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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
SINGLE NOS. 3 CENTS.

WAITING THE CHANGE.

I have no moan to make,
No bitter tears to shed;
No heart that for rebellious grief
Will not be comforted.

There is no friend of mine
Laid in the earth to sleep;
No grave, or green or heaped afresh,
By which I stand and weep.

Though some, whose presence
Sweet comfort round me shed,
Here in the body walk no more
The way that I must tread;

Not they, but what they were
Went to the house of fear;
They were the uncorruptible,
They left corruption here.

The veil of flesh that hid
Is softly drawn aside;
More clearly I behold them now
Than those who never died.

Who died! What means that word
Of man so much abhorred?
Caught up in clouds of Heaven to be
Forever with the Lord!

To give this body, racked
With mortal ills and cares,
For one as glorious and as fair
As our Redeemer wears;

To leave our shame and sin,
Our hunger and disgrace;
To come unto ourselves, to turn
And find our Father's face.

To run, to leap, to walk,
To quit our beds of pain,
And live where the inhabitants
Are never sick again;

To sit no longer dumb,
Nor halt, nor blind; to rise—
To praise the Healer with our tongue,
And see Him with our eyes;

To leave cold Winter snows,
And burning Summer heats,
And walk in soft, white, tender light,
About the golden streets.

Thank God! for all my loved,
That out of pain and care,
Have safely reached the heavenly heights
And stay to meet me there!

Not these I mourn; I know
Their joy by faith sublime—
But for myself, that still below
Must wait my appointed time.
—Phoebe Carey.

Down East.

Extracts from my journal of travel.

BY REV. WM. H. HUTCHIN.

Aug. 16th, 1886. That the hackman should have forgotten to call for me upon this particular morning is irritating, but the steady clatter of the car-wheels soon soothes the disturbed feelings into quietude. The monotony of the car rattle often reminds me of a description given somewhere by Dickens, of the steady drumming of the hoofs of the stage horses upon the frozen ground, which may tranquilize or exasperate according to the mood of the hearer.

Philadelphia and New York are reached in safety, and, later in the day, the floating palace, the Bristol of the Fall River Line, affords luxurious conveyance, beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, within sight of "Liberty" (here as everywhere else, incomplete in fact, if perfect in theory) "enlightening the world," at many places of interest upon the shores and islands of Long Island Sound, and on into the night and into the veil of dreams.

Debate, or the initial indications of a contest, however, preceded the repose of the traveler already wearied by constant linking. It arose and intensified with the rising wind and waves, and was not on the order of a political strife between the "In's" and the "Out's" on a change of administration when the "Out's" are making every effort to get in, but—*vice versa*. Fortunately the

President was on his vacation, and no changes were made.

Aug. 17th. Fall River, Mass., in brief view, presents the appearance of being very wide awake quite early in the morning and for all day. The cars swallow us for their breakfast—hundreds of us—and start for Lowell with an exultant scream and at break-neck speed. Two seats ahead of me is a yawning couple who indicate that they are old married folks by their conversation: She: "The Sound was awful rough last night. I was dreadfully scared, and didn't close my eyes all night. I got so fearfully nervous that I could have screamed, and there you lay and snored in a manner to provoke a saint. I had to lie as quiet as a mouse to keep from waking you, dear, for I knew you were miserably tired." He: "Now, that aint so. I aint slept a wink since three o'clock this morning. You have had a good night's sleep, and you are looking as bright as a dollar." She: "There's no use talking to a man; here, gimme one o' them bananas."

Taunton looks like a New Jersey town and is delightfully clean. The fences indicate that the circus has dared to look in on intellectual Massachusetts—a pugilist among cherubs. Good stone fences, but why build nearly all the houses of wood when rocks are so plentiful? Many pear trees in full bearing, with no show of blight. Alderneys appear to be in high favor. Here is a large field with the clover carefully cut and put in small piles, perhaps one hundred of them, and upon each pile is spread a piece of canvas as a protection against the rain and dew, and this is a customary precaution through this region. One is made to fancy in this scene a number of old gentlemen, shielding with white handkerchiefs, their bald pates from the flies in their after-dinner nap.

How small the fields appear! More scrub growth than I expected to see, and no large timber. Those large piles of stones in the fields are neither ornamental nor advantageous, but, what is the man to do with them? "Not a public way"—that is fair notice, I suppose, to the neighbors not to come up that lane. The elms up here are something wonderful, and while many of them are bandaged about five feet from the ground with what appears to be tarred canvas, to check the upward march of the worms, others in undress are showing fine vitality and perfect freedom from the pests. We dashed through Chelmsford just now, as if the engine had in its mind a threat from the station house to "lick" it, the first time it came through the village.

Now we take the elegant cars of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and are on the direct route for the White Mountains, the Mecca of hundreds in this train of twelve passenger coaches. I confess, that I am surprised to learn of the tens of thousands who make this trip each season. Well, now, this is kind, but how does this boy know just when we are thirsty? He carries something, having much the appearance of a tin teakettle with a large spout. Standing in two sockets attached to the kettle, just beneath and at the sides of the spout, are two clean glasses, one of which I take and hold it over the aisle of the car, while the boy carefully and politely pours until I request him to stop. It's ice water, and must be taken in a man-

ner to do the most good and have the most lasting effect, for not another drink can be had until he comes through the car again.

Now we are passing a beautiful summer resort—river view, fine trees, happy people, but no seed-ticks nor chiggers, for groups of pleasure-takers are reclining on the grass in every direction. The Merrimack is coquettish; now singing unconcernedly over the rocky way she has chosen, and now moving silently and sedately as if to convince of her depth and earnestness. Yonder she steals away behind the hills inviting curiosity and pursuit, while here again she appears looking her loveliest, as if she had been waiting for us all the morning. The trees on the river-bank look like the ranks of young men in (the pictures of) a ball room: they are painfully proper in attitude and slim in shape, and they stand as if they knew their footing was too precarious to allow of even an energetic wrestle. There is a rock at the waters edge, which looks like a turtle-fed alderman in a gray bathing suit, reclining in a gentle surf. Just look at that stream dashing down along over the rocks and into the Merrimack—I long for the eye of an artist and the pen of a poet.

At Manchester, N. H., I am greeted by Dr. J. M. Williams, formerly President of Wesleyan Female College, now pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church of Manchester. This city is situated upon the Merrimack River, 46 miles north-west of Boston, has a population of 35,000, capital invested in manufactories to the extent of, I am afraid to say how many millions of dollars, miles of paved streets and cement sidewalks lined with busy factories, handsome stores, commodious and tasteful dwellings; spacious and elegant school buildings, stately and impressive church edifices, well kept and largely patronized, public squares, several of them enclosing miniature lakes, and is full of life. Here are famous Amoskeog, the Manchester, the Stork, and the Langdon Cotton Mills. I find no such streets in this city as are seen everywhere in Philadelphia, where the houses often appear to have been built by the running miles, and cut off in pieces to suit purchasers; but there are over five thousand attractive residences half hidden in the shrubbery of their own grounds, while variety and neatness characterize the least pretentious of the homes. Church architecture deserves a chapter to itself, but I can only say in passing, that St. Paul's compares favorably with the best in the city.

Gen. Chas. Williams and A. P. Tasker, Esq., have placed their teams, at the command of Bro. Williams, to my delight and profit, for through street after street, over into "Skeag" and "Squog," into full view of the two mountains, the Unconocoos, and along Lake Massabesic my curiosity is gratified and my admiration excited.

Tuesday morning, Aug. 17th, Bro. W. and I leave for Weir's camp meeting on Lake Winnepesaukee. I guess that's properly spelled. That lake has more bad spells than a man all nerves. At Concord with less than an hour between train's, we view the city, behind the fast trotter of Dr. G. A. Young. The Doctor is another of Bro. W.'s friends and adds largely to my enjoyment, by

the evident pleasure that it gives him to show us around.

Again on the cars of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, we pass, just out of Concord, the monument of Hannah Dunston. Years and years ago, Hannah and her baby were captured by a dozen Indians, who, finding that the little innocent impeded their march, dashed out its brains against a tree. At night they all encamped on an island in the river here, taking no care to secure their captive, who was, they thought, incapable of harm or flight. But in the night she killed every one of her captors, and made her way to the main land.

By twelve o'clock, noon, we reach Weir's, and I have my first view of a New England camp meeting, of which more anon.

Thursday noon we are again on the train. A few minutes wait at Plymouth allows us to walk through the village, view the Pemigewasset Hotel, the large Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. T. Tyrie, pastor, and feel really homesick at the sight of a piece of level land—an interval—a meadow among the hills. Again in the cars. Those huge piles of hemlock bark are for tanning purposes.

North Woodstock is reached, and here we take the stage for the Profile House, ten miles away. Over a hard smooth road, four fine black horses bowl the huge stage, merrily with a top load of selfish people, and an innex cargo of us, who were a little too late to be selfish. One young lady from near Boston, is very much dissatisfied that people who would so much enjoy the scenery, are cooped up, while three young men, who evidently haven't seen nor cared for anything but cigars since they left home, should have the very best outside seats on the stage. But the mountains in distant dignity are visible from within, and their adjacency soon calms the perturbed spirit of the maiden. So much for association. No one is willing to feel mean in the presence of greatness, and in the appreciation of such companionship, there is a natural inflow of power to be great. The Flume House, half way on our trip, takes all our companions, and we two climb to the very highest outside seat, only to find that we have not the staying qualities of the boy, who was bound to ridge the borrowed horse, if he froze. A lower seat just above the amiable driver is more protected from the chill breezes, while affording ample and constantly recurring opportunities for a tumble into a deep rocky ravine. Many of these trees are not familiar to me. Here are white, black, and silver birches, spruce, white-pine, balsam-fir, hemlock, and rock maple, with scrub oak, ferns, and moose-berries.

Now the stage stops, and the driver tells us to look up. There, outlined against the sky, away at a dizzy height above us, is the clear-cut face of "the old man of the mountains." Apparently about ten feet in length from the chin to the top of the head, the real measurement is eighty feet. It seems almost an irreverence to stare so openly upon those grand features in their mighty reserve.

There is a sort of constant self-gratulation in the consciousness that I am looking on the school-day geography-distances materialized. There is also an instinctive feeling, which contradicts reason, that the people here have an

interminable task to get these mountains and hills leveled for cultivation. An old delusion of mine is destroyed, and I am convinced that mountain scenery and travel are quite as much to be desired as a trip to the seashore, which is a very strong thing to say after my Ocean Grove experiences.

We are in the Profile House, and yonder in the large fireplace a huge wood-fire crackles and roars, while "fair women and brave men" promenade and talk as they wait for the supper hour. Outside the house the ladies are wrapped in furred clothing and show bright eyes and slightly reddened noses, but those inside the house are not dressed in that way at all, for they appear to have kindly and thoughtfully loaned to their friends outside, that they might be properly protected, the greater part of their neck gear and shoulder covering.

In the deepening shadows on the placid bosom of Profile Lake half a dozen anglers whip, with various degrees of skill, for the trout which are breaking the water into dimples in a thousand places, but we yield to the stronger attraction and return to the hotel. There is nothing to compare with the Lake in its quiet beauty and the scenery in its magnificence, nothing to vie with the greatness of the mountains, except supper. You need not smile. It's true. You try a ride in that mountain air when every drop of blood in your veins treads on the heels of its predecessor, in eager haste to get the earliest possible taste of the life which is to be passed to it, through the secret communication in the lungs—like intoxicants passed by law-evaders through blind doors in a "local option town." When the breath comes strong, deep, and quick, like that of a man so mad that he cannot talk, and when you feel as hungry as a boy and as empty as a hat-box.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE decline and extinction of the Pope's political power has been sufficiently noted by the outside world, but few persons seem to realize how rapidly the political power of Romanism has declined, at least relatively, in all parts of the globe. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Protestant governments of the world controlled a population of only 32,000,000, while the Roman Catholic governments held control of 90,000,000. At the present date the Roman Catholics control 184,000,000, and the Protestants 408,000,000. These figures are striking enough, but they do not show half the change that has taken place. Some of the countries put down as Roman Catholic, such as Italy, Mexico, Chili, and other Spanish-American states, are really more independent of the Pope than even England herself. A century hence the whole world will probably be under the control of Protestant governments."

—The Indian Witness

We commend these "facts and figures" to the careful perusal of our neighbor, *The Catholic*. They will make decidedly interesting reading for the friends of that office. We are glad to be able to furnish them. As the "heated term" approaches we have feared there might be a dearth of really good things over there, and being of an obliging turn of mind, we send this little contribution. We will send more, if this seems to be duly appreciated.—*Pittsburgh Advocate*.

Temperance.

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

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

Keeping the Pledge.

We know a dear little boy in Pennsylvania who signed the temperance pledge at one of the temperance meetings held for children. A short time afterward his mother was busy in her kitchen, preparing cakes and pies.

Davy, as was his habit, instantly obeyed. But as he went dancing up stairs the thought came to him: "Can I a temperance boy, carry a brandy-jug?"

Without a word the mother gave into his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange, choking sensation in her throat, but she walked with a firm tread and seized the jug.

"What are you doing, mamma?" "Emptying out the brandy. We'll not have any more in our mince-pies."

"Oh, mamma! do you mean it?" "Yes; I mean to use lemons instead."

"I'm so glad! Then I can eat them, too, can't I mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and mamma will never make anything again that her dear little boy cannot eat."

"Oh, I'm so glad! We're going to have temperance pies."

And Davy fairly danced up and down in the kitchen as the braudy gurgled in the sink.

Don't you think Davy is a real good temperance boy? Then follow his example.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and you will not be defiled.—Selected.

A Word to the Boys.

What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief, that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing, and I ask you again, if you want to be one of them? No! Of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That's the plan, and it's not only worth knowing, but worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milkop, if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh? What will you do? Will you say, "No, no, none of that stuff for me? I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" Or will you take the glass with your own common sense pro-

testing, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul, that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so during all the life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—F. G. Holland.

Tobacco Prohibition.

Bismarck says: "Beer makes people stupid, lazy and impertinent," and that it must be prohibited; yet Germans, when they come to America, have been surprised that beer and wine are not drunk by everybody, and that there is a strong element in favor of prohibiting their sale; they say that America is more tyrannical than Germany. It is interesting to know that Germans sometimes have passed strict prohibitory laws albeit they are not wine and beer, but against boys' smoking.

According to reports resulting from government investigation, a clearly defined line has been discovered between the smokers and non-smokers who attend the polytechnic schools, those who do not smoke being decidedly superior in general scholarship and mental vigor. The poisonous nicotin, so far as counteracted in the adult smoker by the resisting forces of his mature constitution, takes hold of the forming tissues of the young and does its injurious work without hindrance. But the father's smoking slays half his babes.—Missouri Submissionist.

The Irrepressible Conflict.

The prohibitionists of New Jersey like their brothers in Delaware, took the initiative in political organization, and so bold and aggressive are their movements that the two other parties are standing off waiting to see what will turn up next. They are particularly energetic in and about Newark where there are a score or more of breweries. More than two hundred speakers have signified their desire to talk prohibition to the people of the state, and a vigorous campaign is assured. The Prohibitionists of Delaware are far from having the same abundance of material to work with, but down in the hearts of the people the same spirit of revolution is at work here that has come to the surface with such force in New Jersey.—Smyrna Times.

At the recent municipal elections in Illinois Prohibition made large gains, and scores of cities, towns and villages voted for no license. The Temperance outlook in Illinois is very gratifying, and seems to indicate that before long that State will fall into line with Maine, Kansas, Iowa, and Rhode Island.

The Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly condemned the use of tobacco by a vote of 113 to 23; and the Reformed Presbyterian Synod has reaffirmed its action, forbidding any one to be licensed to preach who uses tobacco, and advises sessions to appoint no Sunday-school teacher who uses the weed.

Plans have been filed in the Bureau of Building, New York, for constructing a manse for the Fifth Avenue church. Rev. John Hall, D. D., pastor, on the lot No. 712 Fifth Avenue, at an outlay of \$75,000.

The Baltimore Methodist is waging holy warfare against Sunday excursions to camp meetings, and insists that the gates of all such places shall be closed on Sunday. This is the only way to prevent railroad officials from running trains on the Sabbath.—Richmond Christian Advocate.

Youth's Department.

What a Little Girl Did.

In the neighborhood of New York a feeble little church has been endeavoring to build a house of worship for itself, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that their more wealthy neighbors have been building it, but the church members have contributed according to their ability. Being anxious to raise more money than the people were able to contribute, one of the officers of the church procured some cards with the name of the church printed on one side, and on the other side these lines:

"If you cannot give your millions You can give the widow's mite; The smallest gift for Jesus Is precious in his sight."

These cards were given to some of the children of the church to sell for ten cents each. A little girl took some of them to a shop in which her father worked, and passed from one to another soliciting purchasers, until she came to a man who was regarded by his fellow-workmen as one who had no interest in religious things, and was not disposed to give money to any object.

"Will you buy one of my cards, sir?" said the child. "I don't want any cards; what it is for?"

She explained that she was trying to raise some money to help build the church.

"What! a little girl like you trying to build a church?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply. "Read that to me," said he.

"Well, here is ten cents for you," and he took the card.

Expressing her thanks, the child turned away only to be recalled.

"You can take the card," said the man "and sell it to some one else, and get ten cents more."

"Thank you, sir," she said, this time looking at him with beaming face. She turned away the second time, but was again recalled.

"Little girl," he said, will you read me those verses again?"

The read them, when, much to her surprise, the man took out his pocket-book and handed her a ten-dollar bill. With reiterated thanks the child went away rejoicing.—N. Y. Observer.

What Boys Should Learn.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.—Ex.

Trust Christ With Everything.

Do not trouble yourself unduly, for if you do so you cannot remove sickness thereby, but you even increase it. If I could do anything good by worrying, I would worry away to my heart's content; but as it is useless, I find it best to

let it alone. They tell if a man were to fall into the sea, he would float if he would remain quiet, but because he struggles he sinks. I am sure it is so when we are in affliction. Fretfulness results in weakening us, in hiding from us wise methods of relief, and in general in doubling our pains. It is folly to kick against the pricks; it is wisdom to kiss the rod.

Trust more, and fear less. If you have trusted your soul with Christ, can you not trust Him with everything else? Can you not trust Him with your sick child, or your sick husband; with your wealth, with your business, with your life?

"Oh," says one, "I hardly like to do that. It is almost presumption to take our minor cares to the great Lord."

But in so doing you will prove the truthfulness of your faith. I heard of a man who was walking along the high road with a pack on his back; he was growing weary, and was therefore glad when a gentleman came along in a chaise and asked him to take a seat with him. The gentleman noticed that he kept his pack strapped to his shoulders, and so he said: "Why do you not put your pack down?" "Why, sir," said the traveler, "I did not venture to intrude. It was very kind of you to take me up, and I could not expect you to carry my pack as well." "Why," said the friend, do you not see that whether your pack is on your back or off your back, I have to carry it?" It is so with your trouble whether you care or do not care, it is the Lord who must care for you.

First, trust your Lord with your soul and then trust him with everything else. First, surrender yourself to His love, to be saved by His infinite compassion, and then bring all your burdens and cares and troubles, and lay them down at His dear feet, and go and live a happy, joyful life, saying, as I will say and close:

All that remains for me Is but to live and sing, And wait until the angels come To bear me to my King. C. H. Spurgeon.

\$1,000,000, for Missions in 1886.

The increase reported on the first of July is less than the increase reported on the first of June. This is accounted for by the fact that a large bequest came in during the month of June last year. The increase in the collections is really three thousand for the month.

Now what are the probabilities in the case. Look at these figures:

Cash received up to July 1st. \$505,059 Last year the receipts from July 1st to Oct. 31st were. . . 401,000 The increase from the Fall Conferences will not be less probably, than. . . 50,000 We have pledges on "last end". 20,000

Grand total. \$976,059

We shall need at least twenty-four thousand dollars to make the million. How shall we get it? Many will advise—"Let it go, and try again next year." If the preachers and laity of the Methodist Church could only realize the moral effect of bringing the Church clear up to the million line, they would all take hold and help do it—not with a struggle, but with a shout and a song.

To make all sure, let ten thousand of the friends of Missions send in a subscription of from five dollars to one hundred dollars each. Let every presiding elder figure up four weeks before Conference, and if his District is not on the the million line, hold supplementary meetings. Let us get up this year, and stay there till the line is formed, calm and steady, and then march by solid column to the Two-million line. The world—the whole world.—for Christ!

J. M. REID. C. C. McCABE.

The largest church in Washington is that of the colored Methodists. Its cost was over \$116,000, and it seats 2,800 people.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

Table with columns for District, Location, Date, and Appointment. Includes entries for Wilmington District—Third Quarter and Easton District—Third Quarter.

Table with columns for District, Location, Date, and Appointment. Includes entries for Dover District—Third Quarter and Salisbury District—Third Quarter.

Table with columns for District, Location, Date, and Appointment. Includes entries for Salisbury District—Third Quarter.

Table with columns for District, Location, Date, and Appointment. Includes entries for Salisbury District—Third Quarter.

In the country churches, and were also desired the Quarterly Conference will be opened with preaching. When practicable, the brethren will confer a favor on the undersigned, by arranging for meeting on all the vacant nights he is with them, in the interest of Temperance, W. F. M. Bible, or any other work to be served this first quarter. JOHN A. B. WILSON.

The Sunday School.

Review of Christ's Last Works and Words.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1886. [From Christian Advocate.]

BY ALBERT D. VAIL, D. D.

GOLDEN TEXT—Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.—Col. iii, 16.

MEMORABLE LESSONS.

The last three months have given us in our lessons the most interesting and important of the works and words of Christ that immediately preceded his death. The works were such as to confirm beyond all question his divine power and authority, and the words have been the great fountains of inspiration and faith to the Church of God through all the ages since.

As many of the schools have been closed during the summer months, and many of the children of nearly all of our schools have in some way lost these lessons, the Superintendent should see to it that they at least have a review from the desk. If he can do no better he can at least arrange to have a special class for the day, which should be reviewed before the whole school.

OUTLINES FOR A REVIEW.

The following plan selects one great truth from each lesson, and thus groups the whole under three general heads:

- I. JESUS WORKING,
II. JESUS TEACHING,
III. JESUS BUILDING.

Almost every one of the works and words of Christ at this time were as much for the ages to come as for the few who were present, and so have a breadth and wealth of meaning very far beyond the narrow circle that seemed to bound them then.

I. JESUS WORKING.

LESSONS I TO V. I. JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN. John ix, 1-17.—By healing the man born blind Jesus showed how he was indeed the light of this dark world. His work illustrated how he could cure the most thorough spiritual blindness if men would come to him for healing.

LESSON II. JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD. JOHN x, 1-18.—Jesus was continually watching and teaching and keeping his little flock, and was daily their Good Shepherd. But he was yet to illustrate his love by "giving his life for the sheep" and by preparing for them a heavenly fold.

LESSON III. THE DEATH OF LAZARUS. JOHN xi, 1-16.—Though Lazarus, his beloved friend was sick and dying, yet he made no effort to prevent his death. His delay was with a purpose, and he accomplished a greater work than the cure the sisters had desired.

LESSON IV. THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS. JOHN xi, 20-27; 39-44.—The resurrection of Lazarus was the crowning work of Jesus. It changed men's ideas of death. The good man's death is only a sleep. The converted man has eternal life begun here, and he cannot die in the sense of ceasing to live, which means a ceasing to think and feel.

II. JESUS TEACHING.

LESSONS V. TO IX. Establishing his new kingdom there we certain most important principles that he had to illustrate and enforce for all time, and in a way that would make them easily appreciated and easily applied.

LESSON V. JESUS HONORED. JOHN xii, 1-16.—We have here two beautiful events in a life that sadly lacked such things. Mary showed her grateful love by anointing the feet of Jesus with a costly fragrant ointment. And the next day much people met him with palms, and declared their faith in him as the King of Israel. He teaches by these

events that Jesus accepts and blesses our personal love and loyalty offered to himself.

LESSON VI. GENTILES SEEKING JESUS. JOHN xii, 20-36.—It was the privilege of Andrew and Philip to lead men to the great Teacher; and the Greeks heard this discourse as to the necessity of Christ's death and the voice from heaven confirming his teachings.

LESSON VII. JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY. JOHN xiii, 1-17.—After the last supper with his disciples, he, to their great surprise, arose, and with basin and towel and water washed their feet, and thus taught that the greatest disciple should be ready to do the humblest work—or that serving the weak is often the fittest work for the strong.

LESSON VIII. WARNING TO JUDAS AND PETER. JOHN xiii, 21-28.—In this lesson we have the Master revealing the coming betrayal of Judas and the denial of Peter, the two men in whom self-assurance and positiveness were most marked.

III. JESUS BUILDING.

LESSONS IX TO XII. As he came to establish an abiding kingdom that should exist by the side of all earthly kingdoms, and that would be warred against by all, he gives gives his disciples a most encouraging and inspiring view of his great purposes as the Kings of kings whose kingdom was to be an everlasting one.

LESSON IX. JESUS COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES. JOHN xiv, 1-14.—Their hearts were full of sorrow over his approaching departure. He comforts them with the truth that he goes away to prepare for them homes in heaven, mansions grand and enduring.

LESSON X. JESUS THE TRUE VINE. JOHN xv, 1-16.—By the symbol of the vine he illustrates the sure and large increase of his own kingdom, that each branch might be a fruit bearer because of the living vine into which it had been grafted.

LESSON XI. THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT. JOHN xvi, 5-20.—As the Church should increase and spread it would require the Divine presence. Hence he finds it expedient to depart and to send from the Father and from himself the Holy Spirit.

LESSON XII. JESUS INTERCEDING. JOHN xvii, 1-3, 11-21.—He now takes the Church into his confidence and prays for them. In this prayer he reveals his purposes and fore-shadows the glorious and complete triumph of His kingdom.

From these great truths each teacher and superintendent may find one that shall be specially adapted to their own school and church.

Penitence Rising into Joy.

[From Bishop W. Walsam How's Words of Good Cheer.]

How strange is this welling up of an undertone of joy in the midst of the saddest outpouring of utter penitence which the world has ever known! One could understand better two psalms composed at different times, and in different frames of mind, a fifty-first all sorrow, and a hundred and third all joy. But that the two streams should run on together seems strange. And yet is it so strange? Or is not rather very natural, just what most entirely accords with fact? The heart of man is never (or very, very seldom) all sorrow or all joy. Perhaps we could not bear either the one or the other. The strain would be too great. Generally the feelings are very mingled, even in those who feel most keenly. No doubt either sadness or joy may largely prevail but the other is there, as a sort of under-current. The song may be a very sad one, but it is more true to nature if it touches here and there some chord of brighter tone.

faileth me," breaks into the cry of jubilant trust, "But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord: I have said, Thou art my God." Yes, it is natural, and not strange. The stream has always its undercurrent.

The Fifty-first Psalm has been called the "Psalm of Psalms;" it has been called the "Sinner's Guide." It is the channel through which Oh! how many thousands of sin-stricken souls have poured their anguish before God! I think it must have been loved by Mary Magdalene. I think St. Peter must have said it after his fall. In old times it was used continually in the daily prayer of the Church, so greatly was it prized as a fitting utterance for sinful lips.

Now that the spirit of penitence is the first requisite for the sinner I suppose we all shall allow. The gate of repentance is the only gate way into the way of recovery. Look into your own hearts. I do not speak only to those living in known and willful sin. I speak to the ordinary average Christian. I ask, What is your first spiritual need? You know it is to deepen your penitence. Your sorrow for sin is so shallow. Why, day by day you are conscious of the same bad habits, the same indolence, the same worldliness, the same self-indulgence, the same formality in prayer. When you kneel down at night, and think over the past day, and confess your sins, is it never with a weary consciousness that it is a mere form that there is no true grief for the sin, no resolute struggle to subdue it? Well, till the stream of penitence begins to flow, I do not see how I can say much about an undercurrent. An undercurrent is a current which flows beneath the main stream. And the main stream, in the Fifty-first Psalm, is a stream of penitential sorrow. So let us first make sure that this has begun to flow, that we can use the sadder verses honestly, that we can say, without being untrue (and oh! is it dreadful to be untrue with God), "Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away with mine offenses wash me thoroughly from mine wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me."

Now we have got so far. We have allowed the necessity of an outflow of penitence. Are we going to stop here? Are we going on all life long to be mourning over sin, and sinning again, and half wishing to repent and be different, and half trying now and then, and all the while dragging on with a sense of failure and unsatisfactoriness and abortiveness in the inner life,—always saying that wretched thing which St Paul said once of himself, but only of himself when "under the law" and before grace had triumphed, "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do?" Well; even this better than saying "It is no use," and giving up trying. But this does not satisfy me. I think it ought not to satisfy any one who reads his Bible, and there hears of joy and gladness, of joy and peace in believing. Surely God has something better for his children than perpetual sorrow. Surely he means them to get up higher above these dreary half-repentings and half-strivings, into a freer, gladder region. Else why that command "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say Rejoice"? Why the Saviour's words, "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full"? Why his prayer for his disciples, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves? Well we will listen now for that sweet undertone which comes welling up in our psalm of penitence. But first let us catch the spirit of the larger stream. It flows on in waves of saddest mournfulness. "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." "Behold I was shapen in wickedness; and in sin hath my mother conceived me." "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness,

O God." Oh! all is so sad! But listen. Through the wailing and the moaning comes up another tone. The undercurrent is flowing on. We catch its voice of hope and courage. "Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice;" Thou shall open my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall show thy praise." Yes; penitence must rise up into joy. That is the great lesson I am striving to bring home to you. Penitence must rise up into joy. In its very nature penitence is a passing, transitory stage, and not an abiding state. If it were the latter it would prove that it was not true penitence, but some strange counterfeit. Penitence is like the dawn. But the dawn passes into the full daylight.

But now what is to be turn penitence into joy, confession into praise? Surely belief in pardon Ah! yes; we want more faith to lift us up. We want more simple acceptance of God's promises. We want more child-like restfulness in his fatherly love.

Surely if some angel were suddenly to come to us, when we have confessed our sins, and were to say: be not afraid; behold, I come to tell thee thy sins are pardoned, and thou art free," our hearts would leap up with a bound of startled joy. But why not now? Is an angel's word any surer than God's word? Is the message any more blessed for the dignity of the messenger? Oh, if only we believed! if only we would take to ourselves the comfort and assurance of the gospel message of absolution, I am sure our worship—aye our very lives—would be brighter and happier: There would well up, unbidden, tones of joy and gladness. The bones which God had broken (it is literally "crushed" for God does send suffering, often soul-crushing suffering, to lead us to repentance)—the bones which God had broken would rejoice. Yes; it is true, belief in pardon is the secret charm which can turn penitence into joy. Blessed are they who, having confessed their sins, and believed in God's pardoning grace, can say, "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness."

The Christian's Strong Tower.

How frail the money-tower, and the popularity tower, and the luxury castles are also! To-morrow you will open the morning newspapers and read the announcement that more than one tall fabric has come crashing down; and what is worst of all, sometimes a mangled character is buried in the ruins. It is not the successful in winning money who are the only ones who are cursed with covetousness and make silver and gold the chief end of their being. It has been well said that the "man who thinks that all would be right with him if he were rich, and the man who thinks that all is right with him because he is rich, are really the same man with a change of circumstances." They both cheat their souls out of the better portion; they are both trying to find out a fortress in a fabric of straw which can neither keep out sickness, sorrow, Satan sin or the perils of perdition.

Contrast with it that "strong tower into which the righteous runneth, and is set up on high!" As I read this glorious description of the Christian's stronghold, I recall old Edinburgh Castle, which like a colossal lion's head crowns the dorsal ridge of the Canongate, and looks out over the green brass and the silent sea. No sapper can undermine, and no assault can overthrow the refuge of God's saints; it is on the everlasting Rock, and the all-seeing eye keeps watch over all who are entrenched within.

"Who sticketh to God in stable trust, As Zion's mount he stands full just, Which moveth no whit, nor yet can reel But standeth forever as stiff as steel."

Just reckon up for how many foes the Lord Jesus Christ is a safe and secure shelter. If I am in Christ, the adversary can gain no advantage over me; my

Lord underwent his fiercest temptations that he might be able to succor these of his flock who are tempted. The just wages of sin are death; but there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. Why should fear disturb my nights in that soul-fortress, even though the wild beasts of darkness howl, and a legion of enemies prowl about the castle of my confidence? Contentment broods over my soul,—or ought to,—for the keeper of the Castle has said, "I will never leave thee or forsake thee." Is not it a disgrace, though, that Christ's own heirs should be so distressed and cast down when their income falls off and their playthings are taken away? Walk about your strong tower, brother, and see how little has been lost, and what a magnificent structure, cemented by atoning blood, holds you and your precious everlasting hopes. Death when it breaks in can not dislodge you; he will only lift you to the upper room, the celestial apartment of the palace of the King. Rejoice, O my soul, that the powers of hell can never shake the adamantine walls which Christ has built for my defense!

"There is but one way to secure an entrance. "The righteous runneth into it." Friend you cannot be preached in, or prayed in, or driven in. With eager desire and abandonment of every other reliance, you must flee not only toward, but into Christ. Hasten swiftly, or the door may be shut! A day's delay may cost you heaven! You will reach the only tower strong enough to protect you to give you peace, and power to do life's highest work and the rich foretastes of eternal glory also, when your deathless soul is hid with Christ in God.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler in Religious Herald.

THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO THIS LABOR QUESTION. There are evils to be corrected, both by capitalists and wage workers. It is well to take a broad impartial view of the situation. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix in his Baccalaureate sermon to the students of Trinity College, took occasion to utter the following plain words: "We have had enough of gush over the results of social inequalities, of railing against capitalists, of slurs on respectability, of laborious flattering of the workingmen. If the rich do wrong, so do the poor; and to each must his wrong dealing be made plain. The criminal selfishness of the wealthy may be properly explained, and means, devised, if possible, to stop the accumulation of riches by unholy arts and gambler's practices; but the working classes, must be told, as clearly, that we are fully awake to the wrong done by them as the wrong suffered, and that forbearance reaches its limit whenever they, by secret organization and machinery of strike and boycott, and the slave's obedience to a despotic centralism, make themselves public enemies and endanger the peace, the property, the life of honest, unoffending folks."

The great hindrance to fruitfulness and progress in the divine life on the part of many professing Christians, is their affections and activities are preoccupied. They are double-minded. They are trying to grow two crops from the same piece of ground, and as each demands the entire strength of the soil, one must be a failure; and experience proves that the thorns and briars crowd out the good seed. "The cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful. The true antidote is "Seek first the kingdom of God." "The way to obtain temporal blessings is not to make them the great object of pursuit. Multitudes, in their avidity to secure the world, neglect the great salvation and come short of the kingdom of heaven. And not only so, but they lose the very object of their hot pursuit. The world escapes them, and at last they lie down in sorrow, bankrupt both in time and eternity."

Let the earthly be subservient to the heavenly. Subdue the evil, cultivate the good. "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."—Buffalo Christian 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.

The Eastern Shore.

Mr. John B. Daisy, writes to the *Baltimore Sun*, very eulogistically of this part of the State of Maryland, the part by the way, upon which the earliest settlements were made by European emigrants. We give a few of his points, as matters of *Peninsula* interest; adding an item or two.

Of the twenty-three counties of the State, nine of them are east of the Bay, and cover about forty per cent. of the entire area. The principal business is farming; and in raising small fruits and vegetables the development is marvellous. Of course the tillage of the Chesapeake is largely productive, as multitudes can testify from the gustatory pleasures afforded by its unsurpassed shad and hivalves. The New Englanders boast that however unproductive their soil, they are most successful in raising men.

The Eastern shore not only rejoices in large returns from her fertile fields, for the tiller's toil, but like her Yankee sister, even boasts of ability to rare men. Among the most successful and well-known business houses in the city of Baltimore, are those founded and conducted by eastern shoresmen. At the city bar she points with pride, to able and distinguished lawyers, among whom as specimens may be named, S. Teakle Wallis, the son of Eastern Shore parents, I. N. Steele, Messrs. Whyte and Fisher, and Hon. William Daniel. The late David Davis and Hon. J. A. J. Creswell, both at one time United States Senators, and both associated in high position with the Executive branch of the national government, were born in Cecil. The most prominent colored man in the country, Mr. Frederick Douglass, late U. S. Marshall, is an Eastern Shoreman. Rev. John F. Hurst, D. D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the late Bishop Levi Scott, Rev. Dr. Curtis of the Roman Catholic Church, and Bishop Campbell of the African M. E. church, were natives of this part of the Peninsula. The present Governor of the Keystone State, Robert Emory Pattison, and his excellency, Henry Lloyd, the present Executive of Maryland, are Eastern Shoresmen; as is Ex-Governor J. B. Groom. These are only specimen bricks.

Out of 222,246 registered voters in the State, 43,543, nearly one-fifth, are east of the Bay, and only 98,189 in the rest of the State, outside of the city of Baltimore. By special statute the two United States Senators are to be selected, one from each shore. Of the forty gentlemen who have held the Gubernatorial

office since 1776, fifteen have been from the Eastern Shore.

We take great pleasure in adding that, while in nearly one-half the State, the accursed rum traffic is prohibited by local option laws,—this inestimable benefaction is largely enjoyed in Eastern Shore counties,—Cecil leading the state four years ago with a popular verdict against the iniquity of nearly seventeen hundred majority. We sincerely hope that the amended law to be voted on this fall, will receive a still stronger endorsement, as against High License, the deceptive device of the hardly-pressed liquor men; with which they seek so persistently to mislead honest temperance men, as if law-breakers would respect the restrictions of a license law any more than the provisions of a prohibitory law; while the death and ruin breeding business would gain the respectability of State sanction. No! No! there is but one line of poling for every voter who appreciates the magnitude of this great evil and that's—"pulverize the rum traffic." Make the law as complete as possible, and secure its faithful enforcement. If this is the case, and the seller is sure he will not escape the penalty of his crime, any more than he who only destroys life, drunkards will become small by degrees and beautifully less, and the blessings of sobriety will be enjoyed by the people. On this question there should be no party lines drawn, except the single one, between those who are for the home against the saloon, for the best interests of the people against the greed of those who fatten on the people's ruin.

State of the Work.

Our readers, no doubt, appreciate highly the open letter from Rev. T. O. Ayers, the new Presiding Elder of Dover District, in our issue of last week. Some very suggestive hints were thrown out, which we hope will not fail of practical effort. It seems a little strange we should be so slow in utilizing the efficient talents of our accomplished and devoted sisters in our regular church work. Our pastors will find them, in most charges willing and effective co-laborers.

We shall be glad to chronicle the completion of the repairs and improvements suggested, not excepting the *district* parsonage.

The banner-class arrangement, it is to be hoped, will incite each leader to greater diligence in making the weekly meetings more attractive, and to greater faithfulness in duty "to see each person in his class once a week at least," while the members themselves will feel a healthy stimulus to maintain the honor of their respective classes.

The Conference Academy, we are pleased to learn opened, the 6th inst., under very auspicious circumstances. In addition to the usual large attendance of young men, there were more young ladies applying for admission than could be accommodated in the building, now appropriated to their use. Now that the burdensome debt has been removed, and the competency and efficiency of the board of instruction has been so well tested, there will doubtless be a pressing demand for enlarged facilities for its important work. Here is a fine opportunity for some of the wealthy friends of Peninsula Methodism, to do something that will be of lasting benefit to the cause of Christian education, and an imperishable memorial of their wise liberality. Who will step forward and provide the greatly needed Ladies' Hall, and thus secure at once, the gratitude of their beneficiaries, and the right to give a name to the new building?

Meantime, let the suggestions of Bro. Ayers, and the earnest request of the Executive Committee through its secretary, Miss R. A. Day, meet with hearty responses.

Our good brother, Rev. A. D. Davis, reports gratifying progress in his work in Accomac, Va. Of course he could never be content, unless the flames of revival illuminated his field of labor, however successful he might be in securing lots and building churches. We were glad to read his cheerful letter to the *PENINSULA METHODIST* last week; and earnestly bespeak for him the generous financial help he so much needs "to push this work as it should be." With so urgent calls for money, for all the grand enterprises undertaken for Christ and his cause, how important it is that every child of God should not only "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive,' but have a living faith in them, as well!"

Rev. Dr. Jacob Todd places our readers under the obligations for his very interesting and graphic letter from Charleston, South Carolina, a week ago. In their behalf, as well as our own, we solicit frequent contributions from his facile pen. While on this subject, we may as well say, that we are truly grateful for the valuable aid our contributors have so generously given, in our effort to make the *PENINSULA METHODIST* a first class Conference paper, and trust they will not weary in well-doing. Our chief wonder is that other brethren, lay and cleric, (we use the word brethren generically, including both sexes) do not see their opportunity. But few preachers, and they only occasionally number their weekly hearers by the thousand, yet this local sheet goes to some three thousand homes, and is read by at least nine thousand people. How great the privilege of such an audience, and how eagerly should we embrace the opportunity of addressing by the medium of the pen!

Dickinson College.

The friends of this venerable institution of Christian education, will be gratified to learn, that the new scholastic year has opened with a most encouraging increase of students. The fears entertained by some, that the violent personal attacks, made by anonymous assailants, upon the faithful and efficient President, might alienate patronage, and prove seriously damaging to the prosperity of the College, have happily not been justified by the results. The confidence and respect, so well earned by Dr. McCauley, in his successful administration of its affairs for the last fourteen years, are too firmly fixed in the minds of its patrons, to be seriously disturbed by the misrepresentations of newspaper scribblers, too cowardly to write over their own names, or by the slanderous allegations so industriously circulated in private conversation. How much larger might have been the increase, with the admirable facilities for college work furnished by the recent liberal benefactors which have been secured through the untiring devotion of the President, had no such efforts been made to discredit and displace Dr. McCauley, it is impossible to tell. Certain it is that circumstances were never more propitious for a career of unequalled prosperity than at this time, when the attempts were made so persistently to pull down, rather than to build up. It is therefore a matter of profound satisfaction to every true friend of old Dickinson, that notwithstanding these efforts, there is a considerable net gain in the college classes; and nearly twice as many pupils in the Reparatory Department, as there were last year.

We congratulate Bro. Smith and his people upon the encouraging prospect of having their beautiful church in Cambridge free from debt. We recall with great pleasure our brief visit there some seventeen months ago, as also the brief term of our own pastorate in '59, before the unfortunate "division."

Correction.

In Rev. R. W. Todd's article, "Peninsula Methodism" and its Critics, the sentence "next to the misfortune of universal condemnation," is universal condemnation, should read next to the misfortune of universal condemnation is universal commendation.

Down East.—Rev. W. H. Hutchin, pastor of our church in Greensboro, Md., favors us this week, with some very interesting notes of his vacation travels. His visit to the White Mountains will appear next week.

We were disappointed last week, in not receiving the promised letter from Dr. Wallace, but are assured that, hereafter he will be sure to be on time. His reminiscences will be increasingly interesting as they come nearer the present time.

Our letter from "the mountains" will keep without spoiling, and will appear when our columns are less crowded with more important matters. Dr. Wallace in the *Record* of the 11th inst., gave a broad "Hint to the homeward bound," to write him reminiscences of their visit to Ocean Grove. Last week he tells us of the result.

"We are considerably elated over the effect of that "Hint to the homeward bound," in last week's *RECORD*. It has brought us quite a harvest of communications. Keep it up young friends. No matter whether you have ever written a line for the press before, try it, and you will be surprised. Let the pen be consecrated too, and we will take pleasure every week in sending out the "echoes" to cheer and bless thousands."

We shall be glad to have a similarly hearty response to our "Hints" in this issue.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The fiscal year of this society closes with the session of the General Executive Meeting; this year to be held in Providence, R. I., commencing Oct. 28th.

September and the earlier days of October witness increased activity among the auxiliaries, representing the nine branches. The collectors in the local societies, are searching for the last cent, that it may be embraced in the annual report; back-slidden members are interviewed, new ones solicited, and the list of subscribers to that most excellent organ of the society, the *Heavenly Woman's Friend*, revised, and if possible enlarged. Officers for the year are to be elected, and plans for the more efficient working of the auxiliary inaugurated.

From the annual reports sent her by the corresponding secretary of the local societies, the Conference secretary must prepare her annual report to be submitted to the Branch Meeting, in whose territory the auxiliary is found.

The secretary of Wilmington Conference must needs prepare two such papers—Delaware forming a fraction of Philadelphia Branch, and Maryland of Baltimore Branch. The sixteenth annual meeting of Philadelphia Branch, will be held in Pittsburgh, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th, and to it each auxiliary in Pennsylvania and Delaware, is requested to send a delegate; her expenses to be provided for by some special effort of the society sending her.

Wilmington will be represented in Pittsburgh by Miss Sallie Shaw, President of Murray Band, Asbury church, and Mrs. E. B. Stevens (ex-officio member of Branch Executive Committee.)

A very promising programme has been provided, and we call upon every member of the society and all interested in it, to offer special prayer for the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon all the deliberations and plans of that body.

Wednesday morning, after the customary devotions, there will be an opening address by the president, Mrs. Wheeler, followed by greetings and response, minutes of last meeting, treasurer's report,

roll-call of auxiliaries, and appointment of committees. At the afternoon session reports from Conference secretaries will be given; aspects and progress of work by district secretaries, discussion on district meetings, how conducted, how to secure general attendance; financial arrangements.

Thursday morning, a paper, "How shall every woman in the church be enlisted in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society?" will be presented and discussed. This to be followed by talks from returned missionaries present, upon the countries in which they have labored.

The afternoon session will open with a consecration service, and be followed by an essay, "The Relation of Personal Religious Experience to Christian Work." The remaining time to be occupied by the missionaries. Thursday evening will be given to anniversary exercises, when the report of Branch corresponding secretary will be read, and an address given by Miss Fannie Sparks, of India.

Friday morning, reports of committees, election of branch officers and delegates to the meeting in Providence, and other business. Friday afternoon, exercises by Mission Bands. Essay—"How to conduct a Band." Essay—"How to make Band Exercises helpful to Religious Life." Revision of minutes and adjournment.

It is expected that Miss Hu King Eng, the Chinese girl that this Branch is educating, will be present; also Miss Easton and Miss Sparks from India, Rev. C. S. Long and Mr. Harris from Japan, and Miss Swansy from Mexico.

Orders for tickets at excursion rates can be procured of Mrs. Stevens, Wilmington.

Baltimore Branch will hold its annual meeting in Easton, Md., Oct. 13th and 14th, (programme supplied in next issue) and it is most earnestly desired that every auxiliary in our Maryland churches will send a delegate. More; our sisters in Easton will most cordially welcome, and cheerfully entertain any lady from *Delaware*, desiring to attend and secure the blessing that is sure to be given. Order for tickets, 2 cts. per mile, can be secured from Mrs. Stevens.

What we call trouble is only His key that draws our heart-strings truer, and brings them up sweet and even to the heavenly pitch; Don't mind the strain; believe in the note every time. His finger touches and sounds it. If you are glad for one minute in the day, that is His minute; the minute He means and works for.—A. D. T. Whitney.

When a man's converted it becomes the work of the Church and all its members to look after and assist him. When you see a drunken man don't pride yourself upon not being like him, but ask yourself if you are not doing something just as bad in the sight of God. That will cure your pharisaism, old fellow.—Sam Jones.

Our Book Table.

The size of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for the coming year is to be increased to 84 pages. This enlargement will be made without a corresponding increase in price.

The October issue of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* contains the first of a series of articles on the Great Industries, to be published in the new volume of that magazine. A magnificent list of contributors is promised for this series. It includes, James Baylis of the *Iron Age*, Prof. Henry C. Adams of Michigan University, Edmund Atkinson, George Parsons Lathrop, Charles Barnard, S. S. Packard, Geo. B. Prescott, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and W. Barclay Parsons. The October article is from Mr. Baylis and discusses "Iron and Steel."

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for October has steel engraving, "Consider the Lilies," at is alone worth the price of the number. The original stories, for which "Peterson" is famous, are even better than usual, among them being a new novelet by Fran Lee Benedict, "Marian's Fashionable Friends," and a powerful tale, "Minette," by Peterson and Boutelle. In this number, we already find hints of the great things "Peterson" is to do next year, and an offer is made to send a specimen, free, to anyone wishing to get up a club. As the terms are but Two Dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs, every lady not already a subscriber, it seems to us, will subscribe. Address the publisher, Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. With the *PENINSULA METHODIST*, only 25c. Address J. Miller Thomas, Wilmington, Del.

Conference News.

A glorious revival is in progress in the Galena M. E. Church, T. L. Tomkinson, pastor. A large tent has been erected on the parsonage lot, and it is nightly filled with interested worshippers. A number have been converted, and there is a wide spreading interest all through the community. Some of the older scholars of the Sunday School, as well as some of the older people, are among the number that have been brought in to fellowship with Christ. A far reaching revival, a new church, and Galena will stand in the galaxy of our finest charges.

The M. E. Church in Easton, Md., was reopened last Sunday after having been closed for repairs and remodeling for the last four months. The improvements have entirely changed the appearance of the interior. The audience room has been neatly frescoed and new seats of the most improved pattern and style put in. They are arranged in circular form parallel with the altar rail. The windows are beautiful memorials of departed friends, and represent touching Biblical scenes. An addition has been added to the church in the rear of the pulpit, to which the organ has been removed. In the lower story of this annex is a beautiful infant school room.

Rev. Julius Soper, missionary to Japan, who after ten years of ministry in that country has been visiting his native land, and who left last Tuesday with his wife and children, to return to the missionary work in Japan, preached the opening sermon in the morning to a large and deeply interested congregation; at 3 P. M. a Sabbath School Missionary service was held; addressed by Bro. Soper, Rev. Geo. A. Phœbus D. D., of our Conference, preached in the evening to a large congregation. The cost of the improvements were about \$4500, and nearly \$3600 in cash, and reliable subscriptions were received during the day, leaving less than \$1000 to be provided for.

Each of the students of Centenary Biblical Institute, Baltimore, has been presented with a copy of the admirable lecture of Job H. Jackson, Esq., of this city, on "The path of Success," the author kindly donating the number necessary.

The Wilmington Conference is ably represented in the Board of Trustees of the Centenary Biblical Institute by Thomas Mallalieu Esq., of Millington, who takes great interest in the cause of education for the colored race.

The authorities of the Centenary Biblical Institute have expended \$2500.00 in purchasing and putting in order the property at Princess Anne to be used as the Delaware Conference Academy. The institution is now open for students.

The Baltimore Preparatory School of the Centenary Biblical Institute, has opened with some fifty students. Rev. J. H. Nutter, of the Delaware Conference, is Principal.

The audience room of the M. E. Church at St. Michaels, J. O. Sypherd, pastor, having been closed for the last three months for repairs, will be re-opened, (D. V.) to-morrow 20th inst. Services at 10.30 o'clock A. M. at 3 and at 7.30 o'clock P. M. Preaching by Revs. J. S. Willis, R. H. Adams, of Wilmington Conference and H. A. Cleveland, D. D., of Philadelphia. Neighboring and former pastors are cordially invited to be present and participate in the services.

The Ferry Neck M. E. Church was reopened last Sunday, Sept. 19. Preaching at 10.30 A. M., and at 3, and 7.30 P. M. by Rev. Theo. Stevens, of Philadelphia Conference.

The official members of Pocomoke City charge, have granted their pastor a three weeks' vacation, and he expects to spend much of his time at Queenstown, Md.

Letter from Pocomoke City.

DEAR BRO.—Doctor Wm. Butler did not let down, while delivering a Missionary message at the M. E. church in Pocomoke City. He held his vast audience almost "bound," for one hour and a quarter; and, times forgetful of his physical inability, and filled with the subject in hand, there would occur at intervals outbursts of rare eloquence, enrapturing his audience. He was suffering from an attack of "sun sickness," the foundations of which were laid in India, a "sun-stroke." He informed the writer that the sun sickness was liable to recur, on exposure to intensely hot suns, as was the case with the doctor, in making the long trip by water, in an open canoe, from Smith Island to Onancock. His physical condition rendered it impossible for him—with safety to himself—to fulfill his remaining engagements. Mr. Editor, you will be kind enough to make the above correction, and oblige yours,
I. G. FOSNOCHT.

Sept. 15th, 1886.

Letter from Beckwith's, Md.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—The condition of the church at this place has been for some months past, more favorable than heretofore. Plain, pointed, practical preaching, combined with faith and prayer, will tell, if persisted in. On Sabbath, Sept. 5th, we received three on probation, on the following Sabbath one. Yesterday, Sabbath Sept. 19th, we commenced a series of meetings, to continue as long as the interest will justify. Sister Lizzie Sharp, who has been very successful in evangelistic work, is present with us, to remain for two weeks. Three services on Sabbath, crowded houses, and five penitents at the altar, are visible results of the first day's work. The congregations, though large, were quiet and orderly; they listened with almost breathless silence, to catch every word uttered by Sister Sharp. This is the first time, the people of this vicinity, have ever had the privilege of listening to a lady speaker. Sister Sharp has captured the people, and I firmly believe, if the church here, is not recreant to her trust, that we will witness a great revival of religion. Let all the true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, remember us in their prayers, that the showers of Divine grace, which the Lord is scattering so full and free, through the bounds of our Conference, some may fall on us. My object in writing to you at this time, is not to eulogize Sister Sharp on her work. She does not need that at my hands, for her praise is in all the church, and the substantial character of her work is her best eulogy. I simply desire to furnish you with items of revival interest. More anon.

Fraternally,
GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Sept. 20th, 1886.

BRO. THOMAS:—I send you the names of the class leaders who have won the banner for the third quarter, in their several charges: Dover—Bro. Severn Taylor; Wyoming—Bro. Alford Massey; Magnolia—Rev. G. L. Hardesty.

Yours truly,
T. O. AYRES.

Letter from Newark, Md.

Our new church at Poplar was begun the 14th inst., and the corner-stone will be laid Oct. 6th, with services conducted by Revs. R. W. Todd, W. R. McFarlane, and W. B. Gregg, beginning at 1.30 p. m. We hope to be able to dedicate either Oct. 24th or 31st.

Our extra meeting at Wesley Chapel will begin next Sabbath, 26th inst. At this place there is great need of a revival, as many years have passed since a sweeping revival was felt here. Our prayer is that great grace may save the people at Wesley's. Collections coming up well.

E. H. D.

Good Tidings from Japan.

Under date of Aug. 3d, Miss Spencer rejoices over the conversion of O Mina San, one of the older girls in the school, saying, "this conversion is to me as miraculous as the healing of the demons of old." The girl has been in the school four years, and while her conduct has been irreproachable she has most stubbornly resisted Christian influences. Of pleasant face and winsome manner, a remarkably fine intellect and a strong character, she naturally exerted a correspondingly strong influence.

The teachers were confident that the Holy Spirit was striving with her, and Miss Spencer has repeatedly asked for special prayer for the girl, lest she so grieve the Spirit that He take His flight. Upon occasion of Miss Spencer visiting the town where her parents reside, the girl begged with tears, that she would do all she could to persuade them to accept Christianity. Being asked why, if Christianity was so desirable for her parents, she herself did not accept it, she answered: "I cannot believe anything; they believe a false religion, and I am sure would yield to the true one if presented." This was in April of '85. As she was in company with Miss Atkinson, another teacher, to visit her home last August, her desire for their conversion was intensified, and recognizing her inconsistency, that she could do nothing for them while she remained as she was, she fell at Jesus' feet to learn of Him who is "meek and lowly in heart," and found rest to her soul. The Sunday before her departure she was baptized. Miss Spencer writes of

an evangelistic trip she took in July, and finding a young lady occupying a responsible position as teacher, who has become a very decided Christian, though she first heard the Truth from Miss S— in April of '85. And of another who was converted in December last, and at the time of her writing had already brought nine souls to Christ—more I fear than some who read these lines will ever do. Her hands are blistered with hard work done in the field, but her love and faith are well nigh boundless. She is soon to enter the Training School in Yokohama and prepare herself for evangelistic work.

Miss Everding of Nagasaki writes of increasing prosperity in their school and religious work, and encloses a copy of an essay entitled "The Old and the New," written in English by one of the girls, and read at the closing exercises of the school. Four years ago she entered the school a stupid, superstitious heathen. She is now an earnest Christian, has graduated in the Chinese and Japanese Departments, and in another year, will in the English Department.

These are indications, dear sisters, of this conference, of the influences you are setting in motion by your gifts and by your prayers.

Let us to our knees in fuller consecration for the service of another year.

E. B. S.

The Poet Saxe in Old Age.

In a large and luxuriously furnished apartment in a four-story brown-stone house on State Street, in the city of Albany, and almost within a stone's throw of the great Capitol, sits, or walks, or reclines throughout the day a man of seventy years of age. With hair that is silvery-white, a full beard that is gray-white, a form that is bent and emaciated, a step that is slow and tottering, and a cheek that is pallid and shrunken—his blue eyes yet full and lustrous alone indicate the strength and pride of other days. This man is John Godfrey Saxe, the poet.

The old poet is now much changed in form and feature, being merely a shadow of his former self. During the first three years of his residence in Albany, he spent some hours each pleasant day in strolling about the beautiful park near by, or tranquilly sitting there in a shady arbor, watching the children at their play. But during the past two years no public eye has seen him, for in that long interval he has of his own choice been carefully secluded in his room. He neither rides nor walks abroad. The apartment in which he spends his melancholy days, consists of a suite of three rooms located in the rear end of the house on the third floor, and overlooking the noble Hudson to the south. Here by a window he whiles away much of his time in watching the busy river craft, and in contemplating the picturesque landscape. Of street attire he no longer has a need; in dressing-gown and slippers he paces the floor with slow and trembling steps, seldom or never going beyond the confines of his own rooms. He prefers to have perfect quiet about him, and oftentimes dislikes to be disturbed even by a member of his own family.

It is a long time since he last consented to receive a stranger, or even a friend, or an acquaintance of former days.

"I cannot bear," he said, with pathos, "to be forcibly reminded of what I once was—of the days of my hope and strength, when the world had charms that are now dead to me; before sickness had deprived me of my health, and death had robbed me of my loved ones."

In 1881, on his first coming to Albany, the eminent physicians whom his family consulted in his behalf, predicted that he would not survive for two years longer.

He goes to bed between the hours of

nine and ten o'clock in the evening, and rises at half-past six in the morning. He complains much of insomnia, and during the day is often very restless, suffering from neuralgia in the head. When not sitting in an easy-chair or moving leisurely about his room, he reclines upon a couch. He eats often, but very sparingly, and partakes of the plainest of food, indigestion being one of his principal bodily ills. Of his valet, a middle-aged colored man, (who by reason of prior service with eminent people at Washington and other places, is more than ordinarily intelligent and entertaining), the poet is very fond, chatting with him now and again, with a more than usual degree of interest and animation.

Until quite recently, he devoted a good share of his time to a perusal of the standard poets and the leading magazines, those of the latter to whose pages he was once a valued contributor, being still sent him regularly and unsolicited by the publishers thereof, in kindly remembrance of past services. For some years he has not read the daily papers, and evinces little or no interest in current events.

"It pains me," he said, "to meet with the details of so much crime and so many casualties."

Indeed, he reads comparatively little of any kind now—occasionally a page or two, maybe of one of his favorite prose authors, that mainly consist of Hawthorne, Dickens, and Thackeray, judiciously selecting therefrom matter of cheerful tone and subject. When undisturbed he is much given to musing; but at times will converse willingly and fluently, displaying thereby a power of memory that, in view of his feeble physical condition, is quite unlooked for, recently surprising his son not a little, by repeating verbatim one of Charles Lamb's longest essays.

His thoughts often revert to his irreparable loss of wife and children, speaking of each tenderly and regretfully, and manifesting a keen interest in the proper care of their graves—ever dwelling on the domestic afflictions, which have broken his heart and enveloped his once brilliant intellect in a brooding and incurable melancholy.—*Brooklyn Magazine for September.*

Education and the Church.

Education is the province and business of the Church. We reject her presumption to use public schools for the purposes of sectarian bias; but we insist that she cannot neglect to give her fostering and friendly care, as well as her conservative and watchful oversight, in all schools providentially brought under her notice. Let us have an eye to the schools. Are they safe places to send our children to—safe as to the guardianship of the character of our children, and safe as to the opportunities of culture open to them? The country is waking up on this subject. People are on the lookout for better teachers. The Church is getting more careful. We were pleased to notice at the Florence District-meeting that this matter was stressed in the examination of the different pastoral charges. We close with a sentence or so from the Introduction of Charles Dicken's "Nicholas Nickleby": "We hear sometimes of an action for damages against the unqualified medical practitioner, who has deformed a broken limb in pretending to heal it. But what about the hundreds of thousands of minds that have been deformed forever by the incapable pettifoggers who have pretended to form them?"—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

"According to the number of the *Missionary Review*, it appears that during the last year 155,553 members were added to churches on missionary ground, which is only 28,404 less than accessions to the churches in all Christendom, with their manifold advantages."

Japan's Wondrous Garden.

The spring and summer in Japan is full of picturesque beauty, and yields an atmosphere of delicious comfort. The skies drop gladness, and the earth teems with loveliness. Its garden pictures are changing as a kaleidoscope. The terraced hill sides rank with verdure, vie with wheat-fields bending 'neath their load of grain; some just cut and supplanted by rice, in fields flooded with water, while others green with the tender shoots, are ready for transplanting. When the seasons are unusually dry nothing is left to suffer. The reservoirs are so large, and the irrigating system so complete, that Japan's wondrous garden smiles on behind scorching rays.

The trees of Japan are a wonder. Here is the "mockungi," with its purple bell-shaped flowers: also the magnolia, with its rich white and purple clusters. Queen among the trees towers the camellia. Some of these are sixty feet high, and are covered with blossoms from January to May, of many varieties, from the large pure white, resembling a double rose, to various shades of pink and red. The cherry and plum-trees are cultivated solely for their blossoms, and are trees of rare beauty. The former grows thirty feet high and as many broad, its branches covered with red and white flowers, two inches in diameter and perfuming the air at a great distance. Its petals of snow and cream, falling in showers, spread many a carpet for the feet on the stone-paths leading to the temples, verifying the native poet when he says, "There are snow-showers which do not descend from the skies." The plum-tree is par excellence the poet's tree. Often it is seen standing leafless in the snow, yet adorned with blossoms like a bride. The tree bursts into soft clouds of bloom and fragrance in February, but without leaves.

Along the hill-sides maples and pines covered with vines of exquisite loveliness trailing and intertwining with bewildering intricacy; among these are the wisteria and thumbergia, with their purple stars and tufts. From the verdant valleys to the tops of the mountains are seen lilies, pinks, and roses of endless variety. The grass is studded, and flowers spring even from the quaint, thatched roof of the tea-houses, asking leave only to grow and bless the light. These tea-houses seem idyllic. They are a national institution, for they are everywhere, as the people are everywhere: along the city streets, by the roadside, in the grooves, woods, parks, valleys and up the mountain-side.—*Helen Thompson in Brooklyn Magazine.*

Housekeeper (to new cook just imported): "Bridget, how do things keep in the new refrigerator?" Bridget: "Well, mam, they all seem to kape poorly well, burrin' the oice, which 'pears to milt ivery blessed day."

A Sportsman's Manual.

As the autumnal gunning season draws nigh, a demand arises for information concerning the best ranges of game, and the water-ways most prolific of fowl. For the purpose of supplying such a demand, the Passenger Department of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company has published a work entitled "A Paradise for Gunners and Anglers." The little volume is an exhaustive treatise on the game birds, water fowl, and fishes of the Maryland, Delaware and Virginia Peninsula, their haunts, habits, and characteristics. An excellent map of the territory, showing the location of streams and the means of access, and handsome illustrations of the rarer specimens of birds and fish serve both to embellish and contribute to the interest of the book. Information as to the game laws, the time when certain game most abound, the procurement of guides, boats, &c., and in fact everything which would make the way of the sportsman clear, is furnished in ample detail.

The book is distributed gratuitously, and may be procured by addressing James R. Wood, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, Philadelphia, Pa.

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"Methodism of the Peninsula" and the Critics.

CONTINUED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK.

May I quote from some of the commendations lavished upon my book? I say lavished, because to me, both as to their number and apparent heartiness and enthusiasm, they have been a surprise. Many of these notices are flattering far beyond anything I had the most distant hope to merit, and it worthy of note, that the few critics, who have felt disposed to be exacting, and perhaps a little censorious, have been constrained to acknowledge that, even measured by their finely balanced standards of propriety, there is something (most admit very much) in the book to approve. Will the reader pardon a few extracts from these glowing eulogies? When the author heareth the distant whoop of braves on the war-path, and smelleth the coming battle afar off, it may be prudent to seek the easiest possible ground for a wounded and fallen spirit.

"It is excellent: I am more than pleased with it."

BISHOP HURST.

"If it captivates others as completely as it has charmed me, by its repertory of quaint characteristics, something of the furore created by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in years gone by, will be revived. * * * His description of "Uncle Haney Bradshaw" is inimitable; and, for true pathos, we think the story of Stephen, the Annamesex slave, has never been excelled. Though all these sketches, where it might seem the predominating tone, is excessive humor suggested by eccentricity of character, there runs a striking current of religious sentiment."

DR. A. WALLACE.

"It is seldom that the review of any literary effort has afforded me so much profound gratification, as the first born from the gifted poem of the Rev. Mr. Todd. * * The author possesses the felicitous faculty of couching in fresh, sunshiny and unique mannerisms some of the most prominent facts and humorous phases in connection with his ministerial labors and denominational reminiscences in our favored Peninsula. I cheerfully commend it."

Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL, pastor Snow Hill Presbyterian church.

"A very pleasant and interesting book. It has rescued from oblivion many incidents and facts which well deserve to be remembered and preserved. * * * Full of quaint anecdotes, and of striking illustrations of men and times that are passing away, and not likely to be repeated; and appropriately concluding with a beautiful eulogy of the life and character of the late Dr. Matlack."

J. A. FULTON, Esq. Member of the Dover, Del. Bar, and of the Presbyterian church.

* * * Having been in the ministry for more than thirty years, and stationed at most of the prominent points, and being still active, with sufficient of youths' vitality to enable him to see and retain all that comes to his notice, (especially the spicy scenes of life usually overlooked by ministers of the gospel), who could be better able to entertainingly portray the quaint and humorous in Peninsula Methodism? * * * What dyspeptic can read chapters third and fourth without growing better? Or who, so stony hearted, could pursue chapters seven and eight with dry eyes? His glimpses of "Old Time Schools and School-masters," is alone of sufficient interest to sell the book. There is not a family of intelligence, native in the Peninsula, who cannot find in this book a great deal that "comes very close home. The author has the happy faculty of putting things just right, to insure the effect intended."

Easton Gazette. (Editor a member of the Friends' Society.)

"A well written and interesting volume, and one that will be sure to instruct and entertain the general reader. The reminiscences of the early days of

Methodism on this Peninsula, while instructive, are so written that even the most prosaically inclined will be amused."

State Sentinel, Dover, Del.

"Mr. Todd deserves the thanks of every reader on the Peninsula, for having written this book. * * * The author has done an important work. * * * These good stories and quaint and amusing reminiscences are very well told by Mr. Todd, who, processing the advantage of being native and to the manor born, has retained and transmitted the fast disappearing vernacular of both whites and slaves with a fidelity almost inimitable."

Every Evening, Wilmington, Del.

"An attractive series of sketches of notable characters and events in the history of Peninsula Methodism. Its value, however, is larger than that branch of the Christian church. * * * It deals with the social life of the Peninsula in such a way as to seem as a general account of the manners and customs prevailing there, particularly in the earlier days and slaverly times, and thus affords that delightful contrast between familiar localities, and unfamiliar social habits and methods, which constitutes one of the most agreeable and valuable qualities of true historical writing. The people and the region of those times are eminently worthy to be rescued from oblivion, and to have their peculiar characteristics perpetuated in the almost indestructible literary form; and the author has shown a genuine historical instinct in undertaking the task. The peculiarities and the careers of these early religious heroes; their power in speech, their undaunted resolution, their physical courage, their steady tendency toward what is right and just and human, are all depicted here with vigor and facility. In addition, the chapters entitled "White Souls in Colored Envelopes," "Uncle Stephen" and "Old Time Schools and School-masters," portray the whole social structure as it used to exist between the Delaware and Chesapeake.

The chapter on Uncle Stephen, the slave preacher, is written with singular discretion and skill. Any American author might be proud to have written it. It is a masterpiece of negro delineation and natural pathos. This work ought readily to command readers far removed from the Peninsula."

Morning News, Wilmington, Del.

Under the caption of "New Books of Worth," the Philadelphia Press, in a notice of nearly one and a half columns, is quite a commendatory as the Morning News, and compliments the author with very high praise. The Philadelphia Methodist, Evening Bulletin, Christian Advocate, Dover Delawarean, Snow Hill Messenger, the Cecil Whig, and the Star of the same county, with many other papers, print articles in the same strain. And more than a score of letters from ministers near and far, give expression to the enjoyment the book has afforded them. One from afar—once a Peninsula boy—writes: "DEAR MR. TODD:—You have done a good thing in "Methodism of the Peninsula." It frequently made me feel like jumping up and clapping my heels together. I often startled myself, as I read along the pages by exclaiming, "Bully for you!" It flung wide open the flood-gate of memory, and days of yore came whirling, splashing sparkling through, until the Lethian meadows were all overflowed with bannered yesterdays. Before I knew it, I was living over again the unique experiences of my early ministry. Your tribute to Dr. Matlack is true and beautiful. I do not think Uncle Tom's Cabin has anything superior to your seventh and eighth chapters.

But "least I should be exalted above measure," there were kindly sent me several critical "thorns," of which I will speak hereafter.

Methodist Literature.

It is our deliberate conviction that if Methodists generally, in country as well

as city, would subscribe for and read regularly a Church paper, there would be more devotion to the Church, and this would lead them to higher views of the responsibilities of the position they occupy before the world—their light would shine brighter. Not only so, but the duty of Christian giving would be more clearly brought before them. The people read papers and books, but they do not read Methodist books and papers to the extent that they should. The membership needs to be stirred up on this matter. By whom? By the preachers and by those laymen who do read our publications.—Christian Neighbor.

Obituaries.

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

Sarah A., wife of Samuel W. Jones of Kent Island, Md., died Aug. 23, 1886, of typhoid fever. Her maiden name was Thompson. She was born in Dorchester Co., Md., in the neighborhood of McKendree M. E. Church, April 11, 1836. At a meeting held on Kent Island in 1853 by Rev. Wm. B. Walton, she was converted to God, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in which she lived a devoted Christian for 33 years. She was married Nov. 29, 1854, by Rev. W. B. Walton, to Samuel W. Jones, who survives her. She leaves several children to mourn their loss; but they "sorrow not as those who have no hope. Sister Jones was a good woman, a devoted companion, and a tender-hearted and loving mother. Life's cares are ended, she rests from her labor. In the absence of her pastor, funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. A. Arters, and her remains were laid in the burying ground near the church where she spent her religious life. * * *

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Leave Harrington for Georgetown and Lewes, 11:15 a. m. 8:43, 8:45 p. m. Leave Harrington for Georgetown and Franklin City 11:15 a. m. Leave Georgetown for Franklin City, 12:15, 2:15, 8:45 a. m. 2:50 p. m. Leave Franklin City for Georgetown and Harrington, 8:55, a. m. Leave Georgetown for Harrington, 7:03, 9:16 a. m. 3:16 p. m. Connects at Franklin City with steamer for Chincoteague Island. For further information, passengers are referred to the time-tables posted at the depot. Trains marked thus (*) are limited express, upon which extra is charged. FRANK THOMSON General Manager J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.

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Time Table, in effect July 1, 1886.

GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Stations, a. m., a. m., p. m., p. m., p. m., p. m., p. m. Rows include Wilmington, French St, Dupont, Chadd's Ford Jc, Lennape, West Chester Stage, Coatesville, Waynesburg Jc, St. Peter's, Warwick, Springfield, Birdsboro, Reading P & R Station.

GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Stations, a. m., a. m., p. m., p. m., p. m., p. m., p. m. Rows include Reading P & R Station, R Station, Birdsboro, Springfield, Warwick, St. Peter's, Waynesburg Jc, Coatesville, West Chester Stage, Lennape, Chadd's Ford Jc, Wilmington, French St.

ADDITIONAL TRAIN—On Wednesday and Saturday an additional train will leave Wilmington 10:15 a. m. for Birmingham Park and intermediate points.

For connections at Wilmington, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lennape, Coatesville, Waynesburg Junction, Birdsboro, and Reading, see time-tables at all stations. L. A. BOWER, Gen'l Passenger Ag't. A. G. McCausland, Superintendent.

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DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. 8:05 A. M.—Accommodation for Hanover, Frederick, Emmitsburg, Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Shippensburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport and intermediate stations.

9:10 A. M.—Pen Mar Express. 10:00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, Hanover, Gettysburg, and points on H. J., H. & G. R. R. (through cars).

2:25 P. M.—Accom. for Glyndon, (Reisterstown). 3:30 P. M.—Southern Express for points on Shenandoah Valley, Norfolk and Western, East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroads and connections also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicsville, Blue Ridge, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Frederick (through car) and Martinsburg.

4:05 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikeville, Owings' Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Flincksburg, Patapsco, Westminster, Medford, New Windsor, Linwood, Union Bridge and principal stations west also Hanover, Gettysburg and Martinsburg.

5:20 P. M.—Accommodation for Glyndon. 6:40 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 11:40 P. M.—Accommodation for Glyndon.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT UNION STATION. Daily—Fast Mail 3:40 P. M. Daily except Sunday—Glyndon Accom. 1:26 A. M. Union Bridge Accom. 8:45 A. M. Blue Mt. Express 9:45 A. M. Express from B & O V R R, E. R. R., H. J. & G. R. R., Frederick Div P. R. R. and principal main line points 11:40 A. M. Union Bridge Accom. 3:15 P. M. H. J. & G. R. R. Glyndon Accom. 3:55 P. M. Mail 6:40 P. M. 8:20 P. M.—Pen Mar Express.

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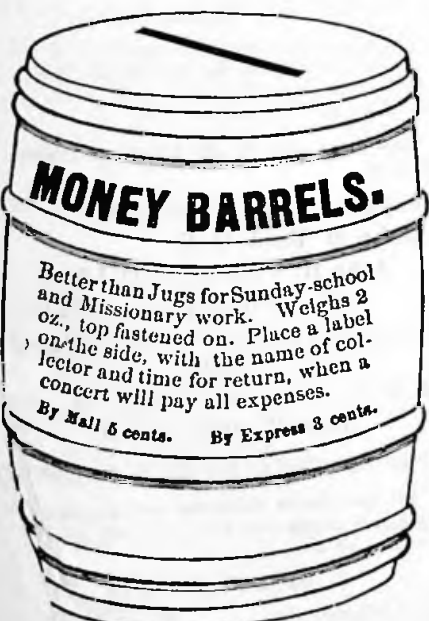
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