

# Peninsula Methodist.

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Editor.

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.  
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## OUR ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief  
And sin is here.  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours,  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.  
Not many lives, but only one have we,  
One, only one:  
How sacred should that one life ever be,  
That narrow span!  
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new soil.  
Our being is no shadow of thin air,  
No vacant dream;  
No fable of the things that never were,  
But only seem.  
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery, [ing be.  
Though strange and solemn may that mean-  
Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,  
No idle tale;  
No cloud that floats along a sky of light  
On summer gale.  
They are the true realities of earth,  
Friends and companions even from our birth.  
O life below! how brief, and poor, and sad!  
One heavy sigh.  
O life above! how long, how fair, and glad!  
An endless joy.  
O to be done with daily dying here,  
O to begin the living in your sphere!  
O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,  
How dull your hue!  
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth,  
Made fair and new!  
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;  
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!  
—Dr. Bonar.

## Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.  
No. 61.

My last communication, if I remember aright, closed with an account of a Camp-meeting, held at Deal's Island, in August 1860. When I learned that an occasion of this kind was intended for the present year, I resolved if within the bounds of possibility, to attend its services, even if I could remain but one day on the grounds. Curiosity, I may as well admit, was one of the prompting motives. After 26 years, busy years in my experience, and years of change doubtless, to the friends I learned to love, and whose memory I still cherish, I longed to see the faces of those who survive, and gather up some facts and incidents relating to the history of those who have gone on before.

Accordingly, I started and made part of the journey, but the storm of Saturday Aug 7, interrupted my plans, and the meeting commenced, continued and closed without my having part or lot in either song or sermon. Thanks to the *Peninsula Methodist* and its correspondents, however, I heard about its progress and success; but, how I should have enjoyed some participation in its stirring scenes. They have passed before me in imagination, especially the huge watermelons presented to favorite preachers, to be sliced and eaten between services, or before retiring at night, amid the whirr and hum of a myriad of mosquitoes, to try and sleep in spite of their blood thirsty proclivities, and perchance, after too much of the aforesaid watermelon, to dream of being upset in a canoe, chased by a shark, or drowned in sight of the thoroughfare!

The preachers of today may be, and I hope are a different set of men. I think from such reports as I incidentally pick up, that they pay more attention to the spiritual interests of a camp meeting, such as stirring up the pure minds of believers to go on to perfection, the moral instruction of children, and the conversion of sinners, than to the old time sociabilities of the "preacher's tent," late suppers, and such practical jokes, as hid-

ing away and devouring each other's watermelons or peaches whenever they saw a chance to do so.

I cannot forget one remarkable night I spent on that memorable spot. We had some heavy ecclesiastical artillery at the meeting, and the work was going forward splendidly; but there was little probability of sound sleep at night on account of the mosquitoes and a few funny men among the juniors, who kept late hours, and when they did come in, hooked the largest melon they could find, and at their untimely feast, had so many anecdotes to relate, that everybody was wide awake before they finished the discussion.

We had our sleeping arrangements in the church at the edge of the Camp circle. Tiers of luxurious feather beds, loaned by the Sisters Parks, Daniel Thomas, Webster, Rider and others, were placed on boards laid over the backs of the stationary pews next each side of the house. Among our visitors that year were Dr. H. M. Johnson of Dickinson College, Dr. T. J. Thompson, former presiding elder, Dr. J. W. Cullum, Bible agent, and other dignitaries from Baltimore, Rev. Henry Coleclazer, then in charge of the District, and a brother named Bunting. The more sedate brethren retired early. Here and there a regulation snore indicated that they were oblivious to all mundane matters, when a set of foragers came in to look for quarters, and out those who had appropriated their beds.

One of the late comers exclaimed, "hark!

"Tired nature's sweet restorer,  
Is a veritable snorer,"

Another broke in with the couplet,  
"Any man who dares to snore,  
Let us roll him on the floor."

So they kept on until Dr. Thompson, who had "head and ears" covered to escape the mosquitoes, assumed the perpendicular and called on Bro. Coleclazer to maintain order. But where was he? Some thought he was round at Bro. Rider's tent drinking a cup of coffee. Others had seen him by moonlight talking with Zach. Webster. George Phoebus hinted that he was afraid of the mosquitoes and had gone over to sleep in the "prophet's room" at Jason Parks', and when it seemed that there was no presiding officer to be had, up rose Bro. Coleclazer himself from behind the pulpit. He was nearly smothered in one of the feather beds, and slyly turning down the lights he took the altar cushions and hid himself away to slumber in peace.

He gave us a nicely worded reproof for disturbing the peace of our seniors, and lay down again, barricading himself with a newspaper against the pesky insects which by this time covered the walls, and filled the room with their midnight melody. Quiet became nearly restored, when some brother inquired who had stolen his pillow? Another wasn't sure, but he thought Dr. Cullum had one just like it. This started the innocent Doctor, whom we all thought sound asleep, into an indignant explanation; and as he was between Drs. Johnson and Thompson, he awoke both of them to pathetic remonstrance, and we all agreed that it was too bad for him to disturb his amiable bedfellows in such a summary manner.

Not a word had been spoken, nor even a suppressed "titter" after this for ten minutes, although hands were whacking away on the sensitive spots exposed

to the busy mosquitoes, when another irrepressible rhymster began to recite:

"Off in the sultry night  
When slumber's chains have bound me,  
I think I feel the wicked bite,  
Of something crawling around me."

"What is it like?" "That can't be a skeeter," "Go for it!" were the exciting observations which came hurriedly from half a dozen drowsy fellows, who in the fertility of their own fancy, thought that the "something" referred to had begun to investigate that particular region down between the shoulders and beyond their utmost endeavors to reach it, in doing which they upset all remaining gravity, and the condition of things was only rendered "worse and worse" in the opinion of the Elder who had been finally routed from his retreat by a suppositious case the "crawling" nondescript of the parody. Then Bro. A. M. Wiggins, who by dint of threats and heart moving appeals had kept still for half an hour, proposed a novel conundrum: "Brethren," he exclaimed, "why may these mosquitoes be counted in with the religious classes?"

Nobody knew. The last remaining sleeper among a score of ecclesiastics had roused up now. Wiggins, who suddenly covered himself up again for fear of an electric bolt from the elder, was appealed to. There was no chance to sleep again, so he gave this solution: "Because they first sing over you, and then prey on you."

A brother who seemed to be posted in the parlance of Smiths Island, exclaimed, "Right, for I have a realizing sense of it, now in manner and form sir."

"Execrable," said Bunting. "The thing isn't new. I heard something very much like it over in St. Mary's." This brought on a question of plagiarism, and Bro. Wiggins was no plagiarist. It was held by his friends to be original, and parties took sides in a wordy war, which was carried on indefinitely, all the brethren sitting bolt upright in their beds waiting a chance to put in a remark. Then it came to blows. A huge pillow came hustling through the dimly lighted edifice, aimed at John Parks, who always by special privilege, like his former yokefellow, Joshua Thomas, 'slept among the "sons of the prophets" at Camp and quarterly meetings. It missed him and struck the undemonstrative Solomon Cooper, but had hardly left the hand that first projected it, before that mischievous person caught a volley of pillows, and pretended to subside into profound slumber.

Wearied out we all slept, and when we took turns next morning in looking into a 5x9 cracked looking glass, it was discovered that the mosquitoes of Deals Island had a regular circus that night on our faces, hands, feet, and every spot available for a bite.

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

CONTINUED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK.

One critic, as will hereafter be seen, thinks many of the characters in my book are not real, and their sermons and speeches mere fictions of my own creation. An esteemed brother minister, to whom I read Uncle Haney Bradshaw's "ox experience," was evidently somewhat similarly impressed; for he said, "I guess you got up that speech yourself." Of course it would be impossible, from memory, to report such a speech,

or a sermon, with verbal exactness throughout. All that can reasonably be expected is that the chronicler shall reproduce the thoughts, and fairly represent the manner and language of the speaker. Taking the above case as an illustration, those who knew Uncle Haney well, bear testimony to the faithfulness of the picture. Says Dr. Wallace: "How the author contrived to present such a realistic sketch of the eccentric 'Uncle Haney,' passes my comprehension; for it is so vivid that I can do distinctly see him on his 'native heath,' and hear him talk in his rapid, random way, using an exuberance of phrases such as I never met with in a dictionary, or heard from human lips before."

Said a Philadelphia preacher, on reading the sketch: "I travelled my first year on the circuit embracing Smith's Island. I often stopped at Uncle Haney's. It would be impossible to draw a more exact picture. It is just as I remember him."

But the testimony of Uncle Haney's own brother, whom I met at the Deal's Island camp meeting this summer, caps the climax. The insinuation that I had drawn too largely on my imagination, induced me to seek out the surviving brother, and in the presence of Bro. Thomas, son of Joshua, read to him the sketch. Said he: "You've hit it exactly, brother. That's brother Haney's picture sure. And that experience! I almost thought it was him a talking! I've heard him tell it a many a time. Yes, sir, you've got it jest about right, certain."

Concerning all criticisms of this class, I need only say that all my characters are as real, and all my sketches as faithful as that above certified. I have rejected hundreds of good stories, told of various persons, because I could not verify them or trace them to satisfactory authority. If in any incident I have been misled, or have done any injustice to the facts of history, or the memory of the illustrious dead, it has not been intentional. My purpose has been not to sketch the same person or scene on every side, but only from the point where the flowers bloom and sunshine dances. People with sore eyes and blue spectacles, had better read Carlisle's Criticisms, or Dante's Inferno.

A discouraged, if not disgusted book agent wrote: "I don't think I'll try to sell your book. One 50 is too much for a book that sits. There's some very good things in it; but, before you get through with it, I think you'll find out you've made a mistake in writin' of it. I've read it all through, and handed it over to Mr. ——— to read. But I'm not well, and I shan't canvas. I don't want the book no how, and I wish you'd sell it to some person else."

Being a very hot day, the coolness of the above communication was decidedly refreshing.

The literary editor of the *Cecil Democrat* is an old friend, a man of good parts, but one who has fallen into the chronic and unfortunate habit of "not feeling well to-day." When I read his really interesting critique, I was no little amused at the grotesque struggle for the mastery, between smiles and frowns, depicted upon his care-worn face—in cold type. Even the brightest of his smiles wore a sort of cadaverous grave-yard expression.

His frowns sandwiched between his

words of commendation, are that the "title is a misnomer;" that "nothing" in the book is "peculiar to Methodism;" that its sketches are "not true to life;" that the "characters are not genuine;" that the author manufactured the speeches and sermons and that the entire book is "a regular house that Jack built." The last specification I am inclined to admit. Concerning most of the others I need say nothing. As to the title the critic of the *Democrat* is not alone in his fault finding, as we shall see hereafter.

## Education and Health.

There is no such risk to physical life as those take who seek to depend upon brain rather than upon muscle. While we contend that all ordinary exercise of mental power is healthful, it is also to be admitted that thought and reason and abstruse study deal with the most delicate part of the human system. The higher we get in such training, the more have we to do with the delicacy of nervous structure and with that training of the nervous system, which is the highest sphere of education. There must be such an adjustment of the physical, intellectual and moral as shall secure their co-ordinate action in consonance with each other. This implies a symmetry of development and a harmony of action very difficult of attainment. As a consequence the proportion of those who become at all eminent in lives devoted solely to mental production and to subsistence through higher mental effort, is much smaller than is generally imagined.

This question is of special significance when we come to view it as it regards this kind of education for women. There is abundant evidence that those who devote themselves to mental work and determine to avoid the cares of maternity, can make great success as authors and writers and in various spheres of life. But what is claimed is, that the relations of women to childhood and to the family are totally different from these of men; that these relations are so important and so exacting as to render it impracticable for women to attempt the usual competitions of masculine life. They are more valuable to themselves and to the nation and so happier and more successful in such high education as recognizes both their sphere and their abilities, and yet does not press them into the service of securing a livelihood by these competitions. While we know that much can be said on both sides of this question, we are glad that it has again been so prominently presented. The one thing that the individual and the nation cannot afford to ignore is health. If the health of the race depends more upon women than upon men, we should know it. If that health, as a rule, is imperiled by high university life, and by the exactions of the professor's chair, the pulpit and the forum, or by constant authorship, that, too, should be known. No sentimentality or false chivalry should prevent us from a close study of the facts in evidence. We cannot ignore the prevalent persuasion of medial men that over-pressure in schools and high collegiate education tells more upon women than upon men. But we are glad to know that physical education is taking a prominent place in the higher female colleges.—*Independent.*



## Down East.

Extracts from my journal of travel.

BY REV. WM. H. HUTCHIN.

CONCLUDED.

Aug. 20th after a good night's rest, we start for Mount Washington. A certain New York gentleman well known to our church, is full of fun and incident as Sublime Porte diplomacy of plausibility, tells us, as we rattle along in the cars, of a minister, who, in moving, had one box marked "Sermons—keep dry," "and," said he, "they did." Listening some, and looking much, we reach the base of Mt. Washington. That light mark upon the broad gray chest of the old monarch is the railway. This small, double engine is to boost us up that perilous incline, while we occupy a comfortable passenger car. The situation is irresistibly suggestive of the story that Jemmy bet Mike five dollars that he could carry him in a hod up the ladders to the top of a six-story building, and won the bet. "Well, Mike," said a bystander, "Your lost your money." "Yis sor. But whin he was about the fifth story, O'i had hopes, indade." We hope for no such hopes here. Let us understand something about the question of safety in this ascent. We are to reach a point 6293 feet above the sea level, in a ride of three and one-half miles. In one of the miles we shall rise 1700 feet, and the grade, a part of the way, is 144 inches to the yard. Well, first, the engine is double—two engines in one; then, while the car-wheels move on tracks, you notice that there is a huge cogwheel in the center which takes hold on a continuous line of slots in the middle of the track all the way to the summit: then, again, there is a sort of stop, catch, or grip, which can be made to take hold on the slots instantly and stop all motion. So, you see, with all these appliances and safeguards, and with seventeen years of use, and never an accident, it is not such a risky trip after all. "But, suppose"—No time for discussing any hypothesis, for we are starting.

The pistons of the engines move with fierce and little man doing nothing with all his—might velocity deceiving us into the persuasion that we are making rapid progress, until we look at the road-side and remember that it will take one hour and twenty minutes to traverse the three and one-half miles. Noisily work the cogs—"Excelsior" must be re-written; "a voice replied far up the height—glick—glick—glick—glick." I am tired with the struggling little engine, and feel that it must be nearly exhausted. No young woman could be better cared for than that young bride, and if she falls off the cars he'll go too, if his arm doesn't break. Here comes the conductor who loses his rectitude to preserve his gravity, for he is just next to lying down between the rows of seats as he reaches for our tickets. The lady who gave me her place a few minutes ago, now tells me that she felt that her heart had stopped, and would never beat again. Said she, "I was humiliated more than once while traveling in Europe, by being compelled to confess ignorance of the wonderful scenery of my own country, and I determined to correct my error. I never should have attempted this ascent, however, if my daughter had not been so determined to come up, and I could not let her come alone. I was a school-mate of Judge Brown's daughter Lizzie, who perished from exhaustion some distance above us, in 1855, and whose monument we shall pass in a few minutes.

There is a great deal of the world outside of a car, and you learn it up here. You look out so far that you are rather glad of a feather bed-ish haziness on the horizon upon which your tired vision may rest itself. You look down into the depths carpeted with small shrubs, which you know are high trees, for you

passed them an hour ago, and you fancy yourself spreading overcoat and taking a flying-squirrel swoop down, down, down, until you suddenly come to the consciousness that you are gripping the seat-back almost to finger-dislocation, but with the same grateful feeling that one has who dreams of slipping off a roof, and awakens in bed. An untraveled and timid young man on his first railroad journey, fainted dead away while crossing a river upon a high trestle. When he received his first words, uttered appealingly, were, "Stranger has she lit?" One feels that way up here.

The trees have dwindled in size as we have made the climb, and now these dwarf pines are poor apologies, in size, as representatives of the family so numerous and honored lower down the mountain side and in the valleys. But they have all the family pride and deserve much more notice and credit than their more favored relatives. Up here the rocks are the workers and leaders of society and they are hard and unyielding to the pines, but the plucky little fellows must hold a determined footing, or give up altogether. For months the ice treats them with coldness, and never thaws toward them in the least without personal intervention of their friend the sun; the winds "pooh! pooh!" their pretensions, and the sun systematically arranges his plans so as to give them no opportunity of attracting notice. They are not the only illustrations that the aspiring have a hard time of it.

The summit is reached. Yonder comes a six horse stage with its load of humanity from the valley. We stand upon rock, "while in, above the world." Here are the Summit House, the Signal Service Station, the repellent looking old Tip-top House, and other buildings, all held to the solid rock by iron rods, bolts and over-drawn heavy chains, as a precaution against the boisterous winds which would remove them with as little ceremony as an intoxicated rough would strike the hat from the head of a bishop. What a magnificent view! Bro. Williams who has ascended much higher mountains in the Alps is entirely unprepared for this scene, for there the peaks are yet above the climber, while here we over top everything. A heavy cloud now rolls in below us and for a time hides entire mountains from our view, and shows us peaks cut off from the earth. Never again will I doubt the artist's highest coloring in his mountain scenery after that gleam of splendor which a moment ago gave me a hint of what God can do on the hill tops of heaven! It is noon here, and these ladies and gentlemen are flashing with a large mirror, a prearranged signal to their friends in their summer home twelve miles away. The dinner was good, with the exception of the watermelon, and, concerning that, I could almost hear the boy at "Todgers," saying, "Don't you eat none o' him."

And now is the hour for the descent. Folks walk to the edge of the platform, look down, shiver a little, and then resignedly get into the car. Slowly the little engine backs down, contesting every inch with the overbearing passenger car which forces it ever downward. "You begin to pray just as the cars start, and the farther you get down the harder you pray, until you reach 'Jacob's Ladder,' when you about conclude that you're got to go in spite of everything." Various are the remarks and expressions of countenance of the passengers. One rather beautiful woman is noticeable as she nervously clasps and unclasps her hands, for she has her face fixed so that it is difficult to decide whether she is about to laugh at somebody else, or cry for herself. The base is reached without the slightest accident.

In a last look one can easily find it in his heart to pity the grand old monarch after all. Jove nods and awes the swarms of earth's most excellent animals at six dollars each, while the surround-

ing lesser Kings who have done him homage for unnumbered centuries veil their heads in their robes of cloud to shut out the sight of his dishonor.

After supper at the Parker House, in Woodsville, N. H., we walk across the R. R. bridge over the Connecticut river, and then over Well river, into the village of Wells River, Vt. While the services of the colored barber, a Portsmouth, Va., production, are being enjoyed, his white Irish wife in an adjoining room is playing "Home Sweet Home" on an organ, and his white journeyman is shaving another customer. Outside the closed half-door are several men talking. Says one, "I am tired; I've been cuttin' wheat all day." It is the twentieth of August, Adialogue ensues between, we suppose without seeing either of them, an elderly and rather deaf farmer and a younger man. Says the young man, "How much did you give for that field?" "Five hundred dollars, and I got it cheap, for another man offered six hundred dollars for it." "I want to know." "Do you believe yourself?" "Why, I reckon that's a mistake. Guess you was only told that. If any body had offered a hundred dollars more he'd ha' got it. Then it's a danged poor piece of parster anyway. There aint an acre of plow land in the hull of it," and it'll cost a thousand dollars to make anything of it.

On Saturday 21st, in walking about Manchester, I find watermelons selling at 2 cts. a pound, cantaloupes 4 cts., sweet potatoes 5 cts., tomatoes 5 cts., and plenty of each in market.

On Monday we make a thorough inspection of the Manchester Print Works to my edification and delight until a man pushed a car loaded with lawns against the left ankle of Bro. W. nearly breaking it, and making necessary the services of a druggist with arnica, witch hazel and bandages. Later in the day a bereaved father, seeking the services of my host, tells me about the little boy who died so unexpectedly. He tells me of his cunning ways, the welcome he gave his father as he came home at night, how careful he was to say his prayers, how much ahead of his years he was in intelligence, how an old gentleman living near the house had come in and cried bitterly because the sweetest child he had ever known had gone away from him so suddenly, how the neighbors used to listen to the little fellow singing his pretty hymns in his own, little, wonderfully sweet voice, and how only a few hours before he died, he had sung "In the Sweet Bye-and-bye." To all this I listen, and it is a relief to him to talk. Then I ask him the age of the little one, and learn that he was only a few days older than another little boy, away down in Maryland, who has been in my mind all the time.

In the afternoon drive a beautiful pastoral scene is discovered. The bright green sward on a broad hill-side is flecked with sheep busily feeding or reclining at ease. Near them, seated upon the ground, is a man, and at his side his faithful dog, evidently on the alert to note any wandering from the shepherd's care. It is indeed beautiful: the shepherd's and his dog, the contented flock, the picturesque surroundings. "Well, yes," says my friend, "it looks very well, but that's a butcher giving the stock he intends to slaughter in a day or two a chance to nibble some grass and keep fat."

On Tuesday, 24th, we find ourselves at Hedding Camp-meeting at East Epping, N. H., in a fine grove of white pine, spruce and hemlock, with many other worshippers who are either dwellers in the two hundred and fifty cottages on the ground or incoming visitors by car and carriages.

On Saturday, 28th, the thermometer at 3 p. m. in Portland, Me., registers about 95°, "but," says a gentleman to me, "you do not notice this heat much as you have it so much hotter in the

south." Portland is seen from the carriage of Bro. Eastman a dry-goods merchant, whose store makes me think of Wanamaker's. The city is "beautiful for situation," and will repay all the outlay of time spent in seeing it thoroughly. I could not but smile, however, as I looked out over the magnificent harbor and feasted my sense of the beautiful on the island dotted sweep of Casco Bay, for I thought of another preacher, who made a trip from Boston to Portland by steamship. The sea air gave him a fine appetite, and he scanned the bill of fare eagerly for something more than usually nice. "Ah," said he to his wife, "my dear, I've always wanted to try some fresh lobster, and I'm going to order some of that, certain." "Now, my dear, you had better be careful. You are not accustomed to it, and may get sick." "Oh," said he, with a power of voice which thousands of Peninsula people have noted, "there's no danger of that." So he ate like Dr. Vincent's laymen at the Laurel Conference, and how he did enjoy that lobster.

The winds blew, and the waves paid their respects to the vessel which bowed its acknowledgements on all sides, like a barouche, borne popular candidate on election day, apparently thoughtless of the fact that it carried a lobster-laden Methodist preacher. "My dear," he observed, "isn't it getting a little rough?" "Not much. Do you feel bad?" "No, but I'll walk about a little." So he walked, and he had experiences. He noticed that the vessel would go down into the depths, say twenty feet, without giving him any warning, and he had to follow with a speed that affected his breathing. The worst of it was that the lobster got later notice of the movement than he did, and was never ready even when he was, so after he reached bottom down the lobster would come with a queerish thud. This discomfited the lobster and caused it to turn, now like a dog trying to get ready to lie down, and again like a porpoise at play. But our brother did not appreciate the play. It is almost impossible for a man to hide a trouble that lies near his heart, from his wife. So when this good brother took his seat by his wife she said to him: "My dear, I told you—" but he interrupted her by rising and saying as he strode hastily away, "O awp." Some men close the lips tight upon the teeth to bite back a bitter speech. But this was not the reason for his action. As he walked to and fro, the purposes—there were at least two of them now—lost all self-restraint and \* \* \* \*

The double city of Lewiston and Auburn, Maine, I saw by the kindness of Bro. George Martin, an enthusiastic Methodist and a member of the largest firm of flour dealers in the state.

Returning to New Hampshire on Monday, 30th, I passed some "know nothing stations" on the Rail Road. "And what is a know nothing station?" "A place where one can get no information concerning train time?" No. "A station where the agent doesn't know enough to prevent profane, unruly boys and tobacco using men from offending better people who are compelled to endure it?" No. A station so named without any reason known to the people generally? Perhaps that is nearer to it. The best explanation that I could get was that it means a place where the tracks of two different roads cross each other and where, by law, the trains on both tracks are compelled to stop before crossing.

Tuesday, Aug. 31, I bade farewell to Bro. W. and his family in Manchester, had a good hand shake from Dr. Weed of 'Zion's Herald' in the office in Boston, rode through the pouring rain to the Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, started to see the perfection of irregularity in the broken lines of retreating streets in the city, wandered in the Old Colony R. R. Depot, what the company could do with all the money taken for tickets, rattled out of town and on down

to Fall River, listened to the orchestra music on the steamer Providence, admired the effects of the electrical lighting of Newport, R. I., and slept apart of the night with never a hint of an earthquake. At 6 p. m., Sept. 1st, my home was reached in safety.

## Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.	
Charge	Oct
Zion	2 2
North East	3 4
Elk Neck	3 4
Grace	6 10
Brandywine	10 11
Hockessin	16 17
Christiana	17 19
Cherry Hill	23 24
Newark	24 25
Rising Sun	30 31
Hopewell	30 31
Rowlandville	Nov 1 31
Scott, Union	Nov 2 7
Epworth	3 7
Madely	4 7
Port Deposit	7 8
Charlestown	12 14
Asbury	13 14
St. Paul's	20 21
St. Georges	21 22
Delaware City	27 28
Red Lion	28 29
New Castle	28 29

CHAS. HILL, P. R.

EASTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.	
Charge	Oct
Chesterdown	1 3
Still Pond	2 3
Rock Hall	9 10
Pomona	10 11
Bhurch Hill	16 17
Centerville	17 18
Queenstown	23 24
Kent Island	23 24
Wye	24 25
Greensboro	30 31
Hillsboro	30 31
Oxford	Nov 6 7
Royal Oak	6 7
Trappe	7 8
Easton	12 14
Kings Creek	13 14
St. Michaels	19 21
Talbot	20 21
Bay Side	20 21
Odessa	27 28
Middletown	28 29
Townsend	27 28

JOHN FRANCE, P. R.

DOVER DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.	
Charge	Oct
Milford	3 4
Lincoln	3 2
Woodlandtown	10 9
Church Creek	10 12
Beckwith's	17 18
Cambridge	17 18
Burrsville	24 23
Potter's Landing	24 23
Denton	24 25
Preston	24 25
Federalsburg	24 26
Hurlock's	31 30
East New Market	31 30
Vienna	31 Nov 1
Ellendale	Nov 7 6
Georgetown	7 6
Milton	6 8
Millsboro	14 12
Nassau	14 13
Lewis	14 15
Harrington	14 16
Houston	14 15
Farmington	21 23
Greenwood	21 22
Bridgeville	21 20
Cannons Crossing	21 20
Galestown	21 19
Seaford	21 22

The above plan is subject to change to suit occasions. All reports will be called for in the form and as directed by the Discipline. Local preachers, class-leaders and committees will please consult the Discipline for plan of work and form of report.

T. O. AYRES, P. R.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.			
Charge	Date	Hour for Sabbath Service	Hour for Quarterly Conf.
Crisfield	Oct 1 3	10	F 7
Asbury	2 3	7	S 7
Annamesssex	2 3	3	S 9
Klej Grange	6 10	10	W 7
Snow Hill	7 10	10	T 7
Berlin	9 10	10	Sat 3
Newark	8 10	3	F 3
Girdletree	8 10	7	F 9
Stockton	10 11	3	M 9
Pocomoke City	10 11	10	M 7
Poco oke c't	10 12	3	T 9
Westover	12 13	3	W 10
Farmington	10 13	10	W 7
Shortley	16 17	10	S 10
Bethel	15 17	3	F 2
Laurel	15 17	7	F 10
Frankford	17 18	3	M 3
Roxanna	17 19	10	Tue 9
Selbyville	17 19	10	7
Bishopville	17 19	3	3
Gumboro	17 20	3	W 9
Parsonsbury	17 20	3	W 2
Powellville	17 20	10	W 7
Salisbury	23 24	10	S 10
Quantico	23 24	3	S 3
Delmar	24 25	7	M 9
Sharptown	24 25	10	M 7
Riverton	24 26	3	Tue 9
Fruitland	24 27	3	W 10
Accomac	31 28	10	T 3
Onancock	30 31	10	S 9
Cape Charles City	30 31	10 7	S 7

J. A. B. WILSON, P. R.

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

JOHN A. B. WILSON,



The Sunday School.

Jesus Betrayed.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3d, 1886, John 18: 1-14.

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.] BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners" (Mark 14: 41).

1. When Jesus had spoken these things—had finished His farewell discourse and intercessory prayer. Went forth.—The gates of Jerusalem were allowed to stand open during the Passover. Jesus and His disciples probably left the city about 11 o'clock in the evening by St. Stephen gate, crossed the bridge over the Kidron, and arrived at Gethsemane, The brook Cedron (R. V., "Kidron")—the "winter-torrent," or wady, Kidron between the city and Olivet. "Kidron" means "black," and the name was probably given to it either from the natural color of its turbid waters, or the tinge imparted by the blood of the temple sacrifices which flowed into it, or from the dark, narrow chasm through which it runs. Where was a garden—called "Gethsemane" by Matthew and Mark, a word meaning an "oil-press." It was probably a "garden" of olives, with a press and tower, located somewhere on the western slope of the Mount of Olives. Eight venerable olive trees (which, according to Dr. Schaff, have paid a special tax since A. D. 636) still remain on the traditional site of the garden; but these could not have existed in Christ's time, since, as Josephus testifies, the trees in this neighborhood were all cut down by order of Titus, and the Mount of Olives was used as a camp for the Tenth Legion at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. They may, however, have sprung their roots. Into which, etc.—in R. V., "into which he entered, himself and his disciples." John omits the narrative of the Agony, though it is evident, from verse 11, that he was cognizant of it.

2. And Judas—R. V., "now Judas." Who betrayed him.—Literally, "he who was betraying him," referring to what was then going on. Knew the place.—It was the habit of Jesus, according to Luke's account, to go there. Probably some of the friends of Jesus owned the place, possibly the mother of Mark.

3. Judas . . . received a band of men (R. V., "the band of soldiers").—The hostile multitude led by Judas consisted of a part of the Roman cohort from the Castle of Antonia (which overlooked the Temple), the "captains of the Temple" with part of the Temple guard (Luke 22: 52), and some of the "chief priests and elders" with their servants. The Roman "band" or "cohort" varied in number from 300 to 1,000 men. Weapons—"swords and staves" (Mark 14: 43).

4. Jesus therefore, knowing, etc.—in R. V., "Jesus therefore, knowing all the things that were coming upon him." Nothing happened—came by hap—to Jesus. He was fully conscious of the divine order of events—an order which made use of human passions, acting freely, to accomplish its end. Went forth—not merely from the concealment of the trees of the garden, nor from the circle of the disciples, but to surrender Himself to the power of His enemies for the accomplishment of the Divine purpose. He did not hesitate, though He knew the bloody path before Him; He "went forth." Says Schaff: "When men sought Jesus to make Him a king, He fled; now they seek Him to put Him to death, He goes forth to meet them." It was at this point that the kiss of Judas comes in—the preconcerted signal by which the soldiers should identify the person of Jesus. Edersheim, however, places this act of treachery before "Jesus went forth." Whom seek ye?—Says Whedon: "Not that He did not know whom they sought. Not that their leaders did not know Him by the traitor's signal. He speaks to make them confess their object; and then to show that they can attain it only by His actual permission."

5. Jesus of Nazareth.—Edersheim thinks these words were spoken somewhat contemptuously. The Revision Commentary supposes that Judas had emphasized to the Roman authorities that Jesus was "of Nazareth," a Galilean, and therefore prone to revolt. I am he.—The effect of these words is described in the next verse. Judas also . . . was standing with them—not with the disciples, with whom he had been wont to stand, with whom that very night he had eaten and drank; but with the enemies and murderers of His Lord. Some suppose that this parenthetic clause was inserted to show that Judas, filled with Satan as he was, could not resist the involuntary prostration mentioned in the next verse.

6. As soon then as he had said—R. V.,

"when therefore he said." Went backward and fell to the ground—a recoil of terror and awe so overpowering that those nearest the Speaker started back involuntarily, and fell prostrate. "Not a physical miracle, but a moral miracle. So His rebuke, with the majesty of His presence, silenced the profane traffickers in the temple" (Schaff). "Tholuck," says Lange, "cites kindred instances of terror of conscience, when before Marc Antony, Marius, Coligny, the murderers recoiled panic-struck."

7, 8. Then asked he them again.—R. V., "Again therefore he asked them." He probably allowed them time to collect themselves. Jesus of Nazareth.—"His enemies only repeat the name they had been taught, as if waiting for some further guidance." I have (R. V., omits "have") told you that I am he.—He evidently wishes to concentrate their attention upon Himself. If therefore ye seek me, let these go, etc.—Apparently the disciples had joined their Master; and, possibly, as Bengel suggests, some of the disciples had already been seized; but the time had not yet come for them to suffer. The Good Shepherd knew that His time had come to lay down life for the sheep, and therefore He did not flee, and leave the sheep to the wolves. He provided for their safety.

9. That the saying might be fulfilled.—R. V., "that the word might be fulfilled." Of them which thou gavest me, etc.—In R. V., "of those whom thou hast given me I lost not one." These words were evidently spoken (17: 12) with reference to spiritual safety; but the spiritual safety of the disciples would have been decidedly imperiled, had they been exposed at this juncture to bodily danger; they would probably have proved more weak and faithless than Peter even.

10. Then Simon Peter—R. V., "Simon Peter therefore." Having a sword, drew it.—There were two swords in the apostolic band (Luke 22: 38). Peter had one; whoever had the other, was not so rash as his comrade. According to Luke's account, Peter first asked, "Shall we smite with the sword?" and did not wait for an answer. Smote (R. V., "struck") the high priest's servant—who was probably forward in the movement to arrest Jesus. Cut off his right ear—aiming, doubtless, at the man's head, who dodged or parried the blow. This was the only act of violence on the occasion, and was forthwith rebuked. The servant's ear was at once healed by Jesus (Luke 22: 51).—His last miracle of bodily cure. Says Ryle: "To the very end of His ministry, our Lord did good to His enemies, and gave proof of His divine power. But his hardened enemies gave no heed. Miracles alone convert no one. As in the case of Pharaoh, they only seem to make some men harder and more wicked." Servant's name was Malchus.—Only John gives this name, and tells us that it was Peter who used the sword.

11. Then said Jesus—R. V., "Jesus therefore said." Put up thy sword.—"the" sword—"a rebuke to all self-vindication by outward violence" (Edersheim). "This answer of Jesus lays down for the Church its line of conduct under persecution, viz., that passive resistance called (Rev. 13: 10), 'the patience of the saints'" (Godet). At the same time that He uttered these words our Lord assured Peter (Matt. 26: 53) that "twelve legions of angels" waited at His call—a mighty, all-sufficient host, whom this cohort could not face for a moment. But this was not the hour for resistance; it was the hour for submission and self-sacrifice. The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?—an unmistakable allusion to the recent prayer in Gethsemane, "for the image does not elsewhere occur in our Evangelist" (Alford).

12. Then the band and the captain, etc.—in R. V., "So the band and the chief captain, and the officers and the Jews.—After Peter's act of violence, all the band surrounded Jesus—the Romans with their chiliarch, and all the Temple officers. They had already laid hands upon Him, before Peter drew his sword (Matt. 26: 50); now they bound Him. It was at this moment that the disciples were seized with a sudden panic and fled. They had never before seen their Master surrender Himself to man. It was a new and startling experience. To see the Messiah whose expected rise to power they cherished as a fond expectation, bound and led away as a criminal, was too much for their faith (Mark 14: 27). All took to flight, Peter and John included, though the latter two turned back after a little and followed the band to Jerusalem.

13, 14. Led him away (R. V., omits "away") to Annas first—possibly because the house of Annas was nearest (though it is conjectured by some that he lived in the same house with Caiaphas); possibly because he was president of the Sanhedrin; but, more likely, because amid the frequent changes made in the high-priesthood by the Romans, Annas, though deposed, was regarded by the Jews as the true representative of Aaron. John alone

mentions this preliminary examination, but gives only brief details. Caiaphas . . . high priest that year.—"It would appear that the Evangelist used this expression as an ironical characterization, current in the popular mouth, of the high-priesthood as desecrated by the Romans" (Lange). Caiaphas held the office from A. D., 25 to 36. Caiaphas . . . gave counsel . . . expedient that one man should die, etc.—See chap. 11: 49 It was the same Caiaphas who, because of the resurrection of Lazarus, had enunciated his unscrupulous expediency doctrine. Not much could be expected of a judge who had prejudged the case, and in unblushing defiance of justice.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time at a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply, "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year old caught the refrain and would often ask, "Is you going down to play fool, papa?" Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accented his father with "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim, "No work again to-day; what I'm to do I don't know." "Why, papa," rattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?" "Oh hush! you poor child," groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already." But he never played it again, and today his home is comfortable and happy once more.—Temperance Revivier.

How to find Heaven on Earth.

This singular question was put to Sam Jones, the evangelist, by one of his wealthy Church members in Georgia, whose cotton crop yielded him some \$20,000 the last year. Where is heaven? said the rich planter. "I tell you where heaven is," said Mr. Jones. "If you will go down to the village and buy \$50 worth of groceries, put them in a wagon and take them to that poor widow on the hillside, who has three of her children sick. She is poor and is a member of the Church. Take with you a nurse and some one to cook their meals. When you get there read the 23d Psalm and kneel by her side and pray; then you will find out where heaven is." Next day, as the evangelist was walking through the village, he met this same wealthy planter, his face beaming with joy. He spoke after this manner: "Mr. Jones, I found out where heaven is. I went and did as you directed me. We took up the wagon-load of groceries, and the poor widow was completely overcome with joy; she could not express her thankfulness. As I read to her the twenty-third Psalm my heart was filled with thankfulness to God, and when I prayed the angels came down, and I thought I was nearer to heaven than I had ever been in my life. I left the nurse and the cook in her humble dwelling and promised her she should never suffer so long as I could help her."—Ex.

The British and Foreign Bible Society was organized in March 1804. From that time to March 31, 1885, it has issued 32,779,623 Bibles, 49,306,165 New Testaments, and other portions of the Scriptures 22,111,118, making nearly 105,000,000 copies of the Word of God.

The church assumes that the infant, at the time he is baptized, is, through the atonement of Jesus Christ, a member of the kingdom of God, and regards said infant as a candidate for membership in the Church of Jesus Christ.—New York Advocate.

Youth's Department.

SLOW BUT SURE

The boy who does a stroke, and stops, Will ne'er a great man be; 'Tis the aggregate of single drops That makes the sea the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams Its gold above the gray; It takes a thousand little beams To make the day the day.

Upon the orchard rain must fall, And soak from branch to root, And buds must bloom and fade withal, Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till And wait the wheaten head; Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill, Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout; But, spite of all the din, It is the patient holding out That makes the winner win.

—Alice Cary.

What's the Difference?

"It's rotten clear through; it won't bear us," said Joe, surveying with an unbelieving look the mossy tree that had fallen across the brook at some unknown date.

"Why, of course it will," insisted Tom, "It's a regular old giant. I'll risk myself on it, anyhow."

Neither of the boys could swim, and they were in the middle of the dark wood in company with the old farmer with whom they boarded. They had come trouting; but the farmer was revolving in his mind some doctrinal thoughts called forth by a late neighborly discussion.

"There is a good bridge above here," said Joe.

"O nonsense," cried Tom; "come on." Joe looked at the farmer. "Going over by the tree, sir, or round by the bridge?"

"Well," said the farmer, "they say it does not make any difference what you believe, if you are only sincere about it. Tom thinks the tree is safe, and you don't. There is the difference. We ain't all constituted alike. We must have different beliefs for different people. If each one is only honest and sincere in his belief, it don't make any difference."

The boys looked at him as though they thought he was crazy.

"Constituted!" echoed Joe. "What has constitution got to do with it? Tom might believe that tree was a carriage road and it would not make it so. If it isn't safe Tom's thinking it is won't make it so; will it Mr. Bright?"

A twinkle came into Mr. Bright's eye. "Certainly, certainly, Joe. If he is only honest and sincere, that is all that is necessary. God is too good to let Tom suffer any harm, anyway."

"Well, Mr. Bright," said Tom, "I don't know what you mean, but if I didn't believe that tree was safe to cross on I wouldn't do it, of course. I'm willing to take my chances."

"All right," said Mr. Bright. "If you go over safely Joe and I will follow."

Tom turned toward the brook, and Farmer Bright, throwing off his coat, said in a quick undertone to Joe, "Keep still. You can't swim, but I can."

Tom sprang quickly on to the tree, and with such force that he hardly knew his first step had snapped the bark which wrapped the fallen monarch. Fair and perfect in strength, as it looked to Tom, it was held in shape only by its bark; and the second step was a headlong plunge through the crumbling mass into the brook.

Mr. Bright was not long in helping him, dripping on shore.

"Much obliged to you for trying the bridge for me, Tom," said Joe mischievously, "I'll take a ducking for you some day."

"Now, Tom," said Mr. Bright, "I suppose you would like some dry clothes; but Joe is out for a good time, and we don't want to spoil it. Let's just believe our clothes are dry and it will be all the same."

"Oh, Mr. Bright," said Tom, with a shivery laugh, "I honestly believed that tree would hold. Why didn't you tell me it wouldn't? I am wet to the skin, and I am going home."

"Never mind me, Mr. Bright," said Joe. "You and Tom have scared the trout off for one day. It's no use fishing now."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Bright, "always remember that sincerity doesn't save a man: he may be honest and yet be in the wrong. Be very careful to find out whether what you believe is right or not and stand by the right."

Then they took the shortest cut home, crossing the brook by the legitimate bridge.—American Messenger.

"I Know a thing or Two."

"My boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you go indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at the "old man's notions." A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for crime. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things, "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin." Mark the confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents.—Sel.

Never Swear.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."

7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

9. It is contemptible—forgetting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked—violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.—Baltimore Methodist.

We read that the Jews never counted their alms-giving a part of their tithe-paying. Yet alms giving was always a sacred duty with them. This, however, could not begin until the tithes were provided for. Their charities must be taken out of the nine-tenths of their incomes, not out of the Lord's one-tenth.

"Vey" in the Baptist Courier, quotes Sankey as saying that on one occasion Mr. Moody said to him: "There's as much music in me as there is in you, Sankey, but it's all inside. It won't come out here, but in heaven it will."

W. T. Russell, formerly a resident of Calcutta, has given \$85,000 to aid female education in India.



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## SPECIAL OFFER

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

Rev. Bro. C. F. Sheppard, pastor of Zion charge, places us and our readers under obligations by his full and interesting report of Woodlawn Camp-meeting. All items relating to the work within our own bounds are specially welcome, and our friends by furnishing them to the PENINSULA METHODIST, will interest and edify a large number of the lovers of Zion.

### More than Money.

To Solomon is attributed the sentiment, "money answereth all things." It is not surprising therefore, to hear from the lips of the same eminent, worldly wise authority, toward the close of his career, the sad lament, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity, and vexation of spirit!"

In broad contrast with such teaching, is that of the Divine Nazarine,—"a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,"—an abstraction indeed, but made concrete with fearful vividness, by the life-story of the "Rich Fool."

The man, is more than the money. All admit that the value of money is in its power to procure for us what we may think desirable;—that it is the means to an end, and not the end itself. Even the miser, who hoards his glittering treasures, and begrudges to part with what may be necessary for the scantiest demands of existence, finds his pleasure, in the sense of possession, rather than in the mere money itself. So that after all it is not so much what we have, as what we can get out of what we have, that fixes the true value of our possessions. A millionaire, having all his wealth in Government bonds, or solid coin with him, on a desert and unhabited Island finds himself as poor, as the beggar who shares with him this "hopeless isolation; plenty of money but no power to buy—no ship to charter, no crust of bread to be had for all this wealth. Doubtless Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, if at all conscious of impending death when so suddenly interrupted in his large plans for increased accumulations, would have cheerfully surrendered one half of his vast fortune, if such sacrifice could have secured for him an extension of the privileges of probationary existence. But whatever else his money could buy in this case, as in that reported, of England's Virgin Queen, "millions of gold for an inch of time," were but the vain out-ery of a soul, awake at last to the fact, that there is something more than money.

All through life, from youth to age, in all the varied relations of social and individual intercourse, this vital truth is

operative. If money procures for us only food, raiment, and shelter, if it meets only our bodily needs, its value corresponds to that standard; if it supplies what is needful for intellectual furnishing, development and activity, the standard of value rises: if its power to purchase is increased so as to procure for its possessor those rewards of moral and spiritual achievement, with respect to which the eternal judge shall say, "Well done!"—if in the language of Christ, we "make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when we fail, they may receive us into everlasting habitations," we shall reach the highest standard of value, and in this sense we may find Solomon's strong assertion to be in harmony with the teaching of our Lord. Not the "money" alone, but the use we make of it "answereth all things;" not in "the abundance of the things which he possesseth," but in making of them such friends as shall receive us into everlasting habitations, we shall find "a man's life consisteth." The man is more than the money; the money is of value only as it serves the man, and the grade of value is determined by the quality of that service. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

### Those Cabalistic Initials.

Somebody had written of Bro. Cornelius, editor of the *Baltimore Methodist*, calling him Doctor. He delivered himself after this fashion?

"We are not a doctor of medicine, nor of divinity, nor a horse doctor:—never were, never desired to be, never were competent to be, never expect to be. We honor those who are; but we don't envy them their honor."

To this, the *Baltimore Baptist* says, "Amen and Amen." "Brother Cornelius" is not alone in receiving this title, otherwise than by collegiate authority. It is often used in personal address, by those who regard it as about synonymous with Reverend or Elder, and as a convenient complimentary way of recognizing the clerical status of their interlocutors. Occasionally an editor, who, like Bro. Cornelius, may have been sensible of his incompetency, and may never have expected the honor of a doctorate, however unlike him as to desiring it, has been thus dubbed, by some magnate who sways his sceptre from the tripod. In a recent issue of the *Christian Advocate*, among the personals, appears the following:

"The Rev. T. Snowden Thomas, D. D. editor of the *Peninsula Methodist*, looked in upon the Preachers' Meeting and the Editorial Rooms of *The Christian Advocate* last Monday morning. He was on his homeward way after a pleasant visit to Hackettstown, N. J.

Of course opinions will vary in accounting for this new illustration of the saying, "it is the unexpected that happens." Whether it was a slip of the pen, a kindly compliment, an adroit hint of what ought to be, or an innocent joke, the deed is done; and the "Great Official," whose accomplished and sprightly editor so seldom has occasion to recant, at least in a direct and formal way, has appended these expressive initials to the name of his humble confrere of the PENINSULA METHODIST. It is true Dr. Buckley had not returned from his bridal tour, but the legal principle applies here, "what one does by another, he does by himself. So while we make our profoundest bow to our brother, the assistant editor, we do so without at all ignoring his distinguished principal. To say we don't feel good over it, though an obvious inadvertence, might tax credulity; to intimate that it was undiscovered, might expose us to the charge of mock modesty; to repudiate it as of small account, might not only reflect unfavorably upon those of our brethren who receive it so gracefully and appreciatively, but might also awaken the suspicion that we aspired to be numbered with the

chosen few who distinguish themselves by refusing to accept.

We shall therefore, meekly bear the honor, and do our best to vindicate the propriety, the right and the duty of chairs-editorial participating with chairs-collegiate in the noble work of advancing candidates to the *Doctorate*.

### Pay Your Debts.

With reference to the debt which one is morally but not legally bound to pay, there cannot be two opinions where there is conscience. Debt is duty, and laws do not make or unmake duty. They simply define duty, and often do that very imperfectly. What you owe to another that other has a right to have; for obligations on one side involve correspondent rights on the other. A man through misfortune which he could not avert, may be placed in such circumstances that he cannot pay his debts, and in certain cases the law mercifully steps in to save him from utter destitution as would deprive him of power ever to recover his loss. But whether bound by legal requirement or not, the debtor is morally bound, and if he is a true man the only thing that will prevent him from meeting all his obligations is absolute inability.

There are a great many people who seem to think lightly of debt, as though it were a small matter to be under financial obligations. Not a few have no hesitation in incurring debt without the slightest intention of ever troubling themselves about paying the debt. Yet they would scorn to steal. Meanwhile, it would puzzle a very subtle casuist to draw a broad and valid distinction between many a debtor and a thief.

Whatever the laws of man say, God's law says: "Pay what thou owest." A debt may be forgiven, and so dissolved; but it cannot be repudiated. No sophistry will extinguish a duty; no change in circumstances will soften the stern imperative of moral law. The requirement of civil law, then, does not affect the essential quality of debt, either by its presence or its absence.

Debt should be incurred only where there is a clear certainty that it can be discharged. No man and no government has any right to make debts in excess of clear assets. Assets may be in the form of actual possessions or power to create possessions. Credits should always be offset by real values. As a rule, debt should be resolutely avoided by all who have not in present possessions or present power the guaranty that the debt will be paid.

Young men are prone to go in debt. Life is so full of promise to them, the future shines so bright to young eyes, youth is so richly endowed with hope and confidence, that the incurring of financial obligation does not seem a very serious matter. The result is that many, thinking lightly of debt, have mortgaged their whole future, and committed themselves to a life-long struggle to meet demands which are nearly or quite beyond their power to fulfil. Discontented with present circumstances, impatient of restrictions on their wants, eager for pleasures that are costly, ambitious to display a style of living which is beyond present means, they borrow money on pledges which are easy to make, but hard to redeem, and ere long wake up to the fact that they have spent a small fortune before they have earned it! And then they begin the wearisome, painful fight to retrieve their folly, or, disheartened, sink into perpetual discredit among their fellows, or, still worse, are tempted to indulge in enterprises for gain that are evil.

Those were wise words which Horace Greeley wrote: "Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; and debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which

I should have earnestly sought to impress upon them is, 'Never run into debt, avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar.'" Greeley's life was a noble commentary on his words. He fought his way from poverty to competence and from obscurity to fame, and I never heard that he had an unpaid debt.

Many a man has condemned himself to perpetual hardship because of a fatal facility in getting trusted. Many another has sunk into confirmed vice through the influence of early, unmanageable debt. So, too, many a disaster in business has come as the direct result of carelessly incurring obligations which could not be met, and of trading on chimerical probabilities. Like Horace Greeley, Thomas Carlyle hated debt so violently that he would not borrow even to relieve real distress, and toiled through years of ill-paid labor to win for himself a competence. The eccentric John Randolph once sprang from his seat in the House of Representatives, and exclaimed in his piercing voice. "Mr. Speaker, I have found it," and then in the stillness which followed this strange outburst he added, "I have found the philosopher's stone: it is *Pay as you go*."

It is a fact that more dishonesty, often involuntary dishonesty, is caused by recklessness in incurring debt than in any other way. Let every young man write it down of a fundamental principle of practical ethics, that *simple honesty demands that he shall make no debt which he cannot surely pay*.

Nothing will compensate for a failure resolutely to observe this principle. No amount of genius atones for dishonesty. It is said that when Sidney Smith once went into a new neighborhood, it was given out in the local papers that he was a man of high connections, and he was besought on all sides for his "custom." But he speedily undeceived his new neighbors. "We are not great people at all," he said, "we are only common honest people—people that pay our debts."

The writings of Benjamin Franklin should have a place in every young man's library, if for no other reason for the sake of the soundness and pointedness of such counsel as this: "Think—think what you do when you go in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him, you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt, as Poor Richard says; and again to the same purpose, Lying rides upon Debt's back. —*Rev. Philip S. Maxon in The Standard*."

### Ministerial Vacations.

This subject is really a serious one, and one must force itself upon the consideration of the churches. There can be little question that the general exodus of clergymen during the summer works injury to the churches. Sometimes it is so nearly universal that, in any case of pressing need of ministerial service, it is necessary to make a long search before a minister can be found. The notion that "everybody" is out of town in the summer is absurd. In any city, it is only a small part of the community which, even in the midsummer heats, can afford to be absent for any considerable time from its ordinary round of duties. The shepherds are scattered, but the flocks remain, albeit with scanty pasturage. The presence of daily burdens, the peril of temptations, the need of consolation are felt no less in summer than in any other season. Why should the churches withhold their help at that time? Instead of closing their doors, why should they not open them a little more

widely and reach out after those who rarely enter them? This is what is being done at Trinity, this season, and the size of the congregation indicates that the experiment is appreciated.

From the practice of ministerial vacations, as it generally prevails, two injurious inferences are drawn—neither of which, perhaps, is quite just, while both are common and natural. One is that ministers, as a class, claim different treatment from that which is accorded to workers in other fields. Doctors of medicine do not go to Europe in shoals, as the summer comes on. The various summer resorts are not populous with lawyers or editors or civil engineers or merchants, upon a six weeks' or two months' outing. The inquiry is inevitable: Are ministers, as a class, physical weaklings? Or, is the work in which they are engaged less serious and earnest than that which holds the doctor to his daily round, or the lawyer to his office? The other inference which is drawn from the practice is that religion itself is a matter of times and seasons. Relaxation, not to say abandonment of religious duties in the summer, may be atoned for by an extra pressure of zeal later on. And so it comes to pass that the churches make progress by spurts, wasting weeks in the autumn in an effort to recover ground lost in the summer, and concentrating their aggressive work into a few months of winter and early spring. This may be the best method, but people who search the New Testament to find warrant for it have a long and interesting study before them.

One does not need to indorse the indiscriminate criticism which is made of the prevailing practice to perceive that the practice is susceptible of improvement. Without depriving ministers of their vacation, and even without abridging these seasons of rest, it would be possible to improve upon the present state of things. A minister might divide his vacation, or he might arrange with a neighboring clergyman so that one should minister to both churches while the other was away, or he might effect a change of pulpits for a series of Sundays with a minister at a distance. Under either of these plans the religious activity of a church would be less interrupted than at present. Some allowance must be made as regards both ministers and churches for the inconvenience attending midsummer activity; but it does not follow that either ministers or churches should go into a state of suspended animation.—*Boston Journal*.

One year ago, after mature consideration of the subject, my wife and I resolved to lay aside on the first day of each week, the tenth part of our income. Surrounded as we were by pecuniary difficulties, which caused many misgivings at the outset of this experiment, we have persevered, and have enjoyed a blessing in so doing for which we had not looked. Every Saturday evening I have added up the gross receipts for the week, then deducting all expenses—drugs, instruments, horse hire, and other items necessary in the practice of medicine—the balance is my income. Of this the tenth is counted out as the Lord's portion, ready to be placed, on the first day of the week, in a little box which has been set apart as the Lord's sub treasury in our house. In this way, during the past year, we have never been without something to bestow upon every deserving cause; and the condition of the treasury has often helped us to decide the sometimes difficult question, how much we ought to give to this or that object of benevolence. We have thus been able to give away more than three times as much as during any previous year, and this without feeling the loss of a penny. We have also enjoyed the responsibility of stewardship with a zest which our former spasmodic charities never gave. We could not now consent to surrender the blessedness which flows from obedience to the scriptural law of benevolence.—*Woman's Home Missions*.



Conference News.

The M. E. Church at Red Lion, Del., W. A. Wise, pastor, will be reopened on Sunday, 10 inst., Rev. E. L. Hubbard pastor of Brandywine M. E. Church, this city, preaching in the morning, Rev. T. E. Terry pastor of New Castle charge, in the afternoon, and Rev. L. E. Barrett pastor of the Port Deposit M. E. Church, in the evening. The church has been thoroughly renovated, and painted inside and out; the audience room carpeted, and a new pulpit set purchased. The improvements cost about \$700 nearly all of which has been already provided for.

The official Board of the North East M. E. Church appropriated the collections taken in the church last Sabbath to the sufferers by the earthquake at Charleston S. C.

Rev. J. D. Reese writes: We are in the midst of a glorious revival of religion on Tilghman's Island. Forty-two conversions up to date, and the good work goes on. Our new parsonage is shut in, and will be ready for occupancy about the middle of November.

Preparations are being made for a literary and musical entertainment to be held in the Middletown M. E. church, October 15th. It will consist of choruses, quartets, solos, recitations and reading by our home talent. The music will be under the direction of Dr. J. G. Carroll, and the literary parts will be selected and prepared by the pastor and some of the gifted ladies of the congregation: A nominal admittance will be charged, and the proceeds be applied to a church need. The young peoples' association is expected to resume its meeting in the church on Friday, October 8th. —New Era.

The St. Michaels M. E. church, the audience room of which has been closed for general repairs since June 1st, was reopened last Sunday, the 26th inst. Rev. Dr. Cfeveland, of Philadelphia, and Rev. J. S. Willis and Rev. R. H. Adams, of the Wilmington Conference, occupied the pulpit during the day.

Rev. Jonathan S. Willis, an eloquent and widely known minister, residing in Delaware, who had spent a part of his early life in our country, occupied the pulpit of the Trappe M. E. church on Sunday last, preaching with his usual ability to large and deeply interested congregations. Collections amounting to \$267.81 were lifted to liquidate an indebtedness on the church. The pastor, Rev. A. P. Prettyman, with other ministers of the town, whose churches were closed at night, were in attendance. —Talbot Times

Letter from Beckwith's, Md.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—The revival still continues with unabated interest. Packed houses, crowded altar and conversions nightly, attest the interest taken in the subject of salvation. The conversions to date number thirty; twenty have been received on probation, with more to follow. The work done is of a very thorough character—This is one of Sister Lizzie Sharp's characteristics, as will be illustrated by the following incident. One evening it was noticed that five penitents, to whom one of the sister's was talking, were seen to rise and take their seat. When called on at the close of the service for their experience, it was evident to both Sister Sharp and myself, that the work was of a superficial character. On the following evening, I called Sister Sharp's attention to the fact that the same five were again at the altar earnestly seeking. Her reply was, I prayed that they might be. The church is coming up slowly, but thank God she is coming up. Oh! how difficult it seems to be for the average church member to sink self—to crucify the great big I. We do not expect a very extensive work among the unsaved, until the church is fully saved and sanctified to God, endued with Holy Ghost power. In order to a genuine revival of religion, the church must have Holy Ghost power of the pentecostal type. Let all the lovers of Jesus pray for us.

Fraternally,  
GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Sept. 27th, 1886.

Letter From Magnolia.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—Having never given publicity to my work, or to any items of local interest, I concluded to send a short communication this week, in order to unburden myself, being in the predicament of one of Job's comforters, "full of matter." My Circuit consists of three appointments: Magnolia, Canterbury, and Saxtons, all good substantial churches, with societies in fair working order; though not measuring up to the possibilities before them. If I were called

upon to choose between a circuit with fine churches, with a membership stiff, formal, and frozen, and one with poor churches, and poorer people, yet zealous for God, with heart and soul in the work, I would say give me the latter, for with such people I can gain a glorious success under the most unfavorable circumstances. We have some in our societies here of both classes, hence we only "smite once or twice" when we ought to "smite five or six times." But I am happy to be able to say, that a spirit of work is beginning to be seen, the pulse of the church is not so languid and the promise of success already dawns upon us. I have received five on probation recently, three of whom were converted at the Camden Union Camp-meeting. Our third Quarterly Meeting was held Saturday the 18th, with our new Elder Bro. Ayers, in the chair for the first time. I know not what kind of "meat he hath fed upon," since he received his commission from the preachers of Dover District and Bishop Mallalieu, but he behaved himself like a "horn presiding officer," and by his careful attention to the details of the work committed to him, his evident purpose to suffer no part of our connecticutal interests to flag, and his comprehensive and practical knowledge of our church polity, gave unmistakable evidence that the affairs of the District are in safe hands, and inspired the hope in the hearts of the official brethren present, that great success would crown the united efforts of preacher and people, while guided by his firm and skillful hand. The Quarterly Conference by a rising vote, endorsed his plans, and pledged themselves to work earnestly and harmoniously with him for the success of the church of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the language of the lamented Milby, I would say, our hope of success is not so much in new men or new measures, as in this: "That ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel." May peace be in our borders, and prosperity be within our gates.

Fraternally yours,  
G. L. HARDESTY.

Woodlawn Camp-meeting.

Perhaps it would be interesting to some of your readers, to see a further account of Woodlawn camp-meeting than has yet appeared.

It commenced August 10th, and from the commencement the influences of the divine presence were very marked. The opening sermon Tuesday evening, by request of the managers, was preached by the writer, to whom had been assigned the charge of the meetings.

The following brethren preached ably and appropriately, and in every case the aim of the speakers seemed to be the glory of God, the salvation of souls, and the uplifting of Christians:

Wednesday, Rev. I. Jewell, Rev. J. D. Kemp, and Rev. W. E. Tomkinson. Excellent meetings all day.

Thursday, Bishop Mallalieu, Rev. L. E. Barrett, and Rev. T. A. H. O'Brien. A precious day throughout. Bishop Mallalieu conducted a children's meeting at 1.30 p. m.

Friday was Temperance day. Suitable addresses were made by Mrs. Black, organizer of W. C. T. U., and Mr. Higgins, President Maryland State Temperance Alliance, and Rev. L. E. Barrett; it "was a good, sweet, spiritual Temperance day." At 7.30 p. m., Rev. Julius Dodd preached an eloquent sermon; Rev. Mr. Shannon, of Baltimore Conference, exhorted.

Saturday, 10 a. m., sermon of wonderful power and sweetness by Rev. J. T. VanBurkalow. At the close there was a gathering of professors about the altar, and a season of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord was enjoyed. Many received such a baptism of the Holy Spirit as will never be forgotten.

3 p. m. Rev. W. J. O'Neill, and at 7.30 Rev. R. C. Jones preached. Both sermons were impressive and to the point.

Sabbath at 10 a. m., Rev. Jacob Todd, D. D. was in his best mood, and preached a sermon which in every respect was a masterpiece. At 3 p. m. Presiding Elder Hill's sermon fully measured up to the demands of the occasion; and at 7.30 p. m., as was stated in the PENINSULA METHODIST of last week, Rev. T. E. Martindale's sermon was second to none. Though the crowd was great, the services all day held the people, and were spiritual and profitable. Excellent order prevailed throughout the day.

Monday, Dr. Todd, J. O. Sypher and A. Burke were the preachers. Each service was interesting and especially helpful to professors of religion.

Tuesday, 10 a. m., Rev. J. P. Otis preached. Great feeling was manifested, and a prayer meeting of extraordinary power followed at the altar. Many fully consecrated themselves unto the Lord. 3 p. m., sermon by Rev. C. W. Prettyman. To the point and

effective. 7.30 p. m., sermon by Rev. Bro. Sears. Several were converted.

Wednesday, 10 a. m., sermon by Rev. J. T. VanBurkalow. Another glorious consecration meeting followed, which many will never forget.

3 p. m., Rev. T. S. Williams preached, and at 7.30 Rev. I. Jewell. A good day; several were awakened and converted. While in the morning the work was chiefly among believers, in the evening it culminated in a grand work among the unsaved, many of whom entered into the light.

Thursday 10 a. m., sermon by Rev. W. J. O'Neill. Very effective, and several came to the altar at the close. Some were converted in the Children's and Young People's Meeting held at 1.30 p. m. there were 11 hopeful conversions.

3 p. m., sermon by Rev. T. E. Terry. Interesting and effective.

7.30. Last sermon of the meeting was preached by Rev. Wm. E. Tomkinson. Text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation. Impressive and very appropriate. Seven were at the altar; three were converted.

Friday 20th., closing services conducted by the preacher in charge. Addresses by Dr. McCauley, President of Dickson College, and Revs. Kemp, Jewell, and Tomkinson, then brethren and sisters of the laity, finally by C. F. Sheppard. Choir sang "God be with you till we meet again," and Dr. McCauley pronounced the benediction, and thus closed a meeting that was made a wonderful blessing to many. Forty-seven or forty-eight were converted, and the record is on high of that multitude of believers, who at Woodlawn this year entered upon a higher plane of Christian living.

The following things were especially helpful. 1. The prayer and experience meetings and the occasional Children's Meeting, at which the brethren already named, and a few others assisted. 2. A devotional service at 1 p. m., observed in nearly every one of the tents, which was commenced Friday and observed every day till the close of the meeting. 3. A Christian choir, numerous, accomplished, prompt, ready. Many of the prayers were by choir members. Many of the sweetest experiences were by these leaders in song. The organ was a large and powerful "Estey," the same instrument that was used in the Baltimore "Sam Jones" meetings, and kindly loaned to Woodlawn by Sanders and Stayman. The organist was Miss Bertie Sheppard. The leader of the choir was Mr. Wesley Ewing of St. John's Church, Zion Circuit. 4. The spirit of the preachers which made them ready to take any position and to do the work assigned. The writer will never forget the Christian courtesy and kindness of his aids in the Woodlawn Camp-meeting of 1886.

C. F. SHEPPARD,  
Preacher in Charge.

An Appeal.

To the Ministers and Laymen of the Annual Conference

DEAR BRETHREN,  
At the session of the Dover District Preacher's association held at Seaford, June 28-30, a committee was appointed to collect funds for the purpose of raising a monument at the grave of our dearly beloved and now lamented brother Rev. A. W. Milby, which should be worthy of the man, and a fitting testimonial of the appreciation of his eminent labors within the bounds of our conference, as well as a tribute of the affection and esteem of his many friends.

The committee met at Harrington, Del. Sept. 15, and elected V. S. Collins Secretary and Treasurer, and authorized him to send a letter to the ministers and laymen of the conference soliciting subscriptions.

Brethren of the laity it was for you that this dear brother spent his entire life. He spared not himself; but was abundant in labors that the people of the Peninsula might hear the glad tidings of "Peace on Earth." He was your servant. You, he was a father to many of you. Will you not aid in erecting this memorial of your obligation to him? Report to your pastor at once what amount you will contribute.

Brethren of the ministry, the case is in your hands, will you not help us? A noble brother has fallen. Worn out in the service of our Master, falling at his post, can we do less than mark the spot where he rests? Any plan you may prefer you may adopt; but will you pardon a suggestion? Read this circular from each of your pulpits, give as largely as you can

personally, and either take a basket collection, appoint some live layman to collect, or collect yourself from any who may be willing to give.

Please report to the undersigned how much the committee can depend upon from your charge by October 15th; but the subscriptions need not be paid until December 1st, unless convenient for the donors.

If in your liberality you should send in more than the committee deem wise to expend for a monument, with your consent every dollar in excess will be handed to Sister Milby to help defray the expenses of the funeral.

Now brother, please do not consign this to the waste basket; but act promptly, and encourage this good work by a liberal report not later than the 15th day of October.

Fraternally yours,  
VAUGHAN S. COLLINS,  
Felton, Del. Sept. 28, 1886.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Baltimore Branch will open in Easton, Oct. 13th, 9.30 A. M., with remarks and devotional exercises conducted by Branch President, Mrs. F. A. Crook, of Baltimore. This to be followed by greetings, extended by Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Dodson, and Rev. H. S. Thompson; Response; Music; Reports from District Secretaries—E. Balt., W. Balt., Balt. and Cumberland; Music; Appointment of committees; Prayer; Adjournment.

Reassemble at 2.30. Report of Washington District and Wilmington Conf. (fractional) Treasurer's Report; Music; Essays; No. 1. Individual Responsibility; the root of Mission Work; individual consecration the condition of it—Mrs. T. L. Tomkinson. No. 2. Our Ideal—an auxiliary in every charge and every woman interested; how to be realized—Mrs. Hartsock. No. 3. How can the interest and profit of auxiliary meetings be promoted, and a general attendance secured.—Mrs. Baker. The design of each of these papers is to open the way for discussion and interchange of views upon the several topics presented. Singing; Prayer.

Wednesday evening. Anniversary Exercises; Addresses by Mrs. Clemens and Mrs. Reiley. Mrs. Clemens was formerly in the employ of the Society in South America.

Thursday 9.30 A. M., Devotional Exercises—Mrs. Letch. Essay; Our Literature, its use and value, and how to promote its general circulation.—Mrs. Tudor. Discussion; Children's Exercises; Music; Our young women in their relation to the home and foreign work—Discussion; Hymn and Prayer.; Adjournment.

Thursday 2.30. Devotional Exercises led by Mrs. W. E. Tomkinson. Essay; Requisites for success in our missionary work, holy enthusiasm and persistent effort.—Mrs. Carman. Reports of Committees; nominations and appropriations. Unfinished Business; Question Drawer—discussion of difficulties in our work and how to overcome them.; Singing; Missionary Class-meeting, Closing remarks by Miss Hart—Relation of our work to personal Christian life; Prayer; Adjournment.

Again we ask from each auxiliary in our Maryland churches the largest representation possible, and renew the invitation to all ladies having any interest in the Society to be present and participate in the benefits and pleasures of this gathering.

Delegates and visitors unprovided with homes, will please present themselves at the church, where a committee will be in waiting to assign and escort them to homes.

Orders for tickets at excursion rates (2 cts. per mile), and good Oct 12th to the 16th, inclusive, can be had on application to Mrs. E. B. Stevens, 1221 Market St., Wilmington, Del.

Our Book Table.

St. NICHOLAS for October 1886, is almost a series of climaxes, and its readers will be divided between joy and happy endings of all the serials, and regret that they were ended at all. This is the last number of the present volume.

A glance at the prospectus, however, will make it clear that it is not proposed to allow the magazine to fall off a whit in interest the coming year. And the continued stories and articles just completed, will be closely followed by the attractive features promised for the succeeding volume.

There is still plenty of room in the present number for the usual shorter stories and sketches; among which are a jolly girl and boy yachting story by the Rev. Charles R. Talbot, one of C. F. Hooper's wonderful natural history sketches, on account of some old-time arms and armor, with interesting anecdotes of the days of knights and chivalry, by E. S. Brooks, while Charles Barnard tells what boys and girls have done and shown, in "The Children's Exhibition," and shows what other girls and boys can do.

Few numbers of THE CENTURY have appealed to so wide an audience with topics of such general interest as the October issue. It is important for what it promises no less than by what it gives. An editorial "Topics of the Time" announces that in the November number will be given the first chapters of "The Authorized Life of Lincoln," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, who were the President's private secretaries. As Lincoln is the greatest figure in American history, so are his chosen biographers by opportunity, no less than literary faculty, best qualified to make the story of his life a gain to American literature. Readers who have not the personal interest of the veterans of the war in the battle series, will find in the history of Lincoln, as it appears serially, and carefully illustrated, the blending of literary charm, the romance of genius, and the interest of momentous events; while soldier-readers, as the war series becomes less and less prominent as a feature of the magazine, will see in the biography of the civil chieftain a larger view of the leading personalities and motives of the struggle.

To the October number Clarence King contributes a striking paper on "The Biographers of Lincoln," illustrated with full-page portraits of Nicolay and Hay. With the beginning of the autumnal gales, the stirring article by Franklin H. North, handsomely illustrated, on "The Gloucester Fishers," has a seasonable interest.

Matthew Arnold's paper on "Common Schools Abroad" in a forcible if direct way gets at the root of the American as well as the English faults in common-school education. President Gilman of John Hopkins University, writes of "Hand-craft and Redecraft," and makes a plea for the former in the educational system.

General W. S. Rosecrans's description of his victory at "Corinth" is the chief illustrated war article; other papers of a distinct personal interest are reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson, by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, and "Stonewall Jackson's Last Battle," by his aid-de-camp, Captain James Power Smith, who helped the mortally wounded general from the field at Chancellorsville. Striking portraits are given of Rosecrans and Jackson.

In "Open Letters," N. E. Orr asks if Mr. Cable's impeachment of the justice of the whites to the blacks is "Sectional or National?" with a rejoinder by Mr. Cable.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for October is a seasonable autumn number. The "Wave of the Sea," by Marian C. L. Reeves, grows in interest. "An Old Man's Darling," by Elizabeth Phipps Train, a new contributor, is well worthy of perusal. "Two Days in June," by E. V. Talbot, is a bright little story. "The Great Scamperton Fair," by L. A. Corry, is concluded, all the complications being unraveled at last. Several other stories and poems complete the literary matter. GODEY'S increases each month in interest. W. E. Striker, Philadelphia, Publisher. Price \$2.00 per year, with the PENINSULA METHODIST only \$2.50.

Marriages.

WEBSTER—TIGNER.—At the residence of the bride, on Aug. 16th, 1886, by the Rev. Jno. D. C. Hanna, Mrs. Mary Tigner and Capt. Zach. T. Webster, both of Deal's Island.

HARRIS—HORNER.—On Sept. 19th, 1886, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. J. D. C. Hanna, Mary C. Horner and Henry Harris, Esq., both of Deal's Island.

GRIFFITH—COLLINS.—On Sept. 5th, 1886, at the house of the bride's father, by Rev. F. J. Cochran, of Farmington, Del., Henry Griffith and Isabel Collins, both of Kent Co., Del.

LLOYD—SMITH.—On Sept. 19th, at the parsonage in Farmington, Del., by Rev. F. J. Cochran, Wesley Lloyd, of Sussex Co., and Carrie O. Smith, of Kent Co., Del.

LYNCH—HASTINGS.—On Sept. 22d, 1886, at the parsonage in Farmington, Del. by Rev. F. J. Cochran, William Lynch and Amanda Hastings, both of Kent Co., Del.

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

J. OWEN BYPIERD,  
Pastor M. E. Church, St. Michaels, Talbot Co. Md.  
36-49



Spurgeon on Verbosity and "Lastly."

Endeavor with all your might to avoid verbosity. Say as much as you can in a few words. If you can say a thing well in twenty-five words, try to say it as well in twelve; and if it be possible to cut these down to six, give your mind to it. Some things you may reduce even more than this by never saying them at all. Wordiness is the disease which comes of fluency. Good speakers have most cause to dread it. After listening to a good brother the other day, I could not help repeating to myself the chorus of one of the revival hymns, "Beautiful words! Beautiful words! Beautiful words!" There was nothing else, not a striking thought in a bushful; but oh, such beautiful words! It was once my painful privilege to hear a good brother, now in heaven who was great at making much palatable soup with a mere morsel of meat. When he was preaching or speaking he used to say in the space of half an hour, about as much as one could think of in half a minute. He would expand the subject so admirably that, while you listened you thought it was very wonderful; and when he had done, you squeezed up the matter in your hand, and lo, there was nothing! Oh, how one sighed for a solid inch of thought in lieu of acres of verbiage!

Once more, let me hint to you that it is cruel to make your hearers hope that you are about to close, and then go on again. I have suffered this wrong from brethren at the prayer-meeting. I have felt sure that the friend meant to pull up, and he has gone on again, without apology or reason. I am sure it must be dreadful when a preacher says, "To conclude," and then "finally," and then "lastly," and then "finally and lastly." A divine who is still in the body, is never very lively, but he has great gifts in holding on. When you think he has done, he issues a supplement, which is almost always headed, "Another blessed thought!" His hearers thoughts are not always blessed, and they often agree with the American who said, "Oh, that the man would quit!" "One word more," said a speaker, "and I am done." And the reporters found, when the word was written down, that it contained fifteen hundred syllables. The famous word of Aristophanes was outdone. That same speaker often says, "a single remark," and then talks for fifteen minutes.—Exchange.

Mrs. Beecher on an English Tallyho.

A few days since, through the kindness of good friends, we had the great pleasure of riding between thirty and forty miles through some of the most beautiful places in England, with a pleasant party, on the top of a private "four-in-hand" coach. The coach was a very fine one, with easy and commodious seats on the top, the luggage and wraps all stowed inside. There were fourteen in the party, all harmonious and entertaining. Four superb horses were managed by the gentlemen in turn with admirable skill. The day was charming, sufficiently cloudy to prevent the sun from making us uncomfortable. At eleven o'clock in the morning we started from Piccadilly, the "merry horn" of the guard given warning for a clear passage through the crowded streets of London. The horses were so well trained and kept such regular speed, that there was no feeling of riding fast, yet in forty-five minutes we reached Rockampton, ten miles from London, where fresh horses stood ready for us. The country was most beautiful, everything looking bright and fresh from the rain of the night before. The whole air was fragrant with the perfume of roses and the fragrance of new-mown hay. Large flower, fruit, and vegetable gardens,

which help to supply London, were in their holiday dress, and added immensely to the pleasure of the ride. The English roads are our especial admiration; they are kept smooth as a house floor all through the country, as far as we have yet seen. Piles of finely broken stone are at intervals placed along the wayside for immediate repair of any hole or uneven surface, and the heavy rollers soon make the new-made spots of uniform smoothness. No wonder that the ride was so easy, with no jar or jolting to annoy the passengers.

Was ever country so charming!—trees, hedges, and fields fresh and green, and the villages with many quaint houses, and here and there some nobleman's residence and well-kept grounds adding immensely to the beauty.

Another halt, to change horses at Surbiton, and then we dashed through Ewell, and Epsom, in sight of the famous race grounds, and again fresh horses at Ashted. Between Surbiton and Epsom we entered Kingston, and upon slackening the speed of our "fiery chargers," we were pointed out the stone on which the Saxon kings were accustomed to be crowned, a large stone, about two feet high, now enclosed by stone posts to protect it, making a decided contrast between the splendors of the coronations of the present day.

On entering a town or village, or when in sight of travelers and teams—indeed, at every turn of the road on our way, the guard's horn wakened the echoes with its wild notes, giving ample warning of our rapid approach.

Change the horses was made once more at Ashted, and then passing through Leatherhead, Mickleham, and Box Hill, we reached Dorking, the terminus of this wonderful ride, but were comforted with the thought that after a rest of an hour and a half and our dinner, we should repeat the pleasure as we returned to London. So the day's enjoyment was but half over. A ride of nearly thirty miles in three hours, with so little fatigue, and full of unalloyed happiness, was to us a wonderful feat.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn Magazine.

THE people can be reached by Christian ministers and workers with the gospel of Christ, if they will only go about it in a proper way. Facts prove it. There are those who have reached and are reaching them. How to do it, is a disputed question among those who have not themselves succeeded in doing it. One successful evangelist known to all men, Mr. D. L. Moody, recently expressed his views upon the subject as follows: "Experience has taught me that Sunday evening is the time of all others for reaching the mass of the people with the gospel. You don't get hold of them by finely written essays, nor preaching political economy. It is as much an abomination to sing as to speak in an unknown tongue. The preacher should talk off-hand. The service should be brief. A man can say a say a good deal in 30 minutes if he is redhot. Let us have the seats free, at least at one service. If it be feared that the carpets and hymn books be worn out, let it be so. I would be willing to make a pilgrimage of this country to see a church worn out. Encourage young mothers to come to church with their little children. That is the nick of time to reach them. If there is any nervous bachelor who can't stand it let him go somewhere else. Bring the babies to the church, and it necessary let a few goodly mothers take care of them in church parlors; or when you have heard a sermon in the morning go and take some young mother's place in her home, and let her go to the evening service. You must let the masses know that you want them, drunk or sober. Go for them by personal solicitation. Throw all the fire and life you have into the service. There should be at least one service a week at which

the pool of Bethesda is opened so that you push men in. The after-meeting is of the highest importance."—Richmond Christian Advocate.

The Suwanee River.

Once over the bar at its entrance from the gulf, this river holds its way with a deep current, in places of forty feet, far up through the forests of the best hard pine in the State. It is the Penobscot of Florida. It has some good land upon it, where plantations have heretofore been made, but after a while generally abandoned. The mosquitoes and malaria guard, in the main, entrance against other than lumbermen, anglers and intrusive tourists. This dark river has, too, its romance as being the place which gave rise to a melody which, like "Sweet Home," the affections of the heart will never let go. For it was here that a French family in the time of Louis XIV, came over and settled upon the Suwanee and made a plantation. After a while the father and mother and all died save one daughter, who, disheartened and desolate, returned to France, and there wrote, adopting in part the negro dialect, which she had been familiar with on the plantation in her girlhood, a feeling tribute to the "old folks at home," in their graves in the far-off country.—Sel.

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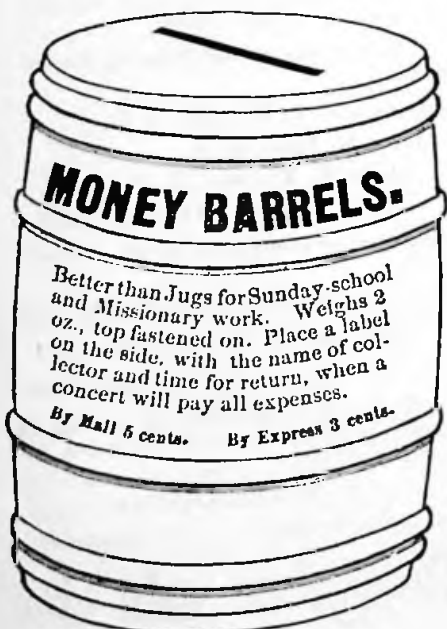
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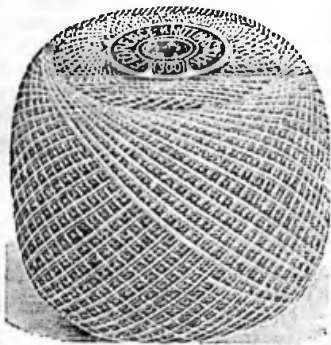
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