

Peninsula Methodist.

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PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou would'st take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though
heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, oh Lord, that thou should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness first to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

Matthew Simpson, the Editor, and
the Poor Widow.

In 1850 Cincinnati was visited by the cholera, which desolated many homes. A little boy, Willie Campbell who attended the Wesley Chapel Sunday-school, was one of the victims. His mother was a widow, and earning her support as a washerwoman, living on the side hill near the top of Mt. Adams. The pastor was out of the city. The mother was greatly distressed and appealed to the officers of the school, as she did not like to bury her child without funeral service. The writer applied to several ministers without success. The time for the funeral was near at hand, and the poor widow seemed to feel it so keenly that I went to the Book Concern, then on the corner of Main and Eighth streets, and was told that the only minister about was editor Simpson. I was quite young then, and it was with great hesitation I entered the editor's room, as a stranger, to ask him to preach the funeral of the poor widow's child. He was very busy writing. I stated the case, and he laid down his pen, but did not say, "I am very busy." I saw that he did not say, "It was very hot." I knew that he did not say, "Go and ask some other minister." He did not attempt in any way to evade, and if I had asked him to preach the funeral of the greatest dignitary in the land, he could not have consented more cheerfully. He simply said: "My young brother, if you will go with me, and show me the way, I will go." And that hot, sultry afternoon, away upon the hill side, in a little tenement room, we made our way—he to solace the heart of the poor washerwoman, and preach a sermon that was full of power. You may call this a little thing to do. I call it a great act, and it drew my heart to this good man, revealed to me his true character as a man of God, ready to do for his Master. Many years have rolled by, the bishop has performed mighty works for the Church and his country, but the angels in heaven will strike no higher anthem of praise, nor record a greater deed, than the funeral service of editor Simpson over the poor widow's son.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Prayer and Breakfast.

Some years ago, when the country around Cincinnati was newer than it now is, a pious farmer was very busy clearing his land. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favorable. He called them early, and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came in and returned again to their work.

The farmer had been accustomed to have prayers every morning in his family. But to keep so many men from chopping and log-rolling while he read and prayed was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested and the good man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the altar was neglected; that her husband in haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him; she pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out, as usual, to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry, and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but still the expected summons did not come. After waiting an hour or two beyond the usual time, they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee was boiling on the fire, no good cook over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly, with the Bible on her lap.

"What does this mean?" cried her husband; "why isn't our breakfast ready?"

"I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you would not have time to eat it."

"Have time to eat it! Do you think we can live without eating?"

"You can live without eating as well as without praying. The spirit needs the bread of heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth."

Well, well," said the farmer, "get us the breakfast, and we will have prayers again every morning, no matter how busy we are, or how many workmen I have."

She got the breakfast, and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one and was never forgotten.—*Sel.*

Civil Service in the Kingdom of Christ.

Here it is. He says to His "servant" who has been "faithful" in the trust committed to him, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." That means that He would both retain the faithful servant in His office and at the same time promote him to higher trust and emolument. He rewarded him for his fidelity by giving him more to do. "What" you

say, "more labor as repayment for labor already rendered?" Just so Read, "I will make thee ruler over many things." Then this "joy of the Lord" here means the Master's favor, not ultimately, but now, in the present. Beneath that favor the servant is ruler in service. It is Christ's great compliment. If you are a good workman in the Church do not be surprised that you have more and more put on you. Yonder poor, lazy sulk and skulk is rewarded by having nothing to do. He is not wanted around. He is good for nothing but to bury his talent—a napkin saint. Some people in the Church can do nothing so well, and they are the ones who are in the greatest hurry to get the heavenly reward, not having yet succeeded in doing anything worth being compensated in the earthly.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Last Time.

"This is the last time I am going to run this risk," said a young man, who had been accustomed to leap from a moving railway train, at a certain point on the road. It was the last time, for as he leaped he was hurled under the wheels of the rushing train and crushed to death.

"This is the last drink I shall take," said a young fellow, as he lifted a full glass of whiskey from the bar, and I want it to be a good one." It was his last drink, for he never came out of the drunken stupor and the wild delirium of agony that followed, but died as the fool dieth, dishonored on earth and doomed in eternity.

"This is the last time I shall put off my return to God," said a convicted sinner who was deeply moved at a solemn meeting to seek the Lord. "At the next opportunity I will attend to it," he replied to the pleadings of a minister. "To-morrow evening I will come again to the meeting and give my heart to God." That night the young procrastinator fell dead on the streets of Morristown. It was the last time he put off the call of God!

"This is the last time I shall stand here without fruit said an unfruitful fig tree. It was the last year, for even then the axe had been laid at its roots a year ago, and long-suffering Love at last exclaimed, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

The last time! Who knows when that last time of opportunity shall be? God alone. He is foolish and criminal who presumes on one more risk. That may be the last, fatal one. There is an awful sound in the words, "the last time." Would God they might ring like warning bells in the dull ears of the careless throngs who are risking their all upon the hope of some future chance for salvation. Now is the time to do right.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

Beauty.

The following anecdote of a famous French woman proves the truth of the old saying, "Handsome is as handsome does."

A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so very homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." From this time Madame de Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This good will towards everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unflinching interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes us a valuable lesson.—*Congregationalist.*

After Marriage.

Many a married life has failed to reach its ideal, not that it had been entered upon without the bond of love, but simply because the parties thereto after marriage soon dropped the many multiplied courtesies and expressions of endearment that marked their conduct previous to marriage. These constant, little attentions are the silken threads, that day by day and year by year, bind hearts more and more closely and firmly in one, and in the intimate union of marriage, with its home-life of care and duty and work, they are specially needed, and perform an unspeakable service in making the dusty, toilsome daily path bright and beautiful. If any read these lines who have lost some of the charms of the early acquaintance, let them try this plan of a return to the little daily words and tokens of love and thoughtful courtesy, and see how soon the path will be blossoming as the rose.—*Zion's Herald.*

Woman's Suffrage

It seems rather strange that all the men who have been nominated for the Presidency are favorable to woman's suffrage. So far as we know such has never been the case before. There is one argument against woman's suffrage, styled the "brute force" argument, which, perhaps, has more advocates than any other; but, like the others, is void of good sense or sober reason. That woman, who has proved her intellectual superiority, should be debarred from having a voice in public affairs, seems a relic of barbarism. A great man, so considered, says that since woman can't carry a sword, she should not be allowed to cast a ballot. This would indicate that some consider physical force the indispensable requisite for voting—too much the case in some quarters, we regretfully confess. Woman has shown superior tact in every avenue which she has entered. Our schools would be far less successful were it not for her; our mission and general church work would lag should she fail to give her accustomed and most efficient aid; during the dark days of our late war, she unremittingly toiled and made great sacrifices to relieve human suffering; and what wonderful success crowned

her efforts. If there is anything specially needed in our land in this day of intelligence, it is a free ballot, cast by an intelligent voter, regardless of sex or color.

Physical force has just about as much to do with casting an intelligent ballot as it has with competing with Miss Hurst's magical power; the sooner woman has a voice in our state and national affairs, the better for her, the country, and humanity at large. CENSOR.

Sunday by the Sea.

Does Sunday find you at the seashore? May the endless roar of its surf be only the voice of eternity calling your soul up to a realization of that limitless life with its limitless privileges before you. Are you among the morning watchers of the sea, when its millions of ripples come shoreward, each an amethyst ring with a diamond's centre of fire; and above this wide coronet of pearls is the sun to be crowned as the source of this beauty? May you think of One higher, the Bridegroom coming out of His chamber to meet the church, His bride. Are you among the night watchers of the sea, looking upon the moonlight's sharp, snowy glitter in the waves, and its magical conversion of the surf into dissolving, scattering drifts of the white winter snow? May there come to you some thoughts of the sea of glass mingled with fire, and you be reminded of the exceeding beauty of heaven.—*Christian at Work.*

EIGHTY YEARS ago, William Carey wrote from Bengal: "The people here hate the very name of Christ, and will not listen when his name is mentioned." Now a missionary writes that the books most in demand there are such as bear conspicuously the name of Christ. His name has become the great attraction and great power in missionary work there.

God is a spirit, not only remote from body, and all the properties of it, but likewise full of all spiritual perfection—power, wisdom, love, holiness. And our worship should be suitable to his nature. We should worship him with the truly spiritual worship of faith, love, and holiness, animating all our tempers, thoughts, words, and actions.—*Wesley.*

ON SUNDAY, September 28th, the U. A. M. E. church at Summit Bridge, having been fully repaired and renovated, will be re-opened with appropriate ceremonies. There will be three services during the day, at which the pastor, Rev. R. S. Accoo, the Rev. Henry Mode, of Philadelphia, and other distinguished preachers will be present.

The United States Government has established a signal station at DePauw University, and has placed it in charge of Sergeant Orin Parker.

Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, has added \$20,000 to the endowment of the chair in the Washington and Lee University, Virginia, which her late husband founded.

How to Live.

He liveth long, who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long, who liveth well!
All else is being flung away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being: back to Him
Who freely gave it freely gave:
Else is that being but a dream:
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest: live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine:
Be what thou prayest to be made:
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last:
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe food of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap:
Who sows the false shall reap the vain:
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright:
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And reap a harvest-home of light.
—*Moratus Bonar*

The Sailor, Peddler, Farmer, Preacher.

BY COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

(From The Chautauquan)

CONTINUED.

What, then, were the characteristics that lay at the foundation of this remarkable character? I would classify them under four heads:

1. *Intensity.* This gave him concentration of thought, earnestness of belief, courage and aggressiveness in action. He went into everything with an irresistible impulse. His training on the sea and in the circuit gave free growth to this trait. He was never placed where he needed to be politic or conservative; and his combativeness always had free play. He was the champion of his despised sect but he fought with the polished weapons of a wit, and the impressive presence of a will which the foes of his cause more dreaded than force. And then, his spirit was so lovable that there is no instance on record of any one having laid hands on him, fierce disputant as he was.

He was a man born to command. His will was imperious. The last conscious act of his life was to shake his fist at his nurse who refused to let him rise from bed. Peter Cartwright said there were two cataracts in this country—Niagara and Father Taylor. His brethren called him "the breaking-up plow of the church." Miss Martineau spoke of "the prodigious force which he carries in his magnificent intellect, and earnest heart." Another English writer said, "He goes on as energetically as any Praise-God Barbones of the old Covenant times."

I think one thing all his biographers lost sight of was the fact that his belief became a vital part of him, the very breath of his nostrils. There is a mighty difference between truly believing and simply accepting a belief second-hand, which latter passes for belief with most people. It is the men who genuinely believe who make others accept and adopt their belief. In the pulpit his action is tremendous. He always comes down wet through with perspiration, and a complete change of ward-robe is necessary with every effort.

2. *Imagination.* To this quality is to be referred his profound religious nature, his poetry, dramatic power, eloquence, and (in conjunction with his earnestness,) even his faults. One called him a poet; another a born actor. James Freeman Clarke said he was the only man he ever heard of whom the much abused word, "eloquence," could be truly applied. But I think none of those terms so accurately classify his genius as to call him a painter. His earnestness made everything his quick imagination

conjured up seem realistic to him; and his dramatic power enabled him to make these images realistic to his hearers. His thoughts were entities, to him, and they always took the form of objects real and visible. This differs from the poetic imagination, the essence of which is unsubstantiality. The poet sees visions, the artist creates forms. Taylor was an artist, with words for his colors, action for his pencil. One who heard him said: "While he preached the ocean rolled and sparkled, the ship spread her sails, the tempest lowered, the forked lightning's blazed, the vessel struck, her disjointed timbers floated upon the waves. It was all pictured to the eye as positive reality. You could hardly believe afterward you had not actually witnessed the scene."

He describes a shipwreck, and at the climax, as the ship is slowly settling in the water, and every face in the audience is livid with fear, he roars, "Man the life boat!" and every sailor in the house springs to his feet. Now sailors, under the influence of drink, have killed their captain. He describes the deed. They start up before the audience, creeping down the stairs and into the cabin; he raises the imaginary knife, and half the men in the house jump forward to arrest the blow, while women shriek in horror. Once, however, a matter of fact, though possessed sailor, confused Father Taylor. He had depicted the impenitent sinner, under the figure of a storm-tossed ship, with her sails split, and driven by the gale toward the rock-bound coast of Cape Ann. "Oh, how," he exclaimed, in tones of despair, "shall this poor sinner be saved?" "Put his helm hard down, and *hear away for squam!*" bellowed the old salt, springing excitedly to his feet.

So he painted the Mosiac miracles—"till the brethren saw the snakes squirm, heard the frogs croak, felt the lice bite, brushed the flies out of their faces, and saw the Israelites march out of Egypt."

One of his last sermons, when he was old and feeble, ended thus: "My work is almost done. Where are all my old shipmates—they who lay in hammocks beside me and who have fought at the same guns? Gone, gone—all gone! No, blessed be God! not all; there is one left. (Here he made the picture realistic by pointing to an old salt, gray, bent, and knotty faced.) Yes, there's old Timberhead. He and I dave weathered many a storm together. It is only a little farther we have to sail. Look, look ahead there! It is only to beat just around that point yonder. Now—now! there is the peaceful, blissful haven and home full in view." By this time the audience was weeping radiant with hope.

Even his isolated sentences, are full of this imaginary realism. "Sailors ignorant!" he cried indignantly, when one depreciated them; sailors know everything; they grasp the world in their hand like an orange." The boldness of this language is wonderful. Of superannuated ministers he said: "They are like camels bearing precious spices and browsing on bitter herbs. They were moral giants. When God made them he rolled his sleeves up to the arm-pits."

It was the activity of his brain, the realism of his imagery and the homely naturalness of his language that made some of his transitions abrupt to grotesqueness, and some of his speech border startlingly on impropriety. He really thought aloud—which many a matter-of-fact, heavy speaker would find it unsafe to do. Dissociated from their context and from the earnestness and devout spirit of the man, they sound much worse than when uttered.

It was the combination of these two qualities also which made him extravagant in speech, erratic in sentiment, and inconsistent with himself. He was whatever he thought or imagined for the moment; his genius possessed and controlled him. Thus he was a radical temperance reformer, but he denounced prohibitory legislation and hurled ridicule at those who proposed the use of unfermented wine in the sacrament; he called it "raisin water." Of rum-sellers he said: "I wonder that the angels in heaven do not tear up the golden pavements and throw them on their heads;" but he conjured those who should succeed him to "Cast out from this church, in my name, any man that comes up to the altar with his glue-pot and dye-stuff."

Dr. Jewett says: "I have heard him at times when I have been amazed at the utter inconsistency of his views, not only with any standard of doctrine recognized as sound by other men, but with his own public utterances of perhaps the week previous. His imagination once fairly excited, could furnish in thirty minutes material for half a dozen speeches of an hour each; and unfortunately, it frequently happened that different parts of the same speech could be used on opposite sides of the same question."

So he denounced the abolitionists and slavery in the same breath. "Before I would assist one of those southern devils to catch a nigger," he shouted, after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "I would see them all in hell, and I would shout hallelujah on to the end of it!" "You talk like a rabid abolitionist," said his interlocutor. "No," he cried, with even more vengeance; "no, I despise them. They have cursed the land!" He called Foster the abolitionist orator, "a devil on the platform." His reverence for the church led him to consign summarily to a hotter climate those who came out on the anti-slavery issue, and he was a vehement advocate of church authority, and evangelical orthodoxy, yet the most of his life he preached for Unitarians; and he openly defied the mandate of the conference regarding Masonry, being a member of the fraternity, and he submitted to church discipline for his contumacy, but refused to withdraw from the order, and prayed in public for the anti-Masons, "O, Lord, make their hearts as soft as their heads are." Plainly, there was no managing such a tempestuous soul, and he was left to go his own way. Honor be to the church that had the magnanimity and broad charity to let him do his own grand work in his own grand way. It was herein as grand and eccentric as an organization as he was among men.

His sarcasm, wit, terseness, and vigor of speech were the outcome of an energetic and picturesque mind, struggling with a limited vocabulary for its expression. His sentences were explosive. "This fast age," he said, "would be glad to put spurs to lightning, and blow a trumpet in the ears of thunder." Again, "some people think they are saints. If they could see themselves as the just in glory see them they wouldn't dare to look a decent devil in the face." "If I owed the devil a hypocrite, and he wouldn't take that man for pay, I'd repudiate the debt." He called another minister, who had preceded him and infringed on his allotted time, "as selfish as a whale who takes in a ton of herring before breakfast." Again, "It is a great mistake to think of converting the world without the help of sailors. You might as well think of melting a mountain of ice with a moonbeam, or of heating an oven with snow-balls." He called moral-

ity without religion, "starting a man to heaven with an icicle in his pocket." "I am not two inches off heaven!" he exclaimed, in a moment of religious exaltation. He said to Channing, the Unitarian: "When you die angels will fight for the honor of carrying you to heaven on their shoulders." "Sailors' hearts are as big as an ox's, open like a sunflower, and they carry them in their right hands ready to give them away." One of his converts, gifted in prayer, he always called "Salvation-set-to-music." A colored brother, speaking with the simple pathos of his race, drew from Father Taylor—the ejaculation, "There is rain in that cloud."

But, whether homely or lofty, whether pathetic or witty, he always talked in dead earnest, out of his warm heart, out of his seething brain, and everything was gilded by the magic touch of imagination. "A man," says Stephens, "who could scarcely speak three sentences, in the pulpit, or out of it, without presenting a striking poetic image, a phrase of rare beauty, or a sententious sarcasm, whose discourses presented the strangest, the most brilliant exhibition of sense, epigrammatic thought, pathos, and humor, spangled over by an exhaustless variety of the finest images and pervaded by a spiritual earnestness that subdued all listeners." "His splendid though to come faster than he can speak them," said Harriet Martineau, "and at times he could be totally overwhelmed by them if a burst of tears, of which he was wholly unconscious, did not aid in his relief." "I have seen a diamond shining," said Dr. Bartol, "but he was a diamond on fire."

Children's Department.

A Bad Character, and how it Follows Us.

Some years ago, in a farming neighborhood, a middle-aged man was looking about in search of employment. He called at the house of a respectable farmer, and told his errand.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer.

"John Wilson," was the reply.

"John Wilson—the same that lived near here when a boy?"

"The same, sir."

"Then I do not want you."

John, surprised at such a reply, passed on to the house of the next farmer, and there a similar reply was given. And he found no one in the neighborhood where his earlier years had been spent who was willing to employ him.

Passing on, he soon came in sight of the old school-house. "Ah," said he, "I understand it now. I was a school-boy there years ago, but what kind of a school-boy? Lazy, disobedient, often in mischief, and once caught in deliberate lying; and though since I have been trying to reform, they all think I am just the same as a man that I was as a boy. If I had done as I ought when at school, then people would have confidence in me now!"

So it is; and school-boys and school-girls should remember this,—that character follows us, and is remembered; and that those who have known us in our early days will be apt to look upon us in later years as they did in our youth. A lazy boy generally makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. And so a shiftless, careless, mischievous, un-

truthful boy is likely to have the same character when he grows up to manhood. And even if he has changed, it is hard to make people believe it; for, as some one has said, if the crack has been mended, people will always be looking where it was.

The great mass of idlers, thieves, paupers, vagabonds, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses have come to be what they are from wrong habits in youth; as, on the other hand, those who make the great and useful men of the community are those who began right in their early days. As a general rule, we expect to see the traits of youth continued and strengthened, rather than weakened, by years. And even where the character is really reformed, one often suffers for a lifetime for the errors and sins of youth; as the father told his son, "You may draw out the nails you have driven, but the holes in the post will remain!"

Let all the young remember that character is early formed, and follows us wherever we go.—The Child's Paper.

A Quick Temper.

What did I hear you say, Theodore? That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as it was over?

"Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against, and prayed over with tears. God's word does not take your view of it, for it says expressively that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty," that "Better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city," and anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

"A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You wouldn't care to own a runaway horse, would you?"

When you feel the fierce spirit rising, do not speak until you can speak calmly, whatever may be the provocation. Words do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps you, that you will imitate our Saviour, who was always gentle and when he was reviled, reviled not again.—Child's World.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of the unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at last never saw their names in print.—*Spurgeon*.

Moses broke the tables without breaking of the law; but where charity is broken the law itself is shattered, which cannot be whole without love, which is the fulfilling of it.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

Sunday-school Lesson.

SEPTEMBER 7 1884.—Psalm 27: 1—14.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.
(Adapted from Zion's Herald)
CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

GOLDEN TEXT: "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?" (Psa. 27: 1.)

1. Devout Confidence. (vs. 1-16).

1. *The Lord*—Jehovah. This name occurs thirteen times in this Psalm. The "God of salvation" is also used. *My light*—my sun, brightening, vitalizing the heart, enlightening the pathway. The Apostle John echoed the same truth: "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." *My salvation*—from sin, and from trouble of whatever kind. David realized that Jehovah was his "strong Deliverer." *Whom shall I fear?*—There had been reason to fear, as the next verse shows. His faith had been put to the strain. But he had learned that "one with God is a majority." If the Mightiest of all be for us, who can be against us? *The strength of my life*—better, "the fortress of my life." Walled in by God, dwelling within His protection, David knew no dismay, though dangers surged around him.

The interrogations imply negation of the strongest kind (Alexander).—Salvation finds us in the dark, but it does not leave us there; it gives light to those who sit in the valley of the shadow of death. After conversion our God is our joy, comfort, guide, teacher, and in every sense our light; He is the light within, light around, light reflected from us, and light to be revealed to us. Note, it is not said merely that the Lord gives light, but that He "is" light; nor that He gives salvation, but that He is salvation (Spurgeon).

2. *Mine enemies and my foes*—alluding to some particular and deadly attack made upon him. *Eat up my flesh*—The figure is drawn from beasts of prey with whose fierceness David was familiar from his early years, and vividly depicts the violence and cruelty of his foes, and, therefore, his own danger. They (his foes) would have torn him limb from limb, could they have reached him. *They stumbled*—"they," not I. They met with signal discomfiture. As the hawk sometimes swoops down upon a bird singing behind a window, and unexpectedly finds his cruel beak turned aside and bruised by the protecting glass, so the wicked are abruptly turned aside and fall when they strike against the invisible shield of the Divine protection.

There were stones in the way which they never reckoned upon, and over these they made an ignominious tumble. This was literally true in the case of our Lord in Gethsemane, when those who came to take Him, went backward and fell to the ground; and herein He was a prophetic representative of all wrestling believers who, rising from their knees, shall, by the power of faith, throw their foes upon their faces (Spurgeon).

3. *Though an host*—though my foes be multiplied into a vast army. *Heart shall not fear*—The courage of his faith is equal to all possible emergencies. *In this will I be confident*—better, "even then I am confident." War would not dismay.

The encamping host often inspires greater dread than the same host in actual affray. Young tells of some

"Who feel a thousand deaths in fearing one."

Doubtless the shadow of anticipated trouble is, to timorous minds, a more prolific source of sorrow than the trouble itself; but faith puts a strengthening plaster to the back of courage, and throws out of the window the dregs of the cup of trembling (Spurgeon).

4. *One thing have I desired*.—David here unveils the deepest wish of his heart—the most intimate and constant communion with God. *Dwell in the house of the Lord*—be a member of His household; be at home with God; go in and out before Him; minister as a spiritual priest at His shrine. David loved the sanctuary—the "amiable" tabernacles of the Most High. *Behold the beauty of the Lord*—"His loveliness, desirableness; all that makes God an object of affection and desire to the believer" (Alexander). *Inquire in His temple*—ponder upon God's goodness, or offer prayers to Him—the original permits either rendering.

The temple, whether it be the house of God, the universe of things, or the heaven of heavens, is the grand sphere for devout and rational inquiry (Murphy).

5. *In the time of trouble*.—David speaks from experience. He had known evil days; and he had experienced the joyful sense of being pavilioned in God. *Pavilion*—strictly, a booth made of leaves; a covert, therefore, or place of safety. *Secret of his tabernacle* . . . *hide me*—in the very inner apartment of the tent; in the seclusion which no enemy could penetrate, or would dare to enter. *Set me upon a rock*—out of reach of danger, an a pinnacle too high for missiles to reach.

The historic basis of the metaphor is found in the form of Oriental tents and encampments, where the emir has his tent in the centre of the camp, and the inner apartment of the tent reserved for himself. This was the place of honor and greatest safety (Hibbard).

6. *And now shall my head be lifted up*.—As the bowed head symbolized humiliation and defeat, so the uplifted head indicated prosperity and triumph. David felt that in this crisis, whatever it was, he should, by God's help, be a victor. *Will offer sacrifices of joy*—the so-called "thank-offerings," which were presented with great gladness and songs of rejoicing. *Sing praises*.—The verb intimates the accompaniment of instrumental music in the worship of God. This trip let is a burst of delight in the fellowship of God" (Murphy).

He does not speak of jubilation to be offered in his palace, and feasting in his banqueting halls, but holy mirth he selects as most fitting for so divine a deliverance (Spurgeon).

2. Earnest Prayer. (vs. 7-13).

7. *Hear, O Lord, when I cry*.—David here changes his mental glance from Jehovah, his Light and Salvation, to the dangers which beset him; hence from exultant confidence he descends to prayer. *Answer me*.—David expected that his prayers would be heard.

In this verse confidence leads to prayer, as prayer often leads to confidence (Murphy).

8. *When thou saidst, Seek ye my face*.—Many commentators have obscured the meaning of this verse by an attempted re-translation. It is better to leave it as it stands. Over-literality destroys the sense. The meaning of the verse lies on the surface—the prompt response of David's heart to Jehovah's command to seek His face, that is, His favor and fellowship.

In this verse we are taught that if we would have the Lord hear our voice we must be careful to respond to His voice. The true heart should echo the will of God as the rocks among the Alps repeat in sweetest music the notes of the peasant's horn (Spurgeon).

9. *Hide not thy face far from me*.—This verse contains a series of deprecations, the first of which is that Jehovah in His just displeasure at

the sins of the suppliant would not veil the "face" which he was trying to "seek." The word "for" should be omitted. *Put not thy servant away*, etc.,—David asks not to be angrily thrust aside or rejected as unworthy. He pleads that he is "servant" of Jehovah. *Leave me not, neither forsake me*.—Do not temporarily withdraw from me, nor finally and utterly abandon me. *God of my salvation*—my Saviour God, or God my Saviour. David had experienced "saving help" in the past, and therefore calls God his Saviour.

Other servants had been put away when they proved unfaithful, as, for instance, his predecessor, Saul; and this made David, while conscious, of many faults, most anxious that divine long-suffering should continue him in favor. This is a most appropriate prayer for us under a similar sense of unworthiness (Spurgeon).

10. *When my father and my mother forsake me*—when the closest of earthly bonds are snapped; when I am left, so far as this world goes, in utter desolation. *Then the Lord will take me up*.—His faithfulness will survive all earthly abandonment. The Heavenly Parent will not desert His child.

The case described is an ideal one, and may be thus paraphrased: The kindness of the nearest earthly friend may cease by death or desertion, but the Lord's compassions cannot fail (Alexander).

11. *Teach me thy way*—which is the only right and safe way. *Lead me in a plain path*—an even or straight path, with no uncertain or tortuous windings. *Because of mine enemies*—"because of those who lurk after me, who lie in wait for my halting or my hurt" (Murphy).

Wily spies dodge his every step, and would gladly see what they have invented against him and wished for him realized. Should he enter the way of sin leading to destruction it would tend to the dishonor of God, just as, on the contrary, it is a matter of honor with God not to let His servant fall. Hence, he prays to be led in the way of God, for a oneness of his own will with the divine renders a man inaccessible [to evil] (Delitzsch).

12. *Deliver me not . . . mine enemies*.—He prays not to be surrendered to the malignant hatred of his foes. *For*—expressing the reason for his prayer. *False witnesses*.—In our ignorance of the precise historical occasion for this Psalm, we cannot determine to whom the writer refers in this verse. Evidently he had been the victim of malicious falsehoods. *Such as breathe out cruelty*—a familiar metaphor, found in the New Testament as well as the Old. Thus Saul is described (Acts 9: 1) as "breathing out threatenings and slaughter."

Slander is an old-fashioned weapon out of the army of hell, and is still in plentiful use; and no matter how holy a man may be, there will be some who will defame him (Spurgeon).

13. *I had fainted*.—These words are supplied by the translators to complete the sense. The writer uses a form of expression in this verse which rhetoricians call aposiopesis, an emphatic utterance in which the speaker abruptly suppresses the conclusion of what he was about to say, either because unable or unwilling to put it in words. The imagination can supply the apodosis in this case—either "I had fainted," as our translators have it; or, "I had perished;" or, "How miserable, how abject, I should now be." *Unless I had believed*—David's faith was "the expectation of things not seen." *To see*—to gaze at with joy. *The goodness of the Lord*—that is, the tokens of His goodness. *In the land of the living*—"in the land of life," literally; "opposed to that

of darkness and the shadow of death (Job 10: 21)" (Alexander); "not to be confined to the present life" (Murphy); "the land inhabited by a race living in the fear and in the grace of God" (Cook).

3. An Urgent Admonition. (v. 14).

14. *Wait on the Lord*—more exactly, "hope in the Lord." *Be of good courage*—literally, "be strong." *He shall strengthen thine heart*.—In other words, do your part in hoping and praying and striving, work out your own salvation, and God will do His part, "working in you both to will and do, of His good pleasure." *Wait, I say*—emphatic repetition, to deepen the impression.

David, in the words "I say," set his own private seal to the word which, as an inspired man, he had been moved to write. It is his testimony as well as the command of God; and indeed, he who writes these scanty notes has himself found it so sweet, so reviving, so profitable, to draw near to God, that on his own account he also feels bound to write, "Wait, I say, on the Lord" (Spurgeon).

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.

O thou invisible spirit of wine! had I no other name by which to call thee, I would call thee devil.—Shakespeare

Mr. Wesley on the Liquor Traffic.

It is amazing that the preparing or selling of this poison should be permitted, I will not say in a Christian country, but in a civilized state. "Oh, it brings in a considerable sum of money to the Government." True; but is it wise to barter men's lives for money? Surely, that gold is bought too dear if it is the price of blood. Does not the strength of every country consist in the number of its inhabitants? If so, the lessening their number is a loss, which no money can compensate. So that is inexcusable ill-husbandry to give the lives of useful men for any sum of money whatever.

Shut Up the Dram Shops.

When a little woman, with marks of suffering on her countenance, appeared a few days ago before Justice Murray, of the Yorkville Police Court, and complained that her husband, coming home intoxicated at 1 o'clock in the morning, told her that she must die within two weeks, and then burnt up her marriage certificate and some family pictures, and that he gave her no support whatever, the Justice said: "This is the third case of the kind I have had this morning; we are getting a race of husbands in this city that ought to be obliterated." The way to obliterate them is to obliterate the rum traffic. Shut up the dram-shops, put the rumseller behind prison bars, let the accursed traffic be under the ban of the law, and the laws faithfully executed, and our police-justices might sit through a whole term without a complaint of this kind. Rum is at the bottom of nine-tenths of these offences.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

How to GET NEW BOOTS.—One evening in November last, an experience temperance meeting was held in the Kingstown Coffee-palace. Several capital speeches were made, but the cute Hibernian, who had a new pair of boots on, was acknowledged to be the chief speaker. In the course of his humorous remarks, which were given in true Irish brogue he said:—"Them's a fine pair of boots ye have on ye," says me gaffer to me a

week after me takin' the temperance pledge."

"They are, sez I, and be the same token 'twas the publican giv' them me."

"That was generous of im," sez he.

"'Twas, sez I; 'but I made a bargain wid'im: he was to keep his drink and I was to keep me money!'"

What an extraordinary impetus would be given to the boot and shoe trade if all working men would follow the example of our Kingstown friend!—British Workman.

There has been no higher medical authority in this country than Dr. Willard Parker. He says: "The average life of temperance people is sixty-three years and two months, while the average life of intemperate people is thirty-five years and six months. Thus the average life of a drinker is but little more than half that of the non-drinker, and yet we are asked to believe brandy, gin, whisky and beer are wonderful promoters of health!"

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VERY interesting facts are given in our article on Barratt's Chapel, from which it appears that this old building has the honor of being the first Methodist Chapel in America, wherein the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper were administered by duly authorized Methodist ministers. The memorable presbytery, constituted by the apostolic Wesley, first gave to the multitude of believers the sacred symbols of the atoning Christ, and there first were infants and adults baptized into the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, by a duly ordained Methodist minister.

Presiding Elder, John A. B. Wilson, of Salisbury District, in his *Advance* of the 22d ult., noting with approval the action of the Salisbury Quarterly Conference, granting their pastor, Rev. William B. Walton, a month's vacation, objects to ministerial vacations, except in case of ill-health. He says:

"This is one of the very few cases we have seen where such a vote was justifiable. It is a very unfortunate fashion which has grown up in these latter days, of voting a vacation of several weeks to pastors. Ministers are not gentlemen of leisure, and not intended so to be, and no well man ought to ask or accept leave of absence from his charge of two, three or four Sabbaths, unless his health really demands it, and we hope the time will come when quarterly conferences will have the courage of their convictions on this question, and refuse to grant such compliments to the serious detriment of the work."

This is a matter to be determined largely by the circumstances of each case. Of course the work must not suffer, even when the pastor is ill, if it is possible to supply his lack of service. The vacation can be justified only by the advantages it seems for both pastor and people, as it affords the former rest, change of scene and associations; and the latter, the benefit of his increased efficiency. Let ample provision be made for the care of the flock during the shepherd's absence, and the needed vacation, wisely improved, will benefit rather than harm the cause.

From the same issue of the *Advance* we clip the following just criticism of an unseemly and pernicious practice, unhappily prevailing in many churches—we think, however, less in our own than in others:

"Is not the force and influence of singing as a means of grace, as an act of divine worship, as a means of awakening and calling men to repentance utterly lost and worse than lost by having it conducted by ungodly persons? Better have no singing than have it led by the careless

and irreligious. We want converted men in our pulpits to preach the gospel, we want converted men to lead in public prayer, we want choirs composed of converted persons to sing or lead in the singing of the gospel."

We are glad to be able to announce that we have in hand another most interesting article from the facile pen of our honored brother, Rev. Dr. Roche, which will soon be given to our readers. We omitted to state when publishing his first contribution to the PENINSULA METHODIST, that these articles were written by Dr. Roche, only at our urgent solicitation, as an act of friendship. We are confident our readers will highly appreciate our success in securing for our pages these pictures of old time Methodism on the Peninsula.

We anticipate great pleasure in publishing articles on live topics from contributors within our own territory, while we may occasionally have similar favors from friends beyond. Brethren, let our readers have the benefit of your thoughts on the important subjects that bear upon thorough and systematic evangelism. The next two months will bring difficulties and trials peculiar to an election of a national President. Whatever aspirations may be gratified, or whatever disappointments may result, let every Christian maintain his integrity, and spare no effort to make his "calling and election sure."

Barratt's Chapel.

Of all the memories that cluster about this venerable structure, the one, fraught with most universal interest, is doubtless the meeting of Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke within its hallowed walls on the morning of November 14, 1784. The occasion, says Lednum, was the fifth regular Quarterly meeting held in the chapel, at which the semi-annual change of preachers laboring on the Peninsula took place. Most of the preachers were present, and large numbers of the laity." The preacher of the morning was Rev. Thomas Coke, L. L. D., a graduate of Oxford University, and an ordained priest, or presbyter of the Church of England, who had come across the Atlantic at the request of his friend, the venerable Founder of Methodism, with full powers and authority from him to organize his societies in America into a separate and independent church. The first day of the preceding September, Mr. Wesley, after mature deliberation, repeated consultation with the saintly Fletcher and after earnest prayer having determined upon a plan for the relief of his American brethren, had ordained Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey, two of his preachers, to the office of Deacon, being assisted in this episcopal act, by Revs. Thomas Coke and Thomas Creighton, presbyters in the English Church. The following day these deacons were ordained elders, and Dr. Coke was solemnly set apart as Superintendent of the American Societies, with full authority to organize them into a distinct church, and to ordain Francis Asbury as joint superintendent, with himself over the same.

This memorable presbytery, Coke, Whatcoat and Vasey, were soon on the boisterous ocean, and after a voyage of six weeks, and by sailors' measure, 4,000 miles, arrived safely at New York, on the third day of November. Here they met Rev. John Dickens, and informed him of their mission, which was most heartily endorsed by Dickens. Hastening forward, they reached Philadelphia. Here the Doctor spent his first Sab-

bath in America, preaching in St. Paul's Episcopal Church for Rev. Dr. McGaw, a warm, personal friend of Mr. Asbury, and for our own people in St. Georges. While in the city, he was waited upon by the Governor of the State, and by Rev. William White, afterwards a distinguished Bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. White invited Dr. Coke to preach in his church the following Sunday, but his duties called him away, and he hastened down the Peninsula to meet Mr. Asbury, and with him make all necessary preparation for the wise and prompt execution of the high trust that had been confided to him.

As we have seen, the Peninsula preachers were met in their semi-annual session, called, as Asbury tells the doctor, for the special purpose of receiving him, and considering the plan proposed by their venerated father. The little building is wholly inadequate to hold the crowds that throng from far and near to this great meeting—there were some who had come from Philadelphia, 95 miles distant, but the umbrageous forest trees afford a grateful shade this Indian Summer time. The text is announced, "Christ Jesus, who is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." We will not attempt a description of the sermon; no doubt it was worthy the occasion. Scarcely had Dr. Coke concluded his discourses, when Mr. Asbury entered; they had never met before.

We quote from Ezekiel Cooper, an eye witness: "At the close of the sermon, a solemn peace and deep silence ensued. Mr. Asbury went up to the pulpit, clasped the doctor in his arms, and saluted him with the holy salutation of primitive Christianity; the preachers were melted into tears; the congregation caught the glowing emotion, and the whole assembly, as if struck with a shock of heavenly electricity, burst into a flood of tears," and little wonder—the long delayed, earnestly sought and greatly needed relief from their church disabilities was at hand; the holy sacraments were at last to be administered by their own pastors, and these two apostolic men, Coke and Asbury, were to superintend the work so wonderfully prospered under such great difficulties, and to be in fact, excepting some local consecrations in some moravian settlements, the first Protestant Bishops in the Western Hemisphere. The holy communion followed the greeting—the first Lord's Supper ever served to American Methodists, in a Methodist Chapel by Methodist ministers. As Dr. Coke, assisted by his elders, Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey, administered this holy rite, first to the preachers, with Asbury at their head, and then to the people, till five hundred had partaken of the sacred emblems, the tide of religious emotion rose until it overflowed in exultant shouts of praise. It was a scene and an occasion never to be forgotten, and worthy of more than a centennial commemoration. The Doctor, with eleven of the preachers, dined at the widow Barratt's, the great mission was discussed, and a Conference of all the preachers determined on to meet the following Christmas, to carry out Mr. Wesley's plan.

Editorial Correspondence.

From North-East, Md., to Harwich, Mass., 450 miles. Taking the 11 a. m. train at the North-East station, on the P., W. & B. R. R., the traveler may reach New York City in good season to board one of the magnificent steamers of the Fall River Line to Boston. We took pas-

sage Saturday, the 23d ult., in the splendid iron steamer, Pilgrim, recently built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, in Wilmington, Del. Among the attractions of this Line, are their large, staunch boats, with their elegant appointments, electric lights, and bands of music. After a comfortable night's rest, we are roused at an early hour the next morning, within less than 50 miles of Boston. If that is your destination, you may reach it in time for an early breakfast. We diverged towards the Cape via Middleboro. In this beautiful town we spent the holy Sabbath. There are about 5,500 people in the township, well supplied with churches and schools, and forming a thrifty and well-to-do community. It is one of the townships of Plymouth County, and the town proper is within 17 miles of the landing place of the Pilgrims.

It is a peculiarity of New England nomenclature to give the name to the township, and then parcel it out to the several settlements or townships proper, as Taunton, East Taunton; Middleboro, east, west, or centre. In Middleboro proper there are four churches, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist Episcopal and Roman Catholic. We looked into the last and found five females and two males earnestly instructing as many classes in their catechism—the gentler sex as usual, more numerous in religious work than men. The pastor of the M. E. Church being absent, we heard only the Congregational and Baptist ministers, who read excellent sermons to large and attentive congregations—the or former consecrating everything to God's service, and the latter on faithfulness as contrasted with sham and pretense. At night we had a very delightful conference meeting in the Methodist prayer-room. A feature of these New England towns is the almost universal use of wood in building, but two-houses were seen of any other material.

Middleboro is noted as the birth-place of the celebrated dwarfs, Tom Thumb's wife, and her sister, Minnie Warren. This was a singular freak of nature; all the other members of the family being of good size. Tom Thumb himself died here a few years ago, leaving his widow in very comfortable circumstances. We were told that she still travels on exhibition. Middleboro manufactures woolen and straw goods, and shoes. One of the shoe factories turning out as many as 17,000 pairs in one day. We see here as almost everywhere in New England, neatness, taste and thrifty comfort, an indescribable well-to-do activity about their dwellings that is the result of intelligence, good morals, and industry, inspired and controlled by Christian training. No license is given to sell intoxicants. The universal ambition seems to be to furnish the home with every reasonable comfort and convenience inside and out. The houses are generally painted white, with green shutters, and are usually surrounded with flower gardens.

Monday morning, through the kindness of our friend, Abner L. Westgate, Esq., father of Rev. George L. Westgate, Professor in Wesleyan University, we enjoyed a charming drive through the town, after which taking the train, by noon we reached Harwich, and after a short stage ride, were cordially welcomed into the parsonage of South Harwich charge, of which our brother, Rev. James S. Thomas is pastor. MORE ANON.

SOME few weeks ago we published a clipping from one of the Cecil County papers, which stated that the "Peninsula Methodist" had the largest number of subscribers of any paper, secular or religious

coming to the North-East post office through the mails. This the same paper afterward corrected by excepting the County local papers. That we did not at once make another clipping, may have been owing to our expecting the "Whig" with its handsome circulation to thoroughly acquaint the citizens of that county with the state of the different subscription lists at the N. E. post-office, and relieve the N. E. post-office from that our crowded columns from 1884 to 1885.

Our Centenary Day.

The last General Conference commended "the needs and claims of the local educational institutions, under the patronage of our several Annual Conferences, to the liberality of our people," in their centenary offerings. The action of the last session of the Wilmington Conference pledged its members "to make the largest use of this centenary year, in order to liquidate the debt" on our Conference Academy.

In token of the good faith of the Conference in the above action, its members, then and there, pledged \$2500. The legacy of \$2000 left us by the will of our departed Brother Wharton, is conditioned upon the reduction of the debt to \$10,000, by August 1885. To do this, we must raise \$7000, from the laity within the Conference.

Our property is worth all it cost. As a school, it stands in the front rank of its class. It is a financial success—pays its way and yields the Trustees an income. There is imperative need for an additional building. *One dollar each* from every church member in the Conference, will pay the debt, and put up and finish a \$10,000 building.

Sixty cents per member will pay off the entire debt. *Twenty-five cents* per member, or *one-eighth* of our members giving an average *two dollars each*, will, with the Wharton legacy and the ministerial subscription, reduce the debt to \$10,000.

One-eighth the membership of North East is 20, which would make her share \$40. On the same basis, the share of Dover would be \$110, and that of Fairmount \$75. It seems hardly possible that these congregations will fail to contribute at least, those amounts, if their respective pastors do their duty. *We shall aim very much higher.*

Let every preacher in the Conference reach the highest possible centenary collection and subscription in his congregation on "Conference Academy Day," Sunday, September 14th; but let none be satisfied, under any circumstances, with less than an average of 25 cents per member—the share of every charge in the \$7,000, required to reduce the debt to \$10,000.

Small subscriptions should be paid at once, or on short time, but the committee would respectfully suggest that if desirable parties subscribing larger sums be allowed until January next to pay the same.

A specimen copy of the life-like likeness of our renowned and sainted Bishop Simpson has been sent to each pastor. Each child who collects one dollar, and every person who contributes one dollar or upward for this cause, shall receive a copy of this picture.

Now, brother Pastors, God has given us this work to do. If we try with all our might, our brothers and sisters in the laity will not let us fail. One more Sunday intervenes. Announce, enforce, plead, work, enlist the school, do all you can possibly do, to make Conference Academy Day the grandest centenary success in the history of Peninsula Methodism. Pass along all the line the Divine order. "Let the oppressed (Academy) go free!" "And let the people say Amen!!!"

Finally, please report aggregate of your collections and subscriptions to the PENINSULA METHODIST by October 1st, that the result may be tabulated and published in that paper Oct. 4th. This will solve the problem of the success or failure of our centenary plan, and the Trustees of the Academy will govern themselves accordingly.

On behalf of Trustees
Yours respectfully and fraternally,
ROBT. W. TODD,
THOS. E. MARTINDALE,
WM. H. HUTCHIN. } Committee.

Wilmington Conference News

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—Rev. Charles Hill, P. E., Wil., Del.

Elkton charge, C. F. Sheppard, pastor. A meeting for prayer for a revival of religion was held on Thursday afternoon, August 23th, and like meetings will take place upon that day each week. There will be a four days meeting, beginning tomorrow, Sunday, September 7th, at which ministers from various points abroad will be present.

The fourteenth annual picnic of Crouch Chapel Sabbath-school was held in the grove opposite the chapel Wednesday, afternoon of last week.

Newark charge, T. H. Haynes, pastor. The Sunday-school of this charge went on an excursion to Cape May last Wednesday, September 3d. A special train left Newark for Delaware City at 7 o'clock, to connect with the steamer Thomas Clyde, which left the latter place at 7.30, returning at an early hour. They had a pleasant day and a good time.

Asbury charge, W. L. S. Murray, pastor, has returned home from his visit to Cambridge, Md. He was cordially received by a number of his congregation, who had assembled at the parsonage.

Brandywine charge, Wilmington, E. L. Hubbard, pastor. There has been 162 conversions during the recent revival. The basement of the church was used last Sunday. They hope soon to get into the audience room.

Delaware City charge, T. B. Hunter, pastor. Last Mouday evening, the Rev. E. L. Hubbard preached in the church. He also held the quarterly conference in the morning.

Rising Sun charge, Joseph Robinson, pastor. As a result of Woodlawn camp, the pastor admitted nine persons into church fellowship last Sunday evening. He has commenced a series of meetings in the church.

EASTON DISTRICT—Rev. J. H. Caldwell, P. E., Smyrna, Del.

Easton charge, A. W. Lightbourne, pastor, who has been in Baltimore under treatment of Prof. Smith, has so far recovered as to be able to return home. He filled his pulpit last Sunday morning and evening.

Talbot charge, A. P. Prettyman, pastor. The church here is to be rebuilt.

Oxford charge, A. S. Mowbray, pastor. Wm. L. Ridgeway died of consumption on the 28th of August, aged 29 years and 16 days. Deceased was for a number of years a faithful christian and member of this church.

DOVER DISTRICT—Rev. A. W. Milby, P. E., Frederica, Del.

The District Association meeting has been postponed until September 16th, 17th and 18th, to give place to the Barratt's Chapel celebration.

Leipsic charge, James Carroll, pastor. The M. E. Church at Little Creek is nearing completion. It is a very fine building.

Denton charge, A. D. Davis, pastor, who has recently passed through a severe attack of sickness, has so far recovered as to be able to preach three times, and administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper twice last Sabbath.

Galestown charge, Joseph Dare, pastor, is making arrangements for a big excursion down the Nanticoke, to take place about the first of October.

Ellendale charge, J. M. Collins,

pastor. The Cokesbury Sunday-school, held its Annual Celebration last Saturday afternoon in the grove near the church, a few miles from town. There were addresses, vocal and instrumental music, and refreshments for the children. Clayton Smith, is Superintendent of the school which now numbers over one hundred scholars.

Extra meetings in progress at the school house near Cokesbury church, promises to be very successful. Eleven penitents at the altar last Tuesday night. The pastor and his family's hearts have been made to bleed on account of the death of their youngest child, Wm. Wilson, on August 13th, aged 17 months, sick only about 12 hours. They have the sympathy of the entire community.

Vienna charge, V. S. Collins, pastor. The church has purchased a parsonage for \$1600, paying one half cash, and giving a mortgage for the balance.

Hurlock's charge, G. F. Hopkins, pastor. Washington church, this charge, is to be improved by a new metallic roof, entirely re-painted and refurnished at a cost of \$600. They also expect to build a parsonage on this charge soon.

Milton charge, T. S. Williams, pastor. The church has been entirely replastered, and is now being re-painted on the outside.

SALISBURY DISTRICT.—Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, P. E., Princess Anne, Md.

Laurel charge, F. C. McSorley, pastor. A bell of 859 pounds weight has been placed in position on the church.

Cristfield charge, W. W. Wilson, pastor, has returned from his vacation greatly improved in health, and ready for his tent meeting, which begins to-morrow. During his absence, his pulpit was supplied by Revs John N. Simonson and Samuel Webb.

Deal's Island, J. D. C. Hanna, pastor. Meeting continues with unabated interest. Altars crowded with earnest penitents. Church wonderfully revived. One hundred and fifty-four conversions to date, and 119 accessions to the church. Last Friday night's experience meeting be remembered long. The Lord was present in power, and a feast of heavenly things enjoyed. The end is not yet.

On the 14th of September, Rev. G. W. Wilcox will deliver an address at Conner's and Wesley, in the interest of our Conference Academy, at—Dover,—at Newark and Poplartown, on the 21st inst. The public generally extended a cordial invitation.

Melson's Campmeeting.

MR. EDITOR:—The camp at Melson's closed on Saturday morning, August 16th, and was, notwithstanding opposing influences and unfavorable and discouraging predictions, a grand success. The pastor does not hesitate to say that he does not regret having assumed its responsibility, nor has he any apology for any one for so doing, not that he flatters himself, that he is always correct in every undertaking, but because the bettering of the spiritual condition of his church, and the conversion of eighteen precious souls cannot be wrong or displeasing to God, whether it be in the grove or elsewhere. Glory to God for eighteen souls saved anywhere. We are now engaged in an extra effort at Melson's. I do not know what the end will be, but present indications point to success. Up to the present writing six persons have professed to find peace in believing in

the Lord Jesus Christ. "To God be all the glory." The brethren that came to our assistance were, Revs. W. R. McFarlane, W. W. Wilson, W. F. Corkran, Albert Chandler, Joshua Gray, Jas. Wilson, Quinton White, and Jeremiah Jones, four of which are members of our Conference, and the last four local preachers on Salisbury District. You will observe, that in number, the assistance was very meager, but perhaps to a very great extent, made up in quality the deficiency in quantity. We shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the timely and valuable assistance rendered. May God abundantly reward them here and hereafter. Our plan now is, to hold in Parsonsburg, beginning on the 28th inst., a village or home camp. Hope to be able to secure assistance from adjoining charges. "Pray for us, for I tell you we need your prayers."

In conclusion, a word as to how we stand with reference to the PENINSULA METHODIST. As far as I am capable of judging, think the improvement on the "Conference Worker" very great. No objection any where, only the name, and this is more than over-balanced by improvement in arrangement, matter, &c. Will work in its interest, do what we can to extend its circulation, &c. With best wishes I am yours,

WM. L. P. BOWEN.

Letter from Rev. W. L. S. Murray.

DEAR BROTHER THOMAS: Thinking you would appreciate some items from Asbury, and having just returned from my vacation, I have concluded to report. During the summer I have been absent from my people three Sabbaths. One at Brandywine Summit Camp, when Rev. A. T. Scott very kindly consented to preach morning and evening for my people. I went to the camp to work for the Lord, and have faith to believe that I was able to do some acceptable service in Christ's name. But the Lord did a great deal more for me and mine than I did for him. While I enjoyed the Lord's presence, and was helped by his spirit, he led our first and now only living child to seek him. Bessie gave her heart to God, and last Sabbath, when she was seven years and ten days old, joined the church and is able to give a reason for the hope that is in her.

After the Brandywine Summit camp closed, I spent three days at Pitman Grove circuit, where I heard the word preached earnestly and pointedly by Rev. G. D. Watson, formerly of our Wilmington Conference, Rev. Wm. Short, of Boston, and Rev. Mr. Jones, of Kentucky, and Rev. J. E. Smith, of Philadelphia. I then made my way to Cambridge, Md., where I was stationed seven years ago, and spent two Sabbaths. I preached twice in our own church, and once in the M. E. Church South. These two churches are new and beautiful. The Episcopalians are building a new and beautiful stone structure on the site where their former church was burned. The Baptists are just completing a new frame building, which they hope soon to dedicate to divine service, and the Methodist Protestants and the Catholics each have new churches, so that when those in course of erection are dedicated, Cambridge will have five new churches. While I was absent in Cambridge, Revs. E. J. Hubbard, Father Taylor, D. Dodd and Wm. Galloway broke the bread of life to the people of Asbury. On our return we found the ladies and official members in possession of the parsonage, waiting to welcome us home, with a bountiful repast, where we were able to do our full measure of duty to the many things spread before us.

There may be some who think these tokens of appreciation but small things, and are scarcely worth attention, but however small to others, to the itinerant and his family, they are green spots in his memory, and elms on the way to Canaan. Friday I was able to help a sick person to find Christ, the language of whose heart ever since has been, "I am saved." Sunday I received four on probation, one by certificate, baptized six children, preached twice, reviewed the Sunday-school lesson, and labored until nearly ten o'clock in the evening with six penitents at the altar, five of whom professed faith in Christ. Christ is our candidate for the fall campaign, and we find no fault in him, for he is altogether lovely.

W. L. S. MURRAY.

The State Alliance Lectures.

Mr. Henry W. Morrow, of the State Temperance Alliance, has appointments, as follows: Sunday, Sept. 7, Gumborough, 3 churches. Sunday, Sept. 14, Downs' Chapel, Bethesda. Sunday, Sept. 21, Clayton and Leipsic.

Rev. W. B. Walton, of Salisbury, is visiting the family of C. T. Purcell of Georgetown.

Hon. H. B. Anthony, Rhode Island's Senior Senator, died last Tuesday afternoon, in his 70th year.

Reduced Rates by the Pennsylvania Railroad, to the International Electrical Exhibition, and the Pennsylvania State Fair.

The International Electrical Exhibition, under the auspices of the Franklin Institute, will be held in the new exhibition buildings, Thirty-second and Market streets, Philadelphia, from September the 2d to October 11th. This exhibition will be the largest and most complete display of electrical machinery and appliances ever held. Its exhibits will take in the whole field of electrical science, showing the manner in which the subtle power may be utilized for all purposes. The various methods for electric lighting will be fully illustrated, electrical appliances of every description will be seen in working condition, and the wonderful progress already made in the science may be studied from practical examples. Europe will vie with America in the exhibits, and the exhibition will undoubtedly afford the most interesting, valuable, and instructive illustration of the wonders of electricity ever yet enjoyed by the world. In addition to the immense buildings recently erected, the old Pennsylvania Railroad station will be utilized as an annex, connected with the main building by a bridge, giving ample and roomy accommodations for the thousands of visitors.

Another striking attraction is the thirtieth annual fair of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, to be held on the Society's grounds, Germantown Junction, Pennsylvania Railroad, from the 8th to the 20th of September. On the extensive grounds, covering an area of thirty acres, magnificent buildings have been erected, which afford facilities superior to any ever possessed by the Society. The entries indicate a very large and most comprehensive exhibition of agricultural products and implements, live stock, poultry, horticultural and domestic productions, flowers, and other attractions. In addition the Philadelphia Kennel Club, the State Poultry Society, State Beekeepers' Association, and Women's Silk Culture Society, will each offer special features which combined renders the exhibition complete in every particular.

For the benefit of visitors to the dual exhibitions, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from stations on its lines at greatly reduced rates from all points on the Maryland Division north of Havre de Grace, and on the Central Division between Nottingham and Port Deposit, and Updale and Rockdale.

A special train will be run from Delmar and points north thereof, September 9th, tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates good to return on any regular train for three days, including date of issue.

A special will also be run from Port Deposit and intermediate stations on September 18th, tickets good to return on special train September 19th.

Gunning at Manumuskim.

The West Jersey Railroad Company announces that on and after September 1, the Cape May express leaving Market street wharf at 9.00 A. M., will stop at Manumuskim. This stop has been made for the special accommodation of gunners, the region around Manumuskim (in the marshes of the Maurice river) being the most famous in the State for rail shooting. The indications are that the birds this season will be more numerous than ever, and as the grounds are easy of access, and the hotels well kept and moderate in their charges, we do not know of any place where our sportsman can more pleasantly or profitably spend a few days.

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Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.			
Mt. Lebanon,	Sept.	6	7
Mt. Salem,	"	7	8
Bethel & Glasgow,	"	13	14
Chesapeake,	"	13	14
Elkton,	"	21	22
Elk Neck,	"	21	22
Grace,	"	24	25
Mt. Pleasant,	"	27	28
Brandywine,	"	28	29
Epworth,	Oct.	1	5
Claymont,	"	3	5
Chester,	"	4	5
Charlestown,	"	11	12
Zion,	"	18	19
North East,	"	19	20
Cherry Hill,	"	25	26
Newark,	"	25	27
Hokessen,	Nov.	1	2
Christiana,	"	2	3
Newport,	"	8	9
Union,	"	6	9
St. Paul's,	"	9	10
Port Deposit,	"	14	16
Rising Sun,	"	16	17
Asbury,	"	22	23
Scott,	"	20	23
Red Lion,	"	29	30
New Castle,	"	30	Dec 1
Delaware City,	Dec.	6	7
St. George's,	"	7	8

EASTON DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.			
Kings Creek	Sep 6 7	Kings Creek	10am 10pm night
Easton	5 7	Easton	8pm night
Middletown	14 15	Middletown	3pm 10pm
Odessa	14 15	Odessa	9am night

J. H. CALDWELL, P. E.

DOVER DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.			
Lewes,	Sept. 6 7	Lewes	Rehoboth
Dassau,	6 7		

A. W. MILBY, P. E.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.			
Frankford,	Sept.	13	14
Roxana,	"	13	14
Bishopville,	"	12	14
Snow Hill,	"	20	21
Newark,	"	21	22
Berlin,	"	21	22
Chicotague,	"	22	23
Stockton,	"	27	28
Pocomoke City,	"	29	29
Laurel,	Oct.	3	5
Bethel,	"	4	5
Shortley,	"	5	6
Smith's Island,	"	11	12
Tangier,	"	12	13
Onancock,	"	13	14
Gumboro,	"	18	19
Parsonsburg,	"	18	19
Powellville,	"	19	20
Delmar,	"	25	26
Barren Creek,	"	26	27
Sharptown,	"	26	27
Sharptown,	Nov.	26	27
Fruitland,	"	1	2
Salisbury,	"	1	2
Quantico,	"	2	3
Crisfield,	"	7	9
Asbury,	"	8	9
Annemessex,	"	8	9
Westover,	"	8	9
Fairmount,	"	9	10
Princess Anne,	"	15	16
Deal's Island,	"	16	17
Holland's Island,	"	17	18

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