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OUR BURDEN BEARER.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.—Psalms lv. 22.

Christian, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hast'ning,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief or care,
But before thy Father hast'ning,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee,
When the fierce, wild storm is past;
But God only can console thee,
When it breaks upon thee first.
Go with words or tears of silence,
Only lay them at his feet;
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
And His tenderness how sweet.

Think, too, thy divine Redeemer
Knew as thou canst never know
All the weight of human woe;
And though now in glory seated,
He can hear thy feeblest cry—
Even hear the stifled sighing
Of thy dumb heart's agony.

All thy griefs by him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there cannot be.
And if whilst they fall so quickly,
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

Far too well thy Saviour loves thee
To allow thy life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer—
One untroubled, stormless sea.
He would have thee fondly nestling
Closer to His loving breast;
He would have that world seem brighter,
Where alone is perfect rest.

Though His wise and loving purpose
Clearly now thou may'st not see,
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
All shall work for good to thee.
Therefore, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hast'ning,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.

The Sceptic's Question.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

"Is life worth living?" is a question which none but men disgusted with life and shrouded in the mists of stubborn unbelief ever deliberately ask. It is possible, indeed, that a Christian, whose faith is eclipsed by clouds of accumulated misfortunes so black as to be for the moment inexplicable, may give hasty utterance to it, but only as a passing cry of agony wrung from an overloaded heart. As expressive of a fixed conclusion respecting the actualities and possibilities of life this question, lately discussed with no little literary ability in some learned reviews, is pre-eminently and exclusively the inquiry of men who reject that divine truth, faith in which is the only thing that can make life worth living.

It is but a truism to say that to make life worth living it must be lived according to its nature and final purpose. It must be lived in harmony with the plan of the all-loving One who gave it. To spend it otherwise and then to deride it as a gift of no worth is as monstrous a folly as it would be to test the value of a railway train by derailling it and then attempting to run it on the cobblestones of a city street. Yet such as this is the folly of those who, denying immortality and eschewing spiritual self-culture, practically affirm that it is "all of life to live and all of death to die," inasmuch as in the plan of God man's true life is to be found, not in the enjoyment of things earthly, but in the spiritual fellowship with Himself. His animal, social and intellectual faculties are to be exercised in subordination to the requirements of his spiritual nature. How ab-

surd it is, therefore, to expect to extract the worth of life from its animal and intellectual side while starving its spiritual side and refusing to nourish its affections with the truth which brings it into communion with the Infinite.

These men who affect to regard life as a thing of little value are apt to speak and write strongly of law. They wax eloquent in asserting the fixedness, the uniformity, the inexorability of the laws of nature. They build their theories of those laws rightly enough on the experience of mankind. Hence if in defiance of men's experience, which teaches that the human body must be supplied with food or die, a man should appear declaring this to be an illusion of fancy or an invention of interested men, and should sustain his declaration with persistent refusal to eat or drink, they would indignantly pronounce him the prince of fools and after his death write his name on the roll of suicides. "He violated a plain law of nature. He deserved to die!" they would very justly exclaim. Why then do they not recognize the presence and active working of a divine law in men's universal experience of the insufficiency of either earthly possessions or intellectual pursuits to afford them rest and satisfaction? A beast is satisfied when fully fed and comfortably housed, because it knows no higher need. But men, though possessed of great earthly riches and of many intellectual gratifications, are yet so discontented as to ask, as these skeptics do, "Is life worth living?" Despite their possessions, men are, as Kant observes, "immersed in an ocean of nameless pains and harassed by a multitude of obscure uneasinesses, and act for the mere sake of changing their position." What does this unrest mean? Is it an unregulated chance in human experience? Or is it because God, having endowed man with a spiritual nature capable of entering into endless fellowship with Himself, has determined by an immutable, necessary and eternal law that created things shall not content him; that to really live and to be truly happy he must enter into fellowship with Himself and thereby conform his thoughts, affections and conduct to the divine will; and that if he will not be persuaded to do this by the truth which makes known Heaven's condescending love and infinite desire to possess his affections, he must remain in a state of unrest forever?

Conceding, as every unprejudiced mind must, that this law exists, it follows that the unrest which makes life unsatisfactory to some men is not inseparable from it, but is caused by the refusal of its possessor to adjust it to its divinely appointed conditions. Those conditions, as stated above, require that its development shall not be rooted in its carnal, but in its spiritual affections; that it shall not be governed by the impulses of its animal appetites or by the ambitions of its selfishness, but by the aspirations breathed into its moral perceptions and spiritual affections by the Holy Spirit. When thus adjusted life is not hated as Solomon hated his when he had spent its forces by luxuriating in the beastly pleasures of sense, in the intellectual delights of knowledge and in the selfish love of splendor, wealth and power; but it is a precious gift of God made glorious by the light of his presence, gladsome by the shedding abroad of his love, joyous by the visions of hope and noble by the

purifying operations of the Holy Spirit and the growth of its benevolent sentiments. Its watch-word then is not the skeptic's question, Is life worth living? nor the bitter confession of Solomon the sensualist, "I hated life!" but the I triumphs of Paul, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain; I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me."

Until a man rises to the height of such an experience as is expressed in these sublime words of Paul he does not begin to live a real, a true life. As a poet truthfully sings:

"Without the smile of God upon the soul
We see not, and the world has lost its light.
For us there is no quiet in the night,
No beauty in the stars.
Without a hope is no activity,
No motive that exalts to bettering,
No life. There is no other breeze to fling
One ripple over Being's stagnant sea."

But when the spirit of a man, by receiving into its affections the amazing fact that God loves him and actually asks him for his responsive love, is brought into communion with him, into a sweet and indescribable fellowship of love, he solves the problem of life. Solves it satisfactorily too, for he enters into the possessions of the "eternal life," and though still living in the flesh and jostling against the roughnesses of his earthly associations, he really begins the life he expect to inherit in the hereafter. His soul bathes in the fountain of righteousness. And to the skeptic's question he confidently replies: "Yes, life is worth living; for a true life is peace with God, is righteousness, is duty, is blessedness, is hope, is joy unspeakable and full of glory. Thanks be unto God, life, despite its eternal ills, is worth living; it is a treasure of infinite value to him who chooses to spend it as its Giver directs."
—Northern Christian Advocate.

Should the State Teach Religion?

President Julius H. Seelye, in the *Forum* answers this question in the affirmative. "Religion he says is not an end to the state. It is simply a means to the advancement of the state, and is to be used like any other means. To the individual person the sole question about a religion is whether it is true but state only inquires whether it is adapted to the end at which the state is aiming. From this point of view the state is equally preserved from religious indifference and religious intolerance. The greatest mistake any government is likely to commit respecting religious instruction is to have none. Any faith for a people is better than no faith.

"A system of religious doctrine, if it were nothing more, would be as inapt as a system of moral precepts to secure the inspiration to virtue, so indispensable to a commonwealth. But the life of Jesus Christ has shown itself to be abundantly able to do this. Why, then, should it not be brought in closest contact with our life, and our children be kept continually under its quickening inspiration? The life of Jesus Christ has proved itself the life of men, and is sufficient to lift human life everywhere to love and duty. Why should it not enter into all our processes of education? Is there any reason why we should teach the life of Julius Caesar in our schools, and should not teach the life of Jesus Christ? Which is the grand-

er character of the two? Which is the more potent factor in the history of the world? We do not depreciate the Roman ruler, nor overlook his vast significance in saying that it is not he but the Galilean peasant who is actually transforming the condition of the world. Why, then, should not Christ's history be taught, not simply in Christian families, and the Christian Church, but in unchristian families in the unchristian world as well? Why should not a wise statesman, who sees what the story of His life has actually done in dispelling darkness, in relieving sorrow, in removing sin, take advantage of it, and use it in the largest measure? We have its authentic records. Modern criticism has established these, and the general historical accuracy of the gospels, how ever they may be still criticised in detail, is no longer doubted by intelligent persons. The life of Jesus Christ is, to say the least, no less authentically recorded for us than the life of Julius Caesar. Why, then, on any consideration, are not the gospels as proper a text-book in our schools as are Caesar's 'commentaries'? And if the teacher of the latter is to know them; if we make thorough scrutiny respecting a teacher's qualifications for his task in other things, why not also here? If he does not in the light of modern criticism, know that the story of the gospels is in the main true, he is ignorant; or if, knowing its truth, he would hide it, he is false; and, in either case, not fit to teach.

"The fundamentals of religion' are in the four gospels, and the quickening germ of all morality is there. 'It is the glory of the gospels,' said Vinet, 'not that they furnish to us a morality, but that they give us a power to practice the old.'"

"Hence I say that the state should provide for instruction in the gospels for its preservation. If the conscience of its subjects approve, well, if, not, the state will be cautious, but courageous also, and if it is wise, it will not falter."

Parable of the Dragon Fly.

In a certain beautiful pond, there dwelt a large number of the Dragon Fly. They became aware that one after another of their company disappeared, and never returned. They wondered whither they went, when they quitted the world. They had no idea of any world but their pond. At last, one of them, feeling the great change approaching, feeling himself impelled to rise upward to the surface, promised to come back and tell the rest what happened to him, when he should disappear, but the promise was not kept. He never returned. Then another went, and before he went he said to his brothers, "Our brother has not come back to us; but, dear sirs, I feel that I am going to live wherever that may be, either to a new life, or to that death from which there is no return. Before I go, I renew the solemn promise he once made to you. Should the great hope he true, we will come back and tell you so. 'Farewell!' And the grub rose up through the water; but on reaching the brink of the pond, he seized on a plant of the forget-me-not, and clinging to its firm stalk, clambered out of the water into the open air. Those who accompanied him watched him, as he left the water, but they saw him no more. The blank of his departure alone remained to them, and they sank down,

sad and uneasy, to their home below. As before, the hours of the days passed on, and not a trace of the departed was ever seen; only the broken shell fell back, and crumbled away. "He is faithless," said some. "He forgets us like his brother," cried others. Only a few murmured, "we will not despair." After this, others went up in succession, for the time came to all, when the lustrous eyes of the perfect creature shone through the matted face of the Grub, and he must needs pass forward to the fulfilment of his destiny. But the result among those that were left was always the same. There were ever some that doubted and feared; ever some that disbelieved and ridiculed; ever some that hoped and looked forward. Ah! could they but have known, poor things! If those eyes, fitted only for the water-world, could have seen into the pure element beyond! And the Dragon Fly, was he really faithless? When he burst his prison house by the water side, and rose on glittering wings into the summer air, in a brighter world, had he indeed no memory for the dear ones he had so lately left? No tender concern for their griefs and fears? Ah! so far from it, he thought of them amidst the transports of his wildest flights, and returned ever anon to the precincts of that world, which had once been the only world to him. But to the world of waters, he could never more return. And thus divided, yet nearly parted, yet united by love, he hovered about the barrier that lay between them. Nor was his constancy long unrewarded; for, as after his longest warnings, he never failed to return to the old spot, he was there to welcome his emancipated brothers, who soon followed him. And often after that, the breezes by the forest pond would resound, in the bright summer afternoons, with the claspings of Dragon Flies' wings as they darted to and fro, over the chrysal water in the rapture of a new life.

It might be, on these occasions, that some fresh arrival of kindred from below added a keener joy to their already joyous existence. Sweet assuredly it was to each new comer, when the riddle of his fate was solved, to find in the new region, not a strange and friendless abode but a home, rich with the welcomes of those who had gone before.

Beautiful forest pond, crowded with mysterious life, of whose secrets we know so little, who would not linger by your banks for study and thought?

What Jesus May Say.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other:

"Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelley to your party?"

"Ella when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said, who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor and her school bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

Ah, little readers! never ask what this one and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus your king, will say on the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.—Presbyterian.

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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.*

The Nation the Foe of the Saloon.

No one can follow the current of discussion on the saloon question, or consider the attitudes of the Churches towards it, or compute the number of total abstainers, or observe how rapidly the army of prohibitionists is growing, without coming quickly to the conclusion that our nation has become already a formidable foe of the saloon. All the Churches, without exception, have raised their voices against intemperance. The pulpit and the religious press thunder against it, a large part of the secular press denounce it, and even politicians are getting courage to attack it. Legislators seem to be among the last to take a position against it. They yield to the demands of the temperance sentiment only on compulsion. It is only as they are threatened with defeat and political ostracism that they consent to pass laws affecting the interest of the saloons. The people are becoming terribly in earnest in this matter, and politicians and legislators who stand in the way of Local Option and Prohibition will shortly be swept into political oblivion, if they refuse to see the portents of the coming storm. It is to be one of the glories of this nation to free itself from the devil of the saloon, and every citizen should feel it to be a privilege as well as a duty to help to inaugurate this second Declaration of Independence.—*Independent.*

The Silliness of "Drinking."

The docket of 'Squire Christian makes a painful exhibit in its history of the past six days; an exhibit which ought to make any thoughtful man think twice before putting an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. If an enemy knocked you down, wiped up the ground with you, bruised your features and loosened your teeth you would either invoke the law or a good sized club to get satisfaction. How about whiskey? Let it open the valves of your passion, incapacitate you for self-preservation or self-defense; throw you in the ditch or against sharp objects, let it bring you against the buzz-saw of the law, and yet you love it and will risk your happiness and perjure your soul to get more of it. Abstinence ought to need less talking up than any other good thing because we have more living lessons to impress it. A friend of ours, a chemist, says: "The heaviest wholesalers of liquor scarcely taste it, because they know its dire effects, its adulteration, and that they cannot control large business interests with addled brains. As to moderate drinking, there is just the difference between a moderate drinker and drunkard that there is between a pig and a hog; the pig will make a hog if it lives. The percentage of men who can safely monkey with drink is not greater than the per cent. of pigs that die before reaching hogdom."—*Free Press.*

Dr. George Lansing Taylor on Prohibition.

"I have fought under the flag of that grand old 'party of moral ideas' in all its glorious battles, as my great-grandfather fought under Washington through the Revolution, and as his great-grandfather fought King Philip for the salvation of Infant New England. But not the scalping Indian, nor the oppressive Briton, nor the pro-slavery rebellion, nor all of them combined, were so dangerous a foe to America and mankind as is the rum colossus of to-day. New England was saved, independence was

secured, the Union was saved. The next war is to save America as a whole from the Gorgon rum. And now I am in for that campaign with seven generations of fighting blood boiling-hot in me. This . . . is the logical result of all my antecedents, hereditary and personal. I was born an Abolitionist, and mean to make my 'calling and election sure' for both."—*Zion's Herald.*

Over 60,000 people attended the fete held in Crystal Palace, London, by the Band of Hope children of England, and 15,000 of these young abstainers took part in the choral concerts. Mr. Shurley, the founder of the Band of Hope, was present, and contemplated with pride the growth of his work.

A Mother's Influence.

In a railway car a man about sixty years old came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, "sailing out of New York, and have just returned from my fifteenth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot, shipped while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he 'I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. 'My boy,' she said, 'I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor.' He said: 'I laid my hands in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kind of life and men—they laughed at me as a milksop, and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor, I saw my mother's pleading face, and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet anchor; I owe it all to that. 'Would you like to take that pledge?' said he. 'My companion took it, and he added, 'It has saved me. I have a fine ship, wife and children at home, and I have helped others.'"

That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness; how many more, He who sees all can alone tell.—*Wendell Phillips.*

A LAMENT.

[The following poem was written by the late Richard Lyles, of Danville, Va., a lawyer of fine legal and literary attainments, who plunged himself into despair through the "sparkling glass."]

I have been to the funeral of all my hopes,
And entombed them one by one:
Not a word was said,
Not a tear was shed,
When the mournful task was done.

Slowly and sadly I turned me round
And sought my silent room,
And there alone
By the cold hearthstone
I wooed the midnight gloom.

And as the night wind's deepening shade
Lowered above my brow,
I wept o'er days
When manhood's rays
Were brighter far than now.

The dying embers on the hearth
Gave out their flickering light,
As if to say,
This is the way
Thy life shall close in night.

I wept aloud in anguish sore
O'er the blight of prospects fair,
While demons laughed
And eager quaffed
My tears like nectar rare.

Through hell's red halls an echo rang,
An echo loud and long,
As in the bow
I plunged my soul
In the night of madness strong.

And there within that sparkling glass
I knew the cause to lie:
This all men own
From zone to zone,
Yet millions drink and die.

—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

It is a gratifying fact to know that although at the annual Alumni dinner of the University of Virginia, in past years, wine has flowed freely, yet at the last dinner water was substituted in the place of wine.

Youth's Department.

The Energy that Succeeds.

About thirty years ago I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy not over twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he, "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, and I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do: I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well then, and I will have eleven cents left toward buy-some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage, then came a terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

He did land us safely but the vessel sank moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel receiving thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the

gang-plank. As I passed by he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P——, do you recognize me?"

I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard of his vessel.

"Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir. William Haverly."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Captain Haverly!—*Christian Observer.*

Grandma's Comfort.

BY ONE OF THE OLD FOLKS.

Grandma Nelson sat daintily holding her left hand in her right, while she toyed absently with her delicate fingers. They had once been very beautiful, those hands of Grandma Nelson's, with their narrow palms, tapering fingers and deep pink nails, faultlessly rounded. And now when wrinkled and wasted they were graceful still.

"Oh, we all know they're pretty hands, Grandma," said young Nettie Nelson, a sprightly eighteen-year-old granddaughter.

Grandma looked inquiringly at the bright, mischievous face opposite her.

"What's that you say, dear?"

"I say we all know that Grandma Nelson's hands are well worth regarding."

"Why, bless your heart, child," smiled Grandma, catching the meaning, "I wasn't thinking any more of my hands than I was of—of—well, I don't know what."

"I suppose likely you were thinking of Grandpa," said Nettie softly and soberly, "only you didn't look the least grain sad."

"I wasn't feeling the least grain sad, child," and the calm old eyes looked serenely over the spectacles, and at the now inquiring ones opposite. "Why, I'll tell you just how it is," said Grandma. "Of course when pa first left me, I felt as if a part of my actual bodily presence, had been taken away. Even when I'd walk across the parlor or sitting-room, it seemed as if I had a kind of shorn feeling that made me conscious of missing something all the time. And when I used to cry, as it was impossible to help doing at times, it wasn't because I wanted dear pa to come back, nor because I murmured at the will of God, but it was so sad to have to keep telling myself over and over again that pa had gone to stay—"

Grandma suddenly caught off her spectacles with one hand, and holding them upright on her lap gazed with a grieved look on a figure of the carpet; but in a moment she recovered herself, and brightening up again went on:

"But you see, dear, it's just this way; in our younger days, pa used to find that in his particular business, it was decided advantage to stay but a short time in one place. We'd live a few years in some comparatively new town, then as it became more thickly inhabited he'd go and establish himself in another new village; and for him it proved the most profitable way. Well, now, your Grandpa Nelson was one of the most thoughtful creatures that ever lived, and when he was about making a move would always insist on going on before and getting everything nice and comfortable against the time I'd make my appearance. Sometimes it did seem too bad to let him have all the fuss and trouble of getting things to rights while I was quietly at my mother's with my little ones; but pa would insist I had the children to care for, and that was enough, and twas unusual for a family to break up so often, and all that."

"And so it would sometimes happen that what with finding a house to suit, and having repairs to attend to and such things, it would be several weeks from the time he did start off before I'd get a letter saying he was coming for me. But from the time he went until he came to

take me with him I was constantly looking for and expecting his return. So you see, dear, it was a new and quite dreadful thought that Grandpa Nelson had gone away from me to stay!"

Grandma cast another lingering side-long glance at the figure on the carpet, then swallowing hard, she went on:

"But after awhile I began, in spite of myself, to have a little, expectant feeling exactly as if the time was drawing nearer and nearer when pa would come for me. And bless your heart, child, it wasn't long before that feeling entirely swallowed up the other,—the dreadful feeling that he was always to remain away."

"And then I recalled one time when pa couldn't leave himself, but sent for me to come up to him; and although I'd never traveled without him before, and so rather dreaded the journey, I took the children and off I started, and all was as easy as could be."

"And now, my dear, I love to think it's the very same thing over again. Pa has gone on before, but bless your heart, child, he's going to be there to welcome me when I join him. He probably won't be the one to come when the messenger is sent, but I shan't have to go alone; Jesus will be with me, and everything will be just as easy!"

"And a moment ago, when I sat holding my hand, I was thinking how beautiful it was that pa went first. I can stay with the children, and get along very comfortably until they send for me to join in our lovely new home; but pa, I don't know what you would have done with pa, if I'd been the one to go and leave him behind! I don't believe he'd ever a got over the lost feeling an old man always has when his wife goes away."

"Yes," she added, dreamily, "it would have been dreadful for poor pa; but it does comfort me so to remember that God always knows best; and then it's such a comfort to feel that when they do send for me I shall find pa waiting, I fancy, in the old, longing way."

Grandma sat slowly rocking, a smile on her face, and her unconscious gaze upon the figure of the carpet, while Nettie glided away, saying softly to herself as she passed out of hearing: "Dear me, what a blessed comfort to be so sure of heaven!"—*Christian at Work.*

A Boy's Faith.

Two little boys were talking together about a lesson they had been receiving from their grandmother, on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire. "I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?"

"Why, no," said Charlie; "I should not be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving."

And that was just the way David felt when he said: "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee." He knew that neither chariots of fire nor anything else could hurt him, if God was present as his protector and friend.—*S. S. World.*

The Lutheran Churches of the Southern States are now one. The union of all the Synods into one general body was consummated at Roanoke, Va., on Friday, June 25th. A doctrinal basis and a Church constitution had been adopted in 1884. The Holston and the Tennessee Synods, which had been separated from their organization, were asked to accept this basis, and after deliberation and consultation with their brethren concluded to do so, and entered with all the other Synods of the Southern States into the new "United Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the South." The numerical strength of the general body is eight Synods, representing six States, with 182 ministers, 354 congregations, and in round numbers 30,000 communicants. It planted itself very squarely upon the Augsburg Confession and the old Lutheran standards of faith.—*Presbyterian.*

The Sunday School.

Jesus the True Vine.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1886.
John 15: 1-16.

BY REV. M. P. BLAKESLEE.

[From Northern Christian Advocate.]

1. *I am the true vine.* This beautiful comparison may have been suggested by "the fruit of the vine" on the supper table, or there may have been a grape vine trained over the latticed window which afforded light and air to the room. There may even have been vineyards within view from the window, as the night was bright with the Passover moon. The figure of a vine had been used by the prophets to set forth the spiritual kingdom of God in Israel; (Psa. lxxx, 8.) Israel had become a degenerate vine; (Hosea x, 1.) Jesus was the true, genuine, ideal and ever fruitful vine. *In the husbandman* Who owns, cultivates and trains the vine. God planted Jesus in the midst of humanity, that men might be by grace joined to him.

2. *Every branch in me.* Who then are branches in him? By virtue of Christ's death, every man is primarily a branch in Christ. He is born into the world a being saved by the atonement. These branches are not all fruitful: many of them are soon dead; that is, "the law of sin and death" is followed instead of "the law of the spirit of life;" the being who was saved in Christ, at birth becomes an actual transgressor; he bears no fruit, and as the husbandman prunes away the dead and unfruitful branches of his grape, so the Father cuts off these dead and unfruitful souls. *Every branch that beareth fruit.* Those who by choice are saved in Christ, that is, are Christians indeed. *He purgeth it.* As the vine dresser cuts away unnecessary wood and all unnatural growth which are a drain upon the life of the vine. *More fruit.* The energies of the vine being wholly directed to the fruitful parts remaining the result, is more fruit. As the branch here represents the true Christian, we must understand the purging or pruning to mean that discipline which comes to the soul through temptations and afflictions. By these, God designs to increase the fruitfulness of the Christian life.

3. *Ye are clean.* For three years he had been training and pruning the apostolic branches. He had been correcting their faults and misconceptions. Perhaps he referred particularly to Peter, Thomas, Philip and Judas, all of whom had been subject to the word of reproof and correction while at the table. They were not, however, fully cleansed; they were yet to know the cleansing power of the Spirit.

4. *Abide in me, and I in you.* This is the most important thought in this charge. The greatest danger to the apostles is that of apostasy. While they abide in him by a living and obedient faith, and he abides in them as the source of spiritual life and power they are safe. He will go away from the range of their natural vision, but not beyond the reach of their faith and love. *Except ye abide—* Severed branches cannot bear fruit, therefore if they apostatize, turn away, separate themselves from Christ as Judas did, they cannot bear fruit. Christ is the source of the Christian's life. A man cannot bring forth Christian action without he is joined to Christ.

5. *Without me.* "Apart from me," the Revision has it, *ye can do nothing.* A branch separated from the vine can bear no fruit, neither can a man separated from Christ, bring forth actions acceptable before God.

6. *If a man abide not in me.* This refers to such as the apostles were, men who were really joined to Christ, and the words are an absurdity, unless they were designed as a warning to apostasy. To make them apply only to cases of apparent or supposed union with Christ, is preposterous. It is to make them say that if a man who apparently abides not, then separation and destruction follow. Without union, there can be no separation. *Cast forth.* Separated; condemned; no longer saved through him. *Withered.* The spiritual life gone. *Men gather them.* The prunings of the vineyard were gathered up and burned. So in the day of judgment those who turn from Jesus as Judas did, will be gathered together for the eternal burning. The picture is dark and terrible, but it is true to the determinations of a wise, kind and holy God.

7. *Ye shall ask what ye will.* The picture changes to one which is all aglow with the light of promise. These words are a pledge to those who pray. The conditions of the pledge should be carefully noted. Only those who fully abide in Christ by perfect trust and entire obedience can claim its privileges. It is often pleaded by those who are not observing its conditions.

8. *Herein.* That is by obtaining answers to prayer through abiding in him. *In my Father glorified.* The believing prayers of disciples are accepted as honoring the Father. *Much fruit.* Abundant fruit. *So shall ye be my disciples.* The fruitfulness proves the discipleship.

9. *As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.* He passes from the thought of union with him to that which was its foundation, the eternal love of the Father. This went forth to the Son and through him to the believers. *Continue ye in my love.* This refers not to their love for him, but to his love for them.

10. *If ye keep my commandments.* Here is the secret of the mighty man of God; obedience is essential to a great faith, a strong hope and an inextinguishable love. *I have kept my Father's commandments.* He alone of all the men that ever lived, had never disobeyed God.

11. *These things.* About the vine. The parable here ends. *My joy.* That which sustained him in his sufferings and temptations. *Might remain in you.* Revision, "may be in you." A fullness of joy to support them in the trials which they would be called upon as Christians to undergo.

12. A few days before he had taught that all the law and the prophets hung on the two commands to love God with all the heart, and to love thy neighbor as thyself. At verse 10, he affirmed that commandment keeping was the condition of perpetual abiding in his love. He now lays down his one great and all-inclusive commandment: *That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*

13. *Greater love hath no man, etc.* Love has degrees: it varies in quality; that none may misunderstand concerning the love, one should bear to another, he explains that it should be a sacrificial love, one which would move a man to lay down his life for another.

14. *Ye are my friends.* They had deemed Abraham to be signally favored as the "Friend of God." Jesus shows them the condition upon which they may be his intimate and everlasting friends.

15. *I call you not servants.* He lifts them above the servile relation to that of friends, companions and fellows. In one sense, that of serving their Lord by doing his will, they would still be servants, but in all their thoughts and aims they would be friends of Jesus. *Knoweth not what his Lord doeth.* The servant was not admitted to the confidence of his master, so as to know and understand his master's plans and doings, but friends and fellows were favored with the master's confidence.

16. *Ye have not chosen me.* Revision, "Ye did not choose me." Students of Jewish law choose their own teachers, but not in that way did these disciples come by their Master. He chose them and called them to be apostles. *Ordained.* Revision, "Appointed." *That ye should go etc.* Their work was definite; it was to go and do something; first to bring holiness in their own lives, and then thereby to propagate it in others. By such obedient living, they would attain to the condition prerequisite to the answer of prayer.

Can We Support Ourselves.

[A LETTER FROM BISHOP TAYLOR.]

BANANA, CONGO, JUNE 8, 1886.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D.—*My Dear Brother:* I am much obliged by the increasing interest in my work and for the printing of our annual report in *The Christian Advocate*. The Church has always had at home two methods of organizing and extending (1) on the principle of self-support; (2) by missionary subsidies of support. All that I have ever asked was that the Church shall have the liberty of a world-wide extension on the same two principles. Our Church has wisely, by last General Conference action, conceded this liberty, and elected me as their official exponent and agent of extension under the first principle on foreign soil. These two methods don't collide at home; why should they abroad? Let the people know the facts in the case, and they will come up to the work of saving the world with new spirit of hope and zeal, and double their subscription for our Missionary Society, and supply the needs of my transit fund as well.

Our people in South Central Africa, numbering 55 are all well, and full of hope and zeal in their work for God in this most needy and most difficult field.

The drought and famine continues through this year, as we were told last year would be the case. Eight years of adequate rainfall and then three years

of drought are the order here. This is the third year of drought, which puts the reaping time far into the fourth year. To meet this emergency we ordered food supplies from home for our last year's workers as well as for the new ones this year. This double supply, together with passage-money, carpenter's tools, farming implements, sugar-cane crushers, portable mills, etc., for our industrial schools, have summed up an aggregate cost of about \$16,000.

"Bad showing for self-supporting missions," cried a multitude of our friends! I reply, first, That in India and South Africa we never sent food supplies nor money to buy them. If the South India Conference has consented to accept subsidy from the missionary society she still remains a self-supporting Conference the same as all other Conferences which received subsidy from the beginning. In regard to Africa, we came to barbarous heathens who cannot appreciate the values we bring them; hence, we propose in the main, till they can be brought up to an appreciation of the Gospel sufficiently to prompt them to support its agents and institutions, to get our support from the school industries we introduce as an essential part of education for this country. The trustees of my transit and building fund undertook to found self-supporting Methodist missions on a broad scale through this "Dark Continent" by extending the transit supplies to the basis of adequate self-support. This is not an abandonment of our self-supporting principle, but an adaptation of it to new conditions. In addition to supplies of tools and machinery, and assistance in building, the food supply must cover at least one year from the date of arrival of the missionaries, and longer if necessary, in case of famine and drought as we now have here.

Of the \$16,000 expended on Africa this year the fare of 24½ full passengers, at a greatly reduced rate, was over \$5000. Four portable corn and flour mills; six sugar-cane crushing mills, a rice-cleaner, with tools and other outfit, cost not less than \$4,000. The food supply for 55 men, women, and children in a famine-stricken part of Africa was less than \$2,000. No more is expected for another year, and possibly by that time very little, if any at all, will be required from home for those now in the field.

To establish self-support in five years would not suffer in a comparison with any other missionary movement on the face of the earth, but we can do it in from one to three years, save perhaps a few dollars for medicines and a few articles not to be had here, and some marketable products resulting from our industrial schools in a short time pay for every import required.

I left two ladies and one man to assist our Frenchman, Brother Perriot, at Mamba, 17 miles up the river from Mayumba, and three young men to open a mission at Kubinda, five hours from the Congo mouth, a very good place for a station. Sent three married couples and four children to Angola, and have one married couple and eight young men to accompany me to the the upper Congo and Kassai. All are in good health and rejoicing in the privilege of going with Jesus on such an expedition of love and mercy to the perishing people of Africa. Pray for us. Your brother in Jesus,

WM. TAYLOR.

A Colossal Tower to be Erected in Paris

A colossal tower 1,000 feet in height will be not only the principal attraction of the exposition, but the most daring work ever undertaken by any engineer. The pyramids of Egypt, St. Peter's, the Washington monument, all these wonderful elevations will seem the work of dwarfs beside this massive iron construction on whose summit will float the French flag. This tower consists of four

iron pyramids placed 360 feet one from the other, each pyramid being fifty feet square at the base and sixteen feet square.

At the first story, 250 feet above the ground, these pyramids are united by a glass covered gallery, fifty feet wide, which makes the tour of the construction. This gallery will be used for soirees, etc. At the second story is a room one hundred feet square covered by glass.

At the summit is a cupola with an exterior balcony. There will be placed the electrical apparatus destined to light the exposition. Each pyramid will have an elevator constructed in the same manner as the Swiss railways. It is startling to think of an elevator taking one seven times as high as the Column Vendome, but there will be no danger. The elevator will be drawn by a cable, but steel grappling hooks are to be arranged in such a manner that if the cable breaks the elevator will remain suspended. There has never been an accident on the Righi, and M. Eiffel, who is the originator of this stupendous scheme, says his elevators will be even more secure than any yet constructed. A vertical elevator will also take passengers from the central point to the summit of the tower. When at the top we can admire the night, Paris and the millions of lights.

In pleasant weather we can see the most splendid panorama that human thought can imagine. Above the hills, which with their green foliage surround Paris, we shall have a view of over one hundred miles. We shall see Compiègne, Rheims, Fontainebleau, Chartres, Dreux, Creil, the villages lost in the woods and the rivers trailing their silver ribbons across the valleys.

But this metallic tower will not be built expressly for the curious; it will render service to science. In the cupola will be installed telescopes, pluviometers, anemometers, etc. Astronomical and meteorological observations will be made under new conditions, and experiments which have heretofore been impossible can for the first time be attempted. Atmospheric electricity, the velocity of the wind, the transparency of the air, Foucault's experiment to prove that the earth revolves, all can be studied. Spectroscopes for analysis of the light of the sun and stars will be placed under the dome. A study equally interesting will be that of the variation of temperature with altitude. For the public a very strange sight will be the effect of lightning and the deviation of a falling body.

The tower will be surrounded by a lightning-rod, but in itself the tower will form an immense lightning-rod by which will descend formidable quantities of electricity. In a thunder-storm every one in the tower will be struck by lightning although unconscious of and receiving no injury from this electric shock. When the night is black with clouds from the foot of the tower one can see a continuous sparkling fall of lightning. To produce that effect a lightning-rod will be placed on the summit of the tower and the conductor will be interrupted for the space of two yards. The lightning will thus jump from one section to another with continual explosions.

At the base of the tower, on immense blocks of marble, inscriptions recalling the history of the century will be engraved in gilded letters. There will be found extracts from the "Declaration of the Rights of Man," the names of illustrious Republicans, etc. The weight of this tower will not be greater than 7,000 tons, almost enough iron to make a railway from Paris to Saint Germain by way of Versailles. The cost will be about \$2,000,000, but the inventor of this gigantic work asks only the admission fees for ten years to pay all the expenses of the building.—*The London Times*.

It is said that there are four hundred liquor saloons in New York City kept by women. Only one of the women is American.

"Where two or three are Gathered Together."

A scanty assembly is dispiriting to a speaker, and we have heard of such a case where the audience received his money back, and no meeting was held. Workers for Christ, however, conscious that all things are under His control, are fain to speak for Him even to the two or three gathered together in His name, for seeming failures may be blest by Him, and

"Out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odors yet."

An advocate of the Bible Society, who had much to tell of the spread of God's truth, found himself confronted only by two of the gentler sex.

Was it worth while to fatigue himself by giving them the information he had expected to pour forth to a listening throng? He had come there to interest Christian hearts in diffusing the gospel and he knew these two women could be used in some way to widen the flood of spiritual light; therefore he forgot the empty seats, and told them what the Lord was doing by means of His Word in so many hearts and homes. At the end of his discourse he went and stood in the doorway to make a collection, knowing that every little helps. Each lady in retiring handed him something and he found that the work of the Bible Society had been aided by a collection of forty pounds. Well might he speak with cheerfulness and gratitude of that quiet audience of two!

Another Christian worker wished to start a benevolent scheme on behalf of soldiers, and went as a deputation to the place where the new society was needed, but where nobody would take the initiative. The hall was opened and the deputation waited sometime but one gentleman appeared. The following somewhat amusing dialogue took place: "Are you the deputation?" "Yes; my name is White." "Well, I am the audience, and my name is Black." Mr. White and Mr. Black were resolved to float the Society, and they held the meeting, proposing, seconding and carrying resolutions that found their way to the papers, and brought a stream of letters from people in high places, saying the good work had long been needed, and heartily promising assistance. "The deputation" and "audience" had the joy of knowing that the meeting resulted in a most beneficial scheme for the soldiers of the town. Let none be discouraged by want of numbers; God may mean us sometimes to speak straight home to the heart of one, and that one, in future days, may become in his service as a thousand.—*The Quiver*.

Freedom and Virtue Inseparable.

The time will come in this country when politicians and even demagogues will see that the safety of the State depends more upon legislatures and executive officers. There are men who, in the name of liberty, clamor for Sabbath desecration, not seeming to understand that its observance is one bulwark and indispensable condition of that very liberty in the name of which they scorn and trample the day of the Lord. No great nation ever yet had freedom without the Sabbath, and none ever will have freedom without it. People who laugh at public virtue as a national safeguard have read history in vain, if they have read at all. Even thieves find it absolutely necessary to have some honor, and a thriving State without it is impossible.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Senator Wilson, of Iowa, says that prohibition is a success in that State. To use his own words: "Prohibition is a success in Iowa, and we have driven the saloons out of the State. I have no doubt that we shall continue to keep them out, and I think Iowa is the advance guard of a movement in the West which is, in the future, destined to become national."

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SPECIAL OFFER

The Peninsula Methodist to new subscribers from new until Jan. 1, 1887, only thirty-five (35) cents. One and two cent stamps taken.

Ocean Grove Letter.

We give our readers graphic notes by our contemporaries in the Park and the Grove, descriptive of the wonderful scenes and experiences of the great day of this Gospel Feast; and purpose to supplement them with a few observations of our own, next week.

The sermon, Monday morning, the 23 inst., was by Dr. Hanlon, principal of Pennington Seminary, on the text, "Philip said unto him, 'Lord show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.' Jesus saith unto him, 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, show us the Father?' John 14, 8-9. God the Father we can know only through Christ, his Son. Science can't reveal him. He is a Spirit, and can only be spiritually discerned. Scientific methods deal with matter; they have no instruments that can detect even a human Spirit, how much less can they apprehend the eternal Spirit. To know God, we must, by faith in his Son, experience in our own conscious spirits his saving power. Almost every thing a man knows that is of any great value, he takes on faith. Until one knows God as his Father, revealed in Christ his Saviour, he cannot be satisfied. Such a revelation satisfies the soul.

In the afternoon, Rev. William Hamilton of Brooklyn, N. Y. preached on the words, "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin." John 15, 22—showing how fully the great Teacher had set forth his claims, by his words and works, leaving the Jews without excuse for rejecting him; and charging upon the men of this day greater guilt, for rejecting him, notwithstanding all the added demonstration of Christian experience and progress, for nearly two thousand years.

The evening sermon was by Rev. Albert Mann, Jr., of Bloomfield, N. J., on the text, "For the mystery of iniquity doth already work." 2 Thes. 2, 7. Of all mysteries, sin is the most mysterious. Its author, the Devil, has been deceiving men with his lies for six thousand years, and yet multitudes still accept his falsehoods, and cling to their sins, though by their sins they lose all that is really valuable and all that makes life worth living. Embody all the qualities that the Bible condemns in one person, and you have the devil; embody all those, it approves and you have a perfect character, as actually realized in the blessed Christ.

How this mystery of iniquity is at work, is seen in the daily record of crime and wrong with which the public papers

teem. Its forces organize; its leaders are keen and often highly intellectual; it works everywhere, in the church as well as outside. But Christ, our Leader counterworks; the mystery of iniquity shall not work without restraint; it shall not always rule the world. Christ is to conquer and his Gospel is to universally prevail. Every one of us are to have a part in this terrible conflict. On which side shall we stand. The mystery of iniquity doth already work, let Christians be at work also. This sermon was followed by a more general and intense interest in the altar service, than had yet been seen.

Wednesday morning, Dr. B. B. Hamilton, now stationed in Carlisle, Pa., preached on the "Transfiguration of Christ." Mat. 17, 5. This sermon, by general consent, was about the finest delivered here this season. Some, in their enthusiastic delight, compared it favorably with the preaching of the peerless Simpson. Dr. Wallace describes it as "superlative" and adds; "when his final climax closed, the strangest thing we have ever seen in the Auditorium happened; all the preachers rose to their feet shouting, 'Glory to God,' 'Hallelujah,' and so continued for some time."

He had, of course, a magnificent theme, the unveiling of the Divine glory of the incarnate Christ, at which the great Lawgiver, Moses, and the great prophet Elijah, arose from the dusty beds in which their bodies had reposed more than a thousand years; and from all accounts, the Doctor presented it in a masterly manner.

In the afternoon, Rev. R. Vanhorn, D. D., of Newark, N. J., preached from the words, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts crying, Abba, Father." Gal. 4, 6. This text settles three things; (1) that believers in Christ are sons of God, (2) that God is willing to give them the knowledge of their adoption into his family, and (3) that God brings our feelings into harmony with this blessed relations: This experience is the common privilege of all believers, though in too many professing Christians it is lacking. In some cases those who come into the church on the waves of a great revival, fail to cherish the influences of the Holy Spirit, supposing that because they are within the church, they are all right; in other cases, youthful converts, brought into the church in the immaturity of childhood, fail to grow in grace as they grow in years; while others with a clear experience at first have lost it afterwards, by neglect of duty a positive wrong-doing.

Church forms and services, a correct outward life, even sincerity of purpose, cannot be a substitute for this experience. This testimony is from God, not a vision, or a voice, but his spirit speaking to our spirit, a personal consciousness of the fact.

At night Rev. A. L. Urban of Philadelphia, preached on the text, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," Isa. 1, 18. Instead of treating his subject, as is almost invariably the case with all classes of preachers, as the gracious call of Jehovah to the guiltiest sinner, assuring him of abundant mercy, our brother spent the most of his force on a delineation of sin, from a philosophical and legal standpoint, making the impression, that after all, its stains were in the nature of things ineffaceable; and so successful was he, as to have his hearers wandering what was meant by the expressions, "as wool" and "whiter than snow." But the speaker did not stop, until he had told us, that in the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, adequate provision was made for the forgiveness of the sinner, without impeaching the absolute holiness of the great Lawgiver, as well as for the renewal of the sin-stained soul in righteousness. By this wondrous scheme of Di-

vine wisdom, power, and love, this terrible evil of sin was to be counterworked, and made the occasion of displaying the Divine character in its greatest beauty.

The Bible stands alone in proclaiming a gospel of grace, and the one grand fact of that gospel is, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," even the chief of sinners.

Like breezes from Araby, the blest, or reviving zephers from the sea, after a warm land breeze, came the message of grace. Wednesday morning, as Rev. Dr. Charles P. Masden, Dr. O. H. Tiffanny's successor at Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York, discussed in a simple style and in an earnest, devout spirit, of the wondrous cleansing and more wondrous fellowship within the reach of lost sinners. His text was, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness," 1 John 1, 7. We should carefully and closely study this passage because it is a personal discourse of Jesus to John and so a personal message to each one of us; and also because of the sublime truths it contains. Ignorance here involves disfranchisement of our Heavenly citizenship. Sin is the great fact that underlies the atonement; correct ideas of sin are essential to correct ideas of the atonement; sin is the corruption of man's moral nature, an incurable disease, eternal in its consequences unless removed. To minify sin is to minify the atonement. The character of God stamps sin as infinitely detestable; it is treason against the highest authority, that of the Holiest of Beings, and shows ingratitude to our most beneficent Creator.

The penalties of the Divine law must be paid, either by the sinner or his substitute; no pardon, but upon satisfaction. Mercy does not violate Justice.

Sin may be estimated by its effects, and the effects made to stay its progress. If mere judgment could avail, surely the Deluge would have arrested it, but it appears in the rescued family itself. The elect nation is soon defiled, and the prophet declares "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it." If education could counteract sin, surely the culture of Greece and Rome would have produced a civilization of high moral excellence; but the very reverse is the result. Holy parentage does not exempt the child from the same bias to sin. Admitting the possibility of a child's growing up in righteousness, where is the child that does?

The one cure for this terrible moral disease is the blood of Christ, the power of his death; not the literal blood, but what that blood signified, the death of the incarnate God as the expiation of man's sin. From the moment of his death, his influence has been widening and increasing in strength. The secret is the death-power of Jesus Christ. This gives birth to a new moral force. The great Napoleon in his solitude on St. Helena, cries out, "who fights for me now?" For the dead Christ there are millions ready to lay down their own lives!

This Divine remedy secures two results, (1) cleansing from sin, from all sin, all kinds of sin, all parts of sin, not by installments, not as a debt due to repentance, from large sins and small sins—cleansing from all sin, the remedy running parallel with the ruin. This is the song as we enter the gates of Glory, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins." Cleanseth, its present virtue, it cleanseth now; (2) fellowship, the one with the other, the believer with his Divine Saviour; communions, converse, copartnership, intimacy, all are inadequate to express this wonderful thought of fellowship with God; wondrous affinities for God when sin is gone, joint heirs we walk together, live together. All these turn on the little word "if." There is the human con-

dition, "if we walk in the light, as He is in the light," if we walk in the path of faith and loving obedience, we shall realize this cleansing and this fellowship.

The afternoon sermon was by Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, an eminent Baptist minister of Chicago, on the text "Thy gentleness hath made me great," Ps. 18, 35. Alluding to the fact that he was denominationally a Baptist, Dr. Henson added, he was glad that on the broader basis of Christian fellowship he was one with all true followers of Christ.

In this passage David sings of the tenderness of God's mercy. The power of gentleness is seen in the material world, the silent dew, the noiseless movement of the stars, the quiet sunbeams are potent forces. So in the spiritual realm; Benjamin West said it was his mother's kiss that made him a painter. Some people very foolishly talk of breaking a child's will, better break his neck. To make the most of your child, praise, as well as pray for him. It was kind encouragement by Mr. Stratton that saved John B. Gough; and it was the loving pity that moved his lady friend to throw her handkerchief over the exposed face of William Wirt as he lay drunk on the side-walk, that led him to reform. How much more potent is this principle as seen in the Divine administration. We are apt to mistake his providence; we think more of some painful affliction than of the daily benefits we receive at his hand; we dwell on a night of suffering, but forget how many are free from pain and filled with rest.

Love underlies the law, as well as the gospel. The disclosure of hell prepares us to appreciate salvation. The law rings out its awakening summons, and the gospel reveals God's love to perishing sinners.

This service closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Glazebrook, rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Elizabeth, N. J.

The evening sermon was by Rev. John Handley, of New Brunswick, N. J., on the text, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12, 13. God's commandments are Divinely perfect, for they are from God; they are inherently perfect; they are of universal adaptation; unlike all other laws, they adapt themselves to the individual, the family, the community, the state and the nation. They are indestructible. Nations rise and fall, yet the Decalogue remains the same; its divinity not effaced.

The only alternative is found in the imperfect and unstable laws devised by man, "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul."

Thursday morning, Rev. Duncan McGregor of New York, preached on the words, "Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus." 2 Cor. 4, 14. His theme was the uplifting power of the risen Christ, illustrated in Charles Mortel's great victory at Tours over the hitherto invincible Mohammed, in the spiritual victories of the believer in life and death, and the final uplift of humanity over all opposing forces to final and complete triumph.

Dr. Munhall, a successful evangelist, conducted the afternoon service, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Towner, whose musical abilities are of the highest order, and formed one of the attractions at the late meetings held by Mr. Moody at Northfield, Mass. Dr. Munhall's text was, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man, that thou visitest him?" Ps. 8, 4.

The last sermon of the camp-meeting was delivered Thursday night by Rev. S. W. Thomas of the Phila. Conference, from the words of Christ, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth, go ye therefore and teach * * * and lo, I am with you always." Matt. 28, 18-20. Here we have the claim of Divine authority, Divine command, and Divine comfort. Christ's authority reaches angelic, human, and satanic agencies, and

controls them, commanding all that can antagonize his people, to whom he commits the great task of subjugating the world to his sway of love.

The Divine command is to go and teach, "teach my doctrine." It is His plan to save man by man, teach by word and by example. Your warrant is the work of grace wrought in your own soul.

The Divine comfort is the assurance of the Master's presence. I will be with you.

The great camp meeting closed Friday morning the 26th ult. with appropriate and impressive services. An immense congregation assembled at the Auditorium, by nine o'clock, and remained till after twelve. Some fourteen were baptized upon the platform by Dr. Stokes, assisted by Vice President Ballard; after which the Holy Communion was administered, more than one hundred ministers, and more than eighteen hundred members participating. An interesting feature was a procession of some fifty boys and girls under the lead of Rev. J. W. Thornley and Mrs. M. J. Inskip from the tabernacle to the sacramental table to partake of the Lord's supper for the first time.

Dr. Stokes reported as a partial estimate of the immediate results of the ten days' meeting, converted, 528; reclaimed, 128; sanctified, 348; specially helped, 8,175. After the usual march around the auditorium, and a few words of exhortation, the camp meeting of 1886 was declared closed, with three taps of the bell, as Dr. Stokes repeated each name, each person, in the ever blessed Trinity.

What Woman May Do

Says Goldsmith: "The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes." And this is testimony of which all sensible persons acknowledge the force and truth. Indeed, we may say we shall never know in this world how much we owe to the labors and prayers, and pious efforts, and fervent zeal of devoted women. It was to a woman that the risen Saviour first showed himself after the resurrection, and to whom he announced his ascension into heaven. Not to Pilate, the conquered Roman judge—not to the chief priests and elders, who might thus have been convinced—not to St. John the gentle, or to Peter the penitent, did Jesus first reveal himself, but to her out of whom, in the days of old, He had cast seven devils. To a woman, of whom we know nothing more than that she was afflicted, and that "she loved much and had much forgiven," Jesus gave the divine commission to preach the first Gospel of the resurrection and the ascension. And surely thus has the Master given a like divine commission to all Christian women—that of telling the story of the risen Jesus wherever they have an opportunity to do so.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

Thomas Carlyle, in a conversation with Mr. John Morely about temperance, said he could not understand what was meant by compensation to the publicans. "If any publican came to him and wanted compensation, he would tell him to go to his father, the devil for it."

The *Northwestern Advocate*, of Chicago, has a high opinion of Sam Jones, and in a late paragraph says: "Since Wesley, Sam Jones is the greatest preacher of free grace and free human will, on an Arminian exposition, and to vast crowds of men. As to theory, even the Moody message is hampered by the Calvinistic philosophy that underlies that theology. Happily, Mr. Moody's message has caught the Arminian glow, and it succeeds because addressed to the 'whosoever wills.'"

Conference News.

A correspondent writes: Last Sunday Rev. T. B. Hunter, pastor of Chester charge, preached a practical sermon on Temperance, which was listened to with marked attention by the audience. The congregation is alive on the subject of this question, and think it is time to abolish the selling and drinking of rum.

St. Paul's quarterly conference on August 30th, resolved to enlarge their Sunday-school room, by extending back to Shipley Street. The extension will increase the capacity of the room from three hundred sittings to five hundred. It will also give additional light and ventilation. The room will also be frescoed, painted, re-seated and carpeted. The cost of the enlargement and improvements are estimated at \$4,500. The improvement became a necessity, because of the crowded condition of the Sunday-school.

The pastor in his report, stated that during the past quarter, he had taken all the Conference collections, except Conference Claimants and Missionary, and that all the apportionments had been reached with small surplus. The afternoon school, which has had a vacation for six weeks, will resume September 5th, with a special programme.

Rev. W. M. Green writes: We are having a grand time in woods near Woodland; 16 at the altar last Sunday night and 12 converted; 34 conversions to date Splendid order. Our Presiding Elder, Bro. Ayres, was with us on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. Bros. Connelly, Melvin, and Davis and Hazzard have preached for me during the meeting. We began work on our new church at Cokesbury 1st Monday morning.

The improvements on the St. Michaels M. E. church are progressing very satisfactorily. The frescoing of the audience room is completed, and in a few days the gas apparatus will be in position. It is expected that the church will be ready for reopening about the middle of September.

On Wednesday, August 25th, the kind ladies took possession of the parsonage, and on the return of the pastor and his family from a three week's vacation, there awaited them a sumptuous dinner as a welcome home. And knowing the dominion not to be an exception to the rule, "preachers' fondness for chicken," had the poultry house well supplied.

The work on the new churches on Powellville charge. W. W. Chaires, pastor, is being pushed forward, and it is hoped to dedicate one of them soon. This charge is also building a new parsonage.

To-morrow the services at the Mt. Lebanon M. E. Church will be devoted to the children. Rev. Chas. Hill and Rev. W. H. Hendrickson the pastor, will make addresses. All are cordially invited to be present.

The ladies of Zion met recently and formed a W. C. T. U., which will meet every two weeks alternately in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. Once a month a public meeting will be held, when prominent speakers from a distance will be invited to address it. The following ladies hold official positions in the Society: Mrs. J. R. Mullan, Mrs. C. F. Sheppard, Mrs. J. P. Wilson, Mrs. Anos Martindale, Mrs. Ella Oldham, and Miss Bertie Sheppard. A public meeting to which all are invited, will be held in the Presbyterian church, on the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 15th, at 3 o'clock.—*Cecil Whig*.

Rev. Wm. R. McFarlane, of Roxanna circuit, paid a flying visit to friends in this neighborhood this week. For about ten consecutive years Mr. McFarlane has been pastor of congregations in different sections of this country.—*Centerville Observer*.

Harry Graves and Abel McCrea, theological students, conducted services at Brandywine M. E. church last Sunday.

The Asbury Mutual Improvement Society will resume its meetings this evening, and will elect officers for the ensuing four months.

Meetings of the St. Paul's Young People's Society will be resumed on Thursday evening, September 9th.

Hereafter, the Sunday evening services at St. Paul's M. E. church, will begin at 7.30 o'clock, instead of at 7.45.

The Rev. Dr. Caldwell preached in the Newark M. E. church last Sunday, morning and evening.

Rev. L. P. Corkran, pastor of Oxford, Md., M. E. church, preached last Sunday morning at Epworth, and in the evening at the Scott churches of this city, to an appreciative audience at both places.

Letter from Hurlock's Md.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—I want to add a few things to my camp meeting report.

Bro. R. B. Hazzard preached the first sermon, Wednesday evening. Our live Presiding Elder, Bro. Ayres, was on hand, Thursday morning, and gave us the first morning sermon, the real beginning of the work. Bro. Alfred Smith at 3 p. m., and Bro. Rawlins at night. The work began in earnest from the first, and by Sunday there was such a spiritual tide, as Bro. Rawlins confessed he hasn't seen before at a camp meeting in twenty years. The other brethren present were the Revs. W. E. England, G. W. Burke, W. F. Dawson, V. S. Collins, Jas. T. Prouse, S. M. Morgan, L. P. Corkran, W. F. Corkran, A. J. Walter, Bro. Mooreman, of the M. E. church, South, A. S. Mowbray, W. M. Green, H. S. Thompson. Bro. R. T. Coursey led in the musical department, and his help was very much appreciated judging from the testimonies heard since he left. Dr. Caldwell was here somewhat unexpectedly, but we were all delighted to have him with us. 'Tis a feast of good things to hear a veteran of the Cross proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, and make such powerful appeals to the unsaved. Other brethren were invited, but failed to make their appearance.

As we look back over the earnest efforts made, the great wonder to us is that hundreds were not saved; but with two facts in mind, the difficulty is partly solved at least. The unconverted don't come to camp meetings with the thought of getting spiritual good out of it, and professing Christians don't come with the determination to do their duty. Personal appeal is one of the greatest means of success. We are hoping to reap the fruit during the fall. Our meeting begins at McKendree next Sunday. Wray for us.

G. F. H.

Camp-Meeting Sabbath at Ocean Grove.

August 22d, was the greatest day in regard to numbers present and imposing services, Ocean Grove has yet seen, and the crowds were as quiet and orderly as people in a parlor, or the congregation of a Fifth Avenue church.

The sun was just gliding the eastern sky, when the first service of the day was opened in the Tabernacle. This was Rev. R. J. Andrews' Consecration Meeting, and people from twenty States mingled in prayer, song and testimony.

Family prayer at the main stand, 6.45 a. m., had a thousand worshippers present, to remember at the mercy seat the loved ones at home. The grounds appeared to be alive even at an early hour with strangers.

The camp meeting love feast brought together at least 6,000 people, of whom about 300, spoke briefly of their experience. The exciting moments of the occasion were when handshaking commenced. Men and women, entire strangers to each, when requested to show this token of good fellowship, burst into tears of joy, while those of ardent temperament, let their joys be known in hearty hallelujahs, and when Prof. Sweney and his choir started one of the old camp-meeting melodies, a thousand recollections were stirred in the minds of such veterans as Hon. Chauncy Shaffer, Rev. Jos. Atwood, and hundreds like them, who think Ocean Grove is the great conservator in modern times of old-fashioned Methodist peculiarities. But the most ardent Methodist did not enjoy the love-feast more than the Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and others, not excepting the Catholics who were on the grounds.

MORNING SERMONS.

In the great Auditorium, to an audience, not only crowding the seats and aisles, but extending over the area within the circle of tents, Rev. J. E. Adams, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y., preached one of the most elaborate sermons ever heard at Ocean Grove. It was Matt 7: 7-8: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." The theme was quest and conquest in the spiritual work.

Conception of God and the things desirable in human necessities, he showed to be the foundation of prayer. It recognizes God and his goodness. There must also be a movement towards him, and reliance on his power to grant what we need. To this, must be added seeking and knocking, which is invariably, to the sincere soul, followed by receiving the desire good.

At the same time, great evangelistic activity was maintained at several points where large congregations gathered. At St. Paul's,

Rev. Dr. Todd, of Baltimore, addressed a full house; Dr. James Carey Thomas, of Baltimore, Md., held service in the Tabernacle; Dr. Munhall preached in the Temple; Dr. Vanhorne in the large tent; Revs. Dr. Hunlon, J. R. Daniels, Cheseman and J. R. Westwood took their stand at the Ocean Parkway pavilion, and had an excellent meeting. Hon. Chauncy Shaffer and Rev. R. J. Andrews preached at Ross' pavilion, and Revs. A. E. Ballard and H. M. Brown held the fort at Lillagore's. All these laborers had a single aim—to carry the gospel through preaching, exhortation and song, to the masses thronging Ocean Grove.

No meeting place but the Auditorium was large enough at 2 p. m., for the crowds interested in the Sunday-school lessons. The Bible class drew twelve to fifteen hundred ministers, teachers and other intelligent students to the Tabernacle.

At 3.30 p. m., Rev. Wm. H. Boole appeared before an audience of 7,000, to whom he expounded the ever-interesting story of Jesus and the woman of Samaria at the well, dwelling on the unsatisfying nature of the world, and contrasting with it, the "living water," a symbol of eternal life. His manner in dealing with the spiritual deficiencies of the church, and of the average Christian professor, was sharpened by the sarcasm. His ludicrous comparisons kept a sleepy audience awake, and excited a good deal of amusement.

No adequate calculation could be made as to numbers at the Surf meeting. The addresses were heard by a larger crowd than usual, on account of stillness of the lovely evening.

Rev. Dr. VanAlstine, of Hartford, Conn.; Rev. Otho Brant, of Millersburg, Pa.; Capt. Kitwood, of St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. A. E. Ballard and Dr. Evans, formerly General Evans, of the Confederate Army, from Augusta, Ga., each made a beautiful and effective appeal to the people on religious obligations.

THE CULMINATION OF THE DAY

was reserved for Rev. J. Boyd Brady's wonderful sermon at the Auditorium, on the Christian Armor. This was the most unique and powerful discourse, its hearers say, they ever listened to, and listened to by the largest audience ever seen at one time in that place.

The eloquent speaker in his highly figurative manner, selected for his specimen Christian knight, one clad in this armor, and followed his fortunes, after having described its every part, until he portrayed the final victory.

A meeting in the Tabernacle commencing at 6 continued until 9 p. m. Here were Mr. and Miss Towner, who have sung at some of the Moody revivals recently, lending their aid.—*Asbury Park Journal*.

ITEMS.

Methodism throughout the world represents thirty-five millions of adherents.

"Charming little pink-tipped, shell-like ears you have, Miss Luey. Did you ever have them pierced?" "No, but I have had them bored."

"Mamma, what's hereditary?" asked Bobby, laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—anything you get from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled for for a definition suited to his years. Silence of two minutes. "Then, ma," he asked, "is spankin's hereditary?"

A gentleman once asked the late Professor Agassiz the question, "What was the thing above all others which most arrested your mind on coming to this country?" The thoughtful man replied, "It is your observance of the Lord's day."

The family altar, where parents and children gather night and morning, to lift up their hearts and voices in praise and thanksgiving, is one of the sacred places of earth.—*Methodist Advocate*.

A mother says she ward off scarlet fever from her children, by a small piece of gum camphor in a bag, suspended to the child's neck.

Some one says, too, that the same substance, evaporated in a tin vessel over a lamp, will expel mosquitoes from a room.—*Ec*.

One of the oldest Methodist sanctuaries in London, Hinde Street Chapel, has been torn down and is to be rebuilt. For over seventy-five years it has been a power in West London. Many of the most famous preachers of Methodism have been its ministers. Nearly 23,000 children have passed through its Sunday-school. This church has been a curiosity in its way. Dr. Punshon called it the "Methodist Dutch oven." The new building is to cost \$75,000. Mr. James Budgett has contributed \$5,000 of this.

The green deposit in the water troughs ought to be removed at least as often as once a week, when cattle and horses are drinking

the water daily. Don't give attention to the silly plea that this green stuff is healthful, and that it "purifies" the water. It purifies only as it is taken out, for it is itself, a disgusting impurity.

Oat-meal is far more wholesome, and better in a medicinal sense, when cooked but partially, than when boiled and boiled until thoroughly "done." A half-hour of cooking at the boiling point is about right. Oat-meal drink is not to be cooked at all; simply scatter the meal into cold water and let it dissolve as well as it will.

The National W. C. T. U. headquarters, having been removed from New York to Chicago, will be opened in a few days. They are in the same building as the office of the *Union Signal*, organ of the White Ribbon movement, the only temperance paper on record, that has declared a dividend and paid it to its stockholders.

Baptism has its place, but it is not the sum total of religion. Simon Magus was baptized, and was still in "the bonds of iniquity." The penitent malefactor never had a drop of water on him, and went straight to Paradise.—*Richmond Advocate*.

He said he would pay his pastor whatever he thought was right at the end of the year. He promised to pay his cook a definite sum at the end of every week. The cook kept out of debt, and the pastor got in debt and could not pay.—*Methodist Advocate*.

The report of the "Church of England Institute" is responsible for the statement that in Christendom there are not fewer than 16,000,000 Sunday-school scholars, under the instruction of 1,900,000 teachers.

A lady in Montana, a poor widow near eighty years of age, has for the past four years, kept up a Sunday-school of twenty boys and girls, meeting regularly in her own house. She has formed a society pledged against the use of liquor, tobacco, profane or vulgar language, and desecration of the Sabbath.—*Pilgrim Teacher*.

If your work is worth doing, it is worth your thought. Thought is the true philosopher's stone. Do not be content to work on in a mechanical fashion just because it always was the custom to do the thing in just such and such a way. Seek for improvement, both in the method and the results. It was thought put into the work that gave the world the spinning-jenny, the power-loom and the sewing machine, and the chances are not yet all gone for improvements in many an industry, and not a profession, but offers scope for the thoughtful practitioner to succeed.—*Moravian*.

The Boston *Congregationalist* says: "In Denver, Col., out of a Chinese population of 500, 175 are in schools, and 100 of them under decided religious influence. In San Francisco there are 248 members connected with the Chinese and Japanese churches, 58 having been added during the past year. There are 659 pupils in their schools. At a funeral in California, among converted Chinamen, the pall-bearers wore white badges of mourning, and forty men stood by the grave and sang, "Shall we gather at the river."

On the Way to Cresson.

A route, which is celebrated the world over for the variety, extent, and beauty of its scenery, is that covered by the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It traverses a territory between the East and Pittsburgh, in which almost every character of topography is represented, and in which every class of industry is followed. The handsome suburban district lying beyond Philadelphia, gives place to the great agricultural region of Chester and Lancaster counties—a land as famous for its natural beauty as for the fertility of its soil. From Harrisburg the line hugs the banks of the picturesque Susquehanna for many miles, until it reaches the placid waters of the Blue Juniata, and follows through the mountains and trial cut out by this pretty stream. Some miles west of Harrisburg the blue heights of Kittatinny Mountain marks the entrance of the road into the region of a grand scenery. From this point on to Cresson, the route presents a continuous panorama of the wildest mountain views to be found in the Eastern States. Never for a moment is there a lack of the most notable scenery. Peak and gorge, torrent and eddy, precipice and plateau, forest and boulder, all lend their aid in forming a grand and vivid picture of untamed nature.

In the midst of such surroundings rests Cresson. The place harmonizes well with its magnificent environment. A great hotel situate in the centre of spacious grounds, shaded by a forest of mountain trees, offers the truest rest and the best recreation to the work-worn and weary. It is a grand mountain resort, possessing all the resources for the entertainment and diversion of the sojourner.

The first of the series of excursions to this region was run by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on Thursday, September 2d, to be followed by others on the 9th and 16th. A special train will leave Broad Street Station at 10.30 A. M. Excursion tickets, limited to 350 for each excursion, will be good for ten days, including one day's board at the Mountain House. Those who desire

to remain longer than one day will receive the benefit of a reduction in the regular hotel rates.

Train connecting with special at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, leaves Wilmington, 9.00 A. M. Excursion tickets, as described above, \$8.50.

COLLINS—JOHNSON.—In St. Paul's M. E. church, Ocean Grove, N. J., Aug. 31st, 1886, by Rev. Wesley C. Johnson, of the Philadelphia Conference, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. Dr. Stokes, and Rev. J. B. Westcott, Henry O. Collins, formerly of Seaford, Del., and Amelia C. Johnson, daughter of James C. Johnson, Esq., of Wilmington, Del.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.		
Swedish Mission,	Sept	7 12
Wesley,	"	8 12
Mt Lebanon,	"	11 12
Mt. Salem,	"	12 13
Bethel & Glasgow,	"	18 19
Chesapeake City,	"	18 19
Elkton,	"	19 20
Klaxmont,	"	24 26
Chester,	"	25 26
Mt. Pleasant,	"	26 27
Zion,	Oct	2 3
North East,	"	3 4
Elk Neck,	"	3 4
Grace,	"	6 10
Brandywine,	"	10 11
Hockessin,	"	16 17
Christiana,	"	17 18
Cherry Hill,	"	23 24
Newark,	"	24 25
Rising Sun,	"	30 31
Hopewell,	"	30 31
Rowlandville,	Nov 1	31
Scott,	Nov	2 7
Union,	"	3 7
Epworth,	"	4 7
Madelly,	"	7 8
Port Deposit,	"	12 14
Charlestown,	"	13 14
Asbury,	"	20 21
St. Paul's,	"	21 22
St. Georges,	"	27 28
Delaware City,	"	28 29
Red Lion,	"	28 29
New Castle,	"	28 29

CHAS. HILL, P. E.

EASTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
Smyrna,	Sep	3 5
Smyrna Circuit,	"	4 5
Appoquinimink,	"	4 5
Cecilton,	"	11 12
Sassafras,	"	11 12
Millington,	"	18 19
Galena,	"	18 19
Crumpton,	"	19 20
Marydel,	"	25 26
Ingleside,	"	25 26
Studlersville,	"	26 27
Chestertown,	Oct	1 3
Still Pond,	"	2 3
Rock Hall,	"	9 10
Pomona,	"	10 11
Bhurch Hill,	"	16 17
Centreville,	"	17 18
Queenstown,	"	23 24
Kent Island,	"	23 24
Wye,	"	24 25
Greensboro,	"	30 31
Hillsboro,	"	30 31
Oxford,	Nov	6 7
Royal Oak,	"	6 7
Trappe,	"	7 8
Easton,	"	12 14
Kings Creek,	"	13 14
St. Michaels,	"	19 21
Talbot,	"	20 21
Bay Side,	"	20 21
Odessa,	"	27 28
Middletown,	"	28 29
Townsend,	"	27 28

JOHN FRANCE, P. E.

DOVER DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
Leipsic,	Sept	12 11
Dover,	"	12 13
Wyoming,	"	19 18
Camden,	"	19 20
Magnolia,	"	19 18
Felton,	"	26 25
Frederica,	"	26 27
Milford,	Oct	3 4
Lincoln,	"	3 2
Ellendale,	"	10 9
Georgetown,	"	10 9
Milton,	"	10 11
Millsboro,	"	17 15
Nassau,	"	17 16
Lewis,	"	17 18
Harrington,	"	17 19
Houston,	"	24 23
Farmington,	"	24 23
Greensboro,	"	24 23
Bridgeville,	"	24 25
Cannons Crossing,	"	24 25
Galestown,	"	24 26
Seaford,	"	24 25
Burrsville,	"	31 30
Potter's Landing,	Nov 1	31
Denton,	"	31 30
Preston,	Oct 31	Nov 1
Federalburg,	"	7 6
Hurlock's,	"	7 6
East New Market,	"	7 8
Vienna,	"	7 8
Woodlandtown,	"	14 13
Church Creek,	"	14 16
Beckwith's,	"	21 20
Cambridge,	"	21 22

The above plan is subject to change to suit occasions. All reports will be called for in the form and as directed by the Discipline. Local preachers, class-leaders and committees will please consult the Discipline for plan of work and form of report.

T. O. AYRES, P. E.

FOR SALE. Two large Ch. nde- here one with 8, the other with 12 hinges; also double brackets for pupil, and two dozen Wall Brackets, all new. Also order. Will be sold very cheap for want of use. Apply to the undersigned.

J. OWEN SYMPERD, Pastor M. E. Church, St. Michaels, Talbot Co, Md, 36-49

"HE KNOWS."

Oh, blissful lack of wisdom! 'Tis blessed not to know; He holds me with His own right hand. And will not let me go. And lulls my troubled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.

So on I go, not knowing; I would not if I might; I'd rather walk in the dark with God Than go alone in the light; I'd rather walk by faith with Him Than go alone by sight.

Where He may lead I'll follow, My trust in Him repose, And every hour in perfect peace I'll sing, "He knows! He knows!" -P. P. Bliss.

Evading Truth.

They have taught their tongues to speak lies.—Jeremiah ix., 5.

"Oh, what sweet lace that is on your mantilla, Mrs. Jones. I supposed you brought it from Europe with you. I wish that I had asked you to get some for me; I know it costs much less abroad. However, as the duties are very high it would probably have been after all above my means."

"Duties! Why, you don't suppose that I paid any?"

"What, are there no longer any custom-house charges? I did not know that, for I seldom read the papers."

"Charges! to be sure, but I was prepared. I sewed all my lace into my skirt before I landed. The official opened my trunk, saying very politely, 'Have you any laces here? Of course I said no. The lace I brought for Mrs. Smith I tacked around my old polonaise, and that I put on. I had a trunk full of things for my mother, but I just pointed to it, saying that is my mother's trunk, and the custom-house officer thought that she was on board and passed it on. I had dresses for the Greens, the Browns, and two for Amanda Ann. When he asked me if I had bought anything for any one but my own family I said no, for do not I and they belong to the same human family. I would not tell a downright falsehood, of course."

"If you will excuse me saying so, it seems to me that you did; and why should we think less of robbing the Government treasury than of stealing from a house or store."

"Well, I don't agree with you, and here we are at Mrs. Green's door, where I have to make a visit. I do hope she will not be at home, for then I must give up my errand down town."

Rings the bell and is admitted.

"Oh Mrs. Green, I am so glad to find you at home."

"Yes, I have been detained at home to give directions to a new servant."

"An Irish one, of course. One of my objections to them is that they are so untruthful. They seem to have no proper idea on the subject at all."

"Yes, I presume it is the want of early training. I never took it for granted that my children would not tell a story when tempted to do so, unless they are made to understand that what is not strictly true is nothing less than a lie; and that all deceits, small or great, are sins.—Ex.

Take Heed to Thyself.

The Congregationalist after lamenting the evils of the Sunday paper, religiously and sensibly says:

"The matter seems very simple. It just remits Christian people to their own proper duty—which is to seek, with sleepless vigilance, to guard themselves to train their little ones, and to move the community from the doing of every wrong thing. Be it smoking, be it drinking intoxicants, be it gambling, be it cheating, be it swindling, be it stealing, be it lying, be it living beyond one's means' be it cruelty to animals, be it Sabbath desecration in any other form, or in this form, it is the business of every pastor, of every Sabbath-school teacher, and pre-eminently of every parent, to see to it that he or she be first for himself or herself blameless as to the point

at issue, and then diligent so to mould young minds, and all mouldable minds which can be reached that they will entertain just views, and have an enlightened and imperative conscience upon all the points in question.

The devil's four chief servants. Here are their names:

"There's no danger." That is one. "Only this once." That is another. "Everybody does so." This is the third.

"By and by." That is the fourth. When tempted from the path of strict rectitude, and "There is no danger" urges you on, say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

When tempted to give the Sabbath up to pleasure, or to do a little labor in the workshop or counting-room, and "Only this once" or "Everybody does so" whispers at your elbow, do not listen for a moment to the dangerous counsel.

All four are cheats and liars. They mean to deceive and cheat you out of heaven. "Behold," says God, "now is the accepted time," now is the day of salvation." He has no promise for "By and by."—The Christian at work.

A quart of whisky will neutralize a snake-bite and not intoxicate. We wonder if a snake bite wouldn't neutralize the effects of a quart of whisky? If it would, every drunken man's wife should be the proprietor of a big snake.—Head-light.

Good and Bad Luck in Bread-Making.

When we consider the fact that three times a day, every day in the year, bread of some kind, is placed upon the table as an article of food, does it not seem that every housekeeper should exert herself to make it as palatable and wholesome as possible? If the rules for making good bread were faithfully complied with, there would be no such thing as "bad luck," and heavy, indigestible bread, which produces disordered stomachs, and deranged systems, would never be known. But there are so many housekeepers who have no rules for measurement. In order to have good bread there are three things absolutely necessary, with which, if care is taken in the making, one need never fail, and without which good bread is an impossibility. These are: first, good material; second, exact proportions in compounding; third a heat just suited to a perfect baking of the bread.—Country Gentleman.

Obituaries.

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

Bro. Samuel Watts, departed this life at his residence near Sasfras, on Friday, July 30th, 1886, in the 74th year of his age. He had been a member of the M. E. church for more than thirty years; was deeply interested in its welfare, and was a constant worshipper at its shrine. His life was neither inactive nor unfruitful; he was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, a strictly honorable, conscientious man. His heart was filled with kindly sympathies and generous impulses, and his hand was ever open to relieve another's woe. His enemies, if he had any, were short lived, but his friendships lived unchanged amidst all changes, and was as strong in old age, as they were in younger years. In his family relations he was an affectionate husband and father, and the weight of years rather sanctified than weakened the bonds that allied him to his loved ones.

Indeed, everywhere, and in all relations, he gave evidence that the grace of God had not been bestowed in vain. It sustained him amid the varied experiences of a long life; it threw lustre about his closing hours, and it has added another veteran to the noble army of heroes in the kingdom of glory. He will be missed in the community, in the church, and most of all, in the hearts that made up the joy of his home. For some months he had been quite feeble, but his faith wavered not, his love grew not cold; in the language of the patient sufferer of Uz, he could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and bravely battling on through sunshine and storm, he has won at last the victor's crown.

He died of paralysis, after a brief illness, during which he was unconscious, hence unable to give his dying testimony, but we are sure in this condition he had high fellowship with the world unseen; and no doubt, visions of Heaven entranced him as he passed through death triumphant home. Funeral

services were performed at the M. E. church in Sasfras by the writer; after which, de-vout men bore him to his grave in the Cemetery of the M. P. church, followed by a large concourse of sympathizing relatives and friends.

He's gone! the spotless soul is gone, Triumphant to his place above; The prison walls are broken down, The angels speed his swift remove, And, shouting, on their wings he flies, And gains his rest in paradise. C. K. MORRIS.

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6:05 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikesville, Owings, Mills, St. George, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Westminster, Medford, New Windsor, Litwold, Union Bridge and principal stations west; also Hanover, Gettysburg and stations on H. J. H. & G. R. R., (through cars) Emmittsburg, Waynesburg, Chambersburg and Shippensburg.

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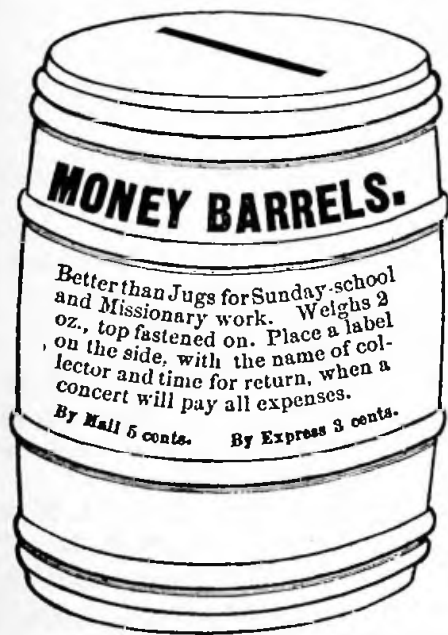
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