



# Peninsula



# Methodist.

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## THE SISTER OF LOVE.

BY MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

She wears a brow serenely calm,  
And on her lips she hath a balm  
For every wounded heart,  
Some tender word, so low and sweet,  
With love and sympathy replete,  
And healing to impart.

And she hath tears to weep for all,  
And feet to go at every call,  
And hands that never tire,  
Such thoughtful ministries to make,  
Such sacrifice for others' sake,  
Love only can inspire!

She giveth stricken hearts relief,  
Yet bears herself a deeper grief  
In silence and alone.  
So little thought of self she keeps  
I've doubted if she ever weeps  
O'er sorrows of her own.

I gaze into her tranquil eyes  
And wonder where the secret lies,  
The power to do and bear;  
This only answer comes to me—  
This only solves the mystery—  
She gains her strength through prayer!  
—Northern Christian Advocate.

## "Is it Right for Christians to Live in Luxury?"

In reply to this practical question, Dr. Buckley, in the *Advocate* of Aug. 5, says, "That the Scriptures allow comforts, and make them the ground of special thanksgiving to Almighty God, none familiar with the Bible will deny. Are we restricted to what may be called mere comforts, or are we allowed something more? Luxuries are of two sorts: the harmless and the harmful. The harmful are such as involve immorality, of which no Christian should be guilty, and such as are dangerous to the body and the mind, among which are gluttony, the use of intoxicating liquors, horse-racing, and demoralizing amusements. Of these we need say nothing. No Christian would pretend that these things are allowed by the Gospel.

Our Lord speaks of a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. These are the only charges brought against him. He was rich, he dressed in the most costly fabrics, and he fared sumptuously every day; but we learn from other passages that the charges against him and the man who said within himself, "Soul, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry," is of being rich toward themselves and not toward God.

Fidelity to our obligations to our fellow men and to God must be the first in every Christian mind and heart. Faring sumptuously every day, living in self-indulgence, are not compatible with this, nor has the Christian the right so to live as to be a constant temptation to those of less means. If his mode of life enervates and weakens his moral sense; requires constant thought to supply his artificial wants; stimulates his passions, fills his soul so that there remains no hunger and thirst after righteousness; absorbs his resources, so that there is little to give for Christ and humanity; he cuts himself off from the promise of God, and his life exercises an evil influence upon all who emulate him.

In the baptismal vow he has renounced the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all the covetous desires of the same and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that he will not follow nor be led by them. That the life above described is contrary to this vow is plain. Do we say, then, that the prosperous can have no harmless luxuries? We do not, but they must be subordinate in fact and in appearance

to the ruling principle of their lives. Otherwise they are rich toward themselves and not toward God; other wise their prosperity, instead of being a beacon light in the path to heaven, is a most dangerous lure from the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto life to the wide road that leadeth to destruction.

Such wealthy Christians should imitate the richness, liberally, and the piety of Abraham and Job, and be able to say as much as Zaccheus said. Their prayers and alms should come up as a memorial before God, as did those of Cornelius. To those to whom God has given more money than is necessary to support them, more than will furnish them the comforts of life, an amount admitting of much benevolence, the words "let your moderation be known" should be the rule. They should be moderate in luxuries for their own souls' sake, for the sake of their children who will be ruined for this life and that which is to come if they are allowed to grow up under the influence of luxury; for the sake of their example, which in the Church leads the wrong way; for the sake of their moral and spiritual power, which cannot exist without voluntary and obvious self-denial. Alas, that so many men and women, once active, simple-hearted, and earnest Christians, should have sunk into mere devotees of mammon and fashion and self-indulgence, only to be distinguished from the avowedly ungodly by the fact of an occasional visit to the sanctuary and contributions from their surplus to the expenses and enterprises of the Church!

Another class, who know nothing of luxury, but spend their lives denouncing it, economizing and saving and giving nothing, and leaving immense fortunes to children unprepared to use them, are in an equally dangerous condition. They are denounced by Christ and by all the prophets and apostles as severely as those who are immersed in luxury.

We urge, therefore, well-to-do and wealthy Methodists to consider that they cannot indulge in many luxuries, or much in any form of luxury, without danger. The line between the allowable and the prohibited is very narrow, and it is well to keep so far from it as to be sure of the ground. We are stewards, and God allows us to fix our own expenditures; but woe to the man who tries to see how much of his Master's property he can spend upon himself; happy is the man who tries to see how little he can spend upon himself, even though he err and mistake his Master's beneficence; but blessed is that man who, enjoying richly the things that God has provided, lives on the golden mean between poverty and riches. As all who know him know that he might rival the displays of the ungodly, their feasts, their wines, their spreads, when they perceive that he draws the line at moderation they see his good works both of restraint and action, and glorify his Father which is in heaven."

For the Peninsula Methodist.

Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss.  
BY M. ALICE BROWN.

This beloved and distinguished writer, daughter of the eminent divine, Dr. Edward Payson, whose family for two centuries had been celebrated for the number of clergymen it had produced, was born in Portland, Me., Oct. 26, 1818.

She is described as a dark-eyed, delicate child, devoted to her father, whose nervous temperament she inherited; feeble health attended her through life. Her mother says of her, "she was a little angel, until three years of age." Passionately fond of little children, she almost revered infancy, and studied the artless ways of childhood with most enthusiasm. To these facts are attributed her success, as an author of children's books. An apt scholar, her early womanhood was spent as a teacher. The pious influences, by which in early years she was surrounded, combined with her generous loving nature, settled her in religious tendencies; and while yet young, she discovered life's true happiness, in consecration to, and love for her blessed Master.

She was married Apr. 16, 1845, to Rev. George L. Prentiss, who had just been ordained pastor of the South Trinitarian Church, New Bedford, Mass. Six children, two of whom died in infancy, crowned this most felicitous union; after five years, her husband removed to the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church of New York City, where in the spring of 1858, he resigned his pastorate, on account of ill health, and in the following July with his family sailed for Europe, spending more than two years abroad, mostly in Switzerland, in whose beautiful natural scenery Mrs. Prentiss delighted, being now for the first time brought into such close contact with rural sights and sounds. Here, in July 1859, was born her sixth child, whom she termed her "Swiss boy." While abroad she traveled but little, making however, short visits to Paris and London; in the latter city was suggested the substance of her volume, "The Story Lizzie Told." Returning home, her husband was settled in the upper portion of New York city over a congregation which ultimately built the Church of the Covenant.

In 1873 her husband was called to a theological chair. Thus closed, with regret upon her part, the term of more than twenty-five years, as pastor's wife, a position which, regardless of its wearing responsibilities, she considered one of the most favored of earth, since it brought her so much among the sorrowing, and in such close contact with human hearts.

Though at times a victim of insomnia, and ever frail in body, the amount of labor she accomplished was astonishing; her books which seemed truly an inspiration, were written rapidly, on a portfolia laid in her lap, and with but few erasures. She published twenty-five volumes, original and translated. Of these, "Stepping Heavenward" met with the most extensive sale; was translated into French and German; and time will not suffice to reveal how many have been cheered, comforted, and aided on their upward way by the voice which speaks in its pages. In point of circulation, her "Susy" books hold the second place; the three volumes were reprinted in England, and met with universal favor, wherever read. The last production of her pen, "Gentleman Jim," appeared, but a few days after her death. Among her writings were a number of beautiful poems, the best known of which is perhaps the sublime hymn, "More Love to thee, O Christ," a universal favorite. Of her poetry she herself says, "I write in verse, when deeply stirred; for although as full of tears as others, I

cannot shed them." She frequently wrote verses, as presents for her friends, saying, "I have been in print ever since I was sixteen, and admiration has become an old story. I care very little for it, but I do crave and value sympathy with those who love Christ. I have written any number of verses, that no other human being has ever seen." Of a playful, mirthful disposition, her heart seemed ever young. While truly a mother in her home she was as well a companion and a sister to her children. She was a great burden sharer, and deeply sympathetic with the suffering, everywhere; her sympathy intensified and made more real, by her own sorrows; as she once wrote a friend, quoting the stanza,

"Old and young are bringing troubles,  
Great and small, for me to bear.  
I have often blessed my sorrows,  
That brought other's griefs so near."

The summer of 1866, she spent with her family at Dorset, Vt.; and in the same retreat, she passed each subsequent summer of her life. A home was here erected, to which many loved friends were welcomed; and here she gathered rich stores of nature's beautiful treasures, to deck her home; or busied her hands in home duties; for in no sphere did she win more laurels, than in that of wife and mother. About four years previous to her death, she entered heart and soul, into the work of conducting a Bible reading at Dorset, which she continued each remaining summer; it being one of her last earthly occupations. Ladies young and old came from all directions, to open their hearts to this kindly loving Christian. Late in life, she received instruction in painting, attaining to some proficiency and deriving from it much enjoyment. The yearning of her life was to know more of Christ and His glory. Even in her happy home on earth, the undercurrent of her life and longings seemed ever to bear toward the happier home above; and the idea of a Christian fearing death astonished her unshrinking faith. "Rest, more sweet and still than ever nightfall gave," at length was hers; when on the twelfth day of August, 1878, the toiling hands ceased their labors, and the freed spirit soared to the realization of its longings.

## "Methodism of the Peninsula" and the Critics.

BY REV. R. W. TODD.

### CHAPTER I.

"He that writes,  
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites  
His judges than his friends. There's not a  
guest  
But will find something wanting or ill-  
dressed!"

The author of the above quotation, like some of his critics, evidently had dyspepsia. Gastritis had so affected his stomach, and his stomach his optics, that all the verdure of life was turned to sombre blue.

Some books, like some people are so good—good for nothing that they are not worth finding fault with. Next to the great misfortune of universal condemnation is universal condemnation. "Woe unto ye," men or books, "when all men shall speak well of you." It shows that you are a negative being, made of putty and shaped by the pressure of the world around you; that you are a being with no points or angularities that distinguish you from the common herd; and that you are therefore incapable of impressing the world with your individuality—doomed to obliteration

by absorption into the stagnant plebeian puddle. When all the critics and reviewers say: "It's a good book, a very good book, an excellent book it's grammatical, rhetorical, philosophical, discreet—unquestionable all through," let the author at once engage an undertaker and have the lovely corpse prepared for burial.

If there were no spots upon the sun, he would be considered a commonplace and much less interesting body, and astronomers would pay him comparatively little attention. Indeed those very spots are said to be evidence of an activity and a commotion, without which the solar orb might soon lose his power to bless humanity. So an unusual book—one out of the common order—one with spots of individuality, yea even of idiosyncrasy upon it—a book shaded with the blemishes of human frailty, if evangelically reverent and moral, will be likely to attract both the smiles of approval and the shafts of antagonism, and often both from the same reader. Had I anticipated universal commendation for "Methodism of the Peninsula," it would never have seen the light. A book like that, is, as the old women are wont to say of juvenile prodigies, "too good and too smart to be raised." So I as heartily thank the critics for their honest objections as for their very generous and complimentary endorsements. By some of these objections I have been taught and profited, by nearly all highly entertained, and by some no little amused. If the readers of the PENINSULA METHODIST are willing to listen to a youthful author's experience and his cogitation along this line, he is willing to recite the same in short chapters, meanwhile indulging in a kindly chat with (or at) his critics, which he hopes will afford mutual enjoyment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Personal Work.

On a cold winter evening I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, I said: "What an awful night for the poor!"

He went back and bringing to me a roll of bank bills, he said: "Please hand these, for me, to the poorest people you know."

After a few days I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added: "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow creatures has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse Him his heart?"

That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. But he told me that I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in nearly twenty years. One hour of pastoral work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a lifetime.—Dr. T. J. Cuyler.

Dr. Somerville calculates that, during the history of missions, say the last one hundred years, nearly one million communicants, representing nearly five million adherents, may, at a tolerably liberal computation, be reckoned to have been won for Christ.—Methodist Recorder.

It is stated that the Methodist ministers of Iowa, have offered a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest of the assassin of the Rev. G. C. Herkadd. This is independent of the other rewards offered.



Temperance.

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

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

A Temperance Anecdote.

John Jones began at the age of fifteen to build a monument, and finished it at fifty. He worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say \$50,000. Then borrowed all he could; and when no one would loan him any more he would take his wife's dresses and the bed-clothes and many other valuable things in his home, and sell them to get more money to finish that monument.

They say he came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby to keep it warm, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was not anything left in the house. The poor, heart-broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet John Jones kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters, and his hands and face, indeed his whole body, were covered with scars which he got in laying up the stones. And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building that he had about forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath. That may seem strange; but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer oaths to any other word!

Now come with me and I will show you John's monument. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way, and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker Hill monument?" asks little Amy Arlott by my side.

Not at all. John didn't want to be remembered that way. He might have taken that \$50,000 and built an asylum for poor little children that have no home, and people would have called the asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house! It is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, elegant mirrors and a piano, and I know not what all; so rich and grand.

This is John Jones's monument! and the man who sold John nearly all the whisky he drank lives here with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it?—Eli Perkin's "Wit and Humor of the Age."

The Chicago Lever says: "There is a parish in Louisiana where prohibition is enforced, and they use the jail for storing corn. Better store the corn in the jail and let men be free, than convert it into whisky, and store the whisky in the men, and the men with the whisky in jail. It is much more economical to store only the one article in the jail at a time."

South Carolina has almost banished the saloon by Local Option. Outside of Charleston, it is said, not a hundred are to be found in the State.

Pledged With Wine.

Translated from prose into poetry.

BY MISS HAN-LIZZIE RIALE.

"Pledge with wine," cried young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran circling round the brilliant crowd. The beautiful bride grew ashen pale, She pressed together her hands, so white, While upon her brow, the bridal wreath, Trembled,—for she must do the right. Wildly beat her heart; quicker came her breath, For she knew the decisive hour had come That meant perhaps life or death. The Judge advanced toward his daughter, "Lay aside your scruples, Marion, this once," pleaded he, "In your own home let them be your master, But in mine, for this once, please me." Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair, For Marion's principles were well known, But the youthful husband had loved the wine-cup. Was a woman's opinion to rule him so soon? They poured for her a brimming beaker, They held it toward her with tempting smiles, Would she touch the crystal tempter? Would she listen to his wiles? She was pale but composed: her hand shook not. As with a grateful smile she took the cup, She raised it to her lips while the others did the same. When a piercing exclamation arrested every hand and brain. "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried they all. For she had slowly carried the glass away And stood regarding it in fixed appal. As if she saw a demon turned at bay. From her dark eyes an inspired radiance shone. One jewelled finger pointed to the sparkling glass, "Wait," she said, "and I'll tell you before it is gone. Let me speak e'er the vision pass, I see a sight that beggars all description, But listen, I will paint it if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure. Rise in awful sublimity and grand. A sparkling river through it runs And flowers grow even to the water's edge, While the many trees, lofty and beautiful Wave to the airy motion of the birds. But there, with sorrow resting on his brow, A group of Indians sadly gather. For in their midst lies a manly form, And his eye is wild with the fitful fire of fever. I see one friend beside him kneel. He pillows that poor head upon his breast, But the cheek is deathly; it does not feel. The friendly hand that would give him rest, Genius in ruins! Oh! the holy looking brow! Why should death mark it and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls now! See him clasp his hands! hear his smothered groan! And now hear the thrilling shrieks for life! See him clutch at his companion's form! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name. And the name of his sister far off in her home! Yes, for his only sister, hear him call, Tho' she had not power to stay Death's hand For his only sister—the twin of his soul Weeping for him in his native land!" The bridal party shrank back in fear, Trembled in their grasp th' untasted wine. While the Judge fell back upon his chair Overpowered, like the gale o'erpowers the vine. "See," she exclaimed, "his arms are lifted to heaven, How wildly for mercy he prays!—While hot fever rushes through his veins swollen— That he might be saved from his sinful ways. Awe stricken, the dark men move slowly away. And the dear friend beside him is weeping. The living and dying are left there together. The living—his lone vigil keeping." There was a hush in that princely parlor, Broken only by a smothered sob That came from the depths of some manly bosom. Which seemed with agony to throb. But the bride stood upright, with quivering lip, While the tears were stealing to her lashes-tip. And the glass with its little troubled red waves Came slowly toward the range of her vision, For her eyes were filled with sorrowful tears, And her beautiful arm had lost its tension. She spoke again; every lip was mute, Her voice though awfully distinct, was weak. Still her sorrowful glance was fixed on the cup. As if she saw what she'd feign not speak. "It is eve ting now, and the great white moon With her gentle beams is coming up: They lay on his forehead, they touch his brow; But he moves not; he looks not up. His eyes firmly fixed it their sockets are set, Their usually bright piercing glances are dim; But perhaps his friend's voice may reach him yet— Ah, no! he speaks of father and sister in vain; Death is there! and no soft hand to bless, No gentle voice to soothe; back sinks his head, Ah, father, sister, you cannot now caress— One last convulsive shudder—he is dead!" Through that brilliant assembly ran a groan, For all were touched by the sorrowful scene, While from the weeping bridegroom came a moan, And they wondered what his tears could mean. "Dead!" again the beautiful bride repeats, While more and more her voice was broken, And faster and faster quivered her lips, With the agony of the words that she had spoken, "And there they scoop for him a grave,

Without a shroud, they lay him down— That brother for whom a sister prayed— And of a stern, proud father, the only son. He sleeps to-day in that distant country With no marble stone to mark the spot. My father's son—my own twin brother, A victim to this poisonous cup! Father! she exclaimed as she suddenly turned, And white as marble was her classic brow, While down her cheeks the sad tears rained, "Father, shall I drink it now?" Convulsed with agony the old Judge sat, For the death of his son was a hard, hard blow, But he raised his head and in faltering voice Murmured: "No, no, my child! in God's name, no!" She lifted the glittering goblet on high, Then sudden to the floor she let it fall. Her movements were watched by many a tearful eye, And every glass was set down in that marble hall. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal She said to the company: "Friends of mine, Let no one hereafter tempt me, who loves me To peril my soul for the sparkling red wine. For not firmer are the everlasting hills Than my solemn resolve, God helping me, Never to touch or taste that deadly poison That tore my own twin brother from me. And he to whom I have given my hand, Who watched o'er my brother's dying form, And who buried him there in that golden land, I trust will sustain me now in life's sunny morn. Will you not, my husband?" but she read his replies In his sad, sweet smile, and his glistening eyes. The Judge left the room, but on his return None could fail to read his determination, To dash away the enemy that had made him mourn, Once and forever from his princely habitation, And many who were present can never forget The impression that bride so solemnly made, For they followed the example she had set. And left forever the wine-embowered shade.

Among the privileges of every citizen is that of showing himself a freeman, capable of intelligent and conscientious action, not of servile submission to a party or through a party to a power that he can neither respect nor tolerate. Last year there were temperance men who refused to vote for certain candidates for the Assembly who, though nominated by their party, were known to be pledged to the liquor interest. It is time to warn the parties that the record of last year will make temperance voters more watchful this year, and that a larger number than ever before will refuse to vote for those candidates who have sold themselves to saloon dictators, or whose record, character or word does not afford assurance of practical devotion to the cause of temperance and of honest, earnest effort to suppress the rum traffic. The temperance sentiment of the State is crystallizing more and more into a solid conviction in favor of constitutional prohibition. And though the majority of prohibitionists favor the non-partizan method of action, they do not propose to allow it to be thwarted by the meanest kind of partizanship the sun ever shone upon. The true citizen is not the politician's lackey. He knows how and when to scratch a ballot, much as he may regret the occasion for so doing, and if the scratch is felt on the political nerve of the candidate so much the better.—Northern Christian Advocate.

Is It a Sin?

This is the way the Hon. Neal Dow replied to an English rector who asked him if he held that to drink a glass of wine were a sin: "We temperance people say nothing of that," said he, "but this is our view. An intelligent man must know something of the sin, shame, crime, horror which come from intemperance. He must know that intemperance comes from the drinking habits of society. He must know, also, that these are upheld and perpetuated by the example and influence of the better classes of the people. For a man who knows all this to lend the influence of his example to uphold the customs whence all his mischief comes, is a mortal sin. We hold it to be a primary Christian duty so to live that if all the world should follow our example, no harm could come from it. If our example of total abstinence should be adopted by all the world, the sin, shame, crime, and infinite misery coming from intemperance would cease in a day, and the world would be relieved of nine-tenths of the wretchedness by which it is now cursed."—Ex.

Youth's Department.

Girls, Don't Dance.

If there be any amusement which is essentially worldly, it is the dance. Holy, consecrated, Christian ministers, faithful, devoted Christian workers, never dance. This is the favorite amusement of the world. And many a man and woman can trace their downfall to the day when they first indulged in the dance. So, if you are not a Christian, if no vow restrains you, let the desire to be pure and true keep you from this evil. If you could hear the remarks made by some of the young men who invite you to dance, after it is over, you would indignantly refuse ever to let their arms encircle you again.

But you ask, "what possible harm can there be in a private dance at home, among one's own kindred and dear friends?"

Let me answer by narrating an Arabian fable. A miller was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust into the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside, I only want to get my nose in," said the animal. The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Soon the miller was extremely inconvenienced by the presence of the ungainly animal in a room not large enough for both.

"If you are inconvenienced," said the camel, "you may leave; as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

Dancing is just such a camel. Young people only want to dance at home, then at the house of a friend, then at a "sociable," then at a soiree, then at a ball. At length the whole camel has been admitted. It says, "Late hours, excitement and fatigue are not conducive to religion or moral life. Then these must go, I will not." Even the world recognizes the fact that a life of pleasure and a life of prayer are incompatible. A young girl in a time of revival was urged by her physician to become a Christian.

"How can I," was her answer, "think of becoming pious when I shall debar myself the privilege of attending balls!" The doctor tried to convince her of her error, and solemnly reminded her that she would yet see the difference between a life of amusement and a life of prayer. She listened attentively with tears, but refused to give up her pleasures and become a Christian. Soon after her physician was summoned to attend her dangerously ill with fever. He spoke to her of the state of her soul.

"I am too weak to talk," was her answer: "pray for me."

She lay for hours with her eyes partially closed, occasionally uttering the most heart-touching and unearthly groans. Her speech was unintelligible. The friends were so pained by her terrible distress that at last the doctor said: "Mary, tell me what means these unearthly groans? What is the matter my dear child? It is in your power to tell me; do, I beseech you."

She opened her beautiful eyes, raised her pale, thin hand, and giving the doctor a look which made his soul ache, she said, with a terrible intensity: "Doctor, doctor, there is a difference between a life of amusement and a life of prayer. Oh, it is hard to die without an interest in Christ!"

Soon after her earthly anguish was ended; she never spoke again.

As you value your influence here, as you hope for a crown of immortality hereafter, I beseech you girls don't dance.—Christian at Work.

Davy's Talk with Conscience.

Davy knew just what was the right thing to do, but would not confess that it was the only right thing. There was the empty wood-box. His mother was with sick Mrs. Jenks. She would come at five and have the wood to bring in herself.

"Father told me to meet him at the store at two," Davy said to conscience. "But you know he told Mr. Kane, afterward that with the tired horse, he could hardly get there before half-past two, and you can fill this box in ten minutes," said conscience to Davy.

"Well, I don't want to fill that box; and I'll get no credit if I do. Mother'll think father filled it for her. I've done it lots of times, and had no notice taken of it."

This brought down a storm upon Davy's head.

"How much notice do you take of the dinner your mother cooks for you, or the clothes she makes and mends? How much did you thank your father for the long ride he took you this morning? How much have you noticed God's sunshine to-day, or the strong, well body he has given you instead of a sick body like Mrs. Jenks? How much—"

"Never mind—never mind: I'll do it," said Davy.

"You'd better!" said conscience.—Selected.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

Table with columns for location, date, and names. Includes Wilmington District—Second Quarter and Easton District—Third Quarter.

Table with columns for location, date, and names. Includes Dover District—Third Quarter.

Table with columns for location, date, and names. Includes John France, P. E.



The Sunday School.

Jesus Interceding.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 1886. John 17: 1-3.

BY REV. M. P. BLAKESLEE.

[From Northern Christian Advocate.]

1. These words. Revised. "These things" referring to the connected discourse of chapters xiv-xvi. The prayer spoken aloud to comfort the disciples enforces the previous words. Lifted up his eyes. The usual and perhaps natural attitude of prayer. To heaven. It may not from this be argued that he was in the open air. The expression is commonly used to describe an upward look. Father. A familiar address to one with whom he was intimate. The hour is come. The hour of his long expected suffering and death. Glorify thy Son. By the completion of redemption through him. This included his heavenly exaltation. May glorify thee. By making God's love and mercy known through the Son.

2. As thou hast given him power. Revision, "authority." This authority is the ground of the petition. All flesh. A Hebrew idea: it means the whole mass of humanity in its imperfection and weakness. That he should give eternal life. Eternal life is the Saviour's gift to all those individuals in the "mass of humanity," who believe on his name. As many. All mankind were given him, even "the heathen" (Psa. ii: 8), but many have rejected him, and many are still doing so. By their unbelief they exclude themselves from the benefits of Christ's death.

3. Life eternal. The salvation purchased by Christ for men is called life, because sin had exposed man to death, that is, a separation from God. It is eternal in that it is the salvation of an immortal spirit. That they might know thee. "That they should know thee." And by recognizing God glorify him. The only true God. The world then known had thousands of spurious gods. Jesus Christ. The man and the God; the Creator and the Redeemer. Knowledge of Christ in his complete character is eternal life. It is, however an experience, not a mere perception or conception.

4-10. Having prayed for himself in relation to his completed work, he turns to make intercession for his disciples who were about to be left behind him.

11. I am no more in the world. He views himself as already beyond the world. These are in the world. His disciples who were by his side, must encounter the hostility and brutality of the world after their Master should be crucified. Jesus well knew that in its first stages, Christianity would suffer much persecution, and he therefore prayed that they might be sustained and preserved. Holy Father. Holy, and therefore separated from and superior to the world; able then to keep the disciples from its sin and corruption. Through thine own name. Through the revelation of his meek and power in Jesus Christ. That they may be one, as we are. His prayer contemplated such a union among themselves as could only be fitly set forth by the union between the Son and the Father. Their being kept from the power of the world, depended upon their union as well as upon God's power and grace.

12. While I was with them. . . . I kept them. The omission of the words "in the world" is according to the Revision. The Saviour's constant personal watch-care over the disciples is meant. He was their guard and defense. None of them is lost. "Not one of them perished." The son of perdition. The English fails to present the full force of the original of this title by which Judas is described. "Perish" and "perdition" are cognate words. The thought is only hinted at by the similar English form: "None perished but the son of perishing." There was salvation, preservation and guardianship for him, but for the love of money he rejected it all. Fulfilled. See Psa. xli, 9.

13. And now I come to thee. The Revision is better by the substitution of "but" for and. Christ has been with them, to watch over them; but it is now so no more. I speak in the world. He speaks orally that his disciples may be comforted in knowing that he who has been with them, had by virtue of his authority, committed them to his Father's keeping. That they might have my joy fulfilled. That the joy which was his support in all the sorrow and loneliness of his life on Earth, might be theirs in their approaching trials.

14. I have given them thy word; and the world hath hated them. The terms "I" and "the world" are in contrast. The hatred of the world is because of the word of Christ, which separates them from the world. They. . . . even as I. Here is the pattern of all true consecration to God.

15. Not that thou shouldst take them out of

the world. This petition is as if he had perceived in the minds of the eleven, the thought that they would be the best kept by being taken with him out of the world. But while he had finished his work, they had scarcely begun theirs. Shouldst keep them from the evil. Revision, "from the evil one," that is the devil.

16. Even as I am not of the world. This thought of their spiritual separateness is repeated from verse 13. It is here given as the reason why they should be kept.

17. Sanctify. Revision, margin, "consecrate." Through the truth. The Revision has "in the truth." The element in which their sanctification was to take place was truth. In the truth, or by the truth, they were separated from the truth-hating world. Thy word is truth. This word they had received and believed.

18. As thou hast sent me, etc. This is every Christian's commission as a missionary in the world, for we must not confine Jesus' prayer to the needs of the eleven merely. He saw in them the great spiritual Church that was to come from their labors.

19. For their sakes. On account of the whole body of Christian workers for all time as well as for the eleven. I sanctify myself. He set himself apart as a sacrifice for men's sins. That they also might be sanctified through the truth. The truth spoken by him during his ministry, depended for its efficacy upon his sacrifice of himself, his disciples could have no salvation, no cleansing from sin, no fruit from their consecration of themselves.

20. For them also which shall believe. Here this marvelous prayer is made efficacious for the Church of all future time. His prayer, his sufferings and his death were not more for the eleven than for all believers.

21. That they all may be one. The unity of believers is not in form but in essence. Unity exists where two or more hearts have one love. It does not necessarily imply union, but it does imply freedom from strifes and divisions. That the world may believe. The animosities and differences of professed Christians is a perpetual stumbling block to unbelievers, while on the other hand, the love and unity of Christians of diverse habits, tastes and training constitute an unanswerable argument for Christianity.

"Old Hickory's" Inauguration. From "Perley's Reminiscences of Sixty Years in the Notional Metropolis."

After the installation of John C. Calhoun as Vice-President in the Senate Chamber, the assembled dignitaries moved in procession through the rotunda to the east front of the Capitol. As the tall figure of the President-elect came out upon the portico and ascended the platform, uplifted hats and handkerchiefs waved a welcome, and shouts of "Hurrah for Jackson!" rent the air. Looking around for a moment into ten thousand upturned and exultant human faces, the President-elect removed his hat, took the manuscript of his address from his pocket, and read it with great dignity. When he had finished, Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath, and as the President, bending over the sacred Book, touched it with his lips, there arose such a shout as was never before heard in Washington, followed by the thunder of cannons, from two light batteries near by, echoed by the cannon at the Navy Yard and at the Arsenal. The crowd surged toward the platform, and had it not been that a ship's cable had been stretched across the portico steps would have captured their beloved leader. As it was, he shook hands with hundreds, and it was with some difficulty that he could be escorted back to his carriage and along Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. Meanwhile Mr. Adams, who had refused to participate in the pageant, was taking his usual constitutional horseback exercise when the thunders of the cannon reached his ears and notified him that he was again a private citizen.

The broad sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue were again packed as the procession returned from the Capitol. "I never saw such a crowd," wrote Daniel Webster to a friend. "Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." Hunters of Kentucky and Indian fighters of Tennessee, with sturdy frontiersmen from the North-

west, were mingled in the throng with the more cultured dwellers on the Atlantic slope.

On their arrival at the White House, the motley crowd clamored for refreshments and soon drained the barrels of punch, which had been prepared, in drinking to the health of the new Chief Magistrate. A great deal of china was broken, and the East Room was filled with a noisy mob. At one time General Jackson, who had retreated until he stood with his back against the wall, was protected by a number of his friends, who formed a living barrier about him. Such a scene had never before been witnessed at the White House, and the aristocratic old Federalists saw, to their disgust, men whose boots were covered with the red mud of the unpaved streets standing on the damask satin-covered chairs to get a sight at the President of their choice.

Missionary Successes.

"In India our early missionaries sat the fire of Suttee blazing. We see them quenched. They saw and sickened at the sight of the bloody rites of Juggernaut. We see them abolished. They heard the shrieks of victims at the swinging festivals. We listen for them in vain. They saw our missionaries expelled from India. We see them heartily welcomed and applauded by the highest authorities. They saw the smoke of devil worship curling among the palm trees. We are gladdened by the sight of the village spire. They saw the Zenanas closed by unmanly prejudices. We see them opened by womanly tact and piety. They counted converts by tens and hundreds. We by thousands and tens of thousands. In Africa they heard only the clang of the chain and the groan of the oppressed. We hear the voice of the peace, liberty and religion. They saw the fetters struck off and noble liberty offered. We see a native ministry and episcopate. In New Zealand they saw the horrid orgies of cannibalism and felt the reed of human sacrifices. We see crowds thronging churches and schools. In North America they scanned the prairies of the West, and saw the deeds of savagery and blood. We see Christianity and civilization in the home of the red man even to the Rocky mountains and the Arctic Circle."

Our own eloquent Dr. Thoburn in the Baptist Missionary Herald of England assaying:

"The changes effected by missionary workers in India during the present century are wonderful indeed. Should Carey and Thomas visit to-day the scene of their life labors it would seem a stranger land by very far than when they first touched its shores.

"Her sacred Ganges is now plowed by government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carry messages from her people. Then the whole interior of the country sealed and the roads almost impassable; now, it is all open, surveyors are everywhere and ten thousand miles of ironway have opened up the continent.

"Then a whisper against sacred customs through the mission fields sent a panic through India and England; now, the remarriage of widows and the suppression of cruelties in festivals, with other changes more radical than the early missionaries dared dream of, are discussed weekly in purely native newspapers.

"Then it was with difficulty that children could be hired to attend Christian schools; now, staunch Hindoos freely contribute to the support of these schools. Then, if natives could be induced to take Christian books as a gift the missionary rejoiced in his success; books are now sold everywhere. Then the education of women was looked upon with terror or utter contempt; to-day the education of the girls of India receive more attention than that of the boys thirty years ago.

"In Calcutta nearly five thousand women are regularly taught in their Zeuanas, and many a young Brahmin secretly imparts to his wife daily what he learns in the public schools. It is not sixty years since an order was issued by the Indian government that 'missionaries must not preach to natives, nor allow native converts to do so; now, the officers of the government vie with each other in praise of the work done by missions, while the modern leader of the Somaj holds up the very missionaries at whom the edict was aimed to the everlasting gratitude of India.

"And the change wrought, or working rather, is greater even than these outward signs indicate. It is no mere intellectual satisfaction that we feel when we find Euclid, Cowper, Blackstone, perhaps with the skin of the sacred cow used in their binding, resting on the tables of the cultivated Brahmins, for by this we know that we have clasped hands with our eastern cousins, that for the Indian of to-day everything is possible; and already in vision we see, not far off, the time when between us and them 'there shall be no more sea.'"

How to Keep the Hands Soft.

A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean; glycerine makes some skins harsh and red. These people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands at night is white of egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it. "Roman toilet paste" is merely white of egg, barley flour and honey. They say it was used by Romans in olden time. Anyway, it is a first rate thing. But it is a mean, sticky sort of stuff to use, and does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time, by doctoring them a little at bedtime. All the tool you need are a nail brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and a little fine white sand to rub stains off, or a cut of a lemon, which will do even better: for the acid of the lemon will clean anything. Manicures use acids in the shop, but the lemon is just as good, and is not poisonous, while the acids are.—New York Analyst.

A Talk to Girls.

Girls, watch your company. An angel from heaven could not keep some company that girls do in Chicago, and not be corrupt. Pure, noble girls stand alone on this earth for beauty and glory. Boys go in bad company; but the hope of this land is in its pure girls. Oh, be vigilant; guard your parlors; beware with whom and how you go to entertainments. The best way to go is not to go at all.

Tell me what your associations are, young lady, and I will give you a glimpse of your history. Is he an exquisite dancer? Does he clerk in a big establishment at \$60 a month, and spend \$40 a month for board, \$30 a month for carriage hire, and \$20 a month for theaters? Does he convince you that he has not a stinky bone in his body? Do you think he is "just nice?" Where does he get his money? \* \* \* I am in love with the wool-hat boy. He starts at \$30 a month, sticks to business and the wool hat till he gets \$1,000 a year; then he gets to be junior partner, then senior partner, and finally owns the whole block where he does business. You stylish girls do not like him. Well, he likes you about as well; for when he wanted a wife he went back to his country home and married plain Mary; and for a few years it was love in a cottage,

and now he has a residence on Michigan avenue. Girls, tie to these wool-hat boys, and they will take care of you.

A beautiful girl of this city arranged to attend a wine-supper last week. When the night came she sent word, saying, "I can't go; my heart has been touched at the meetings." Now, she has brought three of her associates here with her. What do you want of wine-suppers? Oh, mothers! no matter what the devil may owe you, if he sends you about three drunken sons-in-law he will have paid all the debt, and you will receipt in full.

Then, girls, watch your tempers. If a girl is ugly to her mother, she will make it warm in her own home, if she ever has one.

Mothers, overhaul your libraries. A young girl once said she was terribly bored by reading the Bible. The poor, silly, sap-headed things! Some mothers fix their daughters to be damned. They insist on having little parties for their children. A little party is a big party in short clothes. Then comes the big party, and then the hugging german. I want to have the grass growing on my grave when my daughters are attending germans. After the german, then what? I will go no further. Take the word of the profound priest, who says that at his confessional nineteen out of every twenty young women who have strayed ascribed their fall from purity and virtue to the influence of the ball-room.—Sam Jones.

ITEMS.

The Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pittsburgh has determined to erect a library building, costing \$40,000, as a memorial to the late Bishop Kerfoot. In it will be placed his library, which was willed to the people of the diocese.

The men of early Methodism, to whom we are indebted, under God, for the existence of a church, spent much time in prayer and fasting. And here was their might. We glory in their spiritual power, and unexampled success, and yet we are inclined to sneer at the self-denial by which that great power was secured.—Christian Witness.

The oldest Presbyterian church in New York city, (the Seventh by name) has been for some time carrying a debt of \$15,000. Elliott F. Shepard, Esq., proposed to erect memorial tablet to his father and mother, and to the first two pastors of the church. When these tablets were unveiled, Mr. Shepard is making the presentation promised to pay off the debt, on condition that no new one should ever be incurred. The conditions were promptly complied with, and the generous offer was accepted.

The report has been widely published that the President's wife drank wine at her wedding dinner, and that she is fond of champagne. In the interest of religion and temperance, we are glad to stamp the report as unqualifiedly and maliciously false. When the toast to the bride was offered, she drank in response a glass of Apollinaris water. We have the authority of Rev. Dr. Sunderland, her pastor, that Mrs. Cleveland is a communicant in the Presbyterian church in good and regular standing; that she is an earnest and consistent Christian woman, anxious to be useful, and we feel her reputation should be jealously guarded against the flippant and unfounded sensational reports of the secular press.—Herald and Presbyter.

Sow seeds of carnation in July and August for plants to bloom next Spring and Summer. The carnation is hard if properly developed and protected. Cover the bed six inches deep with tree leaves, when the ground first begins to freeze. Carnation seed is apt to fail in part; even when sown under most favorable conditions, not over one-half of the seeds can be expected to grow. Shade the bed well.

Samuel Green, the second printer in the United States, had nineteen children, and his descendants were a race of printers in New England and Maryland. His son Bartholomew, printed, in April, 1704, the first newspaper ever issued in America, the Boston News Letter.

The African M. E. Church has 391,044 members; the African Methodist Zion Church 300,000; the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church 112,300, and the Methodist Episcopal Church has in the neighborhood of 200,000 colored members, making in round numbers a million of colored Methodists in the United States. Since there are no essential differences dividing these, what a grand movement it would be to bring them all together in one organization.—Daily Advocate.



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## SPECIAL OFFER

The Peninsula Methodist to new subscribers from now until Jan. 1, 1887, only twenty-five (25) cents. One and two cent stamps taken.

### From the Sea to the Mountains.

For reasons that will hereafter appear, the writer devoted a few days of last week to a trip across northern New Jersey. To such of our readers as associate this State with the fragrant pines and fertile sands of its southern and eastern portions, it may be a matter of some surprise, to learn that this same Jersey has some respectable mountain ranges within its lines, and in some parts abounds in hold and picturesque scenery. Leaving Ocean Grove after a most enjoyable sojourn of three months, Wednesday morning the 8th inst., by the New York and Long Branch Railroad, we made the great metropolis in two hours, a distance of some sixty miles, passing through Long Branch, Mattawan, South and Perth Amboy, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark and Jersey City, with many smaller towns and villages, each in succession presenting their respective attractions to the moving panorama of the varied landscape that greeted the eye of the traveler. Without tarrying on Manhattan Island to do the great city, that, finding its natural boundaries too strait for its constantly growing prosperity, seeks by bridge, by tunnel, and by countless ferry boats to annex Long Island, New Jersey, and the mainland of its own state to its territory for the accommodation of its overflow, we recrossed the North River to Hoboken, and were soon seated in the comfortable coaches of the Morris and Essex Railroad, bound for Hackettstown, Warren County, in the north-eastern corner of the state, with New York to the northward, and Pennsylvania to the west. Passing rapidly over the flats that lie so strangely between the hills that skirt the river and those that rise along their western border, we soon enter a rolling country, where the elevations become increasingly imposing until we find ourselves among veritable mountains; not indeed of Alpine grandeur, or even remotely approaching the magnificence that place the Alleghenies, the White Mountains, and the Rockies among the wonders of the world, but respectable mountains for all that. Our route lay through Patterson, noted for its silk industries, and Boonton on the Rockaway whose large and prosperous iron manufactures give it importance. In the latter town, in 1770, was built, it is said, the first nail mill in the United States, which was worked successfully for many years, notwithstanding the jealousy of the mother county opposing the enterprise of the colony.

At the end of a sixty miles' ride we reach our destination, an inland town of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants.

As is recorded of the Holy City, it may be said with emphasis of Hackettstown, it is "beautiful for situation." In the midst of fertile farms, it is built upon a rolling plateau, six hundred feet above the level of the sea, with the Kittatinny range of Mountains on the east and west; Schooley's Mountain, 1200 ft. high, being but three miles distant, and in view, though thirty miles away, the Water Gap, through which the Delaware forces its way toward the sea between mountains 1600 ft. high. Along this elevated valley runs the Musconetcong, a small mountain stream, that forms the south-eastern boundary of Warren County. The Morris canal, chartered in 1824, 102 miles long, connecting the Delaware and Hudson rivers, and reaching an elevation of 900 feet, passes through this country. It was seven years building and cost three and a half millions of dollars. There are three churches in the town, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, and Roman Catholic, and a Protestant Episcopal Mission. The Presbyterian Church dates beyond 1764, when a second Church building was erected in place of the old log meeting house. The original heating apparatus, it is said, was an open pit in the middle of the church floor, encased in brick, in which charcoal was the fuel. As no provision was made for conveying the gas from the building, it was not infrequently the case that persons had to be carried from the house overcome by the suffocating fumes.

When the Methodist Itinerant first came along, he was refused the use of the meeting house, but was hospitably received by Mr. Obadiah Ayars, and to him belongs the honor of having had the first Methodist sermon in Hackettstown, preached in his house. Trinity M. E. Church was built in 1832, and is now occupied by a flourishing society and congregation, in whose heart is the worthy purpose to erect speedily a new, and greatly improved house of worship, fully up to the demands of the times. It was a pleasure to be with the pastor, Rev. Bro. Monroe, of the Newark Conference, last Sunday morning, to see his fine congregation, to hear him preach an earnest and thoughtful sermon on growth in the religious life, and to see the elaborate and beautiful plans for the new church, which he exhibited to the interest and enthusiasm of his people, in this important enterprise. We were sorry that duty elsewhere obliged us to decline his very polite and pressing invitation to preach to his people at the evening service.

The reasons for our trip will most likely come to the surface in our letter next week.

### The New York Preachers' Meeting.

It was our privilege to visit the headquarters of our Church, 805 Broadway, New York, last Monday. This certainly is no misnomer. Not because of the grand white marble edifice, on that grand avenue, in that great city, owned jointly by the Publishing and Missionary departments of the Church, but because it is the centre to which every one of the world wide agencies of the Church's beneficent activities converge and from which they go out to bless humanity. Here are the Book Rooms, where so large business is done in retail and wholesale, the Bishops' Room where our chief Pastors meet to confer together in reference to the care of all the churches, rooms for the secretaries and officers of the various societies of the church, and the editors of the Great Official, the Review, and our Sunday School Publications, and a commodious and well-furnished room, in which the preachers stationed in the city and its vicinity hold their weekly meetings, on Monday mornings. The walls of this room are hung with oil portraits of ministers, prominent in the history of the church, and esteemed "very highly in love for their work's sake. Among them we recognized the

mild and saintly Bishop Waugh, and the matchless orator, John P. Durbin, who not only entranced listening thousands with his eloquent delineations of Gospel truth for fifty years, but, as President of Dickinson College for thirteen years, placed the impress of his own noble Christian manhood upon the young men of our Methodist families to an extent, and to beneficent results, to which it is given few men to attain. Here too was an admirable portrait of Bishop James, whose life-long testimony to the Divine faithfulness, and the satisfying portion found in this great salvation, was crowded by his dying asseveration, "I am not disappointed." Of course, the impersonation, of American Methodism for more than forty years, Francis Asbury the man, second only to John Wesley, if indeed second, was not without his "counterfeit presentment." The likeness of other men, well-known to the church and to be had in everlasting remembrance, illuminated the walls, forming suggestive reminders of the past and profitable stimulus for the future.

Among the preachers we recognized in the meeting last Monday, were the youthful veteran Dr. Daniel Curry, that fiery Boanerges William P. Corbitt, who tests our faith in the accuracy of his dates as we look upon coal black hair, his vigorous frame, and listen to his stentorian voice, when he tells us, he will be sixty-eight years old in a few weeks. Like the venerable Anthony Atwood, now fourscore and five, he declares, his soul is as young as ever.

It was a special pleasure for us to meet several brethren with whom we have had very delightful Conference relations in years past. Rev. Dr. M'Chesney, of St. Paul's, and Rev. Dr. George E. Reed, the affably dignified president of the meeting were both members of the Providence (New England Southern) Conference, when the writer was honored with membership in that body. Rev. Dr. G. W. Miller, late of Grace Memorial, Wilmington, Del., late of Spring Garden St. Phila., now of Brooklyn, gave us cordial greetings, as also Rev. Dr. Poulson, the popular pastor of our church in Flushing, L. I., and Rev. Dr. George A. Phœbus, a well-known and beloved superannuate of the Wilmington Conference, but now a resident of the city of Brooklyn.

We would call special attention of the pastors, to the request of the Executive Committee in charge of securing funds for the erection of a Ladies' Hall, for our Conference Academy. It will greatly aid these ladies, for the pastors to promptly respond to this request.

### Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

Dr. Jacob Todd called at our office to say that in our report of the Woodlawn Camp-meeting we had unintentionally omitted the name of one minister from the list of those who received honorable mention as having preached exceptionally good sermons. He informs us that by common consent, Rev. T. E. Martindale preached a sermon on Sunday night of the Camp, which was second to none.

Of course, as in duty bound, a pleasant duty too, the editor paid his respects to the representative of the *Christian Advocate*. In the absence of Rev. Dr. Buckley, his able assistant, Rev. Dr. Doherty, gracefully did the honors of the sanctum, and extended cordial salutations. Dr. Buckley, we understand, is expected home during this week. If not too late, we desire to tender him and his lady our congratulations and best wishes.

Rev. Prof. W. L. Boswell, wife and daughter arrived at the port of New York, Sunday morning the 12th inst., after an absence of five months, in which they traveled quite extensively in Great Britain and on the Continent. Prof. Boswell was at one time Professor of Languages in Delaware College of which Rev. Dr. Caldwell of the Wilmington Conference is now the efficient President.

### Letter from Charleston, S. C.

I reached Charleston, S. C., at 5 o'clock this morning, and started as soon as it was light enough, to examine the city. For its size, it is one of the best built cities in the country. Several streets are paved with belgian blocks, and all are well paved. Its buildings are many, and are imposing and substantial. Its hotels and business houses, as also the number of people and wagons and drays on the street, indicate that it is a centre of travel and a place of traffic. I expected to find it almost deserted, and after what I have witnessed, I should not have been surprised if everybody had left who could get away. But if it can bustle with business, as it does under these circumstances, I am sure it must be a live place in ordinary times. People can get used to almost anything. It is said that the Italians, when one of their towns upon the side of the mountain is buried in lava, by an irruption from Vesuvius, will wait until the lava cools, and will then proceed to quarry it, and from it rebuild their town upon the same site, arguing that it is not likely that the same thing will occur again in their day. So I find the people here intent, only upon restoring their homes and places of business, reasoning in the same way, and remarking that they guess it's all over now.

My first look at the city, deceived me as it will anybody. There were buildings enough, visibly shattered, to convey a terrific idea of what had taken place. But one-half the damage done does not appear to the casual observer. Several times I noted down some building which appeared unharmed, because the front was without a crack, when upon going to the rear I found it all in ruins. The truth is, there is scarce a brick or stone house in Charleston which is not cracked to such an extent that it is insecure. The frame buildings, which are about one-half, are not so much injured. They are often twisted awry and are out of the perpendicular, but they can be repaired, so as to make them habitable for a long time to come. Some, even of these, are crushed to a mere heap of rubbish by the fallen chimneys and walls of their more substantial neighbors. The stone and brick buildings almost without an exception, are cracked, split, broken and shattered. They are a total wreck. Those which have fallen down are not as great a loss as those which still stand; for these have to be taken down. The man whose house fell, and then took fire, was the most fortunate of all, for he will get the insurance upon his property, but there is no insurance against Earthquakes. Much of the debris has been removed, but you cannot now go a square along any street, without encountering great heaps of broken bricks and mortar, and you are constantly compelled to cross from one side of the street to the other, by bars across the pavement, fencing in certain portions in front of condemned properties as dangerous. Indeed, the safest place is in the middle of the street; for bricks are dropping every now and then from bulging walls and propped up fronts everywhere. It is curious to witness the odd freaks of destruction which have been played. Sometimes the whole front of a building has been hurled out into the street, while the rear is comparatively whole. At others the process has been reversed—the front is without a crack, while the rear portion is in ruins. The fiend of destruction however, seems to have had a pretty constant spite at chimneys and cornices. Grecian porticoes too, seem to have awakened his ire. That in front of St. Philip's church and the Liberman Hall have been completely demolished, while the building remains standing, though in a ruined condition. The porch of St. Michael's church also, though not thrown down, is crushed loose from the church, as though some prodigious wedge had split them asunder, or as though the earth beneath had opened and carried them apart. It is useless for any pen to attempt to describe the damage in detail. The condition of the city is as though it had been let fall from a considerable height, and had been crushed and shattered by the jar.

Perhaps the most conspicuous points of the ruin, are Meeting and Broad Sts., where the whole four corners, occupied by the City Hall, the Court House, the Station House and St. Michael's church, are either a heap of rubbish, or are ready to become such; and Roper Hospital and the Jail, which together cover an entire square. It is now a vast pile of brick and mortar and tottering walls. Then there is Charleston College and the Citadel Academy, the Liberman Hall, and the Young Men's Christian Association. The Orphan House, one of the most imposing buildings in the city, appears at a little distance to be unharmed, but closer inspection reveals the fact that it, too, has shared the common fate. St. Phillip's church has been torn all to pieces. Its portico, as already mentioned, is broken into a thousand fragments, while its steeple is so peeled and torn,

that it presents the most grotesque appearance. The hotels have suffered as little as any other buildings to all appearance. The Charleston Hotel looks worse than it is. The cornice and top of the front wall have fallen, leaving the upper story exposed to the public, but otherwise, it has only a few cracks. It does not appear to me to be more injured than the Mills House, or the Pavilion, although the papers have represented otherwise.

As to the people—they seem remarkably calm under the trying situation. Even the colored people, whose superstition might be expected to carry them into an excess of fear, are settling down to the new order of things, and are adjusting themselves to their surroundings. The Mayor told me, in a conversation with him, that the most perfect order prevailed, and that pilfering and riot are unknown. He said the colored people, when they got scared, always became very religious, and that in consequence, they had done some loud singing and praying for the last week, but that that was the extent of their disorder. They have provided themselves shelter, (I don't know whether to call them tents or shanties) of every material imaginable. Old sails, gunny sacks, oil cloth, carpets, blankets, quilts, sheets, and pieces of old tin roofs from the fallen buildings are fastened together in every conceivable way, while boards and stones are added, the former to hold the middle up from the ground, and the latter to keep the ends down to the ground. They are thus encamped in all the public squares, and in some of the unfrequented streets. The relief committee is now erecting a large number of sheds of more substantial character for them in Marion Square. I am informed by his honor the Mayor, that they have as many tents as they need.

I witnessed to-day, the distribution of rations to the needy. The Phoenix Engine House is used as the disbursing office, and people march in one door with their empty baskets, and out the other with them filled. I do not know what they got, for it was neatly wrapped in paper in every case; but was told that it consisted of bacon, wheat flour, corn meal, rice, tea and coffee, &c. A committee of reliable gentlemen, with the Mayor at their head, has been appointed to receive and disburse all contributions, and in such disbursement no distinction is made on account of color. The Mayor remarked that the people were not disposed to squeal, but that they were wrecked in their property, so that they needed aid, and the country was coming to their assistance nobly.

There were 39 persons killed outright by the shock, and 28 have since died from injuries received. There is no way of ascertaining the precise number of persons who are homeless, as every day people who thought their houses were little injured, find them to be insecure and are moving out. The heaviest loss will fall upon the property owners. The buildings are so wrecked, that one half the city will have to be rebuilt in whole, or in part. The city surveyor estimates that it will require five millions of dollars to restore it to its former condition. As the whole estimated value of the real estate is a little over twenty millions, the loss is one-fourth of the entire wealth of the city.

The description given by the people of the shock, are both quaint and suggestive. One old lady told me "there was first a roar like thunder, and then the shake, and afterward a strong smell of brimstone in the air, and a tingling, prickly sensation all over you." A colored boy said, "all at once it went err-r-r-r-r, den I was pitched out of my chair, and the table and chairs went flying all around, and den the front pitched out of the house into de middle of de road." I asked a very old colored man what it was like. Lord bless you," said he, "it sounded like twenty horses coming over a tin roof. Den everything began to jump up and down and waltz around. I tell you when the solid earth begins to dance, it must be a big ball." "Oh, honey," said an old colored woman, "can't tell you nothin' about it. Dar was everything at once—the earth a jumpin', and the houses all comin' tumblin' down. The Lord was very good to me, dat I was't bust-ed up with all the rest." Most of the colored people said it sounded like thunder, but from the imitations which they gave me of it, I am convinced that it was more like the rush and roar of a storm. I asked one if he was frightened. "Well," said he, "I don't know whether I was scared or not, but I felt mighty queer—every body did. And they began to cry and pray. Them gambling hounds dat am de worst sinners of all, dey begins to cry and pray fust." I found the impression made upon both white and black, is a very solemn and serious one. Nobody feels like joking about the matter, but all speak in sober, subdued tones whenever it is mentioned.

JACOB TODD.

Sept. 9th, 1886.



Conference News.

**A PRETTY GOOD SHOWING.**—The last winter's revival in the church at Dover, resulted in 52 received on probation; at the expiration of the 6 months, the official Board went very carefully over the list, dropped 2, continued 6, removed by certificate, most of them Academy students, 11, and recommended for admission into full connection 35, and last Sunday 33 were received in full membership, two being absent from the town. This good showing is the result of faithful working of the Discipline by our faithful pastor, Bro. Martindale. The revival the previous year was equally satisfactory. We are looking hopefully for a similar revival this winter, as the winding up of a successful pastorate.

A. C.

Is the political phase of the temperance question a proper subject for discussion on the Sabbath, was the question before the Wilmington Preachers' Meeting last Monday. Many interesting speeches were made by the preachers present.

Rev. W. J. Duhadway, of the M. E. church here, preached to a large number of people at the railroad station, Sunday afternoon, Sept. 5th. The sermon was addressed more particularly to the non-church-goers. — *Georgetown Democrat.*

Sunday afternoon, Sept. 5th, the St. Michaels M. E. Sunday-school set a very worthy example, by sending the amount of collection (which was eleven dollars) to the unfortunate city of Charleston. Every little helps the distressed citizens of that place, and this act on the part of the St. Michaels Sunday-school, shows conclusively that the children and kind officers of that school are in sympathy with the Charleston sufferers. Mr. H. C. Dodson, the worthy superintendent, sent the money direct to the mayor of Charleston. The St. Michaels Sunday-school is one of the best and most flourishing in the country, which reflects credit upon the superintendent and others interested. — *Easton Gazette.*

**REOPENING.**—The audience room of the M. E. church of St. Michaels, having been closed for the last three months for repairs, will be reopened (D. V.) Sabbath 26th inst. Services at 10½ a. m., at 3 and 7½ p. m. Preaching by Rev. J. S. Willis, R. H. Adams, of the Wilmington Conference, and Rev. H. A. Cleveland, of Philadelphia. Neighboring and former pastors are cordially invited to be with us and participate in the services. J. OWEN SYPHERD.

Revival services began at the M. E. Church Stevensville, Kent Island, Sunday Sept. 12, with a prospect of a successful meeting.

A correspondent writes: Bro. Nathan Genu, a former pastor, has been on a two weeks' visit at Church Creek. His many friends were gratified to see him. The two Sabbaths he was here, he preached in the morning, and the pastor in the evening. Our new Presiding Elder, Bro. Ayres, contemplates enlarging Church Creek charge, by the addition of two other appointments. This is very desirable, as Church Creek stands alone with only one appointment.

Rev. W. L. S. Murray preached a sermon last Sunday evening, in St. Paul's M. E. church, on the evils of gambling, to a large and deeply interested congregation.

Dover District Notes.

Bro. Green at Galestown, has had a fine revival of religion, and is building a new Church to take the place of Old Cokesbury.

The Scaford Quarterly Conference did the best work of any Quarterly Conference during the completion of the second quarter, a part of which had passed before we came into office. The rule respecting the instruction of children is almost wholly neglected on the district. Mr. L. W. Betts of Harrington, presented the most complete and elaborate Sunday School report to the Quarterly Conference of any Sunday School Superintendent on the district. Many of the class leaders failed to report their classes at the Quarterly Conferences. The parsonages, the homes of the preachers, are in the main well furnished and all well kept. A few of them need additional furniture. We want to emphasize the fact that the preachers have good homes. And why do they? The answer is, the ladies are looking after the home comforts of the pastors.

In a number of cases ladies have been put into the Board of Stewards and in every case, so far as we know, they have done excellent work; not a failure has been found.

The best Quarterly collection taken was at Little Creek on Leipsic Circuit, where they have a handsome church and a pretty village. Several bad leaks are badly damaging the church; they should be stopped at once.

Bro. W. W. Redman at Woodland town is driving ahead in his field which is ripe to the harvest. We will have church improvements to report from that field when we reach the Conference. Rev. Alfred Smith at Cambridge, has about mastered the gigantic church debt which threatened to strike us a damaging blow: All thanks to him and his brave fellow workers in Cambridge. Rev. Jas. Conner has purchased a parsonage at Bursville. The Milford brethren promised us that we shall see a marked improvement in the appearance of their church front when we visit them again. They adopted a resolve to reform their financial system, and start out anew.

They have a good parsonage, a handsome church, and a bright future, and like all the brethren we have met, they were very kind to us. The new Quarterly Conference record has been presented to each Quarterly Conference we have met and in every case a resolution to purchase one has been passed. The district's parsonage furniture is old, out of style and behind the age; and the greater part of it should be sold at auction, and new and better furniture bought. The average station and circuit parsonage is much better furnished than is the district parsonage. We intend to try to bring about such a change as will give to Dover district a well furnished parsonage. As the Conference Academy is within the bounds of Dover district we are doing all we can for its success. And take this occasion to call the attention of the people to its existence in our midst. The Ladies' Hall at Dover is before the district and we intend to keep it there. The committees are being appointed, and their names sent to Miss Day the secretary. In concluding this open letter, we ask that our lay brethren and sisters will stand by the pastors and work for success in each and every department of church work.

A new departure has been introduced; it is the banner class. The best average attendance in a class makes it the banner class of the station or circuit for the quarter. And we will ask you, Mr. Editor to publish about three names a week on the roll of honor for class attendance. T. O. AYRES.

Letter from Parksley, Va.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—During my recent camp meeting tour in the upper end of our Conference, a number of my friends requested me to give frequent reports of my Virginia work, in your columns. I rejoice that the work is progressing encouragingly. At Modestown we are improving old Ebenezer, and putting a new fence around our church lot. The Hallwood church is ready for the plasterers. We had a corner stone laying on Thursday, and expect to dedicate on the first Sabbath in October. We are getting the material in place at Parksley, where we have two fine lots well located and valued at \$500, and will commence work next week, and expect to have the church enclosed by the middle of October ready for occupancy. At Crowson, the nice little church completed and dedicated some time ago, we commenced a meeting a week ago, and are in the midst of a glorious revival. I received seven yesterday on probation, and there were eighteen at the altar last night, with increasing interest every day. Brother Wm. K. Gallaway is with me in first class working trim, and is a power in our meetings. He is fast winning his way into the hearts of this people, and is wielding a powerful influence for good. I want to retain him as long as I can, at least, until I get through with my revival meetings, if I can obtain the means to remunerate him for his services. Brethren wishing his services later, can address him at Parksley, Va., in my care. I wish to return thanks to friends for generous contributions during my camp meeting tour. I am still in great need of funds to push this work

as it should be. Brethren please help. I am about to open up in a new place, of which you may hear in the near future. Christianly yours.

A. D. DAVIS.

Sept. 13th, 1886.

Letter from Deal's Island, Md.

MR. EDITOR:—Many of your readers will be desirous to know the result of the late camp at this place; therefore I will endeavor to give you a report. I noticed in your issue of 28th ult., a communication from Bro. X. I am not aware that I can say who this Bro. X is; at any rate, he is a stranger to me, when he clothes himself in the uniform of X. As he stated the meetings were being continued, I can add, they still continue; services are held each evening (excepting Saturday), in which souls are converted, and their place at the altar taken by others awakened by the Holy Spirit. The meeting at this time is full of interest, and laden with precious fruit, and bids fair to continue for some time longer.

Our pastor, J. D. Hanna, is earnestly concerned for the salvation of this people, which is evinced by his unceasing labors, in his study, in pastoral visiting, in the pulpit, at the altar, and in the pen. We shall soon have to part with him as pastor, and our hearts are filled with sorrow, as we think of it. We feel of course, anxious to have a man who can fill his place. Yet I find no disposition among our people to pull the wires, to have some highly gifted preacher sent here; on the contrary, the church seems to be taking the matter "to the Lord, in prayer." How much better it would be, if all the charges of the Wilmington Conference would do likewise, and our brethren of the ministry would refrain from asking official members, who do you want for your next pastor? and then answering the question themselves, by declaring that Bro. A. or B. will suit you.

"No drunkenness." Did I read Bro. X. aright? when I read this in reference to the camp. I think I did, but I can't agree with him in this. Let us fight the devil fairly, and give him his due, but certainly we are not so doing, when we claim that there was no drunkenness at the camp on Deal's Island, in 1886. The Devil sent whiskey, rum and brandy here; he found beings—even human beings—who gulped it down, until they were lively, half drunk, drunk, fighting drunk, and even dead drunk. It was sad to me to see some of my fellow beings, some of them strangers, and a few personal acquaintances, in these stages of drunkenness. Yet all precautions were used by the church, and the fault is not with the Deal's Island camp, or its pastor; but credit is due to him that its enormity was not as great as in some previous years. Would every member of the Christian church but do his duty, and vote religiously, consecrating his ballot to God, tear himself away from political prejudices, and the ties of the old parties, soon, yea—very soon, it could be said, no drunkenness. But as long as men, professing godliness, can be found to distill, to store, to handle, to transport, to sell, to give away, and to drink rum, and to vote for rum suckers, I think there will be drunkenness here and elsewhere. We have a good prohibitory law here; we have a good Christian Magistrate, who has, and does administer it, yet here—even here, we have some drunkenness, and we will have until the Nation rises up, and by the ballots of its Christians, Republicans, Democrats, and other minor parties, enlisted under the banner of National Prohibition, secure suitable amendment to its constitution. More anon, JOHN D. LECATES.

Sept. 6th, 1886.

Ladies' Hall, Conference Academy.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit us through your paper to call the attention of the ministers of Wilmington Conference to page forty-one of the Minutes of said Conference, held in Elkton, Md., March '86, to paragraph first of the Plan for "Ladies' Hall," Conference Academy, which says "Within the month of April next, or before, each preacher in charge shall appoint a committee of ladies in the church or churches of his station or circuit, to solicit contributions for the erection of a Ladies' Hall, and he shall send the names and post-office addresses of said ladies to the Executive Committee."

We fear "April next" has been understood to mean April of '87 instead of '86. As up to date, Sept. 14, only twenty-three ministers have sent committees, although Mr. Martindale requested them, through the columns of your paper, in May, and the Executive Committee, the last week of June, sent every minister a card asking for his local committee immediately. All know how urgent this work is. When the Academy opened Sept. 6, there were more applicants than could be

accommodated in the building now used for girls. September brings home the summer wanderers ready for the work of the year. Will not our ministers send their committees without further delay, to Miss R. A. Day, Dover, Del? The Executive Committee can do nothing till the Local Committee are received. Each one heard from has been communicated with. Shall we not have encouraging news in a few weeks, not only the Committees sent to us, but a report of work done by them?

The few months before Conference will pass quickly. What will be the record of the year's work. We are sure every charge wants to be represented when the cornerstone shall be laid which we hope will be in the near future. When shall it be?

By order of Executive Committee,  
Mrs. J. H. WILSON, Ch'm.  
MISS R. A. DAY, Sec'y.

PERSONAL.

John Strauss, the noted musical composer, has renounced Romanism and professed Protestantism.

Rev. F. A. Ellis, of the Elkton M. E. church, with his daughter, Miss Nannie, has been spending a few days at Ocean Grove, stopping at the Waverly.

Rev. J. Richards Boyle, D. D., returned, Thursday of last week in health and safety to his home in Newark, N. J., after a pleasant tour abroad for two months. His Peninsula friends would, no doubt, be pleased to have him give his impressions of foreign scenes and people, in contributions to our columns. We shall be glad to number him among the correspondents of the PENINSULA METHODIST.

Rev. E. C. Atkins pastor of Cecilton charge and wife, have been spending a few days at Georgetown, Del.

Dr. James Carey Thomas, the well-known Quaker preacher and beloved Physician, of Baltimore, Md., spoke with much power in the Tabernacle Sabbath morning. Several conversions were reported. — *Ocean Grove Record.*

Dr. L. Clark Winsor and Miss Helen J. Wiley, daughter of the late Bishop Wiley, were married in Denver, Colorado, August 4th, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Robert N. Jones. The young couple left Denver the same evening for their future home, Spirit Lake, Iowa.

Bishop William Taylor says he will need a hundred more missionaries in Africa next year, and so on every year.

The telegraphic dispatches announce the death, in Hartford, Conn., of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, at the age of 81. Prof. Stowe, years ago, won a high reputation in his professorship at Andover, and in previous academic positions, in his literary labors, and in his vigorous public addresses, but will be best known as the husband of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He has been an invalid for a long period, and his departure was not unexpected.

Bishop Foss Returned.

Among the pleasant incidents of our recent visit to the preachers' meeting in New York, was the appearance in good health and spirits of our devout and beloved Bishop, Cyrus D. Foss, who had just returned from his Episcopal tour in Europe, having landed, the preceding Friday. In a few oft-hand remarks, the Bishop outlined his work since he had left these shores last February, with his family. Of our Italian Mission, he spoke encouragingly, commending highly our superintendent, Rev. Dr. Vernon, as a most capable and excellent man for the exceedingly difficult and important work to be done there. In Norway and Sweden, he saw the richest and most interesting results,—these Scandinavians especially susceptible to our Methodism; in Denmark the state of things is not so favorable—the character being less moral than their more northern neighbors; the German brethren commanded his respect and affection, as zealous and faithful, comparing favorably with our own people at home.

The Bishop enjoyed a week, attending the sessions of the British Conference, where he was received with the greatest consideration and affection; and grandly entertained in the homes of our Wesleyan brethren. In many of these churches he had the privilege of preaching the blessed gospel, which, it has been the greatest joy of his life to preach since he was nineteen years of age.

ITEMS.

The three daughters of the late F. A. Drexel have sailed for Europe, to visit the educational institutions of the Old World, and gather points for their own guidance in the management of their school at Torresdale, Pa., which they maintain, besides a list of 350 pensioners on their private bounty. They are worth \$4,000,000 each.

The W. C. T. U., of Montreal, Canada, have established a reading room for working girls. It is handsomely fitted up and adorned with pictures and flowers. Here the girls can spend the noon hour, read and rest. Some of the ladies are always present to give the girls a warm welcome.

When the Sabbath-school teacher in London found Jack Morrison playing in the street, and persuaded him to enter her class by the promise of a new suit of clothes, she little dreamed that he would translate the Bible into the written language of 350,000,000 people. The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be.—*Interior.*

Kato Kin, daughter of Kato Kiyoto, of Tokio, has been ordered by the Japanese Department of Education to visit the United States to study the routine of normal schools and nursery establishments. She is to stay here for three years.

THE CABBAGE WORM.—Buckwheat flour is sure death to cabbage worms, says an exchange. Let all interested in the cabbage culture remember this.

In 1783 the first Presbyterian congregation was formed in Montreal. There are now seventeen Presbyterian congregations in that city.

The Methodists in the West Indies are celebrating their centennial. Dr. Coke, with three missionaries, landed at St. John's, Antigua, Dec. 25th, 1776, and there was established the first Wesleyan mission in the West Indies.

A red ribbon, or anti-tobacco army has been started in North India among the native Christians. A simple pledge, "I hereby promise to abstain from the use of tobacco" is signed, and the red-ribbon soldier is enrolled in a new crusade.

An "old folks' service" was held at Bushnell, Ill., when there were present fifty-three over fifty years of age, twenty-four over sixty, thirteen over seventy, and five over eighty, and their religious testimonies were inspiring and most helpful.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

Charge	Date	Hour for Sabbath Service	Hour for Quarterly Conf.
Smith's Isl.	Sept 18	10	Sat 2
Tangier,	" 19	20	7 M 8
Holland's Isl.	" 19	24	10 F 7
Deal's Isl.	" 23	26	10 Thn 4
Somerset,	" 23	26	2 " 1
St. Peter's,	" 23	26	7 " 9
Mt. Vernon,	" 26	27	10 M 9
Tyaskin,	" 26	27	10 M 3
Princess Anne,	" 26	28	10 Tue 7
Crisfield,	Oct 1	3	10 F 7
Ashbury,	" 2	3	7 S 7
Annapessex,	" 2	3	3 S 9
Klej Grange,	" 6	10	10 W 7
Snow Hill,	" 7	10	10 T 7
Berlin,	" 9	10	10 Sat 3
Newark,	" 8	10	3 F 3
Girdletree,	" 8	10	7 F 9
Stockton,	" 10	11	3 M 9
Pocomoko City	" 10	11	10 M 7
Poco-oke c't	" 10	12	3 T 9
Westover,	" 12	13	3 W 10
Fairmount,	" 10	13	10 W 7
Shortley,	" 16	17	10 S 10
Bethel,	" 15	17	3 F 2
Laurel,	" 15	17	7 F 10
Frankford,	" 17	18	3 M 3
Roxanna,	" 17	19	10 Tue 9
Selbyville,	" 17	19	10 " 7
Bishopville,	" 17	19	3 " 3
Gumboro,	" 17	20	3 W 9
Parsonsburg,	" 17	20	3 W 2
Powellville,	" 17	20	10 W 7
Salisbury,	" 23	24	10 S 10
Quantico,	" 23	24	3 S 3
Delmar,	" 24	25	7 M 9
Sharptown,	" 24	25	10 M 7
Riverton,	" 24	26	3 Tue 9
Fruitland,	" 24	27	3 W 10
Accomac,	" 31	28	10 T 3
Anancock,	" 30	31	10 S 9
Cape Charles City	30	31	10 7 S 7

FOR SALE. Two large Chandeliers, one with 6, the other with 12 lamps; also double Brackets for pulpit, and two dozen Wall Brackets, all in complete order. Will be sold very cheap for want of use. Apply to the undersigned.

J. OWEN SYPHERD,  
Pastor M. E. Church, St. Michaels, Talbot Co, Md., 86-49

BIRTH DAY CARDS,

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The Fine Gold of Five Letters.

BY THE REV. GEORGE T. PACKARD.

It is not mere fancifulness that finds in the word "thank" material for a fine summary of what thanksgiving means.

Above all else, the first letter may stand for truth, for which chiefly thanksgiving is to be made.

The second letter of this memorable word, associated with the best of our lives, introduces home to us.

Truth and home were enough as grounds for thanksgiving, but our country comes for a share in this remembrance.

Let the next letter remind us of night the rest-time, and so of the repose and quiet vouchsafed us.

Water Lilies.

How lovely are the lilies which grow in the water! They will never pine with thirst; for their root is in the stream.

The longer I live, the more sure do I become that our happiness in life, our comfort in trouble, and our strength for service,— all depend upon our living

near to God, nay, dwelling in God, as the lilies in the water. To grow on the banks of the river of the water of life is good, but to grow in the stream is far better.

Ministers in Politics.

Should Christian ministers become candidates for political offices? This question must, we think, be answered in the negative.

He is, inevitably, a loser by such a course. He suffers in ministerial reputation. He is looked upon as a man of divided purposes, and is no longer desired in the pastoral office as he was before.

Besides, no man has time and ability for both of these lines of pursuit. The office of a pastor demands all the time and ability which any man possesses.

There are important questions before the people at the present time, it is true, questions which require for their advocacy the best and ablest men the country affords.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

The still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face.

you afraid of falling when you were up so high? And before I had time to answer, he said, "Ah, I know why you were not afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work."

Cholera Morbus is about as sure to come as Summer is.

It comes suddenly and without warning—is Dangerous and often Fatal. ARE YOU PREPARED for its coming?

Perry Davis' Pain Killer. To be on the safe side get some NOW and have it on hand.

For sale by all Druggists. PERRY DAVIS & SONS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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TO STUDENT OF THEOLOGY. The Boston University School of Theology offers free rooms and free tuition.

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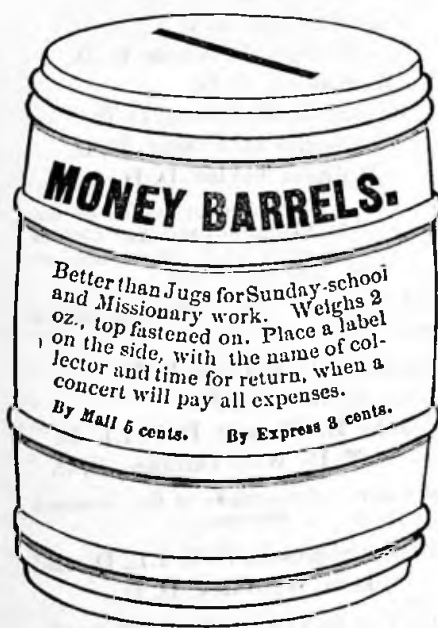
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