

Peninsula Methodist.

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FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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VOLUME XI.
NUMBER 39.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
SINGLE NOS. 3 CENTS.

"HE LEADETH ME."

S. A. J.

I would follow with gladness the feet
Of the Shepherd that guideth the flock
To the pastures, fresh budding and sweet,
By the waters that flow from the rock.

I would follow with trust when he leads,
Through the dim and shadowy vale,
Or through deserts, where naught meets the ear
Save the wind with its sorrowful wail.

I would follow with faith to the mount
Where the rock towers are rising so high
That I see not to right or to the left,
But only a gleam of the sky.

When at last to the summit I come,
And look back on the path I trod,
I shall see it was leading me home
To the beautiful mansions of God.

The sweet budding pastures gave strength;
The waters gave life to the soul;
The vale and the desert the grace
Of humility, crowning the whole.

The rock wall beside me had kept
My feet from the precipice fall;
And the Shepherd had made from my foes
A rod and a staff of them all.

Nor was barren the rod of the guide,
As he led over mountain and wold;
From the touch of his hand it had bloomed,
As Aaron's had blossomed of old.

The thorn in the path of the lamb,
The Shepherd had pierced long before.
And from the fair forehead it pressed
Was changed to a rose evermore.

Oh, brief was the trial and loss,
And the soul shall with gratitude own
The dark, heavy beam of the cross
Was only the step to a throne.

Archdeacon Farrar.—A Service in the Abbey.

BY BISHOP HURST.

In Stanley's best days as Dean of Westminster Abbey, the approaches were always crowded. Few could hear him, for his voice, if he ever had a good one, had been spent at Oxford before the Deanery and the Abbey were thrown open to him. He held his manuscript closely up before his eyes, and only those directly near him could hear him well. But he is gone, and now sleeps, with his wife near him, in a calm and sweet recess in England's greatest tomb, the Abbey which he loved, whose story he has best told, and whose associations were a constant inspiration to his pen. His successor is Dean Bradley, whose talents are not brilliant, but whose elastic theology is more in keeping with the Broad Church with which his brilliant predecessor had been identified. Farrar, according to all the prophecies, should have succeeded Stanley; but he is of too magnetic a make, too aggressive, too bold in speech, too radical against deep-rooted sins in high life, to be at the head of the Abbey. He is only Archdeacon, and divides his preaching between the Abbey pulpit and St. Margaret's.

But the people will have their way, and know their men. Whenever Farrar preaches they throng about him in great numbers. I cannot think them of the same highest circles with those who used to hang upon Stanley's faint words. There is not the same stiffness in Farrar's audiences. They do not care if they do jostle against each other's elbows. It was a bright afternoon, that of the last Sunday in July, when the multitude thronged in and filled all the spaces; and the faint and distant music told us that the service was beginning. We were all gradually led by the increasing volume of the tones to the full richness of the grand service.

The sermon was on "Fervent in Spirit," and its theme was the worth of enthusiasm. It was free from all the iron of the code. There was no Procrustean homiletical bed on which it could be stretched. The greater Biblical characters were cited in proof that even in the service of God an enthusiastic spirit is needful not only for personal attainment, but for the best service toward others. When the preacher left the Scriptures, he entered upon a series of historical allusions, beginning far back in the modern period, and coming down to the present day. He gave a period to each of his picked men, and began every sentence with the words: "Think of." "Think of Luther," "Think of Wesley," were the compact and striking

words in which he pointed us to the great figures of ecclesiastical story. But the distance was long between Luther and Wesley. He singled out the men who rose from nothing, but became everything. He went into other fields—art, literature, and the exact sciences—and declared that all who had gone into fame did it by virtue of their enthusiasm. He told the beautiful tale of Clarkson's labors for the freedom of British slaves—one man against thirty millions—and left him by saying that he hoped, after these words, that a monument would be reared to his memory in the Abbey. Not all would agree with him in making Wilberforce secondary to Clarkson. But he was after his point, and perhaps it was, just here, nothing less than saying something which would take shape in rearing a statue to Clarkson in the Abbey close beside that of Wilberforce.

There was a complete obliteration of the confessional lines. He selected his heroes as freely from the Puritans as from the Establishment. He had as fervent words to say of Carey as of Bishop Pattison. For example, he told the story of Carey, when he arose and asked his memorable question about India, and was informed by the very proper President that when God was ready to convert the heathen he would do it without help. He made a climax when he reached Wesley and Whitfield. As nearly as I can recall his words this is the way in which he presented their historical position: When the Established Church was trailing its robes in the dirt, Wesley and Whitfield forced it back to look after souls. He attributed to those two men the revival of British Christianity in the eighteenth century.

His words here assumed an emphasis, an enthusiasm, which cut deeply into the hearts of his hearers, and made them fairly look about them to see how others were receiving the burning thrusts. I could not help thinking of how one century avenges the wrongs of its predecessor. Near where we were sitting was the marble relief of the two brothers—John and Charles, the preacher and the minstrel—and on the same tablet was the historical scene of John Wesley preaching from his father's tombstone in the Epworth Cemetery, God's acre. The eighteenth century would not let him preach in the little country church where his father had long ministered, but the nineteenth threw wide open the heavy doors of the Abbey which enshrines England's worthiest dust, and on the beautiful tablet puts in deep-cut letters his three immortal epigrams. More than that, it puts into the Abbey pulpit a man who can state the final justice in fearless speech. But there was a climax. I little dreamed of what was coming. Here America was brought in, and the advocates of the freedom of the slave were described as the heroes of the later bright American days. William Lloyd Garrison was described as the fearless advocate of the black man. His true place as pioneer and pleader for the wronged was eloquently stated. Then came John Brown. I listened carefully, for it seemed as if I must be mis-hearing. But no. The preacher did not permit us to wait long in uncertainty. He described the execution at Harper's Ferry, and depicted the heroic attitude of John Brown in the hour of his trial. He then told to the ears to whom, in most cases, the incident was new, how Brown showed his love for the race by kissing the slave-woman's child, with the gallows before him. Here Farrar lost his equipoise. His voice became suppressed and choked, and he could hardly proceed. But it was the monarch's movement. The people caught his passion and wept. All over the immense audience, and into the narrow angles where the late comers were driven for standing places, the feeling spread. There was a moment of suspense and recovery. The preacher had hurled a thunderbolt. But its tenderness melted all.

The closing part was a strong thrust at present wrongs—great crimes in the highest British life. Farrar told us that there were two things against which the holiest enthusiasm of the nation must now be aroused. These were drink and social crime. In the latter he had reference to the terrible revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He was glad that the crime was known, and here he said

that if the Church will not arouse to put down these terrible evils the people must take up the cause and see that the wrongs are crushed. He said that there is no use in thinking that all the causes to awaken a holy enthusiasm lie back in the past. They still exist, and, if we have eyes to see, we will see that they are of terrible character. He invited the young and all who love the cause of right and truth to announce themselves against the monstrous evils which exist and stalk along street and highway even in this late day of the century.—*Christian Advocate*.

Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.
No. 28.

As it was my good fortune to be sent to Princess Anne Circuit again in 1860, just ten years from the time I am now writing about, I may be permitted to close up the year's incidents, 1850-51, with this letter.

I notice in some of the contemporaries of the PENINSULA METHODIST, occasional extracts from, or comments on the communications which you are printing under my name. Especially is any allusion I make to the "Parson of the Islands," and the *Canoe Methodist*, seized upon as common property in the domain of news.

The intuitions of the venerable Islander, in regard to men and things, were truly wonderful. Not a few of his observant neighbors considered that he possessed in some degree prophetic foresight. Even when shut in by his increasing infirmities, his interest in the Lord's work continued until the close of his life. As an old soldier recounting the battles he fought, and the fields he won, he now only needed the sustainingsweetness of patience, that he might finish his course with joy.

I became aware of his restiveness to get out occasionally to Sabbath worship, but to be carried such a distance in his chair, was out of the question. So, I formed the purpose to have a wheeled vehicle built, with movable chair seat, and through the cooperation of good Bro. Lecates, the carriage maker in Princess Anne, and a few friends who contributed to this object, I had the pleasure just before leaving the circuit for conference, to convey the new carriage to his dwelling. Although he had often wished for some contrivance of this kind, yet he was not aware of what we were doing, until the vehicle was drawn up by hand before his door. His joyous surprise was affecting to witness, and the first thing he did was to make us all kneel around him, while he offered thanksgiving to God, that his friends had not forgotten him. The blessings he that day asked for some of us were literally and signally bestowed. For instance, praying for the young preacher, he said, "Lord, fit him some day to write a book about what thou hast done for me, and send him back here, after I am in my grave, to do this work for thy glory."

To "write a book" was about the last thing I then dreamed of, especially as I learned that more experienced hands were engaged in doing this very thing. Yet, at my farewell interview, he laid his hand on my head, saying, "It comes to me that this matter will fall to you." Strangely enough, all the attempts by others failed, and when I was returned to the circuit in 1860, the duty opened providentially, and the "Parson of the

Islands" was written amid the pressing demands of a large and laborious field of labor. In the book referred to is a picture of the little carriage being drawn up the Island road on Sunday morning conveying the dear old man to the house of God, for which his soul "longed, yea, even fainted," like David in the 84 Psalm. But he did not need this conveyance long. His end was drawing nigh, and he soon went up in a chariot of fire.

That winter of 1850-51, according to my diary, was marked by successive rains, with snow and severe weather, yet our protracted meetings continued; and when unable to travel in a carriage the roads were so muddy, I used to get a round from place to place on horseback, until by fatigue and frequent wettings, my health was nearly used up when we started to Conference. We had a good record in benevolent collections, numerical increase, and salaries fully paid.

The Annual Conference was held in Smyrna, beginning Wednesday, March 26, and lasting ten days. There was more preaching during the session than I ever knew on a similar occasion before or since. First, Bishop Waugh gave us a powerful sermon from Heb. 13-17, after which, for the first time I heard my name called in the Conference roll. It was then within a few names of the bottom of a list of 350 members. It is now, after 35 years, up near the top, and over 200 of those strong, active men, during this interval have ceased to work and live.

The preachers I heard afternoons and evenings, were, G. R. Crooks, just beginning to make his power felt, Elon J. Way, whose text from Psalm 119, led him to speak of its peculiarities, Dr. Hodgson, then a masterly orator, W. H. Elliott whose kindness won the younger men, Dr. Durbin, whose flashes of rhetorical lightning made every nerve in my body tingle, "Billy" Barns, who as he said, "took his stand on hell-fire," and defied all the sophistry and sham of Universalism to disprove his position, Dr. Jesse T. Peck, who filled the pulpit of the Protestant Episcopal Church, into which a lot of us crowded, and according to its beautiful ritual, "made a joyful noise" in hallelujahs, under the preacher. Dr. Jos. H. Wythe gave us an intellectual discourse, and Charles Karsner, John D. Curtis, J. Y. Ashton, and James A. Massey preached their best sermons.

An unknown Irishman named Boyd, however, as I heard some of the brethren declare, outpreached them all! Boyd was a nondescript. He crossed the ocean accredited from the Irish Wesleyan Connexion, and made his way to the seat of the conference to be admitted. They put him up to see if such an odd genius could preach at all. It was Sunday night. The Church was packed. Boyd conducted the opening and closing services himself, and delivered a sermon in the lucid and eloquent style of Richard Watson. He was admitted without question next day, but in a short time became unfitted for the work, solely on account of his verdancy. It was complained of him, that he would not confine himself to the parlors where he was wont to put up, but always made his way to the kitchen, watching the cook and asking the most simple questions. In regard to a luxurious dish of oysters brought to the table at one time, he in-

nocently asked the lady of the house, if they were "clane." He was headed West in a year or two, and perhaps at present may be a Boanerges on the plains of Kansas, or possibly a ranch-man's assistant in herding cattle. His lack, they said, was "common sense," without which, of all men, in all relations, in this country, a Methodist preacher in those days, was a nobody. This severe verdict may have been modified of later years.

While on Conference preaching, I may as well refer to a new star, in the ecclesiastical hemisphere on that occasion. It was Frost Pollitt of Somerset. Who in after years, acquainted with the lower Peninsula, did not hear of Frost? He drove into town, knowing few except myself, at whose instance he came to seek ordination. I arranged at once to have his old horse taken care of, and had a notice sent up to the Conference Secretary that this pulpit genius would preach in the colored people's Church. A number of the prominent preachers came out to hear him, and his peculiar logic, and fiery eloquence captivated them. Next evening he had nearly half the Conference, and although scared a little, made them laugh and cry at will. I kept him preaching every night, and always passed the hat around, so that it took his large red bandanna handkerchief to hold the treasure, in copper and silver contributed towards his expenses. He was moreover, elected unanimsly, a rare distinction at that time for one of his color. He and I were good friends after that Conference up to the hour of his happy release from the Church militant, to see the beatific visions he so often depicted, when electrifying large congregations.

That Smyrna Conference was memorable to me from another consideration. My esteemed Presiding Elder, Bro. Onins, just finishing his term on the Snow Hill District, came before its bar under charges. His great popularity did not save him—perhaps was the occasion of unfriendly imputation. The worst phase of the case was "imprudent conduct," but even this could not be sustained. He was cleared, but the charges nearly broke his sensitive heart. My subsequent acquaintance with him in varied relations, through all of which he acted the gentle man and Christian, would make a volume.

His last days were his best, for almost driven from the bounds of his own Conference by prejudice, as he thought, he moved West, and filled some of the best appointments in Kentucky, West Virginia and at other points, before he died in peace and went to heaven.

To Kill a Prayer Meeting.

Forget all about it until the hour arrives. Come ten minutes late and sit near the door. Drag the music; slow, painfully slow singing is so appropriate for a dead prayer meeting. When the meeting has begun, wait for others to speak and pray. When you do take part, occupy about twenty minutes. Be sure and bewail the low spiritual condition of the church. When the meeting closes, go out as from a funeral; you can speak with your brethren or the stranger at some other time or place. If you mention the meeting during the week, tell how dull it was. If this does not kill the prayer-meeting, stay away entirely for six months or a year.

Temperance.

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

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

Arthur Ranson.

BY CLARA DAVIS.

There was a very brilliant light in number sixty-two.

Number sixty-two was a saloon, and although the snow lay in big heaps in the streets, and the air was cold and snowy outside, the saloon was warm and bright.

Soon a new-comer steps to the door, and as he swings it open we catch a glimpse of bright, gay pictures, and hear loud bursts of song and music from the crowd inside.

Surely it is more pleasant in number sixty-two than it is out in the cold, dismal street; and the man coming down the street evidently thinks so, for he has paused before the door, as though debating whether to go on or stop and enjoy the warmth and music of the saloon.

There was something about the man that attracted even a casual observer. He was, at first glance, a fine-looking gentlemanly man, but a closer inspection reveals the fact that the face wore traces of dissipation, and somehow the second glance was altogether disappointing.

The brow is broad and intellectual, but there are lines drawn there that time has never written, and the eyes, though dark and bright, carry in their depths a look that cannot fail to pain you—a look which the tightly-compressed lips and haggard features complete in a picture of a desperate man without hope.

While I was trying to fathom the man's misery he turns, and with a muttered imprecation lifts the door-latch. Even then something makes him pause, but he overcomes the impulse, and, with a defiant motion, pushes the door open and walks in.

It is a common sight, but somehow the man's face haunted me. The despairing handsome face and well-made figure appealed to my compassion. I had known some of the miseries caused by intemperance. I had seen loved ones, in the flush of youth and strength, go down rapidly and surely to the gutter.

A clerk in one of our large dry-goods houses, I, through strict economy and doing some writing at home evenings, managed to live a comfortable though lonely life. For I was alone in the world.

I reached home, my mind still busy with that man's desperate face; and even when I sat down as usual at my desk to finish some odds in writing, that face interfered so with my work that, with an impatient exclamation, I pushed the papers aside and gave myself up to thinking.

Why is it that, chancing to see a face among a crowd of others it should particularly impress us, and an instinctive feeling come that somehow in the future, that person will be closely connected with our lives?

I have said before, that man's wretched face fascinated me. I even found on awakening that it had mingled confusedly with my sleep.

It was wonderfully persistent in occupying my thoughts for days after, and many times I wondered if in a fit of despair the man had committed suicide and thrown away his last chance of redemption.

Six months passed, and in that time I had closely connected myself with the temperance cause. A number of workers like myself had banded together, and through our combined efforts had held, for two months, on every Saturday night a temperance meeting.

It is a peculiar fact that so few of our temperance meetings are held on Saturday night, when so many of our men and women receive their wages on that

night, and Sunday morning finds them with money spent and the lists of crimes and casualties increased tenfold.

We thought it would be a good plan to hold our meetings on Saturday night, and the result proved the theory was good.

I started one night to go to the meeting, and as I reached the door I observed standing near by the same man I had seen enter the saloon six months before.

He seemed to hesitate again, but oh! it was in a better cause, and I hoped and prayed that the right would triumph. And it did, for after a short time he entered the hall and sat down just ahead of me.

The meeting was very enthusiastic, and after a very urgent appeal for all to sign the pledge the man arose, and, going to the table, signed his name in a firm hand.

I could sit still no longer, and, walking straight to him, I said, as I held out my hand: "I am so glad you have done that. It is the greatest victory one can accomplish." He appeared surprised at my evident interest, and I suppose my face must have shown deep sympathy, for he asked abruptly "If I would like to hear his story." I assented eagerly, and as I found it interesting I venture to tell it to others.

"I was born in Michigan, of good parentage, and in a comfortable home.

"My father, when I was old enough, placed me at one of the best schools in the State, where I did honor both to my father and myself.

"Never did a young man begin his life-work with better prospects.

"Money and influence at command, my position assured by my father's well-established reputation, it seemed impossible that mine could be anything but a brilliant career.

"I studied law and at last hung out my sign. I need not tell you how proud I felt when I saw 'Arthur Ranson,' in gilt letters, hung over my office-door. Let it be enough that I tell you that I was a successful lawyer.

"I fear I weary you," he asked anxiously; but I assured him to the contrary, and he continued:

"My story so far has been one of success, but now you will hear of a swift undoing.

"I had never been a drinking man, although I had occasionally drunk with friends, but I flattered myself that I could control my appetite within certain limits. Never was there a more dangerous theory, as I found to my cost.

"One night we gave a farewell dinner to a legal friend who was going East to practise his profession.

"We gave him a merry send-off, and the whole party drank freely, and I, before it was over, was beastly drunk. I never knew how I reached home, but awoke the next morning with a raging headache, and a feeling that I had lowered myself considerably from what I had been the day before.

"My friends rallied me on the fun I had given them, and assured me I had made the whole room ring with laughter.

"Some even advised me to drink pretty freely before I began to plead a case; 'for,' said they, 'you never did half so well when you were sober as you did last night.'

"I found out that Jack Dayton, in whose honor the dinner was given, had been carried to the train and put to bed by those who remained partly sober.

"They all laughed gaily at the recollection, and I joined in the laugh; but it was mockery, for deep down in my own heart I felt I had lost my self-respect—and I never regained it," he added sadly.

For some moments he sat silent, as though thinking of the past, but at last, with an effort, he resumed his narrative with something of the old desperate look in his face.

"I can soon tell the rest," he said slowly. "I went from bad to worse, and drank, not to sharpen my wit but to satisfy an appetite I had created.

"At last the worse came. In a fit of drunken frenzy I forged my father's respected name, and the bar at which I had so often pleaded sentenced me to five years in the State prison.

"Six months ago I came out of prison a ruined man.

"During this time I had not touched one drop of liquor; but no sooner was I free than the demon possessed me.

"It seemed to tell me to drink and forget that I was a vagabond; and oh! the temptation was so strong. I was a desperate man, without hope, as I stood one night before a saloon, urged by my fiery appetite to enter, and held back by some secret influence of my better nature. I entered the place, but the same influence helped me, and I came out without tasting one drop of the deadly stuff.

"I heard of your meetings, and I resolved to join you, feeling that in numbers there is greater strength."

Reader, if you could only have seen the sorrow and contrition on that noble face, you would have said with me that blessed is even the silent sympathy that goes out to meet the aching heart.—*Nat. Temperance Advocate.*

Youth's Department.

No Recommendation.

"Please, sir, do you want a boy?"

It was a low, clear voice, with just the faintest tremor of apprehension in it. He stood at the door of the counting-room, his hat in his hand, his clothing neat and clean, his attitude waiting and deferential.

The long well-filled counters in the narrow room were lost in dim perspective. Clerks hurried hither and thither. In the rear of the store was heard the sound of hammers, and the creaking of the elevator. Though it was but nine o'clock in the morning, and the sun shining brightly outside, it was so gloomy in the storeroom the gas had to be lit.

"Do I want a boy?" asked the owner of the store, turning around in his chair, and looking sharply over the top of his spectacles. "What can you do?"

"Make myself useful, I hope," replied the boy.

"Oh, a general utility man!" And Mr. Lansing laughed. "Can you write?"

"I am a graduate of the high school, sir."

"Are you? That speaks well for you; what is your name?"

"Gabriel Winchester."

"Is your father living?"

"He died in Libby Prison."

Mr. Lansing eyed him more keenly when he said that, and also more kindly. "I am the only support of my mother," the boy said, his voice husky; "almost the only support. She manages to secure work one day in a week."

The merchant was pleased with the boy's preciseness.

The head book-keeper, an old, gray-haired gentleman, with a benign face, had turned from his desk, attracted by the boy's voice and the character of his replies.

"Where were you last employed?" Mr. Lansing asked.

"At the office of the *Argus*."

"As a compositor?"

"No; but I had expected to be. I was copy-holder, sir."

Mr. Lansing took off his glasses and wiped them.

"Have you any recommendations?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

The lad's lips trembled.

"I—was—discharged," came at last, in a faint voice.

"Oh, that is it, eh?"

And Mr. Lansing frowned. "No wonder they gave you no recommendation. It strikes me you do not lack assurance. No, I do not want a boy."

ed his paper. He was a church member and admired nothing so much as integrity and character. Capacity, reliability and stainless reputation were three things upon which he insisted in the selection of his employees.

The boy's face fell, and he turned to go; but the book-keeper made him a sign to wait a few moments.

He had been strangely drawn to the boy. There was something manly in his face, something self-contained in his bearing, much that was frank and fearless in his glance.

"Mr. Lansing," the book-keeper said, respectfully, "perhaps it was candor in the boy and not assurance. Will you allow me to ask him a question?"

"Oh, a dozen of them," replied Mr. Lansing, crustily, not lifting his eyes from his paper.

"My lad, why were you discharged?"

"Because I would not work on the Sabbath," came back in reply, steadily and bravely.

"What is that you say?"

It was Mr. Lansing that spoke, and in a tone more quick and loud than was usual with him. He had thrown down his paper and fixed his keen eyes on the boy.

"I was discharged because I would not work on the Sabbath," the lad repeated. "They started a Sunday paper in the office last week. The men and boys laughed at me; but I did not care. I could not work on that day, sir."

"No—and you were right," declared Mr. Lansing, in a strong gratified voice. "Just sit down a minute."

His opinion of the boy had entirely changed. He left the counting-room with that quick, nervous tread so peculiar to him.

In fifteen minutes he returned. He had been over to the office of the *Argus*. The boy's story was correct. The proprietor of the paper, a crusty, impatient old gentleman, had nothing to say in the boy's favor; but the editor and foreman were pronounced in their praise.

"I do want a boy," Mr. Lansing said as he placed his hand on the petitioner's head. "I believe you will suit me. Come at this time to-morrow morning."

A grateful look shown on the boy's face. "Thank you, sir," he said. He bowed politely and then withdrew.

"Mr. Doyle," said Mr. Lansing, to his head book-keeper, "you have taught me a lesson. We can come wide of the truth' and do great injustice to another, simply by asking one question too few."—*Exchange.*

A Mother's Prayer.

Bishop Simpson in one of his "Yale College" lectures, gives this incident:

Trained religiously, I reached a young man's years before making a public profession of religion. Occasionally, prior to my conversion, thoughts of the ministry flashed across my mind; but it was only a flash; After my conversion I was earnest for the welfare of others, and wanted to promote the interests of the church and of humanity. The conviction grew upon me that I must preach; yet I tried to put that away, because I feared I could never succeed. I saw the greatness of the work, and the reproachful poverty connected then with the itinerant ministry. There were two special difficulties in my way. First, I had no gift of speech. My voice was poor, and in school I always shunned declamation. I firmly believed I could never make a speaker; and so choose the profession of medicine, which I studied three years in a professional school. I think I should have resolutely rejected the idea of the ministry, except it seemed inseparably connected with my salvation. I fasted, I prayed for divine direction; but I found no rest, until, in reading the Bible one day, I found a passage which seemed specially written for me: "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart; lean not unto thine own understanding, in all thy ways acknowledge

him, and he shall direct thy paths." I accepted it, and resolved to do what ever God in his providence should indicate by opening the way. I never lied to a friend the slightest intimation of my deep mental agony; but I took a more earnest part in the church services. One Sabbath I felt a strong impression that I ought to speak to the people at night in prayer meeting, as we had no preaching. I said to myself: "How shall I? For my friends will say I am foolish, as they know I cannot speak with interest." Especially I dreaded a certain old uncle, who had been a father to me and superintended my education. While I was discussing this matter with myself in the afternoon, my uncle came into the room, and after a moment's hesitation, said to me: "Don't you think you could speak to the people to-night?" I was surprised and startled. I asked him if he thought I ought. He said: "Yes, I think you can do good." That night for some strange reason, the house was crowded, and I made my first religious address to a public congregation. It was not written. It was not very well premeditated. It was simply an earnest outgushing of an sincere and honest heart. My mother was a widow. I was her eldest son, and the oldest child remaining at home. I feared it would break her heart to leave her, and feared it would be impossible to do so. One day, after great embarrassment, I was induced to speak to my mother on the subject of my mental struggles and tell her what I thought God required of me. I never shall forget how she turned to me with a smile, and said; "My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born!" She then told me how she and my dying father, who left me an infant, consecrated me to God, and prayed that, if it were his will, I might become a minister. And yet that mother had never dropped a word of intimation in my ear that she ever desired me to be a preacher. She believed so fully in the divine call that she would not bias my youthful mind with even a suggestion of it in prayer.

That conversation settled my mind. Oh, what a blessing is a sainted mother! To-day I can feel her hands on my head, and I hear the intonation of her voice in prayer.—*Sel.*

Childhood's Dream.

Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed With her small hands folded above her head, And fixed her innocent eyes on me, While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee.

"Mamma," said she, "when I go to sleep, I pray to the Father my soul to keep; And he comes and carries it far away To the beautiful home where his angels stay. I gather red roses and lilies so white; I sing with the angels through all the long night And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep, He gives back the soul I gave him to keep, And I only remember, like beautiful dreams, The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."

The *Christian Register* has this impressive and suggestive anecdote: The eminent educator Horace Mann, when delivering an address at the opening of a reformatory institution for boys remarked that, if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution. After the exercises had closed in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him, "Did you not color that a little, when you said that 'all the expense and labor would be repaid, if it only saved one boy'?" "No sir! Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply. Every one of this class of boys, though in the depths of sin, though seething in guilt and crime, is somebody's boy. Some father called him *my boy*, some mother on bended knee may now be sobbing out her heart's prayer,—

"Where is my wandering boy to-night! Go search for him where you will, But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still."

The Sunday School.

Third Quarterly Review.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1885.

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

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

The lessons of the past quarter were taken from the First and Second Books of Kings, beginning with the twelfth chapter of the First Book, and ending with the fifth chapter of the Second Book. The period of time covered was eighty years—from B. C., 975 to B. C., 895.

1. The subject of LESSON I (1 Kings, 12: 6-17) was, "The Revolt of the Ten Tribes." Solomon's lavish expenditures in carrying on internal improvements and in supporting his immense harem had imposed upon his people a heavy yoke. Their forced labor and oppressive taxation were burdens hard to bear. Added to these, as causes of popular discontent with the Davidic monarchy, were the tribal jealousies. Moreover, Solomon's patronage of the idolatrous rites brought in by his foreign wives had drawn upon him the divine wrath and the prediction that after his death ten of the tribes should be sent from him and given to his servant Jeroboam. On Rehoboam's accession, therefore, the people convened at Shechem, demanded a lightening of the yoke. The king took time for deliberation. The old men—Solomon's counselors—recommended a conciliatory policy; the young men—the king's companions—advised violent and repressive measures. The king decided on the latter course, answering the people "roughly," threatening them with a heavier yoke and a scorpion whip; not discerning that God was using his headstrong folly to punish the people for forsaking Him. The people—the ten tribes—thereupon defied the king, raised the cry, "To your tents, O Israel!" and renounced their allegiance.

2. In LESSON II (1 Kings 12: 25-33) we had for our topic, "Idolatry Established." Jeroboam was chosen king by the ten tribes, and fortified Shechem and Penuel. Then he had to meet the religious difficulty of his people, continuing to go three times a year to the temple at Jerusalem, to the jeopardy of their allegiance to himself and the consequent peril to his own life. In this emergency he did not seek wisdom from God, or wait the development of His providence; he trusted to his own wisdom, and took the illegal and unauthorized course of setting up two calves of gold, one at Bethel and the other at Dan, proclaiming these to be the gods which had brought the people up out of the land of Egypt, and telling his subjects that they need no longer take the trouble to go to Jerusalem for worship. "This thing became a sin," the people worshipping at the unhallowed shrines and falling away by degrees into idolatry. As the priests and the Levites preferred the temple, their places were filled from the ranks of the people. Jeroboam also ordained a Feast of Tabernacles, only changing the month from the seventh to the eighth, and himself officiated as high priest—a course which drew upon him warning and chastisement.

3. "Omri and Ahab" was the subject of LESSON III (1 Kings 16: 23-34). The interval between this lesson and the last was nearly fifty years. Omri, of unknown ancestry, became the sixth king of Israel and the founder of the third dynasty, in the thirty-first year of King Asa's reign in Judah. He had been elected king nearly six years before, but had first to conquer the usurper Zimri and the pretender Tibni. His first step was to abandon Tirzah and build the famous capital, Samaria, the site of which he obtained by purchase. Outwardly prosperous, he "wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord," and "walked in the way of Jeroboam." His "statutes" were spoken of in Micah's time. He was succeeded by his son Ahab, in the thirty-eighth year of Asa, who reigned twenty-two years, and surpassed all his predecessors in wickedness. Early wed-

ded to Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, the king of the Zidonians, he yielded to her influence, and introduced Baal-worship into Israel, erecting an altar and temple to that idol in Samaria, and an image and grove for Ashtoreth, thus greatly provoking the Lord to anger. In his days Hiel the Bethelite defied the curse of Joshua by rebuilding Jericho, and paid for it by the death of his first-born and youngest sons.

4. The subject of LESSON IV (1 Kings 17: 1-66) was, "Elijah the Tishbite." The principal points were—the success of Jezebel in expelling the worship of Jehovah and establishing that of Baal and Astarte in Israel; the sudden appearance of Elijah the Tishbite before Ahab, and his stern denunciation of suspension of rain and dew; Elijah's abrupt disappearance; his temporary retreat at the brook Cherith where he was fed by the ravens and drank of the waters of the brook; a new command that he should go to the Zidonian Zarephath, where a widow woman had been commanded to feed him; his journey thither; his first glimpse of the widow, a famished figure, picking up a few sticks at the city gate, that she might cook her last cake for her son and herself and then die; her declaration to Elijah that all she had was a handful of meal in a jar and a little oil in a cruse; the prophet's assuring words—not to fear; his test of her faith—to make for him the cake, on the assurance that neither jar nor cruse should fail till the drought should end; and the obedience of the widow and her reward.

5. In LESSON V (1 Kings 18: 1-18) we had for our subject, "Elijah Meeting Ahab." Following divine direction, Elijah left Zarephath, and went to meet Ahab. "The famine was sore in Samaria." The king and the governor of his house, Obadiah—a faithful but secret servant of Jehovah—had gone forth, dividing the land between them, to search for herbage for the horses. It was to Obadiah that Elijah first presented himself, and the awe-struck chamberlain fell on his face, ejaculating, "Art thou that my lord Elijah?" Obadiah was afraid. Should Elijah disappear again—should the Spirit of the Lord carry him no one knew whither—Ahab's vengeance would fall upon the messenger; and truly he did not deserve such a fate—obedient to the Lord from his youth as he had been, and the protector of a hundred prophets, hiding them by fifties in a cave, and feeding them there. Elijah gave him the assurance which removed his fears. Ahab and the prophet met, the former asking the stern question, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" and the latter boldly flinging back the charge, and denouncing him and his father's house as the cause of all the trouble in that they had forsaken the Lord and followed Baalim.

6. The topic of LESSON VI (1 Kings 18: 19-29) was, "The Prophets of Baal." The principal points were: Elijah's command to Ahab to collect the people and the false priests at Carmel; the gathering upon that mountain of the children of Israel, the king, and the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal; Elijah's remonstrance with the people for their vacillation—for halting between two opinions, whereas, if Jehovah be God they should follow Him, but if Baal, they should follow him; his proposed test—of two bullocks, one to be prepared for sacrifice by the false priests, the other by himself, but no fire to be used by either, and the God that answereth by fire, to be recognized as the true God; the people's approval; the precedence given to the priests of Baal; their preparation for the sacrifice; their vain invocations to Baal until midday; Elijah's mockery and the frenzy which it stirred, the priests cutting themselves with knives and lancets; and their utter failure and discomfiture: "There was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

7. In LESSON VII (1 Kings 18: 30-46), the subject was, "The Prophet of

the Lord." Elijah's summons to the people to gather around him; his restoration of the old altar by selecting twelve stones; the trench dug around the altar; the drenching of the offering and the wood and the altar with water, three times repeated, till the trench was full; the prayer to the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel to reveal Himself as the true God to the people, and turn their hearts back again to Him; the answer by fire, consuming sacrifice and wood, and oven the altar and the dust, the prostration of the awe-struck people, and their acknowledgment that Jehovah was the true God; the slaughter of the priests at Kishon; Elijah's prayer for rain, not answered till his servant had ascended to his post of outlook for the seventh time; the notification to Ahab to prepare his chariot and hasten lest the rain overtake him; the rapid rise of the little cloud till the heavens were overspread, and Elijah's fleet race with Ahab's horses, outrunning them to the entrance of Jezreel—constitute an outline of the lesson.

8. We had for our topic in LESSON VIII (1 Kings 19: 1-18), "Elijah at Horeb." Jezebel was not daunted by Ahab's recital of what had occurred at Carmel. She sent at once a message to Elijah, confirmed by an oath, that his life should be as the lives of the slaughtered priests by to-morrow. Keenly disappointed, Elijah fell at once from the height of hope to the abyss of despair. His spirit was broken. Not waiting for divine guidance, he fled from Jezreel southward. From Beersheba he started into the wilderness, and at the close of the day's journey, sitting beneath a broom tree, weary, hungry, disheartened, he prayed for death, feeling that he was no better than his fathers. Then he fell asleep, and was twice awakened by an angelic touch, to find a baked loaf and a cruse of water. On the strength of this "meat" he wandered forty days in the desert, coming at length to Horeb, the Mount of God. Here, in a cave, God's word came to him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" "I have been very jealous for the Lord of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away." He was then taught by a terrifying series of natural phenomena—hurricane, earthquake, fire, in neither of which the Lord was—that reformations were not to be accomplished by violence. The "still small voice" which drew Elijah reverently to the mouth of the cave, was the symbol of true effectiveness. He received a fresh commission to go to the wilderness of Damascus; to anoint, in due time, Hazael king over Syria, Jehu king over Israel, and Elisha to be his successor. Idolaters should be smitten by the swords of these anointed ones, but a remnant should be left—seven thousand who should not bend the knee to Baal, and whose mouths should not kiss him.

9. In LESSON IX (1 Kings 21: 4-19) our topic was, "The Story of Naboth." Ahab's covetous desire for Naboth's vineyard in Jezreel, that he might annex it to the royal domain and make of it a "garden of herbs;" his offer to buy it or give an equivalent; Naboth's curt refusal to part with the inheritance of his fathers; the king's sulky behavior—throwing himself on his couch and refusing to eat. Jezebel's intervention, her scorn of his weakness, and her promise to give him the vineyard herself; her despatch to the elders of Jezreel, in Ahab's name and under his seal, to proclaim a fast, give Naboth a conspicuous place, suborn two worthless fellows to accuse him of blasphemy against God and the king, and then carry him out and stone him; the wicked compliance of the elders with Jezebel's orders; the queen's announcement to Ahab that Naboth was dead and advice to him to go down and take possession; his visit to the coveted vineyard, now his; and

the unexpected meeting with Elijah, who pronounced the doom upon his house, and assured him that the scene of his crime would be the scene of its sure retribution: "In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine"—constitute an outline of the lesson.

10. The subject of LESSON X (2 Kings 2: 1-15) was, "Elijah Translated." The principal points were: Elijah's attempt to leave Gilgal alone, to start on his final journey, frustrated by the affectionate persistence of Elisha who refused to leave him; their journey together to Bethel; the attempt of the "sons of the prophets" to "interview" Elisha concerning the approaching removal of his master; Elisha's decided refusal to discuss the matter; a repetition of the scene at Jericho; Elijah's final but unsuccessful effort to shake off Elisha; the watch kept by fifty of the "sons of the prophets" over the movement of the two as they went to the Jordan; the parting of the waters when smitten by Elisha's mantle; the passage through on dry land; Elijah's hint to Elisha to make his final request; the latter's prayer for a "double portion" of his spirit; Elijah's promise, conditioned on his being seen by Elisha at his removal; the sudden appearance of the fiery chariot and horses; the friends separated; the enfolding whirlwind bearing Elijah in his car up to heaven; Elisha's lament—"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof;" his use of Elijah's mantle to recross the Jordan on dry land; and his successorship to Elijah acknowledged by the "sons of the prophets."

11. In LESSON XI (2 Kings 4: 18-37) we had for our topic, "The Shunamite's Son." The hospitality of the rich Shunamite lady to Elisha and his servant Gehazi rewarded by the gift of a son; the child's sudden illness in the harvest field, and death, a few hours after, in his mother's arms; his dead form laid on the prophet's bed; the woman's demand of her husband for a servant and an ass to visit Elisha at Mt. Carmel; the husband's remonstrances overruled; the hasty journey; Elisha's recognition of the woman as she approached; Gehazi sent to inquire after each member of the family; the mother's attitude of speechless appeal, clasping the prophet's feet; Gehazi's officiousness; the woman's heart-broken reminder that she had never complained of her childlessness; the prophet's perception of the case; the errand of Gehazi to lay the prophet's staff on the dead child's face; his report to Elisha and the woman that it was unavailing; the prophet's earnest prayer in the chamber; his act of stretching himself upon the lifeless form, rewarded by signs of circulation; repetition of the act followed by respiration and restoration to life; and the mother's silent gratitude and joy—were the principal points of the lesson.

12. The subject of LESSON XII (2 Kings 5: 1-16) was, "Naaman the Syrian." Naaman was king Benhadad's favorite general. He was rich, renowned, honored; but he was a leper. A Hebrew slave, who waited upon his wife, expressed her confidence that the prophet Elisha in Samaria could heal Naaman of his leprosy. The Syrian king therefore wrote a letter to King Jehoram, and Naaman took it, attended by a large retinue and much treasure. On reading that he was expected to cure Naaman of leprosy, the king of Israel rent his clothes, and asked if he was God that such a humanly-impossible thing should be required of him. Elisha, hearing of the king's terror, sent word that if Naaman were sent to him, he would learn whether there was a God in Israel. Naaman accordingly drove to the prophet's door, expecting a respectful greeting and high consideration—with the usual procedure of calling upon God, waving the hand over the affected parts, and healing them. Instead of this only a servant appeared, and promised him healing if he would dip himself seven times in the Jordan.

Naaman was angry, and turned away. Why not Abana and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, he wrathfully asked, if a mere river-bath be all that is needed. He suffered himself, however, to be persuaded by his servants, and humbled himself to go to the Jordan. His obedience was honored by a perfect cure. He returned to the prophet, acknowledged Jehovah to be the only God, and begged Elisha to accept a gift, which the latter firmly refused.

Grace Sufficient.

I told my people the other morning, when preaching from the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," that for the first time in my life I experienced what Abraham felt when he fell upon his face and laughed. I was riding home very weary with a long week's work, when there came to my mind this text: "My grace is sufficient for thee;" but it came with the emphasis laid upon two words: "My grace is sufficient for thee." My soul said; "Doubtless it is. Surely the grace of the Infinite God is more than sufficient for such a mere insect as I am," and I laughed and laughed again to think how far the supply exceeded all my needs. It seemed to me as though I were a little fish in the sea, and in my thirst I said: "Alas I shall drink up the ocean." Then the Father of the waters lifted up his head sublime and smilingly replied: "Little fish, the boundless main is sufficient for thee." The thought made unbelief appear supremely ridiculous, as indeed it is.—C. H. Surgeon.

We have often said that the Methodist Episcopal Church is large enough and strong enough to give at least one million dollars yearly for missions. The secretaries have taken this for their watchword this year, and they have announced that about \$831,000 is "insight" now, and they hope for the rest, if not by the end of the fiscal year, November 1st, then by the close of the calendar year. A million and a half would not be beyond the reason for a church of eighteen hundred thousand members. We are persuaded that the million will come much easier when the Church gets a more thorough knowledge of what its missions are accomplishing.—Independent.

A popular author of the past century expressed the belief that the revival under John Wesley saved England from experiencing a second edition of the French Revolution as the outgrowth of the prevailing infidelity and formalism of the times. And so, we doubt not, it has been, and, if we are faithful, will be, the mission of Methodism, to save this country from socialism, and all the evils that follow in its train. Legislation may be demanded, and, if properly directed, may accomplish a good deal; but nothing short of a widespread and thorough religious revival will save us from riotous outbreaks and scenes of disorder that can only be suppressed with the strong arm of military power, leaving in its wake scenes of blood and carnage.

It is easy enough to get evidence to convict liquor sellers, if the authorities really want to do it. The Chief of Police told the Mayor of Newburyport, Mass., that it was impossible to get evidence for violation of the Sunday law. He went out himself with two policemen, and in about three minutes obtained the necessary evidence, and then raided two saloons. It can be done anywhere, only the authorities don't wish it done.—Independent.

The "Etnria" on her recent trip across the Atlantic, made an average rate of nineteen miles per hour. The fastest train between Omaha and San Francisco makes a little less than twenty-two miles an hour; and it does not look so hopeless as one might think that the steamship may hold its own in a long distance race with the locomotive. And yet the resistance it must meet from the water is vastly greater than what the locomotive meets from air and friction of the rail.

Peninsula Methodist,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

J. MILLER THOMAS,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

OFFICE, S. W. COR. FOURTH AND SHIPLEY STS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three Months, in Advance, 25 Cents.
Six Months, " " 50 " "
One Year, " " 1.00
If not paid in Advance, \$1.50 per Year.

Transient advertisements, first insertion, 25 Cents per line; each subsequent insertion, 10 Cents per line. Liberal arrangements made with persons advertising by the quarter or year.

No advertisements of an improper character published at any price.
Ministers and laymen on the Peninsula are requested to furnish items of interest connected with the work of the Church for insertion.

All communications intended for publication to be addressed to the PENINSULA METHODIST, Wilmington, Del. Those designed for any particular number must be in hand, the longer ones by Saturday, and the news items not later than Tuesday morning.
All subscribers changing their post-office address should give both the old as well as the new.

Entered at the post-office, at Wilmington, Del., as second-class matter.

HAVING put in a new Gordon Steam Power Job Press, of the latest improved pattern, as well as a lot of new type, we are now prepared, better than ever heretofore, to do all kinds of Church, Sunday School and Commercial Job Printing, at reasonable prices.

Collection Cards for sale at this office at 60 cents a hundred, by mail, 70 cents.

Marriage certificates for sale at this office at \$1.00 per dozen; by mail 1 10.

We have secured a beautiful premium picture, 17x22, entitled, "Two Bites to a Cherry," which will be given to all old and new subscribers of the PENINSULA METHODIST, who renew their subscription and pay in advance. The pictures may be had at this office, free to all complying with above terms, but if they are to be sent by mail ten (10) cents extra must accompany the remittance to pay cost of packing and postage. The above offer will also be extended to all delinquent subscribers who remit amount due and one dollar in advance, from this date.

For Love, or for Money?

The beautifully written and tenderly appreciative memorial tribute to a Baptist brother, Dr. Levin Causey, by our esteemed friend Rev. R. W. Todd, appearing in our last week's issue has this sentence; "Having seen a few numbers of the PENINSULA METHODIST, he expressed his great delight with the religious character of the paper, and had arranged to send on his subscription in a few days, when his eyes closed on earthly pages, to be opened on the more luminous and glowing ones accessible to the redeemed." Similar testimonies, as to the satisfaction felt in the perusal of what we print, are not infrequent. We feel devoutly thankful that our work "for Christ and His Church," in the PENINSULA METHODIST is made a blessing to so many; and such words of appreciation are very gratifying. But why may we not interest many others, who, like our ascended brother, may not have had their attention called to this paper? Instead of our more than twenty-five hundred subscribers, making not less than six thousand readers, why may we not have these numbers doubled? No home can be without a religious paper, but at serious disadamage to the family. Our children will read, and will be moulded largely by what they read. If parents wish their children to grow up with respect and love for religion and for the church, they must make them familiar with religious truth, and interest them in the doings of the church. The Church paper is the pastor's most efficient helper. We are very desirous of doubling our subscription list. At the very low price of our paper, we cannot afford to pay canvassers, and must therefore rely upon the efforts of such of our friends as will canvas for the love they feel for the cause. Will not every reader show the paper to his neighbor who

does not take it, commend it to his favorable attention, and secure him as a subscriber. Will not our brethren in charge, busy as we know they are, if they cannot arrange to make a thorough canvas themselves, see that some brother or sister attends to it for them.

School Building for Girls, Calcutta, India.

The late Rev. John S. Inskip, of precious memory, in his evangelistic tour around the world, in company with his devoted wife, spent several weeks in gospel work in the city of Calcutta. Here they found a very interesting girls school under the care of Miss Layton, formerly a teacher in the Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Del., but now and for several years previous, an earnest missionary in India. These girls attended the meetings, and many of them were happily converted. Rev. Dr. Thoburn writes to Mrs. Inskip, that several of them had gone forth, as missionaries and zenana workers, among their own people. The missionaries and friends as they took leave of brother and sister Inskip, on their departure from Calcutta, said: "We are going pray the Lord, to lay it, as a burden upon your heart to raise money for the Calcutta girls school-building." This burden came with such weight upon our sister after their return, that she said to her husband, "I must do this work for the Lord." In the three years that have passed, years of labor and trial, years in which our sister has passed through the furnace of the severest of all bereavements, she has done what she could in a quiet way to obtain the funds needed for this building. So signally have her efforts been blessed of the Lord, that she has already raised eight thousand five hundred dollars, leaving but fifteen hundred yet to be collected to complete the ten thousand promised.

The British Government is so much interested in this educational work that it will duplicate every dollar that is sent out for this purpose; and sister Inskip's collection of ten thousand dollars will in this way be worth twenty thousand dollars to the mission school.

Eight thousand dollars has already been forwarded to Dr. Thoburn, in India, and he has received an equal amount from the Government. Very eligible ground has been bought in the rear of the church, so that the Mission property will extend from street to street,—the church fronting one, and the school building the other. The building is to be 162 ft. by 58 ft., three stories high, and constructed of durable materials. Dr. Thoburn writes, "You can tell all that this is by far the most gigantic school enterprise undertaken by us in India." The walls are already up and it is greatly desired to have it completed this fall. The remaining two thousand dollars are needed immediately. Who will contribute the fifteen hundred still lacking to make up this amount. Every contribution is acknowledged in the *Christian Standard*, and forwarded to Dr. Thoburn, and the names of contributors placed in the building. Remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," will not his stewards and stewardesses promptly come forward and gladden the hearts of our self-sacrificing missionaries in that far off land, by furnishing the amount necessary to complete this building, in which native girls will be taught and prepared for mission work among their own people? In that day when Christ makes up his jewels, there will doubtless be found among them many of these daughters of India, who were saved through this instrumentality; and to all who have taken part in this great work He will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." This mission is under the care of the South India Conference of the M. E. Church; a con-

ference that works on Bishop Taylor's self supporting principles, receiving no financial help from the Church at home in the matter of pastoral support. Bishop Taylor has always recognized the propriety of receiving help from the home Church, for the transportation of laborers to their fields of labor, and for the erection of church and school buildings. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Martha J. Inskip, Ocean Grove, N. J., or 921 Arch St. Phila.

A Supernumerary in the Pulpit.

Sunday morning, 13, inst., two large congregations assembled in the new church and the "Bishop James Memorial Tabernacle," respectively. In the latter, Rev. H. C. Mead, of New York, stirred the people with his earnest words, upon that grand boast of the apostle,—"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." He thrilled his hearers, as he gave instance after instance of the power of the Gospel to save the most desperate cases,—instances taken from the field of his own observation.

In St. Paul's M. E. church, Rev. Joseph Mason, a supernumerary of the Philadelphia Conference, preached. Bro. Mason travelled considerably on the Peninsula, and was once pastor of Asbury, Wilmington, and at one time, Presiding Elder of Wilmington District. Though in the forty-eighth year of his connection with the Conference, he is still able to do good service, and preaches, when at his home in the city, almost every Sunday. His sermon, on the words, James 4: 2-3, "Ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss," was a clear, forcible, and interesting presentation of the character and efficacy of true prayer. So far from countervailing any fixed law of the universe, prayer is itself, one of laws of the Divine Author of all things; a natural instinct, a sense of conscious need prompts to prayer; and hence all men, even unbelievers and the profane, offer prayer in times of extreme peril. The actual experience of multitudes of believers attests the efficacy of prayer; and it is the height of folly for those who never pray to presume to talk about prayer having no virtue. By prayer, the soul is brought into vital contact with God, is identified with Him in its sympathies, aims and purposes, and receives strength and grace for every time of need. We "ask amiss" when we pray insincerely, not really desiring what we ask for,—as when we use the Lord's prayer, and yet refuse to forgive an offending brother; when we pray thoughtlessly, thinking of almost every thing else, but the subject of our prayer; or when we pray depending upon any merit in ourselves. All effectual prayer must be offered through the mediation of the Father's only-begotten Son, the interceding Christ, with faith in His atoning work; in humility and contrition of spirit, submissively, yet importunately. Let us ask largely, for our Heavenly Father's store-house is exhaustless; and ask believingly, for He has promised to supply all our need.

St. Paul's is a beautiful house of worship, seating five hundred, and when the school-room is used, three or four hundred more. The stained-glass windows bear memorial inscriptions in honor of believers who have "fallen asleep," among them are the names of Revs. J. S. Inskip, and Charles Karsner, both at one time members of the Philadelphia Conference, and still lovingly remembered by many upon the Peninsula, to whom they ministered in holy things, in other days. Out of the permanent residents of Ocean Grove, St. Paul's has a membership of 350, while across the lake, the First M. E. Church at Asbury Park has 314 members.

A friend sends us a few interesting items in reference to the Conference Academy, which our readers will be pleased to learn.

"The attendance has been increasing for several years at the rate of twenty-five per cent annually, until now the enrollment has reached nearly two hundred. Hitherto the pupils have been principally from the Peninsula, but an effort is now being made to extend the field of patronage.

Several improvements have been made during the summer; among them, the grounds have been terraced, the building has been painted, and water introduced from the town works. The gift of valuable books, by the Literary Societies of Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, has nearly doubled the library. The school grounds have been so enhanced in value, by the erection of fine residences around them, that they alone are now estimated at \$4000; while the debt and the entire property has been reduced from \$23,000 to \$10,000.

The gratifying prosperity of this important educational enterprise may be attributed, under the blessing of God, very largely to the attractiveness of the State Capital as its location, to public confidence in its management, and to the untiring efforts of its devoted friends."

Closing the Gates.

It is the singular distinction of this city of the saints, to have the gates closed for twenty-four hours, once in every week; thus exempting its denizens from the annoyance and pain of pleasure or business travel on the Lord's Day. Outsiders may enter on foot, or by ferry, but no vehicle of any kind is allowed to pass the gates. One would hardly believe how greatly this little matter enhances the quiet and restfulness of this Day of days. There is probably no place on this globe, where the Lord's Day is as perfectly a type of the Heavenly Sabbath, as it is here. Muhlenberg's familiar line is applicable, with but slight modification of meaning in a single word,—"There saints of all ages in harmony meet;" while, of almost every one, at least on this day, we may say, as Gray said of his country parson,— "Prayer all his business,—all his pleasure praise."

A Presbyterian minister was rallied in a brotherly way by a clerical friend of the Methodist persuasion, for preferring to have his family on the Ocean Grove side of Wesley Lake, "Ah," said the good brother, "I like to be inside the gates." "There is no place I know where the Sabbath is kept as I think it ought to be, so completely, as it is in Ocean Grove." We will add, "Woe worth the day for Ocean Grove," when this so-called restriction shall be removed. The character of the population, the exceptional growth and prosperity of the little Peninsula between Lakes Fletcher and Wesley, with its streets bearing the names of devoted itinerants, who have followed their great Leader into the heavens, and the special attractiveness of the place for visitors, are largely the result of this one restriction, that puts special honor on the Christian Sabbath.

Among arrivals at Ocean Grove since the camp meeting, is Rev. J. H. Hargis, who went abroad a few years ago to assist Dr. Vernon in our Italian Mission. After a somewhat extended tour in the East, he returns to resume itinerant work in the Philadelphia Conference. It is current that his friends in Haines' St. M. E. Church, Germantown, are negotiating for his return to that charge, upon the expiration of Dr. Snyder's term there next Spring. He is here the guest of his friend, Mr. Cope, of Germantown, but will make his home, till Conference, with his family, in Carlisle, Pa. Last Sabbath morning he preached to a large and deeply interested congregation, in the Memorial Tabernacle, on the words of Christ, "I am the way."

Dr. Curry in the *Independent*, has these sensible words on "Christian Catholicity."

Denominationalism, no doubt, has its disadvantages. It may degenerate into

mere partisanship, or it may, by too much exclusiveness, hinder its own free development. But these things are only abuses of what may be really valuable—the infelicities that are incidental, and not wholly avoidable, with "a free Church in a free State." The alternative of a spiritual despotism, suppressing individual liberty, and bringing with it the corruptions of doctrines and morals, that are inseparable from an unspiritual ecclesiasticism, is, however, infinitely more to be deprecated. If, then, in some cases, this freedom is used unwisely, let it be remembered that excess in that direction is less to be dreaded than its opposite. And it is worthy of notice that, usually, they who are most earnest in deprecating the divisions among Christians have no other remedy to offer than absorption into their own bodies. Episcopalians would have every body beyond their own little sect, virtually confess that they and all their ecclesiastical ancestors have been living in the sin of schism, and that they must bring forth fruit meet for repentance, by submitting to be brought like converts from heathenism into the Church, confessing that the so-called sacraments that they have heretofore used were only profane counterfeits, and the ministers by whom they were taught the way to Christ were unwarranted intruders into sacred places. Baptists are usually solicitous to make chiefly the repudiation by all others of the baptism they have received, as a profane and unchristian ceremony, and the acceptance of their own sect, as the whole of Christ's visible Church. Congregationalists are less exacting; but, in order that all the Christians in each locality may be of one body, they would organize self-governing "union" churches, which, of course, must be Congregational in their form and order. On such conditions as these, probably nearly every body of Christians might be brought to accept Christian unity; but it is equally manifest that it would be done, only by the sacrifice of all true "Christian Catholicity."

Free communion is both the theory and the practice of the Methodist Churches; nor are any but the broadest and the most liberal doctrinal tests, including only the fundamentals of the faith, required as conditions of church membership; and while, no doubt, very many of its members have need of a broader charity toward those beyond their own body, Methodism, as a system, needs not to be enlarged in these respects. Every Methodist, whose heart is in accord with the spirit of his own denomination, is more than willing to extend his hand in Christian recognition to any and all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, of whatever name; and in that spirit they believe they fulfill all that was contemplated in our Lord's last prayer for his disciples: "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." It is a small thing to appear to love one's own class or kind; but the love that overlaps the bounds of sects and parties, and that confesses Christ's image in those not thus one's own, is the true test of the charity which is of the Gospel.

While it may be granted that, probably, Christian freedom has been carried to undue extents in many cases, it is equally manifest that the consolidation of all the Churches of the land into one great ecclesiasticism would be an incomparably greater evil. That in cases where there is a variety of independent bodies, essentially identical in doctrine and polity, their union would be mutually advantageous, need not be questioned; but, even in such cases, it is the privilege of the minor sects to determine for themselves their own destiny; and to their own master they must stand or fall. That Christianity has gained more than it has lost by its diversity of sects in this country, I very firmly believe; and, because I hold, that in the Church, as well as in the State, "the ferment of the free is better than the quiet of despotism," I should greatly deprecate any near approach to an organic consolidation of American Protestantism.

Infidelity builds no churches, founds no asylums, endows no universities. It provides no refuge for the poor, and furnishes no help or comfort to those who weep.—*Bishop Simpson.*

When Ben friend asked He answered sweetly on th infinite love

Conference News.

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

A very interesting and profitable meeting is in progress at St. John's church, Zion circuit. The meeting has been in progress the last three weeks, and has resulted in 17 conversions most of whom are heads of families and persons of means and influence in the neighborhood. The church is filled to its almost capacity every night and many are not able to gain admittance.

Rev. Wm. K. Galloway has commenced a protracted meeting in the M. E. Church, Rowlandville, Md., and the public are cordially invited to attend in the hope that it may do them good.

Rev. C. W. Prettyman baptized one infant and three adult persons in the Union M. E. Sunday-school last Sunday.

The services in the tent at Jackson and Linden streets were well attended last Sunday. The Rev. S. T. Gardner preached morning and evening, and at 9 o'clock in the morning there was an experience meeting.

The Asbury M. I. Society held their regular weekly meeting last Saturday evening in the lecture room of the church. There was a large audience present, and an interesting program presented.

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

The friends of the Bayside M. E. Church held a supper and festival last Tuesday and Wednesday evening, for the benefit of their new church, with good success.

There will be an all day service in the new M. E. Church at Goltz on Sunday Oct. 11 (D. V.) Rev. Andrew Manship of Phila., will be present and conduct the services. Welcome to all.

Thirty-six of the probationers received into the M. E. Church at Hillsboro last winter have been received into full membership during the past month, and more are to be received soon. The congregations are large, interest good, and the pastor is happy in his work, and says he intends to stay at Hillsboro, until the good Bishop says he must go elsewhere.

At Hall's Church on the same charge revival services which began Monday night the 14th, bid fair to be a grand success. Six professed conversion the first week of the meeting and others are seeking. Eight arose for prayer at the close of the meeting on Friday night of last week.

The Easton District Preachers' Association met as announced, in the M. E. Church at Sudlersville, Md., last Tuesday and Wednesday. The various interesting questions as published in our last issue were discussed by the ministers and laymen present. Millington was fixed as the next place of meeting. We hope to publish the full proceedings next week.

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

The Methodists at Houston, Del., have secured a lot, and are about to erect a parsonage.

A Church-camp was held in Whatcoat M. E. Church, Dover, Del., commencing last Sunday the 20th, and continuing during the week and will last over to-morrow.

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

Rev. A. D. Davis of Frankford charge has been holding revival meetings for the past two weeks with encouraging success. There have been a number of conversions and accessions to the church. The membership has been greatly quickened.

The revival meeting at Leatherbury Chapel, which has been in progress for several weeks continues with unabated interest. The number of conversions to date is eighty-five. The services are being conducted by Rev. C. A. Grice, assisted part of the time in the work by Rev. L. E. Barrett.

East New Market charge. A supper and festival held by the ladies of the M. E. Church, on the 11th of Sep., netted \$76. Proceeds for improvements on parsonage. Protracted services were commenced in town on Sunday evening the 13th inst. Fair congregations have been in attendance, and the church membership is taking increased interest in the work. Five arose for prayers on Sunday night the 20th inst. Benevolent collections so far as taken considerably in advance of last year.

When Benjamin Parsons was dying a friend asked him, "How are you to-day?" He answered: "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows—infinite power, infinite love and infinite wisdom."

Programme

Of Salisbury District, County Conference, for that part of the District held within the bounds of Sussex County, to be held in Salem M. E. Church Selbyville, Monday and Tuesday, October 5th and 6th, 1885.

Monday 7 p. m. Sermon, W. F. Corkran, alternate W. R. McFarlane, followed by an experience meeting.

Tuesday 8.30 a. m. Devotional Services. 9 a. m. Address of Welcome, Hon. W. R. McCabe, response J. A. B. Wilson P. E. after which each of the pastors are requested to make a report of their work.

History of Methodism in Sussex County, F. C. McSorley, A. T. Melvin, A. Chandler, J. W. Gray and others.

Methodism in Baltimore Hundred, W. R. McFarlane.

History of Salem M. E. Church, Hon. W. R. McCabe.

2 p. m. What I know about Methodism, A. D. Davis.

The Catholicity of Methodism, and how to best utilize the lay talent in the Church. Opened by J. A. B. Wilson, all present requested to join in the discussion.

Tuesday, 7 p. m. How to make the most of our Methodism, Opened by P. E. Wilson. Discussion open for all.

The object of this Conference is to gain information, and stimulate to greater activity in trying to make the most of our Methodism within our bounds. Laymen from each of our charges as well as ministers are urgently requested to be present and participate in the discussions. Ample accommodations will be provided for all.

A Good Showing.

As the result of the revival service held in the Methodist Church at Dover last winter, 61 persons joined the church on probation. Besides quite a number were quickened into a living Christian life that has borne fruit in good works. Last Thursday week 17th, the official Board finished a very careful examination of the list.

First came the call of the name by Brother Martindale, then the report of the leader, followed by the free discussion. Then the vote. On Sunday Brother M. read out the list of approvals for admission next Sabbath. Of the 61, 5 have removed by certificate in good standing, and one died in peace, and three at their request are continued, and none have been dropped. We think this to be a good showing for the Methodist system of revival service. It only is additional to the over whelming proof that our increase from 6 members one hundred years ago to 3,000,000 in 1884, affords that our altar work is a grand success as an instrument or means for conviction and conversion of sinners.

I think the character of the probationers and their surroundings has much to do with it. The large majority were students either of the academy or the public schools, and were generally members of Christian households, Sabbath school scholars, bright young thinkers with Christian surroundings in daily life at school and at home.

We hear a great deal about what the Conference Academy is doing for Dover, and but little what grand work the Dover church and people are doing for the academy students gathered from the Methodist homes of the Peninsula. In comparison with some of our revivals among other classes of society, the result proves that Methodism has nothing to fear for an educated laity. Intelligent conception of God's laws is the best guarantee we can have of a steady Christian life, and of a devotion freed from blind bigotry.

The Disciplinary plan for probationers was faithfully carried out by Brother Martindale. The leaders monthly probationers meeting, and weekly meetings held Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock for baptized children, largely attended by the younger probationers were regularly held and they were stim-

ulated to attend class and prayer meeting; and not one was accepted by the official board whose record for attending both of these means of grace was not good, as well as moral conduct, and no church in the conference more rigidly enforces the Discipline than does this church.

ALBERT COWOILL.

PERSONAL.

Rev. John R. Todd, son of Rev. R. W. Todd, of Snow Hill, has entered Dickinson College, and his brother Mr. George W. Todd, goes to Drew Theological Seminary.

Right Rev. Henry Champlin Lay, D. D. the first Bishop of the Diocese of Easton, in Maryland, died Thursday the 17th inst., about 2 p. m., at the Church Home, on Broadway, Baltimore.

ITEMS.

The United Presbyterian Synod of New York, met in annual session at Saratoga last week. About two hundred delegates were present, representing the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont and Massachusetts, and one Presbytery in Ontario, Canada. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Harvey. At yesterday's session, a paper on the "Advantages and Disadvantages of Higher Criticism" was read by the Rev. Dr. McDonald. Asbury Park, New Jersey, was selected as the next place of meeting.

The congregation of the M. P. Church, (colored), of Price's Chapel near Sudlersville, Md., are building a very neat little church, 20 by 30 feet, near the site of their present place of worship. It will be finished in Gothic style, costing about \$500, and will be ready for dedication on or about the 1st of November next.

The English Wesleyans observed August 14th—the one hundredth anniversary of John Fletcher's death—with appropriate services. It is eminently becoming in Methodists everywhere to cherish the memory of this saintly man, whose singular purity of life and brilliant genius rendered great service to the Wesleyan movement.

In alluding to the life and labors of Dr. Tyng, Bishop Lee laid particular stress upon what he called the thoroughness of his work—he never overlooked nor neglected anything. In his day, when he was best known as a preacher, the church is not what it is now. It was the zeal of such men as Dr. Tyng that had brought about such grand results. His talents were such that, if he had chosen the field of politics for his labor, the minds of thousands would have been swayed. Moreover, he was a man who presented his convictions with an uncompromising force that went to the very hearts of his hearers.

The Rev. Benjamin F. Todd, died in Bangor, Me., Sept. 15th, aged 72. He was once president of Genesee College, editor of the Ladies' Repository, and author of several works. He was United States consul to Stockholm in 1862 and acting minister.

Essaie Asdevadzourian wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury that the Synod of Etchmiadzin has issued a mandate appointing him spiritual pastor to the Armenian residents in London, that it had authorized him to open a place of worship at Nottingham, and had engaged to supply him with the necessary vestments and holy vessels. On the ground that the Church of England and the Church of Armenia are sister churches, and have many things in common, the Armenian priest requested authorization of the Archbishop. The Primate in reply is glad that the Synod of Etchmiadzin has determined to open a church "for the worship of those families which are resident here belonging to the ancient and illustrious Church of Armenia," and recognizes that the Church of Armenia "is a sister national church of the Church of England."

The seven Mormon elders, who for some time have been doing missionary work in London, were lately nabbed and pelted through the streets. Mormonism, as a religious system, is a gross imposture, and its polygamy is a gross immorality which, when practised should be punished. But we submit that molting Mormon priests, who are simply preaching their faith, is a gross outrage upon their rights, which ought to be punished, whether in London, or anywhere else.—Independent.

The Iowa Republicans still prefer prohibition to local option, and their Convention has emphasized it by a vote of 821 to 250. A resolution declares

that while prohibition is not a party issue, it has been adopted as the policy of the state by the vote of its citizens, and must be thoroughly tested before it is replaced by any other system of restriction. That is good sense. Non-partisan should be the watchword of temperance people, seeking their allies in every party.—Independent.

HOW CHARACTER IS FORMED.—Have you noticed an icicle as it is formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean the icicle sparkled brightly in the sun, but if the water was slightly muddy the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong there will be a final deformity and wretchedness.—Sel.

The religion of some people is constrained; they are like people who use the cold bath, not for pleasure, but necessity and health; they go in with reluctance, and are glad when they are out; but religion to a true believer is like water to a fish; it is his element, he lives in it, and he could not live out of it.—J. Newton.

A stout boy from 16 to 18 years of age, can find employment at this office. One having experience at feeding Cylinder Press preferred.

Autumn Excursion to Switchback.

On Thursday, October 1st, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a select excursion to Match Chunk and the celebrated Switchback railroad. The trip will prove one of the most attractive of the year, as it is timed to catch the mountains at the season of their greatest beauty—when the foliage begins to assume the gorgeous coloring of early autumn. The route via the famous Delaware and Lehigh valleys takes in some of the handsomest scenery in the State, and the views from the Switchback railroad are far famed for variety and picturesqueness. The ride over the gravity road is full of thrilling sensations, and affords a new experience in railroad traveling to those only accustomed to the ordinary standard grades. The special train will leave Broad Street Station 7.31 A. M. Returning, the trains will leave Match Chunk at 5.00 P. M. The rate from Philadelphia is \$2.50 for the round trip. Children between five and twelve years of age, half rates. Excursionists from Wilmington may leave at 6.30 A. M., and connect with special at Broad Street, Philadelphia.

Mr. Nicholas F. Goldberg, artist and fresco painter, who left this city for Europe nearly two years ago, has returned in good health and spirits, notwithstanding the report of his death and burial in the land of his ancestors. During his tour he visited the museums, cathedrals and great buildings in the beautiful cities of Paris, Munich, Vienna and Rome, and is now better prepared than at any other period to beautify and decorate the interior of churches and other buildings in our city and on the Peninsula, where his artistic taste has already been appreciated and admired. His address is Wilmington, Del.

MARRIAGES.

McFAIN—MADDOX—On Sept. 16th 1885, in Quindocqna by the Rev. Benj. C. Warren. Mr. James H. McFain to Miss Emma Maddox, both of Somerset Co

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
Chesapeake City,	Oct.	3 4
Bethel & Glasgow,	"	3 4
Elkton,	"	11 12
Elk Neck,	"	11 12
Hockessin,	"	17 18
Christiana,	"	18 19
Newark,	"	18 19
Zion,	"	24 25
Rowlandville,	"	25 26
Rising Sun & Hopewell,	"	25 26
Cherry Hill,	Oct. 31, Nov.	1 2
North East,	"	3 4
Scott,	"	3 4
Union,	"	4 5
St. Paul's,	"	8 9
Port Deposit,	"	13 15
Charlestown,	"	14 15
Newport,	"	21 22
Asbury,	"	21 22
St. Georges,	"	27 28
Delaware City,	"	28 29
Red Lion,	Dec.	6 7
New Castle,	"	6 7

KANTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
Still Pond,	Oct.	3 4
Chestertown,	"	2 4
Ponona,	"	10 11
Rock Hall,	"	11 12
Church Hill,	"	17 18
Centerville,	"	16 18
Queenstown,	"	24 25
Wyo,	"	24 25
Kent Island,	"	24 25
Greensborough,	"	31 1
Hillsborough,	"	31 1
Oxford,	Nov.	6 8
Royal Oak,	"	7 8
Trappe,	"	8 9
Easton,	"	13 15
King's Creek,	"	15 16
St. Michael's,	"	20 22
Talbot,	"	21 22
Middletown,	"	29 30
Odessa,	"	29 30

DOVER DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
Millford,	Sep.	24 27
Houston,	"	26 27
Magnolia,	"	28 27
Frederica,	"	28 27
Cambridge,	Oct.	2 4
Beckwith,	"	3 4
Church Creek,	"	12 11
Woodlandtown,	"	10 11
Vienna,	"	17 18
Hurlock's,	"	17 18
E. New Market,	"	16 18
Federalburg,	"	19 18
Farmington,	"	24 25
Burrsville,	"	26 25
Denton,	"	26 25
Galestown Q. C. Oct 31 Nov		1
Seaford,	" 30 "	1
Bridgeville,	"	2 1
Ellendale,	"	7 8
Lincoln,	"	9 8
Milton,	"	14 15
Georgetown,	"	16 15
Millsboro,	"	21 22
Nassau,	"	20 22
Lewes,	"	20 22

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
Salisbury,	S	25 26
Quantico,	Mills,	26 27
Fruitland,	Zion,	25 27
Parsonsburg,	Melson's,	27 28
Gumboro,	Bethel,	27 28
Powellville,	St Paul's,	27 28
Boxana,	Sound,	Oct 3 4
Frankford,	Honston,	" 3 4
Berlin,	B	" 4 5
Hillsborough,	Ebenezar,	" 2 4
Clintcotteague,	"	" 5 6
Smith's Island,	"	" 10 11
Tangier,	"	" 11 12
Holland's Island,	"	" 8
Newark,	Wesley,	" 17 18
Girdletree,	Connor's,	" 17 18
Snow Hill,	"	" 16 18
Stockton,	Remsen,	" 18 19
Pocomoke City, P C	"	" 18 19
Tyaskin,	Jones'	" 21 25
Mr Vernon,	John Wesley,	" 23 25
Princess Anne, P A	"	" 25 26
Deal's Island,	"	" 25 26
Somerset,	Dames' Q	" 25 26
St Peter's,	St Peter's,	" 25 27
Cape Charles City,	"	" 29
Onancock,	Nov.	31 1
Accomac,	"	1 2
Fairmount,	"	5 8
Westover,	Rehoboth,	" 5 8
Pocomoke Ct	Curdis,	" 8 9
Asbury,	Asbury,	" 7 8
Annamessex,	Quin	" 7 8
Crisfield,	"	6 8

JOHN A. B. WILSON.

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BEGGING FOR THE CHURCH.

Must Jesus beg from gate to gate. As if he were a vagrant tramp? Must God's work sink by its own weight. And Christ be cast without the camp?

Why should this be? Where is the cause? Can no sure remedy be found? Is God's word wholly without laws. To keep man's avarice in bounds?

Shame, shame, that such should be the case; Shame that this question should be asked. Let Christian men this blot erase: Let man's deceptions be unmasked.

Remember, while Christ was on earth He never asked one cent as alms; Though humble was his place of birth He kept himself and led his lambs.

Then let the Church forbid, to-day, That Christ should come to poverty: Raise means in God's appointed way. But never take the begging plea.

On each Lord's Day lay by in store The tithe's proportionate amount; God gives you wealth and earthly lore; Keep thou with him a strict account.

Thus, as our worldly goods increase, God's coffers soon will overflow; The cry of "money" soon will cease,— The Church's boards no want shall know.

With all thy substance honor Him, And with good things you will be blest; While here on earth you will begin To enter on your promised rest.

Your treasures will have gone before, Secured by seraph's golden key; You'll get them at God's treasury door,— Keep them throughout eternity.

—S. J. S., in the United Presbyterian.

Methodism.

The Presbyterian says that the Rev. William Bryant has been studying some of the religious statistics of our cities, and gives some of the results reached by him. Mr. Bryant says: "Taking the thirty-four American cities with over 50,000 population, we find that the Methodist Episcopal Church is largest in seventeen; the Presbyterian in nine; the Baptist in four; the Congregationalist in three. New Haven, Lowell and Worcester; and the Episcopal in one, New York, its natural home. But there are eleven cities, including the four with over 500,000 population, where the Presbyterian Church stands second in membership."

How refreshing to find out at last that Methodism is not declining—nor receding, either—but alive, holding her own and growing.

In seventeen out of thirty-four—is largest—one-half. As we have as many members as these three churches combined the above shows that we are represented in the large cities as the smaller ones and in the rural districts.—Conference News.

The Tomb of Susannah Wesley.

Turning down the path on the south side (in Burnhill Fields) a square upright stone a little further on, by the edge of the walk, marks the resting place of a veritable heroine, the mother of the Wesleys. "She was the mother of nineteen children," the epitaph tells us, "of whom the most eminent were the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was, under God, the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists."

"In sure and steadfast hope to rise. And claim her mansion in the skies. A Christian here her flesh laid down. The Cross exchanging for a Crown."

Firm and rigid as a Roman mother in the early training of her children, Mrs. Wesley had the happiness of seeing them all grow up into godly men and women. She had the true spirit of the old Puritans. "Had I twenty sons," she said on the occasion of John Wesley going to Georgia to preach to the Indians, "I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more." "Children," she said on her death-bed, as John Wesley and his five sisters stood around her, "as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." A vast multitude thronged the old burying ground on the day of her funeral. It was on a Sunday, August 1, 1742. John Wesley read the burial service, and preached from Rev. 20: 12, 13 "It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw," he said afterwards, "or expect to see on this side of eternity."

The Quiver.

The redemption of women's health, I am more and more convinced, depends upon their taking to out-door life and activities. Reading high class memoirs which are in every one's hands nowadays, Carlyles, the Sterlings and F. D. Maurice, one is distressed to hear the continual story of weak health, and women, too, brought face to face with the realities and efforts of life, immediately droop, languish, and are a long time dying. If they have a house to keep, and a share of the actual work, like Mrs. Carlyle at Craignputtock and Chelsea, they sicken mysteriously, and their life is a time of wrestling with household affairs, alternating with refuge on the sofa, or months in the doctor's hands in that wretched, unimprovable state which justified the sigh of a much tired husband who "wished his wife would get better or something!" Have I not, through the ignorance of my day and generation, wasted life enough in attacks of the familiar household demon, nervous prostration, which only vanishes on turning the patient out of doors. Twice and again, friends have looked pityingly on me as good as gone, but taken out of doors ten hours a day, as good for nothing else, sun and wind wrought their spell of healing, and health came again. Henceforth no more in-door life than must be for me, and I would, urge other women to fashion their lives so as to spend them more in the open air.—Vick's Magazine.

"JUST FOR FUN."—"I only did it for fun, girls!" and Addie looked repentantly after her little playmate, who had gone sobbing down the walk. "Just for fun!" But the words had cut deeply, and the little one went home feeling that in the blue-check sun-bonnet she wore a badge of disgrace. She could never go to Sunday-school with it again, and she had nothing better. "Just for fun!" But the weary mother laid down her sewing and sighed as she folded her darling in her arms. Oh, selfish fun!

Centenary Biblical Institute of Baltimore. This Institution opened for another session on Sept. 9th, with a large attendance of students. The prospect is that more will apply for admission this season than can possibly be accommodated, and an additional building is a want that must be met in the near future. The grade of the institution is being gradually advanced, as the character of the students admits of it. Classes in Latin, Geometry, Algebra, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, &c., are conducted with success. A Commercial and Industrial Department has been opened this season, in which book-keeping and printing will be taught for the present. Another new feature is the establishment of a Correspondence Course of study for ministers, the object being to furnish to regular pastors of our colored Churches an opportunity to pursue systematic Biblical studies under direction of the authorities of the Institute. A number of members of the Delaware and Washington Conferences have already entered the Correspondence Class.

A great deal has been done in the Institute building this summer in the way of improvement. Besides the Industrial Department, there has been fitted up a laboratory, a library, and reading room, and a model school room. Donations of apparatus and books will be gratefully received. Should any of our readers desire further information concerning the institution or its work, it will be cheerfully furnished by Rev. Dr. Fry-singer, President, whose address is 46 Edmondson Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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The Committee on Episcopal Residence at San Francisco has decided to purchase a lot and build a house. The lot they are negotiating for is near Simpson Memorial Church, and in a fine location.

Our Book Table. LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for October opens with a well-written article, by E. C. Reynolds, describing the methods of sheep-raising in Texas, and the incidental experiences of ranch-life in that section. A couple of travelling sketches—"In a Salt-Mine," by Margery Deane, and "Roughing it in Palestine," by Charles Wood—are of the usual type, while "Turtling on the Outer Reef," by F. C. Holdor, and "The Second Rank," by Felix Oswald, mingle anecdote with information and discussion on topics connected with natural history. "The Philosophy of the Short-Story," by Brander Matthews, is the literary article of the number,—a bone thrown to the critics,—while female readers will find a number of important details on the subject of dressmaking in Theodore Child's account of the great Parisian Couturiers. There is also a short account of General Grant's visit to Frankfort, with other minor papers. Among the stories, "Anthony Calvert Brown," by P. Deming, is in the quaint and simple style characteristic of the author; "The eye of a needle," by Sophie Swett, is a clever bit from rural life; and "The Lady Lawyer's First Client," a story in two parts, by Thomas Wharton, is strictly urban, and has the piquancy suggested by its title.

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Table with columns: GOING NORTH, Mixed, Leave, Arrive. Stations: Rehoboth, Lewes, Nassau, Cool Springs, Harbeson, *Barnums, *Mesick, Georgetown, Redden, *Robbins, Ellendale, *Friendship, *Houston, Harrington. GOING SOUTH, Mixed, Leave, Arrive. Stations: Wilmington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Franklin City.

Table with columns: GOING SOUTH, Mixed, Leave, Arrive. Stations: Georgetown, Sockley, Millsborough, Dagsborough, Frankford, Solbyville, Showley, *Friendship, Berlin, Poplar, *Queponco, Wealey, Snow Hill, Scarborough, *Girdletree, Stockton, Franklin City.

Wilmington & Northern R. R. Time Table, in effect June 19, 1885. GOING NORTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations: Wilmington, Dupont, Chadd's Ford, Lenape, Coatesville, Waynesburg, St. Peter's, Warwick, Springfield, Birdsboro, Reading P & R Station. GOING SOUTH. Daily except Sunday. Stations: Reading P & R Station, R. Station, Birdsboro, Springfield, Warwick, St. Peter's, Wnesburg Jc., Coatesville, Lenape, Chadd's Ford, Dupont, Wilmington, P. W. & B. Sta.

Additional Trains.—On Saturday an additional train will leave Dupont station at 1.00 p. m., Greenville 1.03, Newbridge 1.11, Silverbrook 1.19, and arrive in Wilmington 1.35 p. m. For connections at Wilmington, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lenape, 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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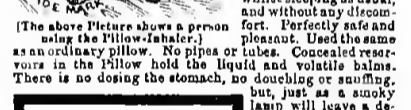
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