers of blessings and a large ingathering of converts into the fold.

Glory In Infirmity.

Too many are content to be merely submissive to afflictive dispensations. Their faith and feeling go no farther than to say, "Thy will be done." Resignation is, indeed, a blessed state of mind and a bounden duty; but we must not be simply satisfied with its possession. There is a higher degree of bliss and holiness. We are to catch the Pauline spirit and "gladly glory in infirmities," not for their own sake, but for Christ's. No one courts distress and mishaps upon their own account; but when they come he of a Christ-like disposition and consecration ascends to the loftier plane, and views them as the means of glorifying his Lord and Redeemer, and as tributary to the advancement of His kingdom. A new field of usefulness opens before him. He enters upon a different theater for the display of the grace of God in and through him. He comes more into living, personal sympathy with Christ. He enjoys more of His developing power as well as more of His love and comfort. He becomes a stronger character, a more experienced Christian, a riper saint, a more devoted and active worker, a better guide to inquiring and tried souls, and a more heroic child of God.—*Presbyterian Observer*.

Conference News.

We are very sorry to learn of the severe illness of the wife of Rev. I. Jewell. She was taken with malarial fever while visiting relatives in Queenstown, Md., and apprehensions were felt of its assuming a typhoid type.

Rev. F. E. Williams, son of Rev. T. S. Williams, of the Wilmington Conference, preached very acceptably in the Elkton M. E. Church, last Sunday, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. P. Otis.

NEWPORT, DEL.—John D. C. Hanna, pastor. Presiding Elder W. L. S. Murray will preach in this church to-morrow, (Sunday) morning; Rev. T. Snowden Thomas, editor of the *Peninsula Methodist*, at Stanton in the afternoon, and at Newport in the evening.

NORTH EAST MD.—W. T. Miller, a highly esteemed local preacher of Cherry Hill charge, supplied the pulpit of the M. E. Church last Sabbath, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. John B. Quigg. Bro. Quigg is expected to occupy his pulpit to-morrow.

Mr. Thomas Hardesty an aged and highly respected citizen of Harrington died last Thursday. The Rev. G. S. Hardesty of Magnolia is his son, and he also leaves several other children.

Revs. E. E. White and Julius Dodd, of the Wilmington Conference, are reported among the visitors at Ocean Grove, last week.

Letter from Virginia District.

MR. EDITOR:—With your permission, I will continue my report, commenced in last week's issue of the *PENINSULA METHODIST*. Three days after the close of Parkesley camp-meeting, in company with other friends Mrs. Davis, my faithful companion in itinerant toils for the past 27 years, and myself went on board of Captain Kelso's fast sailing Bugeye, Annie Kelso, and sailed for Tangier Island, where we received a cordial welcome, and in turn, enjoyed the whole-souled hospitality of P. H. Connorton, J. H. Chambers, Lybrand Thomas, grandson of Joshua Thomas the Parson of the Islands, and the pastor, Rev. S. J. Morris, and his excellent wife. The occasion was our second Quarterly meeting, in connection with their annual four days meeting, commencing Saturday evening August 6th, and closing the following Wednesday evening. Bro. Morris, who still sustains his reputation as a "big" preacher had everything in readiness for Quarterly Conference, Saturday night; the official members were well represented, and their reports were ready, showing a prosperous condition of the charge. Collections so far as taken were in the advance; the pastor's salary paid up; and the Presiding Elder paid in full; everything lovely. The spacious church was too small to accommodate the multitudes that came from near and from far; the meetings were intensely interesting and spiritual. Brother Bowen, with many of his people from Smith's Island was present and preached with great acceptability. Mrs. Davis was very favorably impressed with the people of the island, and with their type of Methodism; she will ever cherish pleasant remembrances of the kind attentions received from these dear people.

I have spent the past week with brother Easley of Onancock charge, who is holding in connection with his second Quarterly meeting, a home camp, or bower meeting at Leatherbury's, and is in the midst of a glorious revival work. I will leave Brother Easley to report this meeting, at its close. I have to say of this brother, that he is incessant in toil, doing good, faithful, honest work in the pulpit and in the homes of his people, and is constantly growing in their favor, and is making a record that he need not fear to meet in the judgment day.

I am to sail for Smith's Island to day, Aug. 27, with Captain Kelso, who is greatly enjoying the meetings, and taking me to these islands free of charge either for board or passage. The captain is a staunch Methodist, and is on board the "Old Ship of Zion." May he live long and well; and at last safely land upon the eternal shore. This is our second quarterly meeting; being held in connection with the annual four days meeting. I will give you an account of it later. I go from Smith's Island to Eastville, at station on the Phila. and Norfolk R. R., in Northampton County, where we are to hold a meeting in the Bishop Mallaliet Tabernacle, to commence Sabbath September 4th. Brother J. N. Geisler, pastor of Cape Charles City Station, is to join me in this meeting. This is new work, and we earnestly solicit the prayers of the brethren for success.

My plan is to not only give a whole Sabbath to each of my Quarterly meetings, but to remain for a whole week, assisting in re-

vival effort; I find that it works well, and am fully convinced that if our work was divided up into smaller districts, so that our Presiding Elders could get among the people and make themselves felt by the masses, there would be greater results, and less complaining about paying for their support.

Yours Truly,
A. D. DAVIS.

Letter from Wyoming, Delaware.

MR. EDITOR:—Our camp at Rash's woods began August 12th, and closed August 23rd. We had a good, indeed a religious camp-meeting. We had crowds of people, and yet the order was very, very good. I here record my hearty thanks to the people generally for their kindly support and for their prompt compliance with my requests. We had 64 tents, and not only from Asbury and other parts of Wyoming circuit, but also from the neighboring charges, which we were very glad to have tent with us. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves socially, but when the bell rang for service at the stand, the people obeyed the call right along. The following preachers came to my help, J. V. Smith, A. Burk, R. K. Stevenson, G. L. Hardesty, Howard Smith, E. H. Hynson, W. S. Robinson, J. Conner, W. J. Duhadway, W. M. Warner, W. P. Taylor, A. Manship, and F. Ewell. These brethren came, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; and they did excellent service both in the pulpit and in the altar work. I thank these brethren and all who helped. Rev. Bros. Gregg, Lucas, and Wyatt, also, were on the ground for a short time. From the very first service the Spirit of God was manifest, and surely we had a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Many believers were quickened and 61 souls converted to God. May they hold out faithful. I am continuing meetings at Asbury with good prospects. To God be all the glory.

W. M. GREEN.

Deal's Island.

Our camp meeting began July 26th, and continued ten days. As no account of it has appeared in the *Peninsula Methodist*, I will write a few words in reference to it.

"Presiding Elder T. O. Ayres, preached the opening sermon." Revs. P. C. MacSorley, Z. H. Webster, Henry S. Dulaney, S. T. Gardner, J. A. Arters, Wm. R. McFarlane, John D. Rigg, A. Mowbray, A. A. Fisher, John D. C. Hanna, Walter E. Avery, John Tyler, and E. S. Mace, were among the visiting ministers. Bro. Ayres had to leave Saturday for Hollands Island, to hold Quarterly Conference; after which he returned and spent several days at the camp. The sermons preached were good and spiritual. Bro. Avery preached finely Sunday morning. The grounds were taxed to their utmost to hold the multitude. Revs. S. T. Gardner, and J. A. Arters, delivered excellent sermons.

At first it seemed as if the devil would be victorious, for the camp showed no spiritual success, while blasphemy and rum-drinking profaned the tented grove, yet under the leadership of Brother B. C. Warren, the resident pastor, the church was aroused to renewed faith and zeal, and victory was secured and friends saved. Among the new converts was one of our leading citizens, Samuel R. Wallace.

The social pleasures of the camp seemed to please our young people as well as our visitors.

After the camp our pastor continued the meeting in church until last Thursday night, securing several more conversions. Monday night he began another meeting in the second story of Mr. George N. Vetro's store; this meeting is now in progress. We had a Temperance day at the camp, for we are a temperance people. To the State Alliance was given the morning of the second Wednesday. Hon. Edward Higgins, President of the Alliance, delivered an able address in favor of Constitutional Prohibition. Rev. J. D. C. Hanna, followed with one of his able speeches, which was listened to with great pleasure by the people of his former charge.

Our people are now being buttonholed by the old line politicians. The Prohibitionists are getting up steam to work their cause, and defend their ticket.

Yours,
Aug. 25th, 1887. QUIGLEY.

Dickinson Day at Ocean Grove.

The friends of old Dickinson are indebted to Dr. Stokes for assigning a day, after the summer programme had been completed, for special services in the interest of this time-honored, and progressive seat of learning.

A large representation of the alumni were in attendance, from the youthful graduates of recent years, to the veteran of half a century, embracing the various professions

and many departments of business. Five ex-Professors were present, Rev. Drs. Crooks, Tiffany, and Lippincott, and Profs. S. D. Hillman and W. L. Boswell. The present Faculty was represented by Rev. Dr. McCauley, President, and Prof. Rittenhouse. The Trustees, by Prof. Boswell, Hon. John B. Storm, of Pa., and Hon. C. E. Hendrickson, of N. J.

In the morning a large audience assembled, expecting to hear a sermon on education from Rev. Dr. Tiffany; in lieu of which he gave them a talk about his *alma mater*, in a most interesting and eloquent manner, picturing college life as he knew it 40 years ago, and graphically sketching the first President and first Professors, who manned it, after its transfer to the M. E. Church in 1833. His reminiscences of Durbin, McClintock, Sudler, Caldwell, Emory and Allen, were given in his best style.

Dr. G. R. Crooks, Rev. Geo. Elliott and Bishop Bowman, were the speakers at the afternoon session. Dr. Crooks, with the skill and taste of the scholar, with intense enthusiasm for christian education and sound learning, and with a deep affection for his *alma mater*, surpassed himself. With highest admiration for the heroic element in early Methodism, he portrayed with master hand the toils, sacrifices, privations and unconquerable faith of the fathers in planting churches, and founding schools and colleges. His splendid eulogium on John Emory and Alfred Griffith, leading spirits in securing the transfer of the college, was but a just tribute to those noble men to whom the church is so much indebted. John McClintock, Merritt Caldwell, and other members of the faculty when he was a student, and with whom he was afterward associated, were briefly sketched with a loving hand. Referring to the history of the college, its struggles with poverty, its poor equipments in early years, and the great good it had accomplished, he expressed his joy at its present vigor and its greatly increased facilities for efficient work; closing with an avowal of his ardent love for old Dickinson, and abiding faith in its having a glorious future.

Rev. Geo. Elliott, of Washington city, followed with a brilliant speech, bristling with good points. He clearly and forcibly described the sphere of the college as distinguished from the university, advocated the study of the classics, and strongly condemned the tendency to favor a wide range of elective students—permitting uneducated boys to determine what courses of study and discipline are the best to develop educated men! He praised the wisdom of the plans pursued at Dickinson, and earnestly commended it to all wishing to give their sons and daughters a thorough education.

The genial and silver-tongued Thomas Bowman, the only surviving member of the first class graduated under Methodist control, an alumnus of fifty years, and now Senior Bishop of the M. E. Church, rose to say a few words; but so charmed were his hearers with his memorabilia of college days, that they were sorry to have him desist at the end of a good sized speech. The Bishop was in his happiest mood, spoke with eloquence and great effectiveness, and was very emphatic in his endorsement of the college and the work it is doing; especially commending the authorities for admitting women to its classes.

The social reunion in the evening, at the Sheldon House, of the alumni students and friends of the college, including many ladies, was very enjoyable. After greetings and some cheerful converse in the parlor, refreshments were served, and then followed the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Hon. Mr. Hendrickson, presiding, made a brief address, after which President McCauley, Bishop Bowman, Dr. Crooks, Prof. Boswell, Hon. J. B. Storm, Chancellor Lippincott, Prof. Merriman, of Rutgers College, and others, spoke briefly in response to various toasts. This ended the first Dickinson day at Ocean Grove.

The W. C. T. U. of Newport, Del., will hold a Harvest Home in Thos. D. Lynam's woods, near Newport, on Thursday Sept. 8th. Addresses will be given by Hon. Wm. Daniel, late candidate for Vice-President on the Prohibition ticket, Mr. C. L. Mosher, secretary of Maryland State Temperance Alliance, his daughter, Miss Ada Mosher, a gifted elocutionist and temperance speaker, and others. A band of music will be in attendance. Dinner will be served by the ladies. Tickets 25cts.

The train on the B. & O. R. R., leaving Market street station at 11 A. M. will stop at West junction, a short walk from the grounds. Returning at 6 P. M. Fare each way 12 cents.

Help Bishop Taylor.

"Why cannot my people, my dear people of America, my Methodist people in large numbers give themselves to God for the re-

demption of Africa. Why should those blood-bought souls continue to sit in darkness, when we can reach them so easily?" This has gone out to the world, and a great many applications are received, 18 of which have been accepted for the next company of 32 that will sail from here. We shall continue to accept suitable persons as they shall come recommended. We have not the funds at present to defray their expenses. The Bishop never stopped because the money was not in hand, yet never was short on day of sailing. We depend upon the friends of the work to send us the amount \$17,000, to place this company in Africa. Be kind enough to send your donations to the paper in which you see this call, or to the Treasurer 181 Hudson St. New York.

RICHARD GRANT.

PERSONAL.

The reception to Dr. and Mrs. Newman at Governor Stanford's, was attended by a very large number of friends from this city, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley. All enjoyed the evening very much. The beautiful rooms, the art room and dining room especially, were great attractions. We do not know how many were there, but they kept coming and going until 11 o'clock.—*California Christian Advocate*.

Ex-Governor R. E. Pattison of Pennsylvania, now in San Francisco Cal., on the railroad commission, was invited to address the Preachers' Meeting Monday morning, Aug. 15th.

The *California Christian Advocate* says: "Rev. Abel Stevens, LL. D., an eminent historian of Methodism, for some time chaplain of the American chapel at Geneva, Switzerland, and recently an extensive and observant traveler, is now at Pasadena, Cal., visiting his son. He passed through here so quietly that we did not see him, and hope that he will come up here again, and let us all see him."

Bro. G. D. Watson has returned to his home in Florida; and brother Joseph H. Smith has gone to take his place at the Murdoch and Saybrook camp meetings in Illinois. Brother Watson has had some return of his sickness; Brother Smith thinks a radical change for the better has taken place in his physical condition; and it really seems to be so.—*Christian Standard*.

Mrs. Mary B. Young, one of the wealthiest women of Fall River Mass., some time since began the erection, as a memorial of her deceased son, Bradford Matthew Chaloner Durfee, of a school house to cost between \$500,000 and \$750,000. This magnificent structure, known as the B. M. C. Durfee High-school Building, has been completed, and on June 21st, the ceremony of presenting the edifice and a check for \$50,000 to the city took place.

Rev. J. D. Barbee, D. D., of the Tennessee Conference, has been elected agent of the Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South in the place of the lamented Dr. McFerrin.

Rev. J. R. Janney, of the South India Conference, has reached New York after an absence in India of over ten years. He is suffering from nervous debility, and his wife is lying very ill with malaria in Camden, N. J.

Rev. Richard Branduff, the oldest member of the Cincinnati Conference, died at Piqua, Ohio, July 17. He has been a member of the Cincinnati Conference from its organization, and joined the Ohio Conference in 1823. He was ordained deacon in 1823, and elder in 1826.

Cod's Plans.

Many men wreck their lives by determinedly carrying out their own plans without reference to the plans of God. In an army every part, every brigade and regiment, must wait the commander's orders. If any battalion moves independently, though ever so heroically, it not only confuses the whole plan of battle, but brings disaster to itself as well in the end. So each individual must always wait for God's command to move. Keep your eye on the pillar of cloud and fire that leads. Rest when the pillar rests, move when it moves. Never lag behind, but be sure you never run ahead. You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your own hands to it, but it will strike wrong. You can hurry the unfolding of God's providence, but you

will only mar the divine plan unless you wait for Him.

You can tear the rose-bud open before the time when it would naturally open, but you destroy the beauty of the rose. So we spoil many a gift or blessing which God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He would weave all our lives into patterns of loveliness. He has a perfect plan for each. It is only when we refuse to work according to His plan that we mar the web. Stop meddling with the threads of your life as they come from the Lord's hands. Every time you interfere you make a flaw. Keep your hands off and let God weave as He pleases. Do you think you know better than He does what your life ought to be?—*The Presbyterian*.

Merit, Its Only Claim.

Real success comes from recognized merit. When the question is asked, how the Wilmington Commercial College, Eighth and Market streets, makes within a year so many warm friends, gathers within its halls so many students, and too, sons and daughters of leading citizens? The answer is—by merit.

School days come but once, and parents are untrue to their children, if they fail to ascertain which is the best school to which they may send them.

Therefore do not decide until you have seen the catalogue of this institution, and consulted some of its many intelligent patrons. It merits your patronage. That is its only claim.

First Autumnal Pleasure Tour to Cresson.

Pursuant to the policy inaugurated several years ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will repeat this season their delightful autumnal tours to the Allegheny Mountains and Cresson Springs. There is no period of the year when the pleasure afforded by the grand surroundings and the benefit derived from the pure mountain air and water, can be enjoyed to a greater advantage. The fresh and bracing temperature and translucent atmosphere invites the sojourner to out of door exercise, and the many interesting points in which the vicinity of Cresson abounds furnish an attractive field for charming rambles. The fame of the Cresson water is wide-spread, and the purity of the mountain air, the beauty of the scenery and the excellence of the hotel are celebrated throughout the country.

Two personally conducted pleasure trips have been arranged for this region, one to occur on the 1st, the other the 8th of September. The party in each case will be limited to 200 persons. Round-trip tickets, good for ten days and including one day's board at the Mountain House, will be sold from Wilmington at \$8.50, and a regular train connecting with the special at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, will leave at 9.47 A. M.

Federal Constitution Centennial.

EXCURSIONS TO PHILADELPHIA. The Centennial Anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution will be celebrated at Philadelphia September 15th-17th by an elaborate trades procession, military and naval review, and other appropriate ceremonies and festivities, which will be participated in by the President of the United States and his Cabinet. All of the "Original Thirteen" and a majority of the other States and Territories will be represented by detachments of their national guard and by civic societies. This will undoubtedly be the most notable demonstration that has taken place since the centennial celebration of our national independence. To accommodate persons desiring to visit Philadelphia upon this occasion, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Philadelphia from all points on its system of lines, at the rate of one fare for the round trip. From points east of the Ohio River excursion tickets will be sold from September 12th to 17th inclusive, good returning until September 20th.

Marriages.

BROWN—ANDERSON.—On Aug. 24th 1887, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Cecilton, Md., by Rev. E. C. Atkins, William H. Brown and Henrietta Anderson, both of Cecil Co., Md.

BARNES—WRIGHT.—On Aug. 25, 1887, at the parsonage, Crapo, by Rev. D. F. McPaul, John T. Barnes of Taylor's Island and Laura Wright both of Dorchester Co., Md.

DIED.

Aug. 13, 1887, in Stevensville, Kent Island, Md., Charles T., infant son of Charles T. and Mary Skinner, aged 11 months and 9 days.

FRESKOING CHURCHES.

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

Missionary Bishops.

The time has come when we ought to put our principal missions in the way of taking care of themselves. We need not cease to help them as long as may be necessary, but the entire advantages of our experience and discipline should be given to them. It would give them greater dignity and importance where they are now at work. It would create a feeling of self-confidence and independence essential to final success. We believe the Church has done the very best that could have been done under all the conditions, but the new departure should be in the direction of autonomy and self-support. The designation of Bishops for India, China and Japan and Europe seems to us eminently the right thing. In the near future still more will be needed for the several countries occupied. This would prepare the way for extending our work to adjacent States, until the whole world should be reached by our missionaries. This missionary expansion may be seen in the home work, in the history of the Colorado Conference. From the beginning that vigorous little Conference has stretched out its arms to every territory near it, and has missionaries in New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, Utah, and Montana even. So we would lap over into every adjoining country, as Norway does into Finland Germany into Switzerland, China into all the East. To put the very best and strongest men into the general superintendency in each of these great mission fields seems to us a matter of vital importance. Whether these Bishops shall be missionary Bishops under the present rule or general superintendents with assigned fields we do not care, but we would not continue any restriction which does not recognize the perfect equality of all of our Bishops. When our missions become strong enough to stand alone, we see no reason why they should not be organized into General Conferences like our own. The absolute necessity of something of this kind must be seen by every careful observer. Our General Conference will soon become too large to meet in any building in America, unless the ratio of representation is very much reduced, and that is a most unpopular and objectionable method of meeting the case. We can, without any violence to our economy or any strain upon us in any direction, make provision for the necessities before us. To prepare the way we believe it would be greatly to our advantage to put Bishops in India, Japan or China, and in Europe. Bishop Taylor will no doubt prefer to superintend the missions in Africa as long as he is able to do so, but, should he be disabled, it would be the duty of the Church as soon as possible to send a successor to Africa. The question of hardship to our superintendents ought not to be mentioned in this question. No man is fit for a Bishop anywhere who is not willing to go everywhere. If the higher officers cannot go to battle let not the soldiers go. Bishops can live where other people live, and die as others die. This is a world-wide campaign, and the leaders must go with the rank and file without any complaining or shrinking. And they will. We do not elect cowards nor laggards to such places. We most anxiously desire to see a mighty forward movement at home and abroad. Every district should be searched for all there is in it. Every station and circuit should take in adjacent unoccupied places. Every city should have its Church Extension and Missionary Society. Every minister should look after outlying territory. The million for missions should be speedily passed for a nobler aim—two millions for missions, and then more. Our twenty-five thousand local and traveling preachers should increase into a hundred thousand, and our two millions of members into four millions. No ecclesiastical body ever had more momentous issues before it than those which press

upon our next General Conference. To meet them wisely and courageously is the highest duty of the Church. The entire body of ministers and laymen should make one mighty missionary advance.—*California Christian Advocate.*

On Shouting.

(REV. S. P. RICHARDSON, IN WESLEYAN ADVOCATE.)

Some of the brethren are anxious about their time and place to shout. I can only give general advice and explanation on this subject. When a man has been convicted, is penitent, and gets by the evidence of the Holy Spirit, the fact of his pardon, then shouting and rejoicing all around is always in order. When a poor pilgrim has been struggling long and hard, or a poor servant, and the Master comes and says, "Well done, good and faithful servant," if the brother should run over a little and praise the Lord for his mercy and his wonderful goodness to the children of men, I suppose he would be in order and in harmony with the meeting. I have never opposed shouting since my conversion. I shout sometimes myself. I can but regret I am not oftener on shouting ground. I am opposed to substituting hollering and making a noise to show one's self off and disturb the meeting for a genuine scriptural shout. I judge no man, but when I hear men shouting and telling long experiences about a clean heart, when they have not paid the preacher and they know he is living on short rations, and his family really in want, I somehow can but think the brother has missed his way, and instead of being on shouting ground is just hollering about in the woods to keep up his faith without works. When a brother has paid up all his Church dues, somehow his shouting has a clearer and more scriptural ring.

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Those desiring to attend will communicate as early as possible with R. S. McWilliams, Chairman of the Local Committee, 1009 Cowden street, Harrisburg, Pa., so that accommodations may be provided. Any local preacher desiring further information, and sending a two-cent postage stamp to C. C. Leigh, Corresponding Secretary, 4 Willow street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive a copy of the proceedings of the last (29th) session of the Association.

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