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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
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The Babe of Bethlehem.

BY MARK TRAFTON.

They had waited through the ages, through the ages long and drear,
So crushed by sin's oppression, for the Shiloh to appear;
The Jewish doctors pondered, and the Gentile sages dreamed,
While on their weary vision no assuring light yet gleamed.

There was trembling of the people, there was darkness o'er the land,
While the ancient kingly sceptre was held by palsied hand;
While o'er time's dial moving, God's pointers slowly trace,
Yet surely coming to the point of Shiloh's time and place.

We have waited for thy coming, O Israel's hope, so long,
While taunted by the oppressor, who calls for harp and song,
How long, O Lord, must Israel lie beneath the robber's heel,
While heaven is silent o'er our heads, nor answers our appeal?

Thus mourned the weary watchmen of Judah's seers that day,
As on up Bethlehem's hillsides they wound their weary way,
While two alone lag far behind the moving, heedless throng,
While Joseph whispered words of cheer to Mary toiling on.

'Tis midnight in the Hostel where the weary sleepers lie,
But watchful shepherds on the plain are startled by the cry,—
"Wake! wake! ye careless dreamers, for your coming King prepare!
Lo! His attendant armies are filling all the air."

Then burst the rapturous anthem, "To whom be glory given!
Good-will among the sons of men, and peace on earth—in heaven."
While in His manger cradle the unconscious monarch lay,
The Babe of Bethlehem now born to universal sway!

Wake, sons of earth, attune your lyres, responsive to the song
Of seraph tongues, the glad refrain in transport roll along!
His star appears; the day has dawned; the kingdom long foretold
Is now set up, and mercy's gates triumphantly unfold.

—Zion's Herald.

Bishop Hurst in England.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

Having finished all his official work in connection with the various Conferences he had to visit, and during an absence of fourteen months from home had never missed an appointment, nor been laid up even for a day by sickness, Bishop J. F. Hurst, with Mrs. Hurst and their three children, reached London in the early part of August, when the strain of duty being removed, the Bishop felt the need of rest and quiet with his own domestic circle. They had been in various centres while he had been traveling, their last on the continent being at Paris, and on the Bishop's return from Norway, they all proceeded to London. Mrs. Hurst had previously made a short stay at Geneva, where she found pleasant rest in the same hotel in which Dr. Abel Stevens has his temporary home. This was an agreeable meeting to both parties. Rest for both body and mind was the pressing want of the Bishop on reaching London, and he did but little else. He paid a short visit to Rev. William Arthur, M. A., and to William McArthur, M. P., and to the writer of this record. Sir William urged the Bishop to pay a short visit to the British Wesleyan Conference, then in session in the city of the Castle-on-Tyne. On August 4th, the Bishop, with all the members of his family, attended the funeral service of the late, heroic General Grant, in Westminster Abbey—

on the

one of the most solemn and impressive services ever held in that venerable pile. Four days afterwards, when the writer met the Bishop's children, they were full of the particulars of that service. It will long live in their memories.

The Bishop took train, and traveled all night to be present at the Conference. It was a time of joy both for him and the ministers and laymen he met there, for his visit was during the third week of the deliberations, when there were 240 ministers and 240 laymen. His name had scarcely reached the platform, when the genial secretary, Rev. R. N. Young, D. D., announced his name to the President and to the Conference, when the Whole Assembly gave him an upstanding welcome among them. Describing the event to the writer afterwards, the Bishop said: "It was a right royal reception they gave me, not as in any sense a representative, but as an American Methodist visitor." As his stay was short, business was suspended to give the Conference an opportunity of hearing a short address from him. The special correspondent of the New-castle *Daily Chronicle* said of the speech next morning: "It was earnest, terse, and eloquent, and as he stood upon the platform, one saw in imagination about him the Union flag, and behind him the great nation of the future. He spoke of his attachment to England and the English people, and said, 'You must go abroad if you wish to know what England is at home.' Whether in point of language, thought, style, gesture, or elocution, the speech of Bishop Hurst has never been excelled by any speaker to the Conference from the other side of the Atlantic. To listen to him was like listening to music."

Applause is inadmissible during the Conference deliberations; but when the Bishop sat down, a spontaneous burst of applause testified to the extreme pleasure it had afforded many minds. Not the least appreciative were the Irish representatives, all three of whom were introduced to the Bishop. One of them was Rev. Dr. Henry Evans, the editor of the *Irish Christian Advocate*, who, in the next issue of his paper, just to hand, speaks of the honor thus conferred upon them by the Bishop, who informed the editor he had met with his paper in various parts of the world. As a fitting climax to the excellent and kindly speech of the Bishop, the Conference immediately proceeded to the following action: The ex-President (Dr. Greeves) moved a resolution expressive of sympathy with the family of the late General Grant, with the American Church of which he was a distinguished member, and with the American nation in their recent loss of that noble soldier and statesman. Rev. Dr. Young seconded the resolution, which was supported by Mr. George Lidgett, B. A., and passed in silence, the Conference rising instead of voting in the usual way. Bishop Hurst bowed his acknowledgements of this mark of sympathy in a national loss.

The Bishop on his return came on a short visit to the writer, whom he had known several years, and whose youngest son had been a student at Drew Seminary when Dr. Hurst was the principal. He is now a minister in the M. E. Church, stationed at Bethany, in the Missouri Conference. The Bishop does not forget the young men who passed under his tuition at Drew, nor do they

forget how much he was their friend, while Mrs. Hurst also added a charm to the student-life at Drew. That charm is continued under the regime of Dr. and Mrs. Buttz. During the Bishop's visit the writer informed him that on the following Friday a centennial and commemorative service would be held at Madeley, Shropshire, that day being the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of the saintly John Fletcher; and as the Bishop had his name—John Fletcher Hurst—given in memory of that excellent Anglo-French pastor, he at once rearranged his plans for the following day so as to be at Madeley on that occasion. The Bishop found several books in the library of the writer, which he carried away wherewith to enrich his own library. One of them was by the first minister of the American Methodist Conference after the death of John Wesley, with the autograph thereon of Dr. Adam Clarke. Another was Dr. Coke's famous sermon preached at Baltimore and Philadelphia, on the death of Mr. Wesley, that also formerly belonged to Dr. Adam Clarke.

Another privilege the Bishop enjoyed during his brief stay, was a visit to Epworth, the home of the Wesleys, and a meeting with the newly-appointed rector. The latter soon found that he had been benefited by the Bishop's writings from the German, which secured for him the advantages of voluntary friendship. The rector introduced the Bishop to his family, took him into every room in the rectory house, walked with him to the old church, and explained to him everything of interest there, showing him the old skins on which the parish records were written by the father of the Wesleys. It is to be hoped that the Bishop will be able to find time to write out fully some of these most interesting experiences of travel in old England. I have only indicated a bare outline of a portion, but these will show that the Bishop is an earnest man of business, a thorough American and a thorough Methodist.—*Zion's Herald*, London, Aug. 15, 1885.

Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.
No. 26.

To return to my first trip, May 1850, to Smith's Island: We landed at Fog's Point light house, kept by one of our exhorters, Thomas Tyler, where we spent the afternoon and night of Monday, being joined by some of the principal Islanders, who were curious to see both the new circuit preachers. Bro. Kemp took a liking to them at once. Their quaint yarns amused him, and as I had occasion to notice next day, he gathered from their conversation a good deal of material which he put to practical use in his sermon, leading some of his delighted hearers to think he must have been something of a prophet, to know so much about their habits, pursuits, and earlier history.

Bro. Tyler and wife entertained us on government rations, and had a good bed for stragglers, especially those of the Methodist preacher stripe.

On Tuesday morning, we all started in a smaller canoe for the Smith's Island church, toward which we could see others sailing or paddling, according to wind or tide. The meeting-house was located about the centre of the Island, which was so cut up with creeks, "thor-

oughfares" and little bays, that hardly any of the congregation could reach it without the indispensable canoe.

The service was unique. To have both the "circus" preachers in their little pulpit at once made a red letter day, such as Bro. Henry Bradshaw said "in manner and form, sir" was quite unusual. Bro. Kemp's sermon was a "gospel feast" that morning, and his illustrations were mainly from the sweet potatoes and cabbage gardens we saw on our way to church. After the sermon, it was my duty to "call the class," and we had a lively time. The excitement run high with frequent intervals, during which all took part in a rhapsody of praising God. There is a picture of the church and congregation which I sketched from memory several years afterwards, in the book called "*The Parson of the Island*."

At Bro. Bradshaw's we met a large number of the principal people who remained after service to eat dinner with us, and then, give us a cheerful send off, for Holland's Island. There we put up at Bro. Thomas Parks, and had service on Wednesday morning, after which we returned to Deal's Island, procured our horses, and were off to other parts of the circuit. I accompanied Bro. Kemp several times that year, but on my own trips, had to go generally alone. It was a good resting time, and enabled me to read considerably during the unoccupied hours of the three days.

On one of our trips, we called on "King Solomon," as they used to term old father Solomon Evans. He was over 80, and told us of the introduction of Methodism 40 years before that date, on the group of Tangier Islands.

Said "Uncle Solomon," "you see there were not many of us hereabouts then. We had an old church parson who used to come over from Accomac and read prayers for us, but we were not far removed from heathens. We heard of a Campmeeting to be held over in Potatoe Neck, the first meeting of this kind anybody had attended. We agreed to go in a body and see what it was like. So, one Sunday morning in the month of August, we took something to eat and laid our course for the main land. Before we came near the preaching place, we found the woods full of horses, wagons and people. Just as we entered the grounds where some had put up tents, and a large company were seated on slabs, and were looking about us in wonder, a man blew a tin horn. Then another chunky sort of a preacher, whom they called Dr. Chandler, began to read a hymn. It was,

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nation know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come.
Return ye ransomed sinners home."

This startled us very much; but such singing we never heard. Then we felt the hair rise on our heads as the man began to pray without a book. He wanted God to come among the people and slay sinners right and left, and make them "new creatures" right away.

That same man, Dr. Chandler, preached the sermon. His text, which you will see marked in that old Bible—(pointing to one on the mantel) was "Awake to righteousness and sin not; for many have not the knowledge of God; I speak it to your shame."

As he went on preaching something got the matter with me. He told me

all about myself, and before he was through, I saw some of my neighbors tumbling down on the ground as if they were sick. These grow worse and fell myself, and remembered nothing more, except the crying and praying all around, until I was up on my feet again making as much noise as any of them; for I got "the knowledge of God" and felt that he saved me through Jesus Christ, exactly as the preacher said he would.

Well, most of our crew got religion that Sunday. The people came around us and talked so good to us, that we started home the happiest set of bare-footed Islanders you ever saw. How we sung the bits of hymns we learned in our canoes, and when we got home there was hardly any work done here, until we surrounded every sinner on the Island, and, bless you, they got converted here, just like we did at the campmeeting.

That was the beginning of it, and until lately, when the neighbors have been getting well off, and go to Baltimore for new clothes, and new gaws for the women folks, we had good religion on Smith's Island. Now there is too much fashion, and it hurts my feelings to go out to class and see the sisters with store bonnets, and mock flowers stuck in them. The Devil had no show here once, for if a stranger settled here, who was out of the "ark of safety," we gave him no peace until we got him converted and made him set up family prayer!

This was "Uncle Solomon's" story, and his two visitors laughed and cried at intervals, while the grand old patriarch in his homespun was denouncing modern fashions. Soon after that memorable meeting, Joshua Thomas, from the Tangier Island farther South, became awakened, and never tired telling about the adventures he met with before he found Salvation. He was one of the most uncouth specimens on the Island, but God made him with all his impediments of speech and natural roughness, a polished diamond of the first water, to whom lawyers, judges, doctors and preachers gave more heed than they would to the most cultured man in the community.

Uncle Solomon, also told us of the barge fight, in the invasion of 1812, which he witnessed from the door of his humble dwelling, and a number of other incidents of the marauding British, when they ravaged the coast, prior to the decisive battle of North Point.

I once told my congregation that I had passed through a season of doubt and fear. One of my elders said to me, "Sir, I am sorry you told the people that. Just suppose you had been swearing or stealing, you would not tell them of it." "No," I answered, "that would be a terrible thing." "Well," replied he, "I don't think it is much worse than disbelieving God; and if you go and tell the people that, you set them a bad example." And he was right. It is not for the leader in any cause to doubt the success of the enterprise.—*Spurgeon*

All outwards rites and forms are "school-masters to bring us to Christ." If they do that, they help us; if they do not, they hurt us. The one condition of spiritual blessing is union with Him; the one means of union with Him is the exercise of faith and love toward him. If the rite strengthen this, it has blessed you; if it does not, it is a curse to you.—*Dr. A. McLaren*.

Temperance.

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

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

Shocking Degradation.

The depth of degradation to which strong drink will bring a man was strikingly illustrated recently by a resident of Lowell, Mass., who, without money, but with an overmastering craving for drink, took his baby in its carriage on a pretext of giving it an airing, and visited the nearest rum-shop and pawned the carriage for a drink. Then, says the telegram, "going to another place, he confidentially whispered to the bar-keeper that he would sell him the child for \$5. The offer was declined. The toper then offered his offspring for \$3. It was not wanted. He would sell it for \$1.50. The offer was not accepted. Finally, laying the child on the counter, its father said: "Well, look here my friend; take the baby and give me one good, square drink." The barkeeper compelled the unnatural father to pick up the child and leave the store." Thus does the alcoholic appetite degrade to the deepest depth its wretched, unhappy victims!—*National Temperance Advocate.*

The question is frequently asked, Can temperance laws be properly enforced, and thus the evils of intemperance be removed? The following facts taken from the annual report of Rev. Hugh Montgomery, city missionary of Norwich, Conn., may help to answer this question. Bro. Montgomery holds, in addition to his position as city missionary, that of prosecuting agent for New London County. Connecticut has a local option law and most of the country towns vote no license, and it is in these towns that most of these prosecutions have been made. His report contains the following item:—

"The record shows that in the last three years one hundred and eighty liquor cases have been prosecuted by your agent. Some of them have been tried several times. Nearly all of these were prosecuted to a successful issue. This work has been done conscientiously in the interest of humanity. It is disagreeable, distasteful, unpleasant, and ungenial in all respects, and in many cases dangerous."

In relation to the cases that have failed of a successful issue, it may be said, that most, if not all, of them, failed through the unwillingness of some of the witnesses "to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." During the time that this record covers, Bro. Montgomery has also attended to the duties of his office as city missionary, having during these three years preached 282 sermons, delivered 189 temperance addresses, made 5,341 calls, and attended at his office to 6,302 calls. Now if an officer whose time is so fully employed can make such a record, what might not one equally as conscientious and consecrated do, who should give his whole time to the work of enforcing the law? We commend these figures to those who ask, "Does prohibition prohibit?"—*Zion's Herald.*

The New York Tribune recently stated that "one in twenty of the inhabitants of this country are rendered idle and incapacitated for work through the liquor traffic; and these, if not idle would, at ordinary wages, earn \$200,000,000 annually."

I deem him the best and most commendable who pardons others as if he himself daily went astray, yet abstains from faults as if he pardoned no one.—*Pliny, the Younger.*

The old Green Hill P. E. Church in Wicomico county was reopened August 26, after having been closed for 25 years. The Rev. Mr. Turner of Florida presided, and the Lord's Supper was partaken of by 100 persons. The old structure will be still further repaired and the land belonging to it carefully fenced.—*Morning News.*

Youth's Department.

WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one "I'll try."

Do whatever you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal,
Bend your sinews to the task:
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

In the counting house or store,
Wherever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

Aim High.

It is natural to reach upward, and commendable to raise a lofty ideal. "He who aimeth at the stars shall hit a nobler mark than if he aimed no higher than a tree." Your aim will be the truer, your chances of success fairer, if your pulses are strong and even, your eyes steady. Drill thoughts and nerves into patient attention to the work of one hour, resolutely waiving off the encroaching shadow of the next. Fill your heart and hands full of to-day. Tomorrow belongs to God. You have no right to overdraw your allowance of daily grace.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

Alice and Phoebe Cary.

It is thus that Alice Cary, one of the sweetest and most gifted poets the world has ever known, speaks of the house where she and her sister Phoebe were born and where they spent their childhood. This old story-and-a-half house, shaded by apple and cherry trees, adorned with "luxuriant sweet-brier," stood "facing the west," on a farm in Miami Valley, near Cincinnati, Ohio. It was sixty years ago that the merry young voices of these two sisters "made life and music there, through all the livelong day." Though their lives held much of sadness, I cannot believe that they were not merry little children. Phoebe wrote so much that was full of humor that I am sure she must have been always saying funny things to make the other children laugh. But their early life was full of toil and privation. Their father was a farmer, struggling with poverty, working hard to pay off the debts which rested upon the homestead, and for years there was little opportunity to cultivate the beautiful in that home; yet, beautiful characters were growing into completeness there in the wilderness. Alice says of the longings of these days, "We hungered and thirsted for knowledge; but there were not a dozen books on our family shelf, not a library within our reach. There was little time to study, and had there been more there was no chance to learn but in the district school-house down the road. I never went to any other—not very much to that."

Their mother, whom Alice describes as
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon,
died when Alice was fifteen and Phoebe eleven. The step-mother who came into their home two years later was not the woman with

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel face.

Though she may have been a conscientious, industrious woman, a careful house-wife, she had no sympathy and pity for the motherless girls with a world of longings pent up in their aching hearts. She could not understand the keen, sensitive, poetic natures with which she had to deal. She did not know how to lighten daily toil with thoughts and words of beauty and song. And the girls, lonely and despondent, worked through the day with only the hope of an hour of study in the evening to brighten the long, wearisome days; and even that hour of study was often denied them for the want of candles.

But sometimes their ingenuity supplied the want by burning a bit of a rag in a dish of lard or of refuse grease. Think of that, girls! You to whom the evening study-hour in your well-lighted homes is a trial—think of studying by the light of a rag in a dish of grease! About this time the girls began to write, and their poems found a place in several newspapers and magazines. Phoebe was fourteen when she sent her first effort to a publisher without telling even her sister, and when she saw it in print, she was quite overcome. She says, "I did not care any more if I were poor or my clothes plain."

Several years later the sisters went to New York to live, earning their living by writing poetry; and though they were poor at first, as their poems became better known and appreciated, they made more money, and at length they made for themselves a pleasant and happy home, where their friends loved to gather. They were delightful hostesses. I cannot tell you all of their life. You must read for yourselves the sweet, sad story of how they lived devoted to each other, dying within the same year, when Alice, the elder, was only a little past fifty years old. I wish I might copy some of the sweet poems; but there are so many that I should not know how to choose for you. I think I would select from those of Alice, "The Order for a picture," but I have no doubt many of you know this by heart. For years I have heard this poem recited by bright young girls with voices toned down to a tender and soft modulation. Or perhaps I would copy "The Settler's Christmas Eve," or "The Might of Love." You know it begins:

There's work, good men, for you to-day!

And what would I choose for you
From Phoebe Cary's poems? What but this—

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than ever I've been before.

You all know that. You have sung it over and over. But I wonder if you have heard the story which came back to the writer of that hymn, years after she gave it to the world. Two men in a gambling-house in China were betting and drinking and uttering vile oaths. During a pause in the game, one, the younger of the two, began humming snatches of tunes, and at length he began to sing this hymn.

The other caught the sound, and started up, exclaiming, "Harry, where did you learn that?"

The young man was not even conscious of what he had been singing, but as the other repeated the words he replied, "I learned that in a Sunday-school in America."

"Come," said the older man, "let's go? This is no place for us. I have played my last game and drank my last glass." And he led the way out, Harry following. And years afterward a gentleman testified to the fact that both had kept the resolution made that night in the gambling-house, led by the words of Phoebe Cary's hymn. "If she had written nothing else, and done nothing else for the world, would it not have been even then worth while to have lived and suffered?"

The sisters rest in Greenwood. One who has penned a beautiful memorial says:

"Turning to the right after entering Greenwood, a short walk brings you to an embowered slope, crowned by a grassy lot, on whose lowly gate is inscribed the one word Cary."—*The Pansy.*

Harry and Will.

Harry was very angry. He ran up stairs, slammed his door and threw himself on the floor in a fit of ill temper.

"I'll do the same to Will—see if I don't!" he cried. "Mean fellow, to run off just when I wanted to play that game! On my birthday, too!"

Just then there was a knock at Har-

ry's door. Will cried, "Come down, Harry. I have something for you."

Harry wondered how Will could have gotten back so quickly. He jumped up, though, and ran down forgetting how angry he had been. There, on the breakfast table, was a vase of flowers. Father, Uncle Horace and Will were looking on with smiling faces.

"They are a birthday gift for you from Cousin Amy," said Will. "She sent for me to come quickly and get them, but not to let you know. That is why I could not play the game. But, Harry, old fellow, what is the matter?" for Harry had turned away, too much ashamed to say a word. "Never mind, Harry, it is all right now. Shake hands."

But Harry did not think it was all right till he had asked God to forgive his ill-temper.

So it often is; while we are having hard thoughts of others they are having kind thoughts for us.—*Sunbeam.*

The progress of the emancipation of women is one of the most remarkable things of this remarkable century. The old Roman law of female slavery came down into the beginning of this century almost unchanged. In England and in America, even, she was the bond servant of her father until marriage, and thenceforward the slave of her husband. She had no rights before the law. Her property was under the ownership and control of her master. She was not educated, except to a very limited degree. She was excluded from employment and wages except in labor of the menial kind, and what she thus earned was not her own, but liable to lawful seizure by her master. In Russia at this time, where the old Roman law remains unmodified, a woman cannot leave her home without a written pass signed by her lord. She was excluded from the inheritance of her father's property. The reform originated in this country and extended to England, and France, and is making its way very slowly in Germany and in the Scandinavian States. First came the right of inheritance. Then the right of private property. Then personal rights—exemption from the lash, and the right of support, and of the possession of her children and other rights embodied in the marriage contract and in statutory law. Following these has come education, and women have taken their places, high places, in literature, science and art, and in all kinds of labor, physical and intellectual. Within the past decade—and only within that time—she was advanced to a high place in reformatory and Christian work, and has become an acknowledged power, and she is looked to and depended upon as an essential factor in the future contention between good and evil. In these new and higher fields of ambition and activity, woman is abandoning her merely ornamental place in society. The merely "fashionable woman" has lost caste, and, as such, has lost respect. She is to take sides, and to decide the issues in the impending conflict of organized society with communism in its various types—as she has taken sides and decided the conflict with Mormonism, intemperance, and the social evil. She will invade the substratum of society, show kindness and tender human interest with the toiling masses, teach them the principles of pure morals, show them the avenues to comfort and prosperity and lead them in those upward paths, and become the bond of sympathy between the fortunate and the unfortunate.—*Interior.*

A little child looking at a picture of "Rock of Ages," asked the question, "What does that mean?" It is called the Rock of Ages," was the answer. "That means Jesus, to whom we cling for salvation." "Oh, yes," said the child, after a moment's hesitation, "but that rock isn't my Jesus; when I cling to him he reaches down and clings to me."

Church Property in the South.

During the war the Missionary Board purchased various pieces of church property in the South and set them apart for the use of our people in that section of country. The purpose of the purchasers was to transfer these properties to local organizations, just as soon as the same could be done safely and to advantage. Such transfers have been made from time to time, and just now our society has deeded two elegant properties, one in Charleston, South Carolina, and one in Vicksburg, Miss., to the local Boards. This course on the part of the Missionary Society has brought to it large numbers of friends, who are determined to aid to the extent of their ability a society that can plan with such wisdom and execute with such fidelity.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

Giving is one of the most precious means of grace. The words of Christ are: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." People never grow weary of receiving, but often grumble because they are expected to do more for Christ than their selfish natures desire to do. This is so because they have never regarded giving as a means of closer fellowship with God. But those who, in all their toils for the necessities of life, ever keep in mind that at least a part of all they earn is to go to help Christ's cause, will find a blessing in their work, which the Holy Spirit brings to them, and which will make everything brighter and easier. And when they conscientiously and constantly give a part of all they earn to God's cause, giving becomes a genuine delight, and a developer of the most precious and beautiful of gospel graces—those of sympathy, love and helpfulness.—*Messenger.*

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.—The Congregationalist says: "From private letters we learn that the opposition to Christianity in Japan is changing wonderfully. One of the eminent Christians in Kioto has been made a member of the City Assembly. On one of the sacred mountains of Japan, where a large number of missionaries with their families, were gathered for their summer vacation, an officious priest cut off their nearest water-spring. When the act came to the ears of the governor he sent two policemen to re-open the spring, and gave orders that it be kept open for the use of the missionaries. When the policemen had accomplished the task, they called for *Sake*, and were greatly astonished to find that the missionaries did not drink liquor on the sly!"

A Widow's Gift.

A missionary in Persia tells of a poor widow with two little children to support, and a mother and an invalid sister who needed all the help that she could give them. And still she desired to help those who were in suffering and distress. "One day," says the missionary, "she cut off the greater part of her beautiful hair and sold it, and brought me the money. She knelt down at my feet, and with eyes full of tears said, 'Take this money for the poor people; I want to give it to God. It is the price of my hair, I had nothing else to give.' It was not merely the value of the gift, but the willing mind that prompted it, which made it a sweet savor of love to the weary missionary, working among the poor and the distressed. The poor woman, like the widow of old, cast in her mite. Her choicest treasure was bestowed upon the poor. How many Christian women there are who waste in personal decoration and adornment much that might be given to relieve distress, to enlighten darkness, to comfort those that mourn, and send the light of the knowledge of the Lord among those who sit in lands of darkness, beneath the shadow of death. Could not such learn a lesson from this poor Persian widow."—*le Christian.*

The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated, defrauds the community of a lawful citizen, and betrays his child to a nuisance.—*Chancellor Kent.*

The Sunday School.

The Shunamite's Son.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1885.
2 Kings, 4: 18-37.

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

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

I. GOLDEN TEXT: "I am the resurrection and the life" (John 11: 25).

1. THE CHILD AND THE MOTHER (18-21).

18-21. When the child—the child of the rich Shunamite, which had been granted her, in accordance with Elisha's prediction, as a reward for her hospitality towards himself and his servant Gehazi. Was grown—to boyhood; to an age when he could be trusted to go out alone. He went out to his father to the reapers—out to the busy harvest-field. Dr. Robinson alludes to the harvest fields in Shunem, which he visited in June, 1838, as "still covered with a rich crop of wheat, long ready and waiting for the sickle." Said unto his father, my head, my head—a cry of distress, probably from a sunstroke, which begins with sharp pains in the head, followed by stupor and fever. The excessive heat in this region in summer is attested by Dr. Thomson, who says: "I know by experience that this valley glows like a furnace in harvest time." Said to a lad—"the lad," or servant who attended him. Carry him to his mother.—The father was busy superintending the reapers. He, of course, did not realize how serious were the symptoms. The boy has "got heated," he may have thought; this is no place for him, his mother will "nurse him up;" and so he sends him home. He sat on her knees—lay in her arms, probably unconscious. Then died.—Her nursing could not restore him, her love could not save him; a few hours before in bounding health, now white and cold and still. What a pang must have shot through that mother's heart, so long childless and now so cruelly bereaved! Laid him on the bed of the man of God.—She could not surrender that fair boy to death. He had come to her as a special gift of God—and did God intend to mock her? It flashed across her mind, possibly, that the great Elijah had raised the widow's son to life, and it was through his successor, Elisha, that the bliss of maternity had been granted to her. Might not Elisha have power to restore? Was the case utterly hopeless? She decided at once what she would do. The prophet's chamber which she had fitted up, was a sanctuary in her eyes; his bed for the present should be the child's bed. She laid the dead form tenderly on it, and wasting no time in grief, for she had a journey to make on which everything depended, closed the door.

II. THE MOTHER AND THE PROPHET (22-23).

22, 23. She called unto her husband.—sent him a message, or probably went herself to the edge of the field. Send me one of the young men and one of the asses.—Her self-control is wonderful. She does not tell her husband of the blighting of their hopes, of the death of their beloved boy. He was busy; he could do nothing, if he knew; she was in a great hurry. May run to the man of God, and come again.—She tells him why she wanted the beast and the servant, which her husband would not be likely to spare on that busy day without sufficient reason. She wished to make a trip to Carmel, some fifteen miles away, to consult the prophet. Wherefore... to-day! It is neither new moon nor Sabbath—a man's remonstrance at "a woman's freak." This is not a holy day, he thought; what sends her off to Carmel in such a hurry? Apparently he had forgotten all about the boy. She said, it shall be well.—The words "It shall be" are supplied by the translators. Her reply was simply "Shalom!" which may be rendered "Peace!" or "Never mind!" or "Don't trouble me with questions!"

24, 25. Drive and go forward.—The woman rode; the servant was on foot, and did the driving, urging the beast forward either by a goad from behind, or by holding the bridle (close up to the mouth), and running by the side of his head. Slack not thy riding for me—keep the beast to the top of his speed, unless I order otherwise. Came... to Mount Carmel—a long, hot ride of at least four hours. Man of God saw her.—He could easily, from his altitude, see any one crossing the Plain of Esdraclon, and would be able to discover who it was when she came near. Her rapid driving, too, and unexpected coming, would attract his attention, and excite suspicions that something serious had happened. Said to Gehazi—first mentioned as Elisha's servant in connection with the Shunamite (verse 14). He had been the attendant of Elijah also. But for his avarice and cunning, it seems likely that he might have been Elisha's successor, instead of the progenitor of a race of lepers.

26, 27. Run now... to meet her—a mark of true courtesy on the prophet's part. Gehazi

is to inquire after the health of each member of the family. She answered, It is well—or, as above, "Peace!" Says Rawlinson: "The word is of such ambiguous meaning that the woman's reply cannot be taxed with falsehood." The woman had not come to see the servant, but the prophet. In her intensity of feeling, she pressed him with a simple Shalom, and urged her beast up the hill. She caught him by the feet—an act of true Oriental supplication. All these long hours she had kept her grief in check, and now that she had reached the man of God, she falls at his feet and clasps them in speechless appeal. Gehazi came near to thrust her away.—He had no perception of the deep emotion which actuated the woman. He officiously steps in to protect his master from what he thinks must be offensive behavior. Let her alone.—Elisha was puzzled, but not annoyed. He would not have the woman disturbed. Evidently some terrible thing had happened. She must have suffered some awful stroke to fly to him in this fashion and clasp his feet. The Lord hath hid it from me—a clear intimation of the limits of the prophetic consciousness. A prophet was cognizant of outside facts only as they were revealed to him.

29, 29. Did I desire a son of my Lord?—She does not say, "My child is dead!" and abandon herself to grief. She has a purpose in her coming. With intense significance she demands of Elisha if, back in her childless days, she had complained to him that she had no child. She had not been the one to express the passionate desire of her heart. It was Elisha, not she, who had first suggested it. Did I not say, Do not deceive me?—Her deep nature, trembling with the new hope which Elisha's prediction had inspired, had begged him to quench it then and there, rather than trifle with it. We almost forget, in this colloquy, that this Shunamite was "a great woman," socially—"wealthy, dignified, hospitable," not needing anything which the king could offer her. Gird up thy loins.—Gehazi is bidden to prepare for an immediate and hasty journey. Salute him not.—He was not to stop to give or receive salutations by the way; he was not to lose a moment. Lay my staff upon the face of the child—why, is not apparent. Among the conjectures are, that he hoped the child was not really dead, and that "utter disease might yet be prevented by swift interference" (Bahr), that he might delegate to his disciple Gehazi the power of which the staff was the emblem; that, having no intimation what God would have him do, he sent the staff to excite hope in the afflicted mother's heart.

30, 31. I will not leave thee.—It was through Elisha that the gift came, and through him it must be restored. She vowed not to leave him. Gehazi might be sent, but the prophet must go in person. Neither voice nor hearing.—The prophet's staff, laid as directed upon the child's face, failed to recall the departed spirit. The child is not awakened.—Such was Gehazi's report to the prophet and the woman, whom he went back to meet. Says Rawlinson; "The euphemism by which death is spoken of as a sleep was already familiar to the Jews."

III. THE PROPHET AND THE CHILD (32-37).

32, 33. The child was dead—really, not apparently; not a swoon, but actual death. Shut the door upon them again—shutting out the mother and Gehazi; as well as other spectators who would be attracted to the chamber. Prayed unto the Lord.—So Elijah had prayed (1 Kings 17: 21) in a similar exigency. Undoubtedly this prayer was an earnest wrestling with God, "with strong crying and tears."

34, 35. Lay upon the child—not disdaining the use of such means as appeared useful, and which Elijah had employed. He did not dread ceremonial uncleanness in this attempt to invade the province of death. So our Lord touched the leper. His mouth upon his mouth.—Elisha's attitude "bore the same relation to this miracle which the spittle and the washing in Siloam did to the miracle by which Jesus gave sight to the man blind from his birth" (Terry). The flesh... waxed warm—first sight of a restored circulation and vitality. Returned, and walked in the house—rose up, and paced up and down the room, perhaps made restless by the emotions of joy and wonder and gratitude which the evidences of the returning life excited; perhaps waiting for the miracle to be completed. Stretched himself—repeating the former act. Child sneezed seven times—signs of restored respiration. Opened his eyes—to life.

36, 37.—Called Gehazi.—He seems to have carried on his intercourse with this woman through his servant. Take up thy son—welcome, joyful words to that anxious, sorely-afflicted heart. Fell at his feet—repressing her maternal yearnings till she had first acknowledged God's great goodness towards her to the prophet who had so worthily acted as its medium. In her behavior under joy as well as under grief she is one of the most remarkable cases on record among women of reticence and self-control.

A Shaker Community.

BY REV. J. M. WILLIAMS, A. M.

If the readers of the PENINSULA METHODIST know anything about the Shakers, they are better posted than I was when I came North. I am not certain, indeed, that I was aware then of their existence as a religious body. While in Maine, I first heard some rather exaggerated stories told of a community of them, at New Gloucester, a village some twenty-five miles north of the city of Portland; but I never visited them. Soon after I came to Concord, my attention was attracted by a number of men and women on the street, dressed somewhat after the style of Quakers. Upon inquiry, I learned that they were Shakers, and that they belonged in the town of Canterbury, and lived at Shaker Village.

While at the camp meeting at Weirs, N. H., last week, one night at our meeting in the Concord House, a gentleman of some sixty years, attracted my attention. He sat reverently through the meeting, but took no part. The next morning after breakfast I noted the same man sitting on the veranda of the hotel where we both boarded. Venturing to speak to him, and bid him welcome to our meetings, I assured him we should be glad to have him take part in them. He thanked me, and I left without learning who he was.

An hour later, while I was on the campground, talking to my predecessor, Bro Haines, this gentleman came up and was introduced to me as "Bro. Henry Blinn, a Shaker minister from Shaker Village in Canterbury." I again expressed satisfaction at meeting him, told him how little I knew of the faith or methods of Shakers, but assured him we would be glad to have him participate in our meetings. He replied that he was reminded last night that we could all agree in matters of religion, and that it was only when we came to the discussion of theology that we differed. After further conversation, Bro. Blinn gave me his card and said he should be pleased to have me visit the community at Shaker Village; that if I would call for him, he would be glad to talk with me further, and show me through the village.

Yesterday, armed with the card, and accompanied by my wife and her sister, I visited the community. I was disappointed in not finding brother Blinn there. However, the card proved a successful talisman, and we were received, shown through the buildings, instructed by explanations given, introduced to a large number of the members, saw them work and heard some of them sing, and finally were handsomely feted by the cordial, cultured and matronly Eldersess.

A "community" of Shakers is composed of the entire number of men and women found in any single settlement, or village. They have all things in common, live together as one large family, and none of them are allowed to marry. This community in Canterbury, N. H., has about one hundred and fifty members, of whom some three-fifths are females. Their ages range from ten years upwards. Their losses by death or defection are made up by adopting orphan children, by parents who renounce their marriage relation, and with their children join the community, adopting its faith and methods, and also by men and women who desire the help of an asylum in the work of voluntary reformation, without the restraints usual in such places.

This community has a large plantation, of some 800 acres, in splendid state of cultivation, with all the buildings needed for such a farm and family, in excellent condition. A barn 250 feet long and of corresponding width, is well arranged for all the herds and provender. The kitchen, laundry, dining and reception rooms dairy and henery, were all large, and kept with virgin neatness. Some idea of the extent of these arrangements may be had when I say we were industriously exploring for three hours, and then left some buildings unseen for want of time. Some manufacturing also is done. We visited the chemical department, where a medicine, the same as Pond's Extract, and a decoction of witch-hazel are manufactured there. In material prosperity the community seemed far in advance of their neighbors, judging from the surrounding farms and buildings.

"Shakers" is only the popular name of the sect; though it is so universally used, and even by themselves, that the name they gave themselves—"United Societies of Religious believers in Christ's Second Appearing," is rarely heard. In faith they approach the Unitarians. They deny the divine conception of Christ, but exalt him as a perfect human pattern. Their celibacy finds its salvation in his example. They regard non-resistance, non-participation in any earthly government, and a life of celibacy and virgin purity as essential to a perfect Christianity, and of course, of prime obligation to a true believer.

They originated in England in 1770, but are now confined to the United States, where they have 17 communities and some 4000 members, and several hundred novitiates. Their founder was Ann Lee, who was brought up in an erratic congregation of the society of Friends. This congregation was noted for manifesting spiritual illumination by bodily motions, such as dancing, shouting, and speaking with tongues. With the advance of intelligence, these manifestations have either passed away or become greatly subdued.

The Shakers hold that the revelation of God is progressive: that in the antediluvian period God was known only as a great spirit; in the Jewish period he was revealed as the Jehovah,—He, She, or a dual being, male and female,—the "I am that I am;" that Jesus made God known as a Father, and that in the cycle, beginning with 1770, "God is revealed in the character of mother, an eternal Mother."

There are three classes of members: 1. The novitiates, who reside in their own families, and manage their own temporal concerns, for a time. 2. The junior class, who have become members of the Shaker communities, but have not relinquished their property to the society. 3. The senior class, comprise those who voluntarily and deliberately consecrate themselves, their services, and all their property to the society. Ministers or elders, and trustees, appointed among themselves, have control of the spiritual and material affairs of the community respectively, and manage everything for the common good.

Letter from Illinois.

As I sit and read of the camp at Secgars Grove, Millington, Md., I feel some longing for the old familiar scenes, but my duties take my entire time. Our Conference convenes at Rushville, Sept. 17, and together in the collection and finish up the business of the charge by that time will be our chief duty and concern. Last Thursday we participated with older pastors, in a ministerial picnic at Mulhomet, one of the oldest Methodist towns in this state. Rev. M. W. Everhart, Presiding Elder, delivered an able oration at 10.45 a. m. on Methodism, Retrospective' Perspective and Prospective.' To his views some of the older preachers took exception. These good brethren dissented from the speaker's perspective views of Methodism and earnestly maintained saying that the days of yore were far better than the present.

After a good square picnic repast with our kind friends we strolled through the grove to a quiet stream, where seated upon a bluff, we indulged in tender thoughts of "Home Sweet Home," our faithful horse meantime regaling on the rich pastures near by. Returning to the company after a short time, we were surprised to see several old ladies sitting around with clay pipes in their mouths, drawing away with great energy after their splendid picnic dinner.

At 2.15 p. m. we started for home, being about 18 miles from where we had to preach that eve. On our way we spent awhile in town driving through it and over the beautiful iron bridge which spans the Sagamon river, thence down the river road and into the stream, to our surprise we find some beautiful shells. While gathering these, we noticed the flight of many swallows as they basked in the sunlight above us and bathed in the river below. In an old dead beach tree on the shore, the leader of the flock called his companions together; but as soon as the last bird had found a bough on which to perch and the command was given, each one darted into the air and hurried as if eager to be first to make the trip down to the river and back again to the tree. Above the bank stood the old Mahomet Mill from which the tavern folk got their living. This was a grand day for us, a pleasant change to see once more a timbered country; here they have the oak, the hickory, the elm, and other forest trees for shade. These Mohammedans have the gospel preached to them by a Rev. Mr. West, nor is he the only West out here. Wishing you a pleasant visit to the Millington camp and hoping you will meet with many of our family and friends. I remain yours,

T. I. PRICE.

The Source of Power.

D. J. Moody, addressing his friends, said: "Eight years ago I was anxious for ministers and workers to see the truth and seek for this power. I remember that dear man, the Rev. James Robertson, of Newington, telling me that, when the work began in Edinburgh, he could only preach once a week. He was suffering from heart disease. He prayed and the Spirit of God came upon him; he seemed to be anointed for his burial. 'And now,' said he, 'I have preached eight times a week for a month, and enjoy better health than for years gone.'"

"I can myself go back almost twelve years and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach, I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath meeting they would say to me, 'We have been praying for you.' I said, 'Why don't you pray for the people?' They answered, 'You need the power.' I need the power! I said to myself; 'Why, I thought I had power.' I had a large Sabbath-school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But right along these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about 'anointing for special service,' set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, and there came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I really felt that I did not want to live any longer if I could not have this power for service. Then came the Chicago fire. I was burnt out of house and home at two o'clock in the morning. This did not so much affect me; my heart was full of the yearning for divine power. I was to go on a special mission to raise funds for the homeless, but my heart was not in the work for begging. I could not appeal. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with his Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—oh, what a day! I cannot describe it. I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say, God then revealed himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. I did not present any new truths. The sermons were not different; and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you would give me all Glasgow—it would be as the small dust of the balance. I tell you it is a sad day when a convert goes into the church, and that's the last you hear of him. If, however, you want this power for some selfish end—as, for example, to gratify your own ambition—you will not get it. 'No flesh,' says God, 'shall glory in My presence.' May He empty us of self, and fill us with His Spirit."

The Congregationalist says the famous English hero, General Gordon, was very fond of boys, and when he was stationed at Gravesend, England, "he took pains to make acquaintance with lads who were looking towards, or had already entered upon, a sailor's life. One day a friend noticed a number of pins stuck in a map of the world in Gordon's room and asked why they were there. He replied that each represented one of his boys, for whom he was accustomed to pray, and was moved from place to place upon the map as the boy sailed from port to port, so that the lad's whereabouts might be remembered. It is such personal and affectionate solicitude as this for the spiritual welfare of others which bears the surest and best fruit."

Proper Spirit.

Christ gives one excellent rule which, if acted on, would prevent in a large measure the small ill-feelings that so much embitter society. "If thy brother offend thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone." If that were done, how many offences would be smoothed down, and how many more would vanish away altogether! To do that sometimes needs delicacy and tact, but the pleasantness of reconciliation makes it well worth while not to speak of it as our bounden duty. Whether others do their duty toward us or not, we are to do our duty to them. But pride and cowardice stand in the way, and instead of seeking the offender alone in a kindly and generous spirit, we don't go to him at all, but we go and tell others of his misdeeds, often with ill-natured embellishments, until by much talking a very small matter becomes a very great one. Besides, it gratifies our vanity to make a black background of others against which our own whiteness may show to advantage—sham virtue. All this show spirit, no doubt; improper spirit. And, besides being wrong, it is not a very pleasant arrangement; to be ready to take offense, to keep spies, to cherish bitter thoughts of others, does not make Paradise within any more than around us, however common it may be, and however spirited it may seem. "Ye fools and blind." —The Quiver.

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Bro. Frazer of the *Cecil Co. News*, seems a little disturbed by an editorial note in one of our recent issues. Quoting our item in reference to certain negotiations between St. Paul's M. E. Church, Wilmington, and Rev. W. L. S. Murray, he says, "And, yet, Brother Thomas, of the PENINSULA METHODIST recently felicitated himself with unnecessary sound of trumpet and ostentation that his church was the only one, so perfect in everything from the very beginning, that it remained entirely unchanged amid all changes, etc." Not so fast, my brother. You surely don't mean to misrepresent. With no "sound of trumpet," necessary or "unnecessary" and without any "ostentation" and simply felicitated the goodly company of "the people called Methodists," ourselves only as one of them, upon an historic fact; not that our "church" was the only one so perfect in everything from the very beginning that it remained unchanged amid all changes," but that our illustrious founder had such clear insight into Scripture doctrine that his followers have had no occasion to rectify the system of faith he taught. This felicitation was called forth by recent developments among our esteemed brethren of the Calvinistic churches, which Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens describes, in the recent interesting articles we have transferred to our columns.

As Wesleyan Arminians we hail with genuine satisfaction these efforts of the churches to adapt their old confessions to forms of faith which, a clearer light upon the Divine Word, than the great Calvin and his associates enjoyed, shows to be more accordant with Scripture truth. One great advantage will be secured by such a change,—complete harmony between the pulpit and the doctrinal standards. It is not boasting, but the simple statement of fact to say that

the same glorious doctrines, of a universal atonement bringing salvation within the reach of every son of Adam,—the privilege of every believer to receive the direct witness of the Holy Spirit to the fact of his renewal in righteousness and his adoption into the family of God, the duty and privilege of every believer to be made perfect in love, in this life; the actual efficacy of Christ's redeeming work in the case of all who are not capable of an intelligent rejection of his offered mercy; the resurrection of the dead and the everlasting reward of the righteous and punishment of the wicked,—these same glorious doctrines, that the Wesleys and their helpers proclaimed in Great Britain, and Pilmore, Boardman, Asbury and their fellow itinerants proclaimed in America, to the joy and salvation of unnumbered multitudes more than a hundred years ago, are preached throughout Methodism to-day. It is equally true and we rejoice that it is so, that our Calvinistic brethren adopt methods in revival work, sing sacred melodies, and preach doctrines, that not very long ago were considered peculiar to Methodists.

True nobility of character is seldom more conspicuous than in frank confession, when we find ourselves in error. We therefore regard the present effort at the rectification of creeds as proof of a noble devotion to truth, and earnestly pray for the Divine blessing upon those charged with such grave responsibilities.

Bro. Frazer's Scripture quotation, "Blessed are the poor in Spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," is thus seen to be very apt; though he evidently thought he had convicted us of a very different spirit. Genuine poverty of spirit, is not the counterfeit humility that ever prates about the faults and sins of which any one who pretends to be a Christian ought to be ashamed to be guilty as if no one could be humble without disparaging the power of Divine grace; but that profound sense of our absolute and continual dependence upon God for every grace, every power, indeed for all we are and for all we have, which is so tersely expressed by St. Paul, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Poverty of Spirit recognizes not merely our natural destitution, but also that the graces and varied gifts we receive, are all gratuities from the "Father of Lights." In the truest poverty of spirit then, we may "felicitate" ourselves and our brethren, upon the distinguished honor the great Head of the Church has put upon our beloved Methodism. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto thy name give glory."

The funeral of Mrs. Anna Willis, daughter of the late William Townsend, Esq., of Frederica, Del., and wife of Rev. Jonathan S. Willis, of the Wilmington Conference, took place, Tuesday, the 25th ult., from her late residence, Milford, Del., and was attended by a large company of sympathizing friends, who were deeply affected by the peculiarly sad circumstances of her death. Revs. A. W. Milby, W. S. Robinson, and Dr. Underwood, participated in the solemn services. About a hundred carriages accompanied the remains to the cemetery at Barretts Chapel. His honor, Gov. Stockley with members of his staff, N. B. Smithers, W. Smithers, and S. B. Haywood, Esqs., were among the gentlemen prominent in civil life who were present.

Mrs. J. E. Stevens kindly sends us the following most encouraging item in reference to Christian work among our China converts. May not some of our societies at home emulate their zeal to advantage. Our great and effectual means of helping ourselves to religious prosperity, is self-denying labor for others,—"He that undertaketh, shall be watered also himself."

The 'model auxiliary' has been heard from; model in that every woman in the

church is a member of the society, and a constant attendant of the monthly meetings, being drawn there by no tea-meetings or festivals of any kind, but by a real interest in the welfare of women in other lands. 'Where is it?' 'In Wilmington Conference?' Oh, no! In China. The following is a brief extract from a recent report: "Our society has, as heretofore, held twelve meetings during the year. We have been studying the preaching of the gospel, and its success in all lands, the things which we ourselves cannot see or hear. We have contributed this year \$33,390 cash, (\$14,04 U. S. Gold), and we wish still to support our Bible reader. We hear that the money we contributed last year lacked a little of enough for her full support. Now, we have promised, each of us, to add a little to our monthly contributions, so that this year we may give enough for her full support. This is what with willing hearts we desire to do. Three new members have joined our society this year, making the whole number nineteen. We ask you, our sisters there, to pray much for us here, that we may have warm hearts in working for the Lord."

Bro. J. M. Williams, pastor of the M. E. Church in Concord, New Hampshire, gives us an interesting report of his visit to a Shaker "community." "Mother" Lee, the original Shaker, was a woman of great force of character, but of strange mental hallucinations.

More Great Preaching.

As stated in our issue of the 29th ult., Dr. G. W. Miller, of the Philadelphia Conference, preached grandly at Ocean Grove camp meeting, Tuesday morning, the 25th ult., on Luke 18-1, "And He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." It was one of the sermons that ought to have been stenographically reported, so that other thousands might be thrilled and edified by it, besides those which hung with such rapt attention upon the speaker's lips. Dr. Wallace says, in the *Record*, "Dr. G. W. Miller's sermon on prayer, which many have said was the most striking and exhaustive of a brilliant series, was indescribable for energy, eloquence and effectiveness."

The circumstances of the occasion were propitious; an intensely sympathetic thrill of solemn interest pervaded the vast assembly, as Dr. Stokes announced the sudden and most unexpected death of a brother minister, which had occurred on the beach only some three hours before; and all hearts kindled to a flame of devotion, as Rev. Bro. Barnitz, his Conference associate, led in earnest prayer for the family and church thus sadly bereft. As the beautiful song, "The home of the soul," was sung, voicing the faith and hope of all in the blessed fruition awaiting the righteous, the preparation for the preaching was complete; and the preacher was in trim.

Without the circumlocutory introduction, with which some brethren about exhaust the receiving capacity of their hearers, Bro. Miller at once began the discussion of his theme, defining prayer, as the expression of the soul's conscious need, as an instinct of man's nature—"the out-cropping of a fixed law of his moral being. Hence we find prayer of some kind wherever we find men. The best and most influential men in all ages and in all lands were men who prayed; on the other hand, the ignoble and the debased seldom or never pray. The Holy Scriptures sanction prayer, and thus confirm this original constitution of man's nature. Just as men seek to come into harmony with all other laws that they may enjoy their benefits, so should they come into harmony with this law of prayer that they may enjoy its benefits. The experience of believers in all ages attests the efficacy of prayer, and no true Christian will soon give over praying. Indeed,

as prayer in its last analysis, is communion with God, we shall not cease to pray in another world, for the time will never come in eternity when we shall not desire to commune with God. God will respect the man who prays. God must hear; the necessity we find in ourselves to pray, is not greater than the necessity there is in God to hear prayer. Nor does prayer seek to change the will of God,—that will, that is founded in infinite wisdom and love; but its object is to secure a revelation of that will. If man, in his weakness under heavy burdens, prays for relief, his prayer is answered when he receives strength to carry those burdens. All true prayer is answered, not indeed always in our way, but in God's way. The true mother does not give the lighted candle to the babe she loves, though that child cry for it never so earnestly; so God, by his love for us, will not grant us what He knows is for our injury. But it is said, we now know that God rules the universe by fixed laws, and it is idle to suppose that by prayer we can affect the operation of these laws. The fact is, that men do modify the operation of natural law, as when a falling body is arrested in its descent, or when water is made to flow up instead of down hill; and surely God can do as much; otherwise, his supremacy disappears. He does so, not by annulling law, but by the combination and interaction of other laws. A God imprisoned by his own laws, would not be a God at all. Such a conception of natural law is in reality a denial of the existence of God. The old Grecian philosopher assigned every effect to a personal god. The modern materialist sweeps away all these, and substitutes the reign of impersonal law. The old heathen were nearer the truth than the modern materialist; they had at least that most magnificent conception, that you can't get at the beginnings of power any where in the universe apart from personal volition. Everywhere matter and spirit impinge on each other. The materialistic scientist seeks to account for the existence of matter without having recourse to spirit, but seeks in vain; for, from the hour, when "God spake and it was done," when "He commanded and it stood fast," matter is mind-created, mind-sustained, and mind-moulded. God has no lawless realms; and the dominant forces in the universe are the spiritual and the moral, and overall he rules supreme. After all our progress in science and theology, what we know is as nothing compared to what we do not know. We may find out yet that it is as natural for water to burn, as to quench fire, if we only can have the right kind of fire.

While, therefore, I may not be able to define all the delicate and intricate relations subsisting between the natural and the spiritual, or tell exactly how far or in what directions we may, by prayer, modify the conditions of the physical world, or the operations of natural law, yet I feel justified in saying, that it is not unreasonable to pray for rain, for health, for temporal prosperity, and for a multitude of things supposed to be wholly within the realm of natural law, but that it is the supremest unreason not to pray for these things.

In our moments of rapt devotion the clouds of naturalism are swept from our sky, and our vision sweeps the wider horizon of the spiritual world. This spiritual world is the environment of the natural, and holds it forever in its grasp and moulding. I believe in a God who permits the magnificent machinery of the universe to work on, but never apart from His personal control. The Engineer is ever over the wheels and in the wheels. The materialist may look to the machine; I will look to the Engineer. He may cry out, "Oh, wheels!" and in his sin and in his sorrow and in his deep necessity seek to have it out with the wheels; but I will continue to cry, "Oh, Engineer!" and in my sin and in my sorrow, and in my necessity I will have

it out with the Engineer.

The greatest test of the efficacy of prayer is the blessed experience of being borne into conscious communion with God; spiritual results are the most real of all realities; and these are secured by the prayer of humility, simplicity and faith.

But prayer does not supercede the diligent use of our own resources,—God does not do for us what we can do for ourselves. In case of sickness, send for the doctor and take the medicines he prescribes, but don't neglect to pray for God's help. He is the author of the physician's brain and skill; and He has given the herbs and the minerals their medicinal virtue. These resources may fail, but continue to pray; God never fails. With God's will and Christ's name, as the centre and circumference of all true prayer, "ye may ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

Rowland Hill's Preaching.

Two friends once entered Surrey Chapel previous to going to India. One was a Christian, the other not. Mr. Hill preached from the text, "We are not ignorant of his devices," and told the following tale:

Many years ago I met a drove of pigs in one of the narrow streets of a large town, and to my surprise they were not driven, but quietly followed their leader. This singular fact excited my curiosity, and I pursued the swine until they all quietly entered the butchery. I then asked the man how he succeeded in getting the poor, stupid, stubborn pigs so willingly to follow him, when he told me the secret. He had a basket of beans under his arm and kept dropping them as he proceeded, and so secured his object. Ah, my dear hearers, the devil has his basket of beans, and knows how to suit his temptations to every sinner. He drops them by the way, the poor sinner is thus led captive by the devil at his will; and if grace prevent not, he will get him at last into his butchery, and there he will keep him forever. Oh, it is because we are not ignorant of his devices that we are anxious this evening to guard you against them.

The Christian friend mourned over this tale about the pigs and feared it would excite a smile but not conviction in the mind of his unbelieving companion; After the service they left the chapel, and all was silent for a season.

"What a singular statement we had to-night about the pigs, and yet how striking and convicting it was!" remarked the young man. His mind was impressed—he could not forget the basket of beans, the butchery, and the final loss of the sinner's soul. He left the country and soon after corresponded with his friend, and referred to this sermon as having produced an abiding impression on his mind.—*Christian at Work.*

"Out of the Mouths of Babies."

The following testimony was lately given by a workingman, and it may cheer those who labor among the young: "I don't know exactly how to put it, but I've heard tell how teachers of little children don't get much encouragement and don't see much fruit of their trouble. Well, I think the lady that takes the infant class and teachers our little chap would like to know what good he has done me with one of his hymns. I'd got an anxious load to bear, and I was carrying it on my mind day and night, never thinking about the Lord, who could have given me rest; but I became so worried that one night I lay tossing about and couldn't get a bit of sleep, I was that perplexed. Our little boy was ill, and he woke up restless, too; but what does he do in the dark but break out into singing, and it seemed like a message right into my heart. It was only a child's hymn, learned among the infants; but it was just what I wanted. My little chap sung on about Him had I forgotten, and then and there I was able to gather up my trouble every bit, and I took it to my Father."—*The Quiver.*

Conference News.

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

Asbury M. E. church, Wilmington, opened their beautiful new lecture and Sunday school room for worship last Sunday morning. The whole place was crowded at the sacramental service. The Sunday school kept it crowded in the afternoon and through the classes contributed \$70 for the carpeting of the room.

In the evening the place was packed long before the hour for service. Rev. F. E. Williams, son of Rev. T. S. Williams, of North East, Md., preached with great freedom and acceptability. Two penitents were at the altar and one professed a saving faith in Christ.

Mr. Williams is on his way to Middletown, Connecticut, where he is attending Wesleyan University, preparing himself for the ministry.

The church will not be regularly opened and re-dedicated until the main audience room has undergone a course of alterations to make it compare with the other parts of the building.

St. Paul's M. E. Sunday school reopened last Sunday, after the summer vacation. The school room has been overhauled and refurnished during vacation, newly carpeted and generally improved. Dr. Caldwell, President of Delaware College, was present and delivered an address.

Grace M. E. Sunday school resumed its sessions last Sunday.

Rev. C. W. Prettyman, pastor of Union M. E. Church, arrived with his family home from Rehoboth last Friday. The members of his congregation anticipating their arrival had the parsonage aired, and after prayer-meeting some sixty or more preceded him to the parsonage, much to his surprise, and gave him a rousing welcome when he entered, and presented him with a nice dressing gown and a pair of beautifully embroidered slippers. Mrs. Prettyman was presented with a very fine flowered salad set, with a glass berry dish and cream pitcher. A bountiful repast followed, and music, vocal and instrumental, filled out the remainder of the evening.

Rev. Julius Dodd of Hockessin M. E. Church will preach at St. Paul's M. E. Church this city to-morrow evening. (D. V.)

Easton District.—REV. JOHN FRANCE, P. E., SMYRNA DEL.

Rev. S. N. Pilchard of Stockton, Md., preached in the M. E. Church in Hillsboro, Md., on Aug. 6th, where, with his wife, he has been spending a few days visiting friends.

At Hall's M. E. Church, Hillsboro circuit, 10 were received on probation last Sunday, all members of the Sunday School. Revival services will commence D. V. in this church Sept. 14th.

Bolingbrook M. E. Church held a festival last week, clearing over \$50. Professor Woodworth, professor of elocution in the Johns Hopkins University, gave a Bible reading in the Southern M. E. Church Sunday night.

TO THE BRETHREN OF EASTON DISTRICT: 1. The time for the meeting of the association of Easton District has been changed from September 5th to 22d, because of unavoidable delay in getting out the program. 2. The program has been shortened, so that no one will be compelled to be away from home more than one night, in order to attend the meetings of the Association. This is done to accommodate brethren who may be in revival work. You can come on train on Tuesday morning and leave Wednesday afternoon, and miss no session of the Association. Allow us brethren to urge you one and all to attend. The good people of Sudlersville expect you. Do not disappoint them.

BOARD OF CURATORS. The programme for above meeting received too late for publication this week. It will, however, appear in our next issue.

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

A grand corner-stone laying will take place Wednesday, Sept. 16th, at 2 p. m., for the new Beaver Dam M. P. Church, near Harbeson. The exercises will be unusually interesting. Distinguished speakers and excellent vocal and instrumental music have been engaged to take part in the exercises. A feature of the occasion will be a grand parade by the Free Masons of Sussex County. Everybody is invited to attend. It is more than likely that excursion tickets will be sold on the D. M. & Va. R. R.—Breakwater Light.

The Dover District preachers' Association met as announced in the Harrington M. E. Church on Tuesday evening, Sept. 8th. A fair number of the preachers being present. The opening sermon was preached by

Rev. A. W. Milby, presiding elder of the district, followed by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, all of the preachers present assisting. On Wednesday morning the address of welcome was delivered by Rev. G. W. Burke, pastor of the church, which was responded to by Rev. W. S. Robinson. The interesting questions on the programme published were taken up in order, and discussed by the brethren present. Rev. W. R. McFarlane from Salisbury District, Rev. G. Q. Bacchus of the M. P. Church, and Rev. W. H. Edwards of the Presbyterian Church, were among the visitors present.

The Association adjourned on Thursday evening. We hope to give our readers a full account of the proceedings in our next issue.

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

Immanuel M. E. Church, Chrisfield, Md., is holding revival services in Captain Benjamin Somers' woods on the suburbs of the town. The woods is very pretty and the arrangements for the meeting are excellent. A bower has been erected which will seat from 450 to 500 persons and seats enough outside to accommodate nearly as many more.

Rev. E. H. Derriekson, of Pocomok circuit, writes: Recently the good friends of Cokesbury appointment, gladly surprised Rev. James Miller, a good local minister of this place, with a handsome donation, consisting of money and family supplies, as a token of their esteem. As this was a little out of the usual custom with these friends, Bro. Miller both wept and rejoiced. We hope to be able to know of another like donation soon, to our much esteemed and aged brother.

Festival held at Curtis Chapel on 26th ult., was a fine success, netting over eighty dollars. We expect soon to make a slight improvement, by repairing our chapel at this place. Expect to put a new Estey organ in Cokesbury church at an early date.

Extra meetings are expected to begin at Holland's on Sabbath, Sept. 20th.

Rev. F. D. McPaul will deliver a lecture at Clarke's Town Hall in Pocomoke City, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 16th. Subject "Roman Catholicism." Proceeds applied to Missions for this lower Peninsula. Admission 25 cts.

We have introduced the Epworth Hymnal in our Sunday-schools.

Rev. C. A. Grice of Onancock charge is holding revival meetings at Leatherbury chapel. There has been 73 conversions to date, and the good work is still going on. Rev. R. Irving Watson who has been serving Cape Charles City will soon return to Drew. He has won golden opinions for himself among the people of this charge, under very trying circumstances and has proven himself a man who will be of great value to the church.

The new M. E. Church at Cape Charles City was raised last week and is being rapidly pushed to completion.

The Christian Union delivers itself clearly on the vice of "letting and gambling," and tells the lamentable truth that the daily papers are largely abetting it. It says:—

"One of the most potential, subtle and widespread passions of the day is the spirit of gambling. It pervades all classes, it enters all doors. Not many years ago one sorting paper—of which respectable people knew nothing—was a sufficient organ for the craft; how many now of the kind does New York alone publish? And besides these official mouth-pieces, large spaces in the daily papers are occupied in chronicling the doings on the race-courses, the bets in the billiard saloons, the result of 'sparring' and 'bruising' and walking matches."

It has also a very wise word with regard to the duty of Christians in the matter:—

"Individually, it seems hopeless to contend with it; and yet it has been by individual efforts that all great moral triumphs have been won. Here a convert and there a convert, and the Christian Church was formed. Seven men only started the 'Teetotal' crusade; a still less number the anti-slavery movement. We must never forget that individual effort is as powerful for good as for evil. Every good man can frown upon a bet, or a gambling transaction of any amount or any kind, as something wicked and disreputable. He can refuse to touch a 'hook,' or double in a 'pool,' or even make a 'corner.' He can be satisfied with honest gains, and never take enor-

mous chances to make stupendously wicked failures. He can frown upon all trading whose element is dishonest, whatever the profits may be; for all such gain is sin; and the end of sin, without controversy is death."

And we add he can see to it that the church is kept free from all little mean lotteries, swindles and grabs.—Zion's Herald.

PERSONAL.

John G. Whittier, in response to the suggestion of one of his old schoolmates at the Haverhill Academy, the Rev. Charles Wingate has decided to meet his companions of school days in reunion at St. John's rectory, of which Mr. Wingate is pastor, on next Thursday afternoon. The list of schoolmates so far compiled includes thirty-one names. Mr. Whittier expressed his desire last winter to meet his friends, but his health did not then allow it.

Rev. R. H. Adams pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church of this city, started this week for Saratoga where he expects to spend part of his vacation.

Bishop Bowman dedicated the fine new church building at Lincoln, Neb., Aug 23. It cost about \$50,000.

Colonel C. Chaille Long, the African explorer, has been visiting Princess Anne, his native town.

One of the richest women of Denver is Mrs. Bishop Warren, of whom so much has been written since her marriage with the handsome and gifted Methodist preacher. Many years ago this lady went to Denver, a poor hard-working sewing girl. Her face was her fortune, for as she bravely plied her trade, she was wooed and won by one Ilif, a miner, and when he finally died he left her a fortune of several million dollars. Mrs. Ilif was a devout Methodist, and Denver gossips tell that Bishop Simpson sent Bishop Warren to that city on purpose to marry the millionaire widow. Their wedding was a popular one, every Methodist in Denver being invited.

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Mrs. Rev. J. Cramer, sister of Gen. Grant, just returned from Berne, Switzerland, has been a guest at the Carrollton, Ocean Grove.

Bishop Lay, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Easton, is dangerously ill at the Church Home in Baltimore, Md., of a dropsical affliction. He has been for some time past at Massanetta Springs, Va., but recently became worse, and his friends brought him here for better medical treatment. But little hope is entertained of his recovery.

Rev. James Robert, D. D., formerly pastor of the Coatsville Presbyterian Church, was formerly installed as pastor of the Darby Presbyterian Church last evening. Rev. Thomas McCauley, of Chester city, delivered the charge to the people, Dr. P. H. Mowrey, of the First Presbyterian Church, preached the sermon, and Rev. J. C. Caldwell, of West Chester, delivered the charge to the pastor.

Dr. Talmage sailed from Queenstown on Saturday for New York.

ITEMS.

The lowlands of Maine suffered from heavy frost on Sunday night.

There is a wonderfully perfect machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns, as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through the machinery, by unerring laws, throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a silent but solemn parable for us. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the great day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust; the only hope lies in being of standard weight before they go in.—Exchange.

The school commissioners of Georgetown, in this state, are wise in their generation. They have put no fixings on the outside of their new public school, but inside of the building they have spared no pains to make it useful, attractive and convenient. That is the way to build school houses when there is less money at hand than one would like to spend.

As a first train stopped at Point of Rocks, Md., the other day, the engineer was found stunned and almost lifeless on the floor of the cab, while near by lay a dead chicken. The fowl had evidently attempted to fly across the tract in front of the train, and had come in collision with the head of the driver, killing itself and knocking him senseless.

Be shy of believing in the man who trusts nobody. Doubts of this kind, if genuine, must begin with himself. In this case, he is dangerous! If he holds himself to be the exception to his creed of universal frailty, do not care to have as a friend a creature whose conceit is so prodigious.

According to official statistics, France now has 650,000 Protestant inhabitants and 870 parishes. Of these, 550,000 belong to the Reformed and Calvinistic branch, 80,000 to the Lutheran, and 15,000 to 20,000 to the Free Church. The Methodists have about 30 regular and 100 lay preachers engaged in the French work, while the Baptists and Darbyist are also represented.

In Canada the Bible is not losing its place in the public schools, but rather gaining new standing. The Christian Guardian says the Minister of Education has made recently fuller provision for the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

The Methodist Protestants of Laurel contemplate holding a camp meeting at Mount Zion, before the close of the season.

During the last twenty-five years 65 new Methodist chapels have been built in London at a cost of \$3,000,000, and the number of ministers has increased from 50 to 150.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Daily Christian living is the true Pentecost.—Geo. Dana Boardman.

A holy act strengthens the inward holiness. It is a seed of life growing into more life.—Robertson.

Golden Days.

There is a Chinese tradition which tells that, four thousand years ago, the Emperor of China was much troubled with the wretchedness and destitution of his people, many thousand of whom who lived amid scenes of squalor and brutishness. At length, he became most anxious to do something to relieve the "bitter cry" of poor outcast China. All at once he recognized that the bad habits of his people had much to do with the habitations in which they were existing. The Emperor, by a wise act of authority, with a stroke of his pen closed up every liquor shop in China; and the tradition records that for three days the heavens rained gold. For three days the shower of gold continued; and the people being sober, were able to gather in the rich harvest of the bountiful skies. The Rev. Archdeacon Farrar, in referring to this tradition, says: Considering that there is hardly a pauper in England who has not wasted on intoxicants enough to have secured him long ago a freehold house and a good annuity, I say that, if the curse of drink were thoroughly expelled, it would rain gold in England, not for three days, but for many days.—London Welcome.

One of the most desirable things in improving churches to-day, is undoubtedly the tasteful arrangement of its interior, and frescoing heads the list. Mr. Nicholas Goldberg of this city is a skillful fresco painter, a specialist of this work. He has just returned from Europe where he was nearly two years in selecting new designs in most of the largest cities of the old world. By employing him the beauty of the church will be raised to the highest point. His taste and skill may be seen in many of our churches on the Peninsula. He is well recommended. Address N. Goldberg, Wilmington, Del. Special attention given to letters and posts.

MARRIAGES.

ROBOSSON—MEWS—On Sept. 1st, at the residence of the bride's brother, Crosby P. Mews Willow Spring Farm, on the French town Pike, Cecil Co. Md., by Rev. C. E. Atkins, John E. Robosson, of Baltimore City, and Miss Annie E. Mews.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

DOVER DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
	Sep.	10 13
Dover,	"	12 13
Camden,	"	14 13
Leipsic	"	19 20
Wyoming	"	21 20
Felton	"	22 20
Harrington	"	24 27
Milford	"	26 27
Houston	"	28 27
Magnolia	"	28 27
Frederica	"	28 27

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
	Sept	18 20
Laurel,	"	18 20
Bethel,	"	19 20
Sharptown,	"	19 20
Barron Creek,	"	20 21
Shortley,	"	20 21
Delmar,	"	20 21
Salisbury,	"	25 26
Quantico,	"	26 27
Fruitland,	"	25 27
Parsonsburg,	"	27 28
Gunboro,	"	27 28
Powellville,	"	27 28
Roxana,	"	3 4
Frankford,	"	3 4
Berlin,	"	4 5
Bishopville,	"	2 4
Chincoteague,	"	5 6
Smith's Island,	"	10 11
Tangier,	"	11 12
Holland's Island,	"	8
Newark,	"	17 18
Girdletree,	"	17 18
Snow Hill,	"	16 18
Stockton,	"	18 19
Pocomoke City, P C	"	18 19
Tyaskin,	"	24 25
Mt Vernon,	"	23 25
Princess Anne, P A	"	25 26
Deal's Island,	"	25 26
Somerset,	"	25 26
St Peter's,	"	25 27
Cape Charles City,	"	29
Onancock,	"	31 1
Accomac,	"	1 2
Fairmount,	"	5 8
Westover,	"	5 8
Pocomoke Ct,	"	8 9
Asbury,	"	7 8
Annamessex,	"	7 8
Crisfield,	"	6 8

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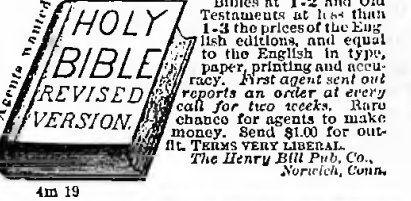
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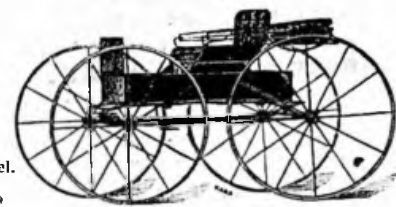
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