

THE Peninsula Methodist

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

REV. T. SNOWDEN THOMAS, A. M., Editor.
J. MILLER THOMAS, Associate Editor.

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The Peninsula Methodist will be sent from now until January 1, 1892, to new subscribers for only one dollar.

The Anti-Lottery bill has been passed by the Senate, and was very promptly signed by the President. Its provisions, we learn, are very stringent, with adequate penalties, and if faithfully enforced, will doubtless greatly restrict the operations of lottery dealers. The bill includes any lottery, so-called gift concert, or other similar enterprise offering prizes dependent on lot or chance.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR" *Zion's Herald* quotes our note of last week in reference to our Bishop W. X. Ninde; and then adds, "*Zion's Herald* claims the credit of first characterizing this beloved Bishop in such fitting terms."

The PENINSULA METHODIST cheerfully makes the correction. So obviously appropriate however, are these "terms," that our Boston confrere can only felicitate himself on getting his hand in first, and not upon any especial keenness of discernment.

The Debate.

We conclude our digest of the "Supplement" which we begun last week.

REV. DR. B. F. RAWLINS, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., says: "The claims underlying the question is the equality and identity of the sexes," and then vigorously lays on, to knock down the spectre his own imagination has set up. He finds no warrant for "so great and grave an innovation, in the Old Testament;" "no authority, for such a women's movement as now confronts us, in the New Testament;" and "no Scripture teaching that favors it." He very satisfactorily proves, that there is a difference between the sexes, but lamentably fails to show how this difference justifies their exclusion from the General Conference, or how their admission would be an act, "against all precedent, against all Scripture, and to the undoing of what God, the ordainer of human society, has established."

Again, we are a unit; if all these horrible things are involved in letting down the bars, every true friend of the

Church will help to put in a few wedges to keep them in place. But Dr. Rawlins and Dr. Buckley must meet that little "if," and give us some better logic to justify their fears.

REV. DR. W. K. BROWN, President of Cincinnati Wesleyan Woman's College, argues with no little force, that "Woman was in the Christian ministry and invested with authority in Paul's day," citing the case of Phebe, "deacon (*diakonos*, minister) of the Church that is at Cenchrea," and after elaborating the argument, concludes thus: "Let Rev. Dr. Hawley, or any other scholarly divine, produce any clearer, or even equally specific, presentation of any man being advanced to the ordained and authoritative ministry in Apostolic times, than is on record in regard to our sister Phebe."

REV. N. W. WILDER, of Derby, Vt., replies to President Brown, with a quotation from Dr. W. L. Alexander, in which he says: "Phebe may have been simply a door-keeper, or cleaner of the house of worship."

REV. J. N. BROWN, of East Elba, N. Y., discusses the "Scriptural argument for assigning woman an inferior position to man, and claims that there is nothing in the creational record to justify such an interpretation; and that Paul is referring to some local practice or excess, which amounted to usurpation, or insubordination to proper authority." "We should remember," he says, "that election to office is not usurpation, and neither is representation in the General Conference."

REV. JOSEPH PULLMAN, of New Britain, Conn., voted against the admission of the "elect ladies" in 1888, on legal grounds; but, "to day, after the most careful consideration of the *pros* and *cons*, he is prepared to vote for the removal of the bar which makes it impossible for a woman to be a member of the body." He makes the following points:

1. The question is not, shall I vote for a woman to represent me in the General Conference, but shall I vote to remove a bar, which prevents others from following their judgment in the matter. It is "a question of liberty in the exercise of the godly and enlightened judgment of the Church."

2. Nor is it a question of woman

suffrage, or woman in the pastorate, or state legislatures, but simply this—in addition to all they may do now, shall we allow them "to vote and counsel with us in the General Conference?"

3. Nor is the proposed change an innovation upon the policy of the Church. Women already have a part in the government of the Church, as Sunday-school superintendents, class-leaders, stewards, and trustees, in our quarterly and lay conferences; and this change only proposes to permit her to share with her brothers in the laity, an eligibility to membership in the General Conference.

Of the argument adduced from Scripture against this change, Bro. Pullman says, "the attempt to twist out of the Scriptures a sanction for all the offices that women now perform in the M. E. Church, while denying them its sanction to sit in General Conference, will forever prove futile in the presence of sound exegesis and honest logic." He objects to their exclusion from this body, as involving class-government; and quotes from our *Methodist Review*, (Sept. 1890) the following testimony, as to the advantage of having women associated with men in legislative work: "The influence of women on Wyoming legislation has been to increase the stringency of laws against gambling, prostitution, and Sabbath-breaking, and to promote free popular education. They have also proved themselves to be generally hostile to political corruption, to immoral candidates, to bribery, jobbery, and official extravagance." (Perhaps their presence in the General Conference might reduce the evil of "ecclesiastical politics." Ed.)

REV. R. B. LOCKWOOD sees great danger. "Open the door, and the stranger enters your fold with possibilities which may cause irremediable regrets." He does not tell us, by what ratiocination he arrives at the conclusion, that our beloved Phebes are "strangers," whose entrance will bring such fearful evils.

HARVEY WILLIAMS, a rustic from Taylor, Iowa, puts some test questions to those, who insist on using St. Paul's directions to the Church at Corinth, as an argument against woman's admission into the General Conference. He

thinks, "inconsistency is the sum of all villainies in a theologian."

REV. DR. G. W. HUGHEY, of Springfield, Ohio, has an able article in which he claims that "no rational or Scriptural argument can be adduced against the admission of women to the General Conference; and that their exclusion in 1888 was revolutionary both against the law and the practice of the Church since 1872.

ROCHE'S DURBIN. Bishop Goodsell writes the author: "I have enjoyed the book immensely. I remember hearing Dr. Durbin once only, in my sixteenth year, in Brooklyn. The picture you give in your book of the man and of his preaching is that which is photographed on my memory." Herein is the charm of this admirably written pen-picture of this peerless orator; its life-like faithfulness in portraying the man and his work.

Durbin looks out of every page and and we almost feel his weird eloquence and marvelously magnetic power.

Dr. Roche has immortalized himself in this portraiture of his immortal subject.

Rev. Dr. C. S. Long, who returned recently from Japan, on account of the illness of his wife, died in Asheville, N. C., Thursday, Sept. 4. He was born in McMinn county, Tenn., Jan. 3, 1850, and joined the Holston Conference in 1875. In 1880 Bishop Wiley appointed him missionary to Japan, where he rendered great service to the Church, and opened Cobleigh University, for training Japanese boys.

Drummond's valuable tractate, "The Greatest Thing in the World," is to appear in successive issues of *Zion's Herald*; the first installment was given last week.

Bishop C. D. Foss, we are glad to learn, had a safe return passage across the Atlantic, and reached his home in Philadelphia, Wednesday of last week, in greatly improved health, and good spirits. During his absence, he only preached while on ship board.

Communications.

I AM THY SHIELD, AND THY
EXCEEDING GREAT RE-
WARD;—Gen. xv—1st.

Not in my own weak strength,
Would I attempt to go,
Into the waving harvest field,
Of boundless width and length;
God is my shield!

If on His mighty arm I lean,
My victory is sure.
If he goes with me to the field,
And danger comes, He stands between!
God is my shield!

He makes my very weakness strength
If I will do my best!
'Fear not! He sweetly cries,
'My aid shall come to thee at length.
I am all wise!'

Oh! Glorious truth! how sweet
To every Christian heart!
Ye who are toiling hard,
And fighting with defeat,
Christ is your great reward!

As sure as God is true
Your victory is sure!
To Him alone all yield
And he will stand by you—
Be your reward and Shield!

Eben N. Baldwin
Claymont Del. Aug. 25. 1890

Reflections.

Editor Peninsula Methodist:

DEAR SIR.—The world in which we live, does surely move; and we move with it. This thought is suggested by many things in nature, in church and state, and elsewhere; and is strikingly brought to notice in the newspaper department. Various topics are ever brought to view; and others, in periodical visits, comet like, the trails of which, at least are visible. The stargazers hurrah, but gradually and noiselessly the stellar lights disappear. So, from time to time, one question after another comes upon the scene, to stir the Church, and as the Frenchman would say, to put her on the *qui vive*. The lay delegation question, the presiding elder question, the time limit question and others. Two of the above named have been settled, at least in part; the other is waiting its time with more than a probability to return. That which now occupies the Church's attention, in a special form is, *female suffrage in the General Conference*; then, in the annual conference, after the lay men get there; what next? Certain it is, that the two sexes are never better satisfied, than when in each other's company. The situation, if we read the signs correctly, is not sufficiently definite to make our chronicle certain; but may be classified as follows. By some of the lords of the estate, it is considered sufficient, for women to show themselves and smile, without credentials, but with honorary seats. Others contend, that they should be vested with all the rights of men, as their ecclesiastical compeers. There is a third class, who claim position and

freedom for woman in every relation and place, where her influence would not be greater by her absence; and that the General Conference arena would weaken her prestige and soil her ermine

Whatever may be the outcome of this agitation, it must be remembered by all sober-minded persons, that nature and revelation have so defined the prerogatives of the sexes, that the attempt to exchange or confound them, if not superfluous, would in more ways than one prove mischievous. It may be added, that these reflections, need not reveal the *predilections* or state the *position* of the writer. The reader can resort to an analysis of these points, to ascertain; but he must be careful to guard against confusion of thought, and bear in mind, that in the adjustment of a problem, there is always, in the person concerned, a preponderating force which his consciousness approves.

SIRE.

Women in the General Conference.

BY GENTLE.

There is a strangeness in this case, that almost amounts to an enigma. A matter, it might seem, far more admissible and natural, which even the license of leap year has not been able to install, is to give to the fair sex the prerogative of taking the initiative in the affair of matrimony. But the failure to give this the force of custom, and the sanction of fashion, has caused no dissatisfaction, and woman still "holds the fort", in her self-respect and all powerful charms. The backwardness of woman to inaugurate a new departure on this line, is explained and justified, on the score of two qualities or elements of her nature; first her modesty, and second her wisdom. Who would have thought that these factors would have failed, when the scheme was introduced to bring her to the front on the ecclesiastical role?

But it must not be forgotten, a precedent was on record; our great and innocent Mother Eve was "first in the transgression." As high as is woman's intuition, she is not infallible.

It would be far from the writer to deny, that woman has filled some glorious positions in the role of history. She has met the situation, even when man's genius or courage has failed. But these have been extraordinary occasions in the drama of events, like angels' visits, or the operation of miracles in the realm of natural law. We see how Miriam led the chant on the Canaanward side of the Red Sea, but her brothers, Moses and Aaron, led the vanguard of the Lord's hosts. We see how Deborah came to the rescue, when others were faint hearted; but

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the prowess of Joshua had before this, crossed the Jordan, and put the aliens to flight. When woman is needed for great occasions for which the stronger sex is not at command, God can find her, as in the case of Pharaoh's daughter and Moses' mother; as in the case of Esther, and in the higher case of the Virgin Mother of our Lord.

Woman is the power behind the throne; and her presence is not needed only as sentinel and spectator at the front, when the cases are special; but never by man's leading, or by her own suffrage, to mingle in the arena of conventional debate.

We plead ignorance in reference to the starting point of this measure, and are at a loss to understand how it was considered proper, when its necessity did not appear.

Nor is there any precept or precedent of Bible record, to declare it, nor has it hitherto been considered essential, in the annals of Church history.

Nor do we hesitate to say, if there are not men at hand to furnish that body, let it be suspended till they can be found; for woman cannot be spared from her burdens of duty in the domestic and religious spheres of her local and providential lot, to attend to matters out of her line, and merely conventional.

Church legislation, proper, has already been declared in the doctrine and duties contained in the Bible. These can neither be rescinded nor modified by any human convention; and the most important matter for all parties to consider is how to carry into practice the New Testament teachings, in the home, and local church life. Here

at these great portals and shrines, is woman's place, and woman's work; and here in things temporal and spiritual, she will find her presence indispensable.

The Most Beautiful Building in the World

On the banks of the sacred Jumna, near Agra, in India, stands the most beautiful building in all the world. It is the matchless, marvelous, world-renowned Taj Mahal, a grand mausoleum; though designed for a tomb, it has more the appearance of a splendid palace or temple.

It has been called "a poem in marble," "a dream in marble." Bishop Heber says: "Its architects built like Titans and finished like jewellers." The Taj was commenced in 1630, the year after the death of the Empress, and completed in 1647, at a cost of \$15,000,000, equal to \$75,000,000, now.

On her death Mumtazi asked a promise from the king that he would never again marry, and so have children to contend with hers for the kingdom. "Promise me," said she, "that you will build for me a tomb more beautiful than the world has ever yet seen."

The promise was made and faithfully kept. The tomb has been the wonder and admiration of the world for nearly two and a half centuries.

The Taj stands in a beautiful park and garden embracing about twenty acres, filled with flowers, rose shrubs, stately trees, marble walks and playing fountains. This inclosure is surrounded by a massive wall of stone, over a mile in circuit, with towers at each corner, and arched columns on the interior.

In the center of a high marble terrace and flanked by mosques, stands the glorious Taj. It is 186 feet square, only having truncated corners, which give it rather the appearance of an irregular octagon.

The interior of the Taj is one great rotunda. All the light it receives streams in through screens of marble trellis-work.

Says a writer: "By a flight of marble steps, worn smooth by innumerable foot-

steps, we descended to the deep crypts below and stood by the tombs. We felt like treading softly and speaking low, for before us the great empress and her royal husband were sleeping side by side." On the tomb of the empress is the following strange inscription: "Defend us from the tribe of the unbelievers."

In the vast concave of the dome of the Taj is an echo as marvelous as the Taj itself. It is to the ear what the building is to the eye. Every word, whisper, footfall, and song are caught up and repeated from side to side in prolonged tremulous echo, growing softer, fainter, sweeter, making that vault the most wonderful whispering gallery in the world.

Says Bayard Taylor: A single musical note uttered by the voice floats and soars over head in a long, delicious undulation, fading away so slowly that you hear it after it is silent; as you see, or seem to see, a lark you have been watching after it is swallowed up in the blue vault of heaven."

Dr. Butler says, in his "Land of the Veda, that Lady Sleeman, on returning from the Taj, was asked by her husband what she thought of it. Her reply was: "I can not tell what I think, for I don't know how to criticise such a building; but I can tell you how I feel. I would die to-morrow to have such a tomb put over me."—*Selected.*

Home Missions.

Mrs. N. M. Browne, president of W. H. M. Society, visited Milford, Sunday, Sept. 21, and addressed a large and appreciative audience. An auxiliary was organized, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Rev. J. S. Willis; Vice-President, Mrs. Craley; second Vice-President, Miss Rena Hall; third Vice-President, Mrs. Katie Rickards; Cor. Secretary, Mrs. Rev. Robt. Watt; Rec. Secretary, Mrs. Annie Adkins; Treasurer, Mrs. Annie Mills; Literary Committee, Miss Annie Causey, Miss Jennie Davis, Miss Hettie Minors; Sec. of Home Mission Paper, Miss Annie Causey. Members, twenty-one. Subscribers for paper, thirty-four. A visit was made in the afternoon to Harrington, but no society was formed.

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Correspondence.

Love.

The highest principle is love. But love is a passion, not a practice; though it leads to all manner of holy and wholesome practices. It transforms the heart, then the life, then the home, then the neighborhood, and the world. What a powerful principle; and beautiful as powerful!

St. John speaks of being "perfect in love" not perfect in faith, in patience, in purity, so as to stand side by side with Adam in Eden, not perfect in spiritual stature, so as to stand shoulder to shoulder with the tall angels of Paradise, but perfect in love. How simple, yet how sublime!

Now a child can love his mother with all his heart, and yet be only a child in capacity. And in that case, how easy and natural it will be to obey his mother! It will be no task; it will be a delight.

And a wife would not be satisfied with anything short of this. Suppose a man should say, "Wife, I don't think I love you with my whole heart. I can give you only half a heart. I find my heart very prone to wander after other women whom I have met." Would she be satisfied? And shall we offer the good and holy God, less than a whole heart full of love, and a whole life full of service?

Service is the test of love. Peter professed his love, and Jesus said, "Feed my sheep!" It was as though a chief shepherd were going into a far country, and would say to one of his trusted servants, "I will leave my flock with you. Take good care of them. Guard them and guide them and feed them; especially the lambs. Do it for the love of me." And suppose the servant would answer, "Well, yes, as you ask me to do it for you, I will, but it will be a great trouble. I shall be compelled to lose much of my rest, in driving off the wolves and jackals. And, then, sometimes, some silly sheep will take it into its head, to wander away, and I shall have to go out among the brambles and into dark and dangerous gorges, seeking the wanderer. O, yes, I'll do it, for it's my duty; but, but it will be a great deal of trouble."

Would not the chief shepherd answer, "Well, if you think it such a trouble I'll get some one else, to feed and lead my sheep."

Imagine a mother saying, "My sick child gives me so much trouble, I am nearly tired to death, running up and down stairs, and sitting up at nights." Not a word about the sufferings of the child, but many words about her own hardships and sacrifices! The neighbors would say, "Unnatural mother! She is not fit to have a child."

Love gives wings to weary frames.
Love lights up human hearts and homes.
Love shall yet lure this wicked world back to God. O, for a perfection of love!

T. M. GRIFFITH.

Obituaries.

Memoirs, if brief and correct, will be published as written. If not brief, they will be condensed. Poetry can in no case be admitted.

Rev. Nathan Coboon Conner, the subject of this sketch, was born near Quindocqua Church, in Somerset county, Md., Nov. 4, 1814, and died at the home of his son-in-law, Thomas L. Coulbourn, Sept. 7, 1890, aged 75 years, 10 months, and 3 days. By his death the community loses one of its most prominent citizens, and Methodism a conspicuous land-mark.

At the age of eighteen, while a clerk in Snow Hill, Md., under the preaching of Rev. Matthew Sorin and Rev. Shepherd Drain, he was soundly converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. The change wrought in him by the Holy Ghost, was radical, and wonderfully and permanently affected his whole subsequent life. "After seven years," to use his own language, "of severe conflict with the world, the flesh, (or self) and Satan, I obtained Mr. Wesley's sermons, and I soon saw that there was promised more to me than a justified state. I sought it for a time very earnestly, as he directs, by faith; and, all glory to his name! at a camp-meeting, held at Coulbourn's woods, Somerset Co., Md., Aug. 20, 1839, just seven years after my conversion, God gave me then and there the witness that I was a holy man. Several times since then I have lost the witness, but again and again I had the same evidence renewed, that I was sanctified."

On Dec. 20, 1837, he was married to Miss Sally Coulbourn, a most estimable Christian woman, who proved a helpmeet indeed, and who five years ago, preceded him to the better land. To them were born eight children, seven sons and one daughter. Two of the sons, Samuel James Allen, and William Henry have entered into rest. The former was at the time of his death, a prominent young preacher and member of the Philadelphia Conference; the latter died at the age of eight, but before his death was gloriously converted, and his death-bed testimony was something remarkable for one so young. All the living children are active members of the church. John Wesley, residing in Chicago, is an effective local preacher, and Sunday-school worker; Nathan Thomas, at old Quindocqua, is taking his father's place in church work; Benjamin C. is a member of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, and at present stationed at First Church, York, Pa.; Sarah E., now Mrs. T. L. Coulbourn, is devoted to the church, and active in Christian effort; Joseph S. of Williamsport, Pa., and George W. of Baltimore, Md., are both witnessing to Christ's power to save, and are carrying out in their lives, the instruction received in their childhood.

The home of Bro. Conner was a Christian home. The family altar, erected immediately after his marriage, was never allowed to go down. Here God's word was daily read. The church papers and good religious books were found on the table. The cause of Christ and his church, and the spiritual welfare of the community were topics of frequent conversation. Time was taken for secret as well as family prayer. Here the preachers always found a welcome. It was indeed the itinerant's home, and many ministers, living and dead, have feasted at his board and rested under his roof.

Bro. Conner was a man of decided convictions. When his mind was fully made up on a question, nothing could swerve him from what he thought was right. People always knew where he stood on all moral questions. He was free, outspoken, and fearless in expressing himself. He could not endure policy men, and hence, though called by his fellow citizens to serve one term in the state legislature, he was no

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politician. He simply would not stoop to the tricks of the trade, and sacrifice his principles and his manhood for preferment and promotion.

He was also a patriot. During the stormy days of the rebellion, when many grew faint-hearted, and withdrew their sympathy and allegiance from the old flag, he stood as firm as granite in his patriotic devotion to his country. His family shared his patriotic spirit, and two of his sons gave themselves in service to their country.

He was a friend of the colored people. Not only during, but after the war he stood by them, often preaching for them in their churches; and there was no more affecting scene at his funeral than when, to show their profound respect and veneration for their friend and brother, the colored people passed by his coffin and viewed his remains for the last time.

He was a friend of higher education, and was among the first in his neighborhood to send his children to boarding school. He believed that education was worth more than money, and hence instead of withholding his means to leave his children at his death, he actually spent all he had in educating them, and for this his children "rise up and call him blessed."

In 1839 he was licensed to exhort. In 1853 he was given a local preacher's license, which license was renewed till the time of his death. He was an exhorter 13 years, a local preacher 37 years, a recording steward 27 years, and a Christian over 58 years. For nearly all his Christian life he was class-leader, and for many, many years he was steward, trustee, and Sunday-school superintendent. It may be truly said of him that he loved the church of his choice, and was devoted to her interests. As a local preacher he not only served the circuit to which he belonged, but was more than once called out by the Presiding Elder to act as junior preacher on neighboring charges. He had a strong, clear, pleasant voice, and often under the Spirit's influence he would speak so effectively that sinners would tremble and cry for mercy. Many have been led to Christ through his instrumentality. He was never happier than when actively engaged in the Master's work, and when he could hear of the prosperity of Zion.

Nearly all his life he was hindered and weighted with physical affliction; nevertheless, he maintained his integrity, and claimed, by faith in Jesus' blood, a well-grounded hope of heaven. His death was sudden. It came about 11.30 p. m., on Sunday, Sept. 7, 1890. That afternoon, at 3 o'clock, he wrote a letter to his absent children. It was the last thing he ever wrote, and the last message he ever sent them. In this letter he says: "My hope for eternal life is not abated in the least. I think now that I am very near the margin. In a day or so, if no change occurs, I will sweetly fall asleep in Jesus. Tell Bro. Tyler, (Mr. John D. Tyler of Onancock, Va., father-in-law of Benjamin C., then visiting in York, Pa.) I have tried to be an honest, aggressive Christian for 58 years, and although many have been my blemishes in my Christian life, as Bishop Janes said, I am not disappointed in the end."

His funeral services were held in the old Quindocqua church, on Wednesday afternoon, Sept 10, in the presence of a large company of people. Rev. W. R. McFarlane, his pastor, preached an appropriate and effective sermon from, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." He was assisted by Rev. H. W. Ewing of Crisfield, Md. His four eldest living sons bore his body to its last resting place, beside that of his devoted wife, where together they await the resurrection morn.

B.

At the residence of Rev. John Allen, 125 Berkley Place, Brooklyn N. Y., Wm. E. Cleaver, his son-in-law, died Sept. 12, 1890. Cleaver, his son-in-law, died Sept. 12, 1890. He was in the 48th year of his age. He was confined to his room about eight weeks, and very patient through all his sickness, and remarkably free from pain. Though hopeful of recovery to the very last, he resigned his life willingly, into the hands of his faithful Creator, relying on that glorious "promise of eternal life," which was given us "in his Son."

Mr. Cleaver was born in Port Penn,

Del., and in early life became a member of the M. E. Church in that place; thence removing to Delaware City, Del., was united in marriage, in 1870, to the one who mourns his departure; and for many years was an active and useful member of the M. E. Church in that place. In 1886 he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he died in peace, leaving a widow and two children to mourn his loss.

JOHN ALLEN.

Bro. Allen, many of our readers will remember as an effective and successful minister in the Philadelphia and Wilmington Conferences, in former years. He is now a superannuated member of the latter body, and has resided in Brooklyn for a number of years. We can assure our brother of the sympathy and prayerful interest of his many friends on the Peninsula in his behalf in these days of trial and declining strength. Personally we extend our hearty condolence to Brother Allen and his family in this latest sorrow; and pray that they may have the abundant consolations of grace, and be sustained by the conscious presence of the Divine Comforter.

Our loved ones who fall asleep in Jesus are

"Not lost, but gone before."

Quarterly Conference Ap- pointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	Quarterly Conference.	Preaching.
OCT.		
Scott,	4 7.30	5 7.30
Madeley,		5 10.30
Zion, (St. John's)	13 10	12 7.30
Cherry Hill,	11 3	12 10.30
Wesley, (Newark)	13 7.30	12 3
Hockessin,	14 9	14 7.30
Port Deposit,	17 7.30	
Grace,		19 10.30
St. Paul's,		19 3
Union,	18	19 7.30
Perryville,	21 9	21 7.30
Hopewell,	22 9	22 7.30
Rising Sun,	23 9	23 7.30
Mt. Pleasant,	24 9	24 7.30
Elkton,	27 2	26 10.30
Elk Neck, (Wesley)		26 3
North East,	27 9	26 7.30
Delaware City,	30 9	30 7.30
Port Penn,	31 9	31 7.30
NOV.		
Red Lion,	1 7.30	2 10.30
St. George's (Summit)	1 2	
Christiana, (Salem)	3 2	2 3
New Castle,	3 7.30	2 7.30
Kingswood,	5 9	5 7.30
Wesley,	5 9	5 7.30
Cookman,	7 9	7 7.30
Swedish Mission,	6 9	6 7.30
Asbury,	8 7.30	9 7.30
Stanton,	11 7.30	9 3
Newport,	10 7.30	9 10.30

W. L. S. MURRAY, P. E.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	Quarterly Conference.	Preaching.
OCT.		
Parksley,	4 10	5 7
Onancock,	4 3	5 10
Pocomoke circuit	6 3	12 3
Pocomoke City,	6 7	12 10
Westover,	7 10	12 10
Fairmount,	7 4	12 10
Asbury,	9 7	12 10
Annamessex,	9 3	12 10
Crisfield,	10 7	12 10
Tangier Island,	11 7	12 10
Smith's Island,	13 10	12 3
Holland's Island,	16 7	16 7
Deal's Island,	17 7	19 10
Somerset,	18 3	19 3
St. Peters,	20 10	19 7
Princess Anne,	20 3	26 10
Nanticoke,	25 3	26 10
Mt. Vernon,	25 10	26 3
Chincoteague,	31 7	26 10
Stockton,	oct 26	10 nov. 1 10

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The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1890.
Luke 20: 9-19.

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

PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD.

GOLDEN TEXT: "He is despised and rejected of men" (Isa. 53: 3).

9. *Then*—after the delegation from the Sanhedrim had demanded from Him His credentials of "authority." He had answered them, and now while they still linger, He addresses both them and the people in parabolic form. *A certain man*.—The R. V., omits "certain;" in Matthew, "a man that was a householder." It represents God. *Planted a vineyard*.—Luke omits the details of hedge, tower, place for the wine-fat, etc. The illustration used was one that would peculiarly appeal to the minds of the hearers. Judah was the land of the vine. "Vines, grapes, and vine leaves were symbols of Palestine, on the coins of the Maccabees" (Farrar). The vineyard was the favorite symbol of the prophetic writers when depicting the Jewish church, which was God's especial planting. Our Lord doubtless took the groundwork of His parable from Isa. 5: 1-7, and developed it "by connecting His own appearing with all that had gone before in the past Jewish history." Nothing requires more diligent care, and better repays it than the vineyard; nothing, therefore, was so valuable. *Let it out to husbandmen*—who were charged with the oversight of the vineyard, and made responsible for the fruit; plainly referring to the Jewish rulers who as the spiritual leaders and guides of the people, were charged with seeing to it that God's "pleasant vine" should bring forth "much fruit." *Went into a far* (R. V., "another") *country*.—When God brought forth His vine out of Egypt, He was peculiarly, in a sense visibly, present. His own voice gave the law at Sinai. The care of His church was then committed to human hands. He no longer spake with them "face to face." *For a long time*—until the end of time.

10. *At the season*—after a reasonable delay; when, in the natural course of things, fruit might be expected. Says Whedon: "In the vineyard of our probation all the time of our responsible years is harvest time, in which we are expected to bring forth fruit to Him who hath planted and let to us the vineyard. But as applied to Israel it refers to the period of her history when, Canaan being fully possessed, God sent His prophets to remind His servants of their duty." *Sent a servant*—any one of the Old Testament prophets. The rent of the vineyard was to be paid in kind—in fruit. The prophets were sent to warn the tenants of the spiritual vineyard that such fruits as obedience, devotion, sincerity and the like were expected from them by the absent Husbandman. *Beat him*—"scourged" or flayed" him.

11, 12. *Sent another*.—In Luke's account only three servants are sent; but according to Mark many others were sent beside the three. In all the accounts the treatment of the messengers by the keepers proceeds from bad to worse. *Entreated him* (R. V., "handled him") *shamefully*—treated him with every indignity. *Wounded him*.—

Mark says "in the head." *Cast him out* (R. V., "forth").—The first two were able to leave the vineyard, and went away "empty." The third was, apparently, so badly used that he had to be dragged out or thrust out from the enclosure, and was left to shift for himself. According to Mark, this third servant was killed.

13. *What shall I do?* See Gen. 1: 26; 6: 7. Says Peloubet: "All that the wisdom and love of God could conceive was brought to answer this question. The answer was, 'Jesus Christ, the wisdom and power of God. I will send my beloved son.'—The line is sharply drawn here between the 'servant' and the 'son.'" "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake unto our fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath made heir of all things." Jesus here claims to be something more than a merely human messenger. For the Father to send Him was the greatest act of mercy; to reject Him was to exhaust the divine love and to fill up the measure of guilt. *They will reverence him*.—No better answer could Jesus give to the question, "By what authority doest Thou these things or who gave Thee this authority?" *When they see him*—omitted in R. V.

14. *This is the heir*.—He flings it in their teeth, that they know in their inmost hearts who He is, by what authority He acts, and what prerogatives justly belong to Him. *Come, let us kill him*.—Alford notes that these are the precise words used by the envious brethren of Joseph (Gen. 37: 20), whose history is so eminently typical of the rejection and subsequent exaltation of Jesus.—*That the inheritance may be ours*.—Had they believed on Him, accepted Him, these servants might have become lords, the inheritance might truly have been theirs. By killing him they simply called down destruction upon themselves.

15. *Cast him out*—an intimation of His being crucified "without the gate." "This prophecy was meant if possible at the last hour to prevent the guilt of its own fulfillment" (Farrar). *Killed him*—carried out their wicked purpose; a solemn prophecy of the fate He would endure at their hands. *What therefore shall the lord . . . do?*—He puts the question that they may be self-condemned.

16. *Will come and destroy*—fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem. In Matthew's account the rulers themselves, or the people, gave this answer. "It may be," says Trench, "that the Pharisees to whom He addressed Himself had as yet missed the scope of the parable; and so, before they were aware, pronounced judgment against themselves." *Give the vineyard unto others*.—"Lo, we turn to the Gentiles" (Acts 13: 46). *God forbid*—"literally, 'might it not be!' In this utterance we bear the groan of the Jewish people when the truth that they were indeed to be rejected burst upon them. It woke an echo even in the heart of the Apostle of the Gentiles. It occurs ten times in the Epistle to the Romans alone. It is the opposite of Amen, but occurs here alone in the Gospels" (Farrar).

17. *Beheld them*—(R. V., "looked upon them")—a peculiar, piercing gaze. *Stone which the builders rejected*—taken from Psa. 118: 22, 23, the same Psalm from which the hosannas at our Lord's entrance into Jerusalem were taken, and applied by the Jews to the Messiah. See also Peter's application in Acts 4: 11; 1 Pet. 2: 7. Christ Himself is the rejected stone; the builders

are the rulers whom He is addressing. *Head of the corner*—both the foundation and corner-stone (1 Pet. 2: 7, 8).

18. *Fall upon that stone*, etc.—"The kingdom of God is here a temple, in the erection of which a certain stone, rejected as unsuitable by the spiritual builders, 'is by the great Lord of the house, made the keystone of the whole. On that stone the builders were now 'falling' and being 'broken' (Isa. 8: 15), sustaining great spiritual hurt; but soon that stone should fall upon them and 'grind them to powder.' (Dan. 2: 34, 35)—in their corporate capacity in the tremendous destruction of Jerusalem, but personally, as unbelievers, in a more awful sense still" (J., F. and B.)

19. *Sought to lay hands on him*—R. V., adds, "in that very hour." They were fiercely eager to get Him into their power. *Feared the people*—who "held Him as a prophet." Nothing restrained them but the cowardly fear of a popular tumult. *They perceived*, etc.—They saw at once at whom the parable was aimed; so, as they dared not arrest Him, they left Him. Matthew gives the parable of the Marriage of the King's Son in this connection.

What Made John Ruskin.

John Ruskin, in his autobiography, tells of the foundation on which the character of this remarkable man was reared. It was the work of his mother:

"After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length,) the first thing after breakfast (and no interruptions from servants allowed, none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay up-stairs, and none from any visiting or excursions, except real travelers,) I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scotch paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verses, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound."

Mr. Ruskin prints his mother's list of the chapters; "with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life." It is as follows: Exodus, chapters xv and xvi; 2 Samuel, 1, from the seventeenth verse to the end; 1 Kings, viii; Psalm, xxiii, xxxii, xc, xci, ciii, cxii, cxix, cxxxix; Proverbs, chapters ii, iii, viii, xii; Isaiah, chapter lviii; Matthew, chapters v, vi, vii; Acts chapter xxvi; 1 Corinthians, chapters xiii, xv; James, chapter iv; Revelation, chapters v, vi. "And truly" (Mr. Ruskin says,) "though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this material installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and on the whole, the one essential part of my education."

shouts repressed, the stones would cry out; the view of Jerusalem, Jesus' tears, lament, and prediction; the entrance into the Holy City; the visit to the Temple and the subsequent cleansing of the same—constitute an outline of the lesson.

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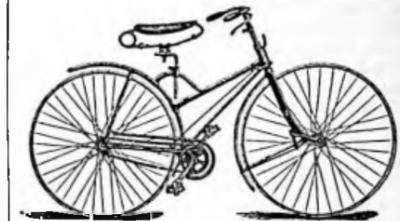
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Temperance.

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

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

Wine at the White House.

Several weeks since, Mrs. Phinney, of Cleveland, O., President of the non-partisan W. C. T. U., addressed a letter of inquiry to Mrs. Lydia H. Tilton, Secretary, at Washington, D. C., who returned the following reply, which appeared in the *Cleveland Leader*:

DEAR MRS. PHINNEY:—I think the voters, and the mothers, sisters and wives of voters, have a right to ask about the habits and official customs of men who are exalted by the suffrages of the people. It is true that wine has been furnished at State dinners by the present administration, and by every other, except during the four notable years when Ohio's noble son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, gave the world the beautiful picture of pure home courtesy. It is also true that very few official homes during this administration furnish wine, and, even when it is furnished, the example of the Harrisons, Wanamakers, Windoms, Millers, Proctors, Hustons, Hepburns, Dorchesters, Fosters, Morgans, and many others, has a restraining influence. Scarcely any of the men selected by President Harrison as his advisers ever take wine. Blaine is now a total abstainer. President Harrison does not take wine at any of the receptions—even when only gentlemen are present, and Mrs. Harrison "never under any circumstance, anywhere, takes the wine." The wife of a leading Senator says: "Never since the days of Mrs. Hayes has so little wine been taken at public official receptions in Washington as during the present administration."

The only "inaugural ball" without wine was the one given to President Harrison, and the chairman of the inaugural committee told me that he consulted the President-elect and followed his wishes," and he added, "wines and liquors were absolutely prohibited either to be sold or to be given away" anywhere about the premises. A few figures may show you a contrast. At the ball given to President Cleveland the champagne bill was \$3,500. I do not remember the bill for other liquors, but they were immense, and the bill for broken dishes was \$1,600. The stories about wine at the last inaugural ball grew out of the fact that the caterer furnished among the desserts a water-ice flavored with some kind of liquor and called Roman punch. I have the best authority for everything I have written, and I think the people ought to know the facts.

Wm. J. H. Gluck, Esq., has accepted the nomination of the Prohibition Party for Congress in the Third District of Maryland. Here is an extract from his letter of acceptance.

The saloon is a constant menace to our liberties, and strikes at the very foundation of our existence. It is the great crime of America. The ruin it has brought to our homes, our Churches and our country is beyond human calculation. Only God knows the enormity of this evil! I pledge my utmost ability and most earnest endeavor to strike this giant evil on every hand and in every way, until we have this Goliath lifeless, headless at our feet. Our five smooth stones are Home, Religion, Patriotism, Liberty, and Equality; placing these in the sling of the ballot, our Davids will with unerring aim and force drive them deep into the life of the drink traffic till it be utterly destroyed.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Newark, Del., have purchased and placed on the main thoroughfare of the town, a most beautiful drinking fountain for man and beast. The water supply is given by the water department of the town, and an electric light is supplied free of cost, by the Kauff Organ Company. A very beautiful presentation exercise was held Saturday, Sept. 20, when the fountain was presented to the town, through the president of the Council. Mrs. N. M. Browne, appointed to solicit aid in the purchase of the same, very gratefully acknowledges the response made by the following persons in Wilmington:—Joseph Pyle, Henry C. Conrad, C. S. Howland, Mrs. Washington Hastings, Mrs. Eli Mendinhal.

The fifth annual convention of Cecil county W. C. T. U., which met in the Town Hall of Port Deposit, on the 19th ult., was well attended, delegates being present from all with the exception of two Unions.

Mrs. J. T. Ellis, of New Jersey, who is doing some awakening work in the county, was with us; also Mrs. S. H. Martin, state organizer, who has lately organized Unions at Elkton, and Bay View, with several among the colored people. These ladies delivered short addresses, as did also the ministers present—Revs. Otis, Jewell, and Jones. Mrs. Knight and Miss Pusey, of the place, entertained the large audience with beautiful solos. Bountiful luncheon was spread noon and evening, in Abrams' Hall; and notwithstanding the press of business, the day was marked by many exchanges of pleasant greeting.

This is how some one figures it out: "From a bushel of corn a distiller gets four gallons of whisky; which retails at \$16; the Government gets \$3.60; the farmer who raised the corn gets forty cents, the railroad gets \$1, the manufacturer gets \$4, the retailer gets \$7, and the consumer gets drunk. No wonder so many Kansas farmers are using corn as fuel."

Items.

Of the nearly 400,000,000 people in China, not one in 10,000 has ever heard the gospel.

The Indian Department of the Government has increased Dr. Dorchester's salary to \$4,000.

The *Christian Witness* learns that Bishop Joyce devotes his entire salary to the relief of the poor preachers in the South.

Graham Tuttle, an old resident of Santa Cruz, Cal., died recently, leaving \$10,000 to Bishop William Taylor, to be expended in his African work.

Some of our people can trust Providence in the matter of appointments with great heroism—after they have a good understanding with the presiding elder.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Bishop Vincent, in Portland, Oregon, held a union service with Bishop Hendrix, of the M. E. Church, South, on a recent Sunday night; both bishops having preached to different congregations in the morning.

Bath rooms are usually found in ordinary dwellings in Japan. In Tokyo there are hundreds of public baths, in which some 300,000 persons take a daily ablution, at a cost of about a half penny.

It has been our privilege to know several women better qualified by native intellectual endowments, culture, and moral and spiritual attainments to legislate wisely for the Church than the average of the men chosen among laymen and ministers.—*Dr. Buckley in The Christian Advocate.*

The sex question has no value in our eyes. He who argues for, or against the "equality of women" is belated. As in the civil rights issue as related to the ballot for women in secular affairs, we regard it settled that there is no reason beyond the preference of the church why women should or should not enter General Conference.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

BETTER

Better than creeds are noble deeds
Whose record is above,
Than song more sweet the tuneful beat
Of hearts with harmony replete
And echoing chords of love.

Better than gold in weight untold
Contentment's treasured store,
Than royal birth with thrones of earth,
A heritage of real worth
The crown when work is o'er.

Lombard, Md. M. ALICE BROWN



Copyright, 1888.

KISSES.

(A la Romeo and Juliet.)

A prominent physician calls the kiss "an elegant disseminator of disease." He says, "fever is spread by it, so are lung diseases." Out upon the garrulous and senseless vagabond! Evidently kisses are not for such as he, and the old fox says the grapes are sour. Let him devote himself to making our women healthy and blooming that kisses may be kisses. This can surely be done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is simply magical in curing diseases peculiar to females. After taking it for a reasonable length of time there will be no more irregularity, backache, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred ailments.

It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to Take. One Tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

J. T. PATRICK, Raleigh, N. C. has been chosen through Southern Governors to send out information to those wishing to invest in the South. Write him enclosing stamps.

PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS

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R. REED, M. D.,
129 S. Thirteenth St., Phila.

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Over 100 gross sold by one druggist. They have no equal for curing Dizziness, Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, Indigestion, Backache, and all Liver and Stomach troubles. They Never Fail. Sold by all druggists and country storekeepers. Sellers & Co., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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BLUE.

Its merits as a WASH BLUE have been fully tested and endorsed by thousands of housekeepers. Your grocer ought to have it on sale. Ask him for it.

D. S. WILTBERGER, Proprietor.
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Peninsula Methodist,

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J. MILLER THOMAS,
 PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR
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 Three Months, in Advance, 35 Cents
 Six Months, " " 60 "
 One Year, " " \$1.00
 If not paid in Advance, \$1.50 per Year.

WILMINGTON, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

The Peninsula Methodist will be sent from now until January 1, 1892, to new subscribers for only one dollar.

En Route.

September was a delightful month at Ocean Grove, with the exception of one week of rains. But, like most sublunary joys, these days of brightness and beauty soon come to an end.

After a sojourn of nearly three weeks we started, last Monday morning, on our homeward way, via New York and Madison, New Jersey. As far as the former city, we had the pleasure of the company of Rev. John Wilson, Ph. D., under whose presidency, of some twenty-five years, Wesleyan Female College Wilmington, enjoyed its palmy days of prosperity.

On our arrival in the Metropolis, we took the elevated railway cars, for the Book Room, on Fifth Avenue, corner 20th st. Here we found a throng of preachers, among whom we were glad to see a number of familiar faces. It was a pleasure to meet, Rev. John Allen, a superannuate of the Wilmington Conference, now a resident of Brooklyn, many of whose pastoral charges have been on our Peninsula; and it was a pleasant surprise, to meet our brother, Rev. B. F. Price, one of the welcome correspondents of the PENINSULA METHODIST, and now the veteran and efficient pastor of Christiana and Salem churches. He had been in the city over Sabbath, on a visit to his son.

Another valued friend was the Rev. Dr. John A. Roche, one of the honored sons of our Peninsula, who has added imperishable laurels to his fame, in his first venture in the biographic field, the life of John P. Durbin.

Bro. Price introduced us to Rev. E. L. Hoffecker, a contribution from the Wilmington to the New York Conference. During his pastorate over our church in Cambridge, Md., the present handsome edifice was constructed; the late Bishop Simpson officiating at its dedication. His present charge is Tuckahoe, N. Y. From him we were glad to learn, that a more recent trans-

fer from the same Conference, Rev. Benjamin C. Warren, is winning golden opinions and doing excellent work, in his new field of labor, among the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts.

DIGRESSIVE.

Whatever honors may have been awarded our brethren in their own country, it seems still more await them in the regions beyond. If our Peninsula churches are to retain the best talent, and most effective laborers, as well as to attract more of the same sort to their service, they will find it needful to heed the apostle's suggestive mandate in behalf of his son Timothy "See that he may be with you without fear." The Master says, "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" and however generous our gifts to connectional objects, (we wish they could be tenfold more so) we should never make our offerings at the expense of our pastors. A deficiency in the matter of pastoral support, not on starvation estimates only, but on generous allowances, as well, should always be avoided, with even greater resolution, than on any other account. It is a discreditable showing for presiding elders, as well as stewards, to report apportionments all met, with the salaries of pastors deficient.

While our Bishops are to be commended for their attention to Conference matters that are strictly connectional, we think a little more consideration might be given with advantage to matters pertaining to the stewards' department; and the more so, as both they and the presiding elders are required by the law of the Church, to share, pro rata, with the pastors, in the steward's collections.

The above we confess, is slightly digressive, but not the less germane to the interests we wish to promote—those of our churches and their pastors.

Rev. Dr. M. J. Cramer, whose accomplished daughter sends us an occasional contribution from Paris, and who is himself an occasional contributor to our columns, we were glad to meet, and to have a few minutes pleasant conversation with him. Several other brethren, with whom we have more or less acquaintance, we recognized in this company of preachers. Prof. W. L. Boswell was there from Philadelphia, and his brother, Dr. James I. Boswell, an alumnus of Dickinson, upon whom his *alma mater* recently conferred the honorary degree of *Doctor Divinitatis*. He is now, as pastor of our church in Madison, N. J., the spiritual overseer of Drew Seminary, its president, professors, and students included.

A new chapel has just been added to the church; and a new parsonage beside the church, of beautiful design, and admirably adapted to the comfort

of the preacher and his family, will soon be ready for Dr. Boswell's occupancy. The location of these buildings would seem to be inconveniently remote from the town, but the land was a donation; topographically it is very eligible; and even the distance, we presume, is much less than a Sabbath day's journey.

We enjoyed his weekly prayer-meeting last Tuesday evening, at which a very earnest, and devoutly joyous spirit was manifested; two persons formally confessed Christ, one of whom had absented himself from church for seventeen years, till last Sunday; and the other, a young Russian Jew, had recently come from his native land, and had been led to receive Jesus of Nazareth, as the Messiah "of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write.

It is his desire and purpose to prepare himself to be a missionary to his own people.

To be resumed next week.

Take Notice.

THE PENINSULA METHODIST will be sent to new subscribers until January 1, 1892, for the price of one year's subscription; FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

In the language of one of our lay correspondents, "The PENINSULA METHODIST is the pet of the *Peninsula*

We feel very grateful for the kind expressions of approval, that come to us so frequently and from so many points in the range of our circulation; and shall continue to do our best to deserve the good opinion of our readers.

The repeated commendation, our brethren have been pleased to give us, by Conference resolution, is duly appreciated. With the cordial co-operation of pastors and our lay brethren, (sisters included), according to such Conference commendation, we shall be able to make the paper more and more satisfactory to all in meeting the demand for a local religious weekly.

Loyal to our motto, "For Christ and His Church," we have no wish or purpose to stoop to any factional strife, to be an organ for any ring, or clique, or to pander to any self-seeking aspirants for place and power.

We mean to stand for truth, and honor, for manliness and righteousness, every time. Our record for more than six years will not be compromised in the future.

Our columns are open to all, who have anything good to lay before our readers, "without respect of persons." We welcome all contributions of church news; and invite our brethren (generic) to send articles on live topics, and to discuss questions of church administration and polity.

May we not expect a general rally on the part of our readers, to double

our present subscription list? A word to your neighbor or friend, calling attention to our offer, may induce him to take the paper.

The sooner the names are sent in, the larger will the subscriber's dollar pay for the paper. *Fifteen months*, from Oct. 1, 1890 to Jan. 1, 1892

JAMES T. MULLIN, Esq., of the firm of J. T. Mullin & Son, Clothiers of this city, suffered a severe stroke of paralysis, Monday, 22nd ult., which disabled his entire right side. We are glad to learn, this Thursday morning, that he is recovering, and doing as well, his physician says, as could be expected.

Bro. Mullin is a valued member of Grace M. E. Church, and was recently elected one of the trustees of Dickinson College.

Information by cable from Bishop Hurst, gives reasonable hope, that his son will recover.

We are truly sorry to learn that sister Davis, wife of Rev. A. D. Davis, pastor of our church in Delmar, was seriously hurt by falling down stairs the night of the 16th ult. Though no bones are broken, and she has made some improvement, she is still confined to her bed, about as helpless as an infant.

Our dear brother Davis has his hands and heart full to overflowing, with the care of his meeting, in addition to attending at the bedside of his suffering companion; and we are sure they will both have the prayerful sympathy of our readers in this time of need.

"Strange Delusions."

Solomon gives this paradoxical counsel: "Answer a fool according to his folly lest he be wise in his own conceit." "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him." Having exercised the benevolent motive implied in the first of these proverbs, without apparent effect, we are forced to the alternative of silence, as enjoined in the second.

When a writer turns to reviving stale slanders, uses derogatory epithets, and makes disparaging flings at the subject of his criticism, either he must have a weak case, or its advocate must be unequal to the task he has assumed.

As we are sure our readers cannot be interested, or edified, by an interchange of purely personal crimination, our Seaford assailant must excuse us from further attention to his "strange delusions."

The fifth reunion of the Volunteer Association of the Fourth Delaware Regiment, will be held at Brandywine Springs on Thursday, October 9th. The officers of the association are Dr. A. H. Grimshaw, President; E. C. Jefferis, Secretary; Joseph Duffy, Joseph S. Wheeler and Samuel Lewis, committee.

Conference News.

The Wilmington Preachers' Meeting convened in *Fletcher Hall*, at 10 a. m., Monday, Sep. 29, 1890. President Avery in the chair.

Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Van Meter, of the Baltimore Conference. Members present: H. Sanderson, W. E. Tomkinson, J. T. Van Burkalow, T. N. Given, T. C. Smoot, Vaughan Smith, J. B. Quigg, J. E. Franklin, Dr. W. L. S. Murray, R. I. Watkins, J. D. C. Hanna, A. Stengle, C. A. Grise, A. T. Scott, J. Dodd.

President Avery invited the pastors present to report their work.

Rev. J. B. Quigg, pastor of the M. E. Church at North East, Md., reported his work in a prosperous condition, with the debt on the church provided for, and the parsonage being rebuilt.

Rev. E. C. Atkins, pastor of Madeley M. E. Church, Wilmington, reported an interesting work of grace in progress at that church. 13 penitents at the altar last night and 7 conversions.

The president then introduced Dr. Van Meter, who talked for 60 minutes on the Woman's College of Baltimore, Md. On motion of Dr. Murray, the preachers present, extended to Dr. Van Meter, a vote of thanks.

Curators reported for next Monday, a paper by Rev. J. T. Van Burkalow, on the "Divinity of Christ." Benediction by Dr. Van Meter.

E. C. ATKINS, Sec'y.

DEAR EDITOR.—We are rejoicing in a glorious revival of religion at Hallwood. Overflowing congregations and about 15 converts. Pray for Hallwood. Collections all taken at Hallwood, and, pleasing to pastor, the objectionable ditch running rainbow like through the church yard, is to be filled Saturday.

Yours

H. S. DULANY.

TOWNSEND, DEL., R. Irving Watkins, pastor.—Epworth League is booming. Attendance large, and increasing. Young people interested in all the meetings. On Friday evening, Oct. 10th, an address will be delivered by Rev. W. W. Wilson of Smyrna. Last Sunday, the Sunday-school was reorganized in accordance with the provisions of the Discipline, all the officers being re-elected. Preaching on Sunday morning, by Rev. Alfred T. Scott, of Wilmington.

GRACE M. E. CHURCH.—The Rev. Dr. John B. Van Meter of Baltimore, preached two interesting sermons in Grace M. E. Church, last Sunday. He will preach again to-morrow. October 12th the Rev. Dr. William V. Kelly, of St. John's Church, Brooklyn, will supply the pulpit. Dr. Todd will resume his pastoral work October 19th.

Wesley Church on Newark charge, will be reopened the second Sunday in October. The remodeling of this building by Lewis T. Grubb and Son of Wilmington, has made this formerly severely plain structure a thing of beauty.

Rev. W. L. S. Murray, D. D., P. E. Rev. T. S. Terry, of Dover, and Rev. R. C. Jones of Odessa, will assist in an all day service at the reopening. The services will begin

with a love feast, to be followed by three preaching services during the day and evening.

Middletown, Del.

The 11th Annual Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the State of Delaware, will be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dover, Del., Oct. 15, 16, 17, 1890. On the evening of the 15th, Margaret S. Hilles, President of the Union, will deliver her annual address. Other addresses will be delivered by the several pastors of Dover. On the evening of the 16th, Miss Elizabeth W. Greenwood, of Brooklyn, New York, will address the mass meeting. The "Y's" anniversary will be held on the evening of the 17th. Mrs. J. T. Ellis, of New Jersey, will make the address. The public are cordially invited to attend all sessions of the Convention.

MARGARET S. HILLES, Pres.
MRS. MARY L. COX, Cor. Sec.

Wilmington District Notes.

ST. PAUL'S, Rev. L. E. Barrett, absent from his pulpit only one Sunday during the heated term. Bro. Thatcher a class leader in the above Church reported his probationers had not been absent from a single class.

COOKMAN Sunday School took no vacation and has added 220 vols. to the S. S. library. Revivals in progress at Newark Union Epworth, Madeley, Ebenezer (Rev. Julius Dodd pastor) and ST. JOHN'S on Zion circuit. At least two the revival is assuming wonderful proportions.

AT MT. SALEM, a new heater is being put in the parsonage. Fifty dollars expended on Riddles Chapel library.

MARSHALTON has greatly improved the pulpit platform, by carpeting and securing new furniture; for this the Mite Society rendered a good service.

MT. PLEASANT has added \$31 worth of books to its S. S. library.

CHESTER-BETHEL, sixty of the probationers have been received into full connection, the parsonage will soon receive a new coat of paint. The farmers have filled the pastor's barn full of hay.

BRANDYWINE, sixty nine probationers recommended.

CHESAPEAKE CITY—S. S. took no vacation but has added 80 vol. to its library. The pastor is greatly encouraged in his work.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—We are now in the fourth week of our Village Camp. Up to date Sep. 24th., one hundred and thirteen have professed conversion, and eighty-two have united with the church on probation. Fully 2,000 have been present at some of our services, and at nearly every service the people come flocking in from all the regions round about. It is the unanimous verdict that this has been the most wonderful meeting ever held in this section of country. I have been assisted by Brothers Galloway, Carpenter, Webster, Maxwell, Presiding Elders Ayres and Wilson, and by Bros. White and Holmes of the Methodist Protestant Church and Bro. Jones of the Baptist Church. Among the converts are some 20 railroad men some of whom have been seen shouting along the streets of Delmar.

The interest at this writing, Monday, Sept. 29, does not seem to wane in the least. Nineteen professed conversion yesterday, making 160 up to date. The good work

has commenced at Mt. Pleasant, also one of the country appointments. An immense audience was present there last night, and seven penitents bowed at the altar, and the shout of praise went up from Christian tongues, to see their friends coming home to God. Revival fires are ablaze at all four appointments on Delmar charge.

A. D. DAVIS.

GEORGETOWN, DEL.—We have received ten persons into full membership from our list of probationers. Our church membership, notwithstanding the large number of probationers received since I came here, has been very much reduced. This is the result of removals. Over 300 persons have gone away from this town within the last twelve or fifteen months. This is the result of the closing of the Treat Manufacturing Company, and crop failures. In the midst of it all, we are standing up to our work, and are having a fairly good time.

Dr. Wilson, at our last quarterly meeting, gave us his great temperance sermon, about which the papers have spoken so favorably. They have not exaggerated. Bro. John puts his manhood, soul, and brains into that sermon, and it is a credit to him, or any man.

Never having agreed with the action of our Church in extending the time of the pastorate, I gave our brethren notice of my intention to leave them at the end of the Conference year.

September 29, 1890.

K.

An October Tour of Interest.

Almost everyone is commenting on the rapid advance the New South has made the past few years, yet comparatively few New Yorkers have visited these fields of modern awakening and growth almost at their very door. On Thursday, October 9th, one of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours will leave New York at 8.00 A. M., Philadelphia 10.30 A. M., in a special train, and take in one of the most interesting circuits a tourist could desire. The Caverns of Luray, the Battlefields of Gettysburg, Virginia's Natural Bridge, the Grottoes of the Shenandoah, and the Cities of Richmond, and Washington will "be done" thoroughly. The entire trip, including every necessary expense, is included in the \$52 for the ticket from New York and \$50 from Philadelphia, and a Tourist Agent and Chaperon will accompany the party throughout. An Itinerary, descriptive of the tour, and all information will be furnished by addressing W. W. Lord, Jr., Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York.

The Last Personally-Conducted Autumn Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad to Luray and to Points of the near South.

The recreation and delight attending a trip during October's days cannot, with justice to the subject, be described. The marvelous growth of improvement, and the luxury enjoyed by the tourist to day, can be illustrated, however, by the Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tours. The first one left New York and Philadelphia, Thursday, September 25th, for Luray and its caverns, the Grottoes of the Shenandoah, the Natural Bridge, the Battlefield of Gettysburg, and the Cities of Richmond and Washington. And the second and last of the series will leave New York, Thursday, October 9th, at 8.00 A. M., and Philadelphia, Broad Street Station, at 10.30 A. M., in a special train of parlor cars that will convey them around the circuit. Every necessary travelling expense is included in the price of the ticket, which is \$52 from New York, and \$50 from Philadelphia. A Tourist Agent and Chaperon will accompany the party throughout.

For itineraries giving a full description of the points visited and all information, address W. W. Lord, Jr., Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York,

OVERCOATS in medium weight now demand the attention of clothing buyers, and every one wants to get the best and cheapest they can. That's just the kind we try to keep—quality first, price next, and, even if low priced, worth all and more, if possible, than we charge you. Elegant, stylish garments in Kerseys, Meltons, Black Cheviots, with and without velvet collars, silk facings, and all the latest touches that style and fashion demand. They are not all, however, so fancy that a person of quiet tastes would not care to have them. We try to keep garments to suit everybody in style, material and price. Come in and see them and see if we don't.

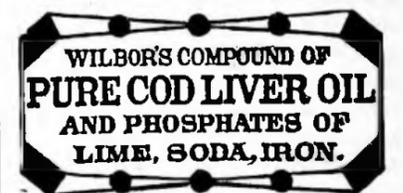
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MEANS that Pittsburg, Kansas, connections, is the best point on this continent for the establishing of any kind of a manufacture that consumes coal, and looks to the United States and Mexico for a market for its products, and guaranteeing absolute

PROSPERITY to every dollar invested and every man employed. Population 10,000, Gas 75 cts. per thousand feet—Taxes 3 per cent on a 30 per cent valuation—four trunk railways—\$7,000,000 invested in industrial enterprises, best of free schools, property cheap. Now is the time to invest. Come and investigate. Write for information

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FLESH. BLOOD.
NERVE. BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure as you value your health, get the genuine. Manufactured only by Dr. ALEX. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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OUR NEW SERIAL.
Fetters Broken;
OR,
ELWOOD EARL'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF BLANCH MONTAGUE.

CHAPTER XIII—MAJOR ARNOLD'S WILL.

The young lawyer did not give up the hope he had in Lillian Arnold, but resolved that he would be prudent, and carefully guarding his own feelings seek to interest her in the things of God. Faithful to this purpose, he lost no opportunity, in his endeavor to impress on her mind, the truths he wished her to embrace.

She listened to all he said, and seemed for the most part interested, but in no way affected by the truth. Sometimes she would laugh outright at Elwood's earnestness, and then, recovering her gravity would say:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Earl, but it all seems so ridiculous to me, that I can hardly behave myself. Do let's talk of something more interesting, for you always look so grave and serious when you talk of these things, and I like to see you bright and cheerful. Indeed, Mr. Earl, I think it is a shame that your mother taught you these old myths in your childhood, for they have fettered your whole life, and now you are afraid to think, almost lest you should offend some imaginary deity, that has no existence apart from your own innocent fancies."

Thus day after day, did Elwood strive to impress the mind of Lillian with the truth; but his effort was without avail. At last his mind was made up.

"I can never seek to link my destiny with one who does not believe on God. However lovely she may be, however noble her spirit, however beautiful her character may appear, as I behold it to-day, sparkling in the sunlight of a glad, happy, and unfettered girlhood, I cannot risk the future. In every life some rain must fall, and Lillian Arnold will meet life's storms, and face life's tempests, while the billows of life's sorrows will roll over her soul, as in its tempestuous sea she is tossed to and fro. How will she, who has never known a care, meet these trials? How will she who has never known sorrow, stand life's bereavements? How will she, who never faced a storm, meet life's wild tempests?"

These, and many other thoughts passed through the mind of Elwood as he walked up and down the lawn, late one afternoon in the early autumn.

"If she was a Christian, I should have no fear, but she is not, and I see no hope that she ever will be. Can I deliberately walk out on a plank that

I have every reason to believe will break and let me fall? Shall I, who believe in God, take into the closest relations of my home life, one who will cross my faith at every step? No, I cannot, I dare not be so rash. I must, and will abandon the hope of making Lillian Arnold my wife. I will try to forget the interest I have felt in her, and give my thought to other subjects."

This resolution cost Elwood a bitter struggle, for he loved Lillian Arnold with the first young love of his heart, but when the decision was once made he refused to allow any other thought to have a place in his heart.

It was hard for Elwood to be with Lillian day after day, and not feel the old impulse to tell her of his love. He did feel it again and again, but he heroically resisted the impulse, and won the victory over self; but he was not long in discovering, that the struggle was telling on his health, and that he must make other arrangements, soon became apparent to him.

His mother had so far recovered her health that she was now quite strong, and his father seemed to be rapidly acquiring moral strength, as his physical condition improved, so that Elwood decided at once to remove to one of the large towns, or cities down the river, and enter once more upon his legal pursuits.

Having thus made up his mind he communicated his purpose to Mr. Arnold the next day. This gentleman was not a little surprised, and being unwilling to part with his new lawyer, and confidential assistant he used every argument to persuade him to remain. Finding that all his appeals failed he resorted to a last expedient, which he believed would settle the difficulty. Elwood had avoided giving Mr. Arnold any intimation of his resolution concerning his daughter for having never spoken to Miss Arnold of love, he felt that it would only pain her to know the truth.

Augustus Arnold was a man of the world, and he saw in Elwood's decision to leave Arnold Hall, only a desire to be again at his profession, that he might acquire the means to justify him in seeking the hand of his daughter. In his heart he honored the independent spirit of the man before him, and deemed it worthy of reward. He had been thinking for some time of making a will; and now it seemed to him, that the favorable time had come, so taking the young man into his private office, he had him draw up the papers, giving to his only daughter, Lillian five hundred thousand dollars, in her own right, and bequeathing the remainder of his fortune, then amounting to about twelve hundred thousand dollars to her, at his death. This paper was properly witnessed, and given to the young lawyer for safe keeping.

"This," thought Mr. Arnold, will do the work. Lillian now has a fortune in her own right, and there can be no barrier to her marrying Mr. Earl if she chooses, and I fancy that the proud young fellow will not find it necessary to leave us, in such a hurry.

To be continued.

A Serious Mistake Often Made.

BY ALBERT COWGILL.

Without discussing the possibilities of grace in a human soul, I am satisfied that the difference in the views of true people, upon the subject of sanctification is largely one of definition of the term itself, as applied to human experience. The word has two widely different meanings. Webster says, Sanctification, is 1st, "to separate, set apart, or appoint to a holy, sacred, or religious use," 2d, "to cleanse, purify, or to make holy; to purify from. Sanctifying, 1st "separating to a holy use," 2d, "purifying from the defilement of sin."

The original word came from the religious rite of dedicating to the service of God, by sprinkling blood upon persons, buildings, and other things, and had but little reference to the quality, or moral state of what was thus dedicated or set apart. Consecration to that purpose was the idea involved in the act itself, and is the generic meaning of the word. Instances of this use are very numerous in the Scriptures. The Lord said unto Moses, "Go unto the people and sanctify them, and set bounds about the mount and sanctify it; and Moses went down and sanctified the people." It can not mean that the whole of these 4,000,000 people—infants to old age—were suddenly made pure in heart and sinless in life and character by this act, or that the character of the stones and soil of the mount was changed by it. It simply meant, that they were thus dedicated to God. In Corinthians St. Paul largely, though not entirely, used this meaning of the word, in describing to the Church: "Unto the Church of God, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus." He commends them for their many virtues, and yet tells them plainly that they are carnal, sinful, and erring; and the charges brought against them by him would turn them out of any Christian Church in America were they living at the present day; and yet these babes in Christ, not yet strong enough to be fed on the strong food of the word, and full of carnality, were justified through their faith, regenerated by the spirit, and truly sanctified in Christ Jesus; being dedicated to the service of God, up to their light and development.

But, they were not "sanctified" as that term is understood in any Christian

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community, which is, moderately stated, "A life free from ALL carnality, depravity and wavering of implicit trust in God; with no will, contrary to God's will." It is not common sense theology, that God will receive a soul that does not come to Him in a spirit of dedication up to the light it has; so that in a restricted sense, it is then sanctified.—*McClintock & Strong's Cyclopedia*:

The experience of every Christian is that former habits, passions, and tendencies come trooping in on him, sooner or later after he has started in this new divine life, and he drifts more or less out of the 8th, into the 7th chapter of Romans. A bitter warfare commences, and sad is the story of the wreck of many a Christian bark. But he who wills to persevere to the end and enjoy heaven's bliss, finds across his path a huge stone of stumbling; and that is *he must* consecrate himself *anew* to God, body, soul, and spirit; hold himself and all he possesses, as a steward merely and without reservation; surrender his life powers into the hand of Him who bought him with His own most precious blood: and every advanced, roundly developed Christian surmounts this stone, whilst refusal to honestly make the effort, is death to all progress. This stone is there to stay, and must be surmounted; and he who surmounts it, goes his way on a more elevated plane, rejoicing in a brighter sunlight and a purer atmosphere with largely increased powers for getting good and doing good, and a much more restful Christian life.

As in conversion, theologically defined by Webster, he, whose education binds his faith and thus his action to an asking for gradual light, must get from God according to his asking. A broadly developed Christian gentleman, a member of the Presbyterian Church, said to me, "The light broke in upon me gradually, as the day dawns." Of course it did. Nine out of every ten members of the conservative, educating Churches, become conscious of the new birth the same way. Yet there does come a time to every one of them, when the full sunlight of day illumines their path, and gives them joy, health and growth.

In the revival Churches, as the Baptist and Methodist, the seeker is taught to ask for this great boon now, immediately; and his faith, grasping the "now," asks for it as a *present* blessing, and obtains it, as a sudden overwhelming experience that never can be forgotten, as the blind man has his eyes opened at once, because he asked for it "now," not gradually, as the day dawns. True concord will be within the Christian fold, when its members recognize each other's position, and do not judge Christian character by their own experience; and it is so in this closer relationship to God.

There are many thousands of devout, truly consecrated Christians, of the broadest development and usefulness, who have gradually, day by day, by trust and works, surmounted this stone, and are living in the enjoyment of a happy experience; yet they never sought for God's aid to help them over it "now, all at once;" and so unconscious are they of any distinct stage or step in their efforts, that they too often not only deny it, as their own experience, but stand ready to deny it also, as the experience of others who surmounted it differently. Yet thousands of others as honest, and as strong, in mental development and usefulness, having had it presented to their faith, to pray for an immediate blessing, have leaped over it at a bound; and happy is he in his turn, if he recognizes his equally broadly developed brethren by his side. Are we consecrated to God, to the fullest extent of the "now," and not of the to-morrow? is the all important question. The way is unimportant. "All ways are indifferent to him who would win Heaven."—*Fenelon*.

But right here is where a very serious mistake takes place, in the names given to this experience by many persons. This is an intelligent, honest consecration of the life to God; but it is not sanctification, purity, or holiness, as these terms are understood by the people of this Peninsula. Dr. Wood, in his work, "Perfect Love," and twice at the camp, uses this illustration of the life: "In the Wyoming Valley, are the coal mines; the first strata is four feet thick, and mixed with slate; the second is twenty-eight feet, and entirely free from it." But *this* life is not free from carnality, depravity, and its too often sinfulness; not many consecutive twenty four hours, that some duty, or thought, or action does not need forgiveness. It has slate, and plenty of it. Dr. Matlack called it "elementary sanctification," because it has rudimentary every virtue in the catalogue—as the child's arithmetic contains the elements of the highest calculus, and all literary knowledge included in the alphabet.

I have no comment to make upon the trite phrase, "Saved to the uttermost," except that it seems to me to be used without any *tangible* meaning. One thing I am assured of, that God knows every sincere effort of both him who seeks light gradually, and of him who seeks it by one mighty effort of faith. The first finds increasing interest in everything good; joy in the service of the sanctuary, and in his private devotions; enlightening revelations of God's secrets, and wider influence and power for God's cause in every branch of Christian work. His Spirit baptizes the soul of the second with such an ecstasy of joy, that he scarcely knows

whether he is in the body or out of it. It differs from the joy of conversion, but is in no way inferior to it or less distinct. My own personal experience, 15 years ago, at Spring Branch camp, was in this very line, and I know whereof I speak; but this blessing is too often confounded with the still higher stages of Christian development, and therefore misnamed. The subsequent life of him who professes it proves it. Finally, brethren, have an experience worth telling, be clear in your testimony, manly in your utterances of the work of grace, modest, unassuming, and guarded in your titles, and be careful to know the true meaning of a term before applying it to your experience.

The Veterans' Turn Now.

J. BENSON HAMILTON.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color, and look told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

"It is the veteran's turn to be taken care of now." Shall our Church not say so? Remember his life of suffering and privation that made our present wealth and power possible. Who will refuse to help take care of him? Sit down at your piano or organ and sing the song below, written by Rev. Alfred J. Hough, the Vermont Poet, to the tune of "Manoah," and go immediately to your pastor and give him a generous contribution for the veteran.

These noble men who ask our aid,
Are worthy of our best;
They sought and found us when we strayed,
And brought us home to rest.

Their hearts were laid beneath our cares;
They smoothed for us life's road;
Beside our bed of pain, their prayers
In soothing accents flowed.

When hearts were sad, and tears were shed,
For husband, child or wife,
They stood beside us and our dead,
With words of endless life.

In joy or sorrow, light or shade,
These noble men stood true;
Our joys through them were purer made,
Our sorrows lighter grew.

Nor will we in their hour of need
Our clearest duty shun;
The church must do the noblest deed
She ever yet has done.

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Youth's Department.

Susan's Trial.

"Oh, Susan, just a little more of that broth; I want it so much," said Ned Turner, in a voice querulous from weakness.

"My poor Ned! I'll try and get you some—perhaps to-morrow," said his sister, going up to the bed where the sick boy lay, and for want of other means of comforting him re-arranged his hot pillow, and then took his wasted hand in hers.

The boy's sunken eyes looked up at her, but she had long ago taught herself to conceal trouble; and so he could not know that she had come to her last resource—that not one thing suitable to his wants was in the house—nothing for him or for her excepting a small piece of bread.

Misery had long been in Susan's heart—ever since her brother's illness had begun; but that day she felt that her courage was failing her. A year previously her mother had died. She had been an excellent woman, and her loss was irreparable. Then Susan's father took to evil courses; less and less of his wages went to the support of his children, and finally he deserted them. Soon Susan knew—though Ned did not—his shame and theirs. He got mixed up in a burglary, and was sentenced to a long imprisonment.

This was in the summer, but by-and-by the winter came. Ned grew worse, and her scanty earnings became insufficient for his wants.

Susan's case was the worst in the village, because she was quite alone, and moreover looked upon with unfavorable eyes, owing to her father's disgrace. The girl felt this keenly, and in her heart rebelled against it; and the day came when she knew not where to turn for help.

Many, in her place, would have joined their hands in prayer and raised their eyes to the merciful God, and implored aid for her brother and herself. But Susan had not yet learnt to take her sorrows to him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden." She was one of those whom trouble hardens. In prosperity she could be good and tender, but in adversity, though she could do her duty, she did it with a closed heart and angry spirit.

On that afternoon one of her neighbors, Janet Randall, came in to see her. She was a good young woman, who talked with Susan over these matters, but with little success. Susan was hard-working, unselfish, and devoted to her brother; but Janet saw that the peace and comfort of religion had been denied her.

It happened that on that day Janet

had no idea how wholly destitute the girl was; she only noticed that Susan listened to her well-meant effort to give her consolation with a sullen look on her face and no word of answer on her lips.

Janet was in the habit of distributing tracts, and she knew well how wonderful was the good that she had in occasional instances effected. Her zeal and perseverance in this duty were truly admirable. What to her were the nine cases in which she had failed, if she could hope for success in the tenth? Did Jesus cease from healing others, because of the ten who were sore diseased only one turned to thank him?

"Susan," she said, before she left, "you know well that I can only help with counsel, but as my words are weak I fail;" then she gave her one of her tracts, exhorting her to read it.

Too often had these gifts been refused. Some "had no time," others "did not care for such things;" often, too, had she been rebuffed with contumely and even ridicule; but never had she been treated as Susan treated her that day. She threw down the book and stamped her foot upon it. Her face, which before had only been sullen, turned upon her with defiance; her lips, which had been tightly closed, opened, and, without control and without reserve, poured out the words which had long been pent within her.

"You offer me this when my brother is dying for want of food and want of care and—aye, I'll say it—want of human kindness? Will this precious gift of yours give him wine, or medicine, or broth? Will it bring me work, so that I may earn something for him? Will it bring the warm weather again? Give me any one of these things and I'll thank you. Oh, mother! mother! why did you leave me all alone?" wailed out the wretched girl, as she threw herself into a chair and cried until her frame shook.

She covered her face with her hands; but Janet, though inexpressibly shocked, was too real a Christian to resent this outburst. In one moment she was down on her knees and sought to comfort her.

"It will bring you peace, Susan, as all God's teachings do when they sink into the heart and raise a soul from darkness into light."

Susan seldom gave way, and it is the nature of reserved people to quickly feel ashamed of any betrayal of feeling.

"I think I get beside myself sometimes, and don't rightly know what I say. I know you mean well, Janet, but leave me to myself now."

Janet saw that no further speech would avail, so she went; first, however, taking advantage of Susan's contrition

to press the tract upon her. She put it into her pocket for her, and made her promise only to take it out for the purpose of reading it.

When Janet had gone Susan stood in the doorway for a moment, and at that moment a little boy came up to her and said—

Please, Susan, you are to go at once to Squire Wood."

Mrs. Wood, the squire's wife, in the better days which were past, was one of the ladies who had often given her work.

"Do you know what they want?"

"It's for some work. Miss Anabella told me."

This lady was the squire's maiden sister. She had recently come to live there to keep the house, as Mrs. Wood had become very delicate.

In an hour's time Susan was at the squire's place, and was taken into the housekeeper's room.

Miss Wood came down and said, "Good day to you. I am told that you are in need."

"Yes, ma'am; my poor brother—"

"I don't want to hear any whining tales. I know that you are in want, and that is enough." Then she showed her some pillow cases she wanted her to make.

Susan, fearing to offend by speaking, courtesied her thanks.

"I wish to put you into the way of earning a little honest money. I think that is the truest charity."

Susan's face reddened at this allusion to her father's disgrace, but she said nothing.

"I hear you work neatly; I hope you are also clean. Wash your hands well, and don't let the things draggle on the floor."

I'll take great care, ma'am."

"Bring them back on Saturday, and I will pay you at the rate I should have paid a regular work-woman."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am."

"I think that's all, so I wish you good evening. I will send you down the cotton by the housemaid, if you will sit down a few minutes."

Then Susan, thinking of the desperate state of things at home, stammered out a few words about it, and begged to be allowed to bring back part of the work on the morrow.

"There!" said Miss Anabella, much as if she were talking to herself, "give people—it does not matter in the least who they are—an inch, and they are sure to take an ell. It makes me repent of doing a kindness."

Susan made up the parcel as she said, "Very well, ma'am, on Saturday I will bring back everything."

She said nothing more, but her heart sank like lead at the thought that she could not receive one penny until the end of the week.

As she waited there she pressed her hand to her brow, as if trying to think of some means by which something or other could be procured for Ned.

Presently she looked round about her, and on a table near to her, her eyes caught sight of something shining in the dusk. She went nearer, and found that it was a heap of silver lying on the top of a tradesman's book. Her eyes fastened themselves upon it as if she were fascinated, and her hand went out and touched it. The contact of her fingers against the money recalled her to herself, and she took away her hand. She tried to look away, but she could not; her breath felt tightened as she muttered to herself—

"One of those shillings—sixpence even—would do for him!"

Once more her hand went out, and this time took a sixpence off the book. In a second the coin was in her pocket.

Owing to the awkwardness which came from her agitation, she let something fall out of this pocket. It was dusk and she could not rightly see what it was. She stooped down, and there at her feet, as if written on the carpet, her bewildered eyes saw these words:—

"In the hour of temptation help me, almighty God."

With a cry she pulled out the sixpence and put it back; then she wiped away the drops of agony from her brow, and rushed to the farther end of the room.

This was no miracle, only Janet's little book, which she had forgotten. She took it up reverently, and then went to seek the housemaid to ask her for the cotton.

"You look but poorly yourself," said the cook, a kindly woman. "Here is something that will do you good," and she gave Susan some "bits," as she called them, but which the grateful girl knew would be just suitable for Ned. The trusted servant was allowed by her kind mistress, the squire's lady, to do such things.

That same night she read the precious tract, and there, over the tale of one who, like herself, had been tempted and saved as if by a miracle, she wept her tears of contrition; and then she fell on her knees and thanked God that He had looked down upon her in pity, and shown her light in the midst of her darkness.

She told Janet all, concealing nothing, and never—though she lived to see Ned get well and strong, though she was spared to marry and see children and grand-children around her—did she forget how, through the grace of God, and Janet's zeal, she was saved from so great a sin.—*Sel.*

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FIRST DAY IN PALESTINE.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TAL-
MAGE SUNDAY, SEPT. 28.

The Celebrated Divine Paints a Wonderful Word Picture of the Beginning of His Memorable Journey to the Holy Land and Other Old World Regions.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 28.—In the Brooklyn Academy of Music today Dr. Talmage began a series of sermons on his recent journey to the Holy Land. The subject of today's sermon was, "My First Day in Palestine." After appropriate passages of Scripture were read the congregation sang with great spirit: We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

The text was I Kings x, 7: "The half was not told me."

This is the first sermon in a course of Sabbath morning sermons on "My Recent Journey Through the Holy Land and Neighboring Countries: What I Saw and What I Learned." Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the millions of our past only about five thousand have ever visited the Holy Land. Of all those who cross to Europe less than 5 per cent. ever get as far as Rome, and less than 2 per cent. ever get to Athens, and less than a quarter of 1 per cent. ever get to Palestine. Of the less than a quarter of 1 per cent. who do go to the Holy Land some see nothing but the noxious insects and the filth of the Oriental cities, and come back wishing they had never gone. Of those who see much of interest and come home only a small portion can tell what they have seen, the tongue unable to report the eye.

The rarity of a successful, intelligent and happy journey through the Holy Land is very marked. But the time approaches when a journey to Palestine will be common. Thousands will go where now there are scores. Two locomotives were recently sent up from Joppa to Jerusalem, and railroads are about to begin in Palestine, and the day will come when the cry will be, "All out for Jerusalem!" "Twenty minutes for breakfast at Tiberias!" "Change cars for Tyre!" "Grand Trunk Junction for Nineveh!" "All out for Damascus!" Meanwhile the wet locks of the Atlantic ocean and Adriatic and Mediterranean seas are being shorn, and not only is the voyage shortened, but after a while, without crossing the ocean, you or your children will visit the Holy Land. A company of capitalists have gone up to Behring straits, where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting.

These capitalists or others will build a bridge across these straits, for midway are three islands called "The Diomedes," and the water is not deep and is never disturbed with icebergs. Trains of cars will run from America across that bridge and on down through Siberia, bringing under more immediate observation the Russian outrages against exiles and consequently abolishing them; and there are persons here today who, without one qualm of seasickness, will visit that wonderful land where the Christlike, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Solomonic and Herodic histories overlap each other with such power that by the time I took my feet out of the stirrups at the close of the

journey I felt so wrung out with exertion that it seemed nothing else could ever absorb my feelings again.

THE SEA IS ON THE WAY.

The chief hindrance for going to Palestine with many is the dreadful sea, and though I have crossed it ten times it is more dreadful every time, and I fully sympathize with what was said one night when Mr. Beecher and I went over to speak in New York at the anniversary of the Seamen's Friend society, and the clergyman making the opening prayer quoted from St. John, "There shall be no more sea," and Mr. Beecher, seated beside me, in memory of a recent ocean voyage said, "Amen; I am glad of that." By the partial abolition of the Atlantic ocean and the putting down of rail tracks across every country in all the world, the most sacred land on earth will come under the observation of so many people who will be ready to tell of what they saw that infidelity will be pronounced only another form of insanity, for no honest man can visit the Holy Land and remain an infidel.

This Bible from which I preach has almost fallen apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very places where they occurred. And some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee, and the book was jostled in the saddle bags for many weeks, but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing houses. All my life I had heard of Palestine, and I had read about it, and talked about it, and preached about it, and sung about it, and prayed about it, and dreamed about it, until my anticipations were piled up into something like Himalayan proportions, and yet I have to cry out, as did the queen of Sheba when she first visited the Holy Land, "The half was not told me."

FROM MANGER TO THRONE.

In order to make the more accurate and vivid a book I have been writing, a life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I left home last October, and on the last night of November we were walking the decks of the Senegal, a Mediterranean steamer. It was a ship of immense proportions. There were but few passengers, for it is generally rough at that time of year, and pleurists are not apt to be voyaging there and then. The stars were all out that night. Those armies of light seemed to have had their shields newly burnished. We walked the polished deck. Not much was said, for in all our hearts was the dominant word "to-morrow." Somehow the Acropolis, which a few days before had thrilled us at Athens, now in our minds lessened in the height of its columns and the glory of its temples. And the Egyptian pyramids in our memory lessened their wonders of obsolete masonry, and the Coliseum of Rome was not so vast a ruin as it a few weeks before had seemed to be.

And all that we had seen and heard dwindled in importance, for to-morrow, to-morrow we shall see the Holy Land. "Captain, what time will we come in sight of Palestine?" "Well," he said, "if the wind and sea remain as they are, about daybreak." Never was I so impatient for a night to pass. I could not see much use for that night, anyhow. I pulled aside the curtain from the porthole of my stateroom, so that the first hint of dawn would waken

me. But it was a useless precaution. Sleep was among the impossibilities. Who could be so stupid as to slumber when any moment there might start out within sight of the ship the land where the most stupendous scenes of all time and all eternity were enacted—land of ruin and redemption, land where was fought the battle that made our heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus?

IT IS GROWING LIGHTER.

Will the night ever be gone? Yes, it is growing lighter, and along the horizon there is something like a bank of clouds, and as a watchman paces the deck I say to him, "What is that out yonder?" "That is land, sir," said the sailor. "The land!" I cried, and soon all our friends were aroused from sleep and the shore began more clearly to reveal itself. With roar and rattle and bang the anchor dropped in the roadstead a half mile from land, for though Joppa is the only harbor of Palestine it is the worst harbor on all the coasts. Sometimes for weeks no ship stops there. Between rocks about seventy-five feet apart a small boat must take the passengers ashore. The depths are strewn with the skeletons of those who have attempted to land or attempted to embark. Twenty-seven pilgrims perished with one crash of a boat against the rocks. Whole fleets of Crusaders, of Romans, of Syrians, of Egyptians have gone to splinters there. A writer eight hundred years ago said he stood on the beach in a storm at Joppa, and out of thirty ships all but seven went to pieces on the rocks, and a thousand of the dead were washed ashore.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

Strange that with a few blasts of powder like that which shattered our American Hull Gate those rocks have not been uprooted and the way cleared, so that great ships, instead of anchoring far out from land, might sweep up to the wharf for passengers and freight. But you must remember that land is under the Turk, and what the Turk touches he withers. Mohammedanism is against easy wharves, against steamers, against rail trains, against printing presses, against civilization. Darkness is always opposed to light. The owl hates the morn. "Leave those rocks where they are," practically cries the Turkish government; "we want no people of other religions and other habits to land there; if the salt seas wash over them let it be a warning to other invaders; away with your Nineteenth century, with its free thought and its modern inventions." That Turkish government ought to be blotted from the face of the earth, and it will be.

Of many of the inhabitants of Palestine I asked the question, "Has the sultan of Turkey ever been here?" Answer, "No." "Why don't he come, when it belongs to his dominion?" And, after the man interrogated looked this way and that, so as to know he would not be reported, the answer would invariably be, "He dare not come." I believed it. If the sultan of Turkey attempted to visit Jerusalem he would never get back again. All Palestine hates him. I saw him go to the mosque for prayers in his own city of Constantinople, and saw seven thousand armed men riding out to protect him. Expensive prayers! Of course that government wants no better harbor at Joppa. May God remove that curse of nations, that old hag of the

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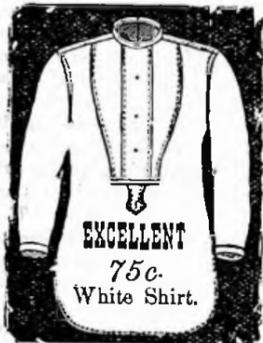
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centuries, the Turkish government! For its everlasting insult to God and woman let it perish! And so those rocks at the harbor remain the jaws of repeated destruction.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the ship we heard the clamor and quarrel and swearing of fifteen or sixteen different races of men of all features, and all colors and all vernaculars; all different in appearance, but all alike in desire to get our baggage and ourselves at exorbitant prices. Twenty boats and only ten passengers to go ashore. The man having charge of us pushes aside some, and strikes with a heavy stick others, and by violence that would not be tolerated in our country, but which seem to be the only manner of making any impression there, clears our way into one of the boats, which heads for the shore. We are within fifteen minutes of the Christ land. Now we hear shouting from the beach, and in five minutes we will be landed. The prow of the boat is caught by men who wade out to help us in.

We are tremulous with suppressed excitement, our breath is quick, and from the side of the boat we spring to

the shore, and Sunday morning, Dec. 1, 1889, about 8 o'clock, our feet touch Palestine. Forever to me and mine will that day and hour be commemorated for that pre-eminent mercy. Let it be mentioned in prayer by my children and children's children after we are gone, that morning we were permitted to enter that land and gaze upon those holy hills and feel the emotions that rise and fall and weep and laugh and sing and triumph at such a disembarkation.

VIEW OF JOPPA.

On the back of hills one hundred and fifty feet high Joppa is lifted toward the skies. It is as picturesque as it is quaint, and as much unlike any city we have ever seen, as though it were built in that star Mars, where a few nights ago this very September astronomers, through unparalleled telescopes, saw a snow storm raging. How glad we were to be in Joppa! Why, this is the city where Dorcas, that queen of the needle, lived and died and was resurrected. You remember that the poor people came around the dead body of this benefactress, and brought specimens of her kind needlework and said, "Dorcas made this," "Dorcas sewed that," "Dorcas cut and fitted this," "Dorcas hemmed that."

According to Lightfoot, the commentator, they laid her out in state in a public room, and the poor wrung their hands and cried and sent for Peter, who performed a miracle by which the good woman came back to life and resumed her benefactions. An especial resurrection day for one woman! She was the model by which many women of our day have fashioned their lives, and at the first blast of the horn of wintry tempest there appear ten thousand Dorcases—Dorcas of Brooklyn, Dorcas of New York, Dorcas of London, Dorcas of all the neighborhoods and towns and cities of Christendom—just as good as the Dorcas of Joppa which I visited. Thank God for the ever increasing skill and sharpness and speed and generosity of Dorcas' needle.

CARRYING HIS BED.

"What is that man doing?" I said to the dragonman in the streets of Joppa. "Oh, he is carrying his bed." Multitudes of people sleep out of doors, and that is the way so many in those lands become blind. It is from the dew of the night falling on the eyelids. As a result of this, in Egypt every twentieth person is totally blind. In Oriental lands the bed is made of a thin small mattress, a blanket and a pillow, and when the man rises in the morning he just ties up the three into a bundle and shoulders it and takes it away. It was to that the Saviour referred when he said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk." An American couch or an English couch would require at least four men to carry it, but one Oriental can easily manage his slumber equipment.

THE TANNERIES OF JOPPA.

But I inhale some of the odors of the large tanneries around Joppa. It is there to this day, a prosperous business, this tanning of hides. And that reminds me of Simon, the tanner, who lived at Joppa and was the host of Peter, the apostle. I suppose the olfactories of Peter were as easily insulted by the odors of a tannery as others. But the Bible says, "He lodged with one Simon, the tanner." People who go out to do reformatory and missionary and Christian work must not be too sensitive. Simon no doubt brought to his homestead every night the malodors of the calfskins and ox hides in his tannery, but Peter lodged in that home, not only because he may not have been invited to the houses of merchant princes surrounded by redolent gardens, but to teach all men and women engaged in trying to make the world better that they must not be squeamish and fastidious and finical and over particular in doing the work of the world.

The church of God is dying of fastidiousness. We cry over the sufferings of the world in hundred dollar pocket handkerchiefs, and then put a cent in the poor box. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly, and the refined, and the elegant, and the educated, but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission school among the uncombed and the unwashed, excuse them from touching the hand of one whose finger nails are in mourning for departed soap. Such religious precisionists can toil in atmospheres laden with honeysuckle and rosemary, but not in air floating up from the malodorous vats. No, no, no! Excuse them from lodging with one Simon, the tanner.

During the last war there were in Virginia some sixty or seventy wounded soldiers in a barn, on the second floor, so near the roof that the heat of the August sun was almost insupportable. The men were dying from sheer exhaustion and suffocation. A distinguished member of the Christian commission said to the nurse who stood there, "Wash the faces and feet of these men and it will revive them." "No," said the nurse, "I didn't come into the army to wash anybody's feet." "Well," said the distinguished member of the commission, "bring me water and a towel; I will be very glad to wash their feet." One was the spirit of the devil, the other the spirit of Christ.

THE HOUSE TOPS OF JOPPA.

But reference to Peter reminds me that we must go to the housetop in Joppa where he was taught the democracy of religion. That was about the queerest thing that ever happened. On our way up to that housetop we passed an old well where the great stones were worn deep with the ropes of the buckets, and it must be a well many centuries old, and I think Peter drank out of it. Four or five goat or calfskins filled with water lay about the yard. We soon got up the steps and on the housetop. It was in such a place in Joppa that Peter one noon while he was waiting for dinner had a hungry fit and fainted away, and had a vision or dream or trance. I said to my family and friends on that housetop, "Listen while I read about what happened here." And opening the Bible we had the whole story.

It seems that Peter on the housetop dreamed that a great blanket was let down out of heaven, and in it were sheep and goats and cattle and mules and pigeons and buzzards and snakes and all manner of creatures that fly the air, or walk the field, or crawl the earth, and in the dream a voice told him as he was hungry to eat, and he said, "I cannot eat things unclean." Three times he dreamed it. There was then heard a knocking at the gate of the house on the top of which Peter lay in a trance, and three men asked, "Is Peter here?" Peter, while yet wondering what his dream meant, descends the stairs and meets these strangers at the gate, and they tell him that a good man by the name of Cornelius, in the city of Caesarea, has also had a dream and has sent them for Peter and to ask him to come and preach. At that call Peter left Joppa for Caesarea. The dream he had just had prepared him to preach, for Peter learned by it to reject no people as unclean, and whereas he previously thought he must preach only to the Jews, now he goes to preach to the Gentiles, who were considered unclean.

TWO DREAMS.

Notice how the two dreams meet—Peter's dream on the housetop, Cornelius' dream at Caesarea. So I have noticed providences meet, distant events meet, dreams meet. Every dream is hunting up some other dream, and every event is searching for some other event. In the Fifteenth century (1492) the great event was the discovery of America. The art of printing, born in the same century, goes out to meet that discovery and make the New World an intelligent world. The Declaration of Independence, announcing equal rights, meets Robert Burns'

A man's a man for a' that.

The United States was getting too large to be managed by one government, and telegraphy was invented to compress within an hour the whole continent. Armies in the civil war were to be fitted out with clothing, and the sewing machine invention came out to make it possible. Immense farming acreage is presented in this country, enough to support millions of our native born and millions of foreigners; but the old style of plow and scythe and reaper and thresher cannot do the work, and there come steam plows, steam harrows, steam reapers, steam rakes, steam threshers, and the work is accomplished. The forests of the earth fail to afford sufficient fuel, and so the

coal mines surrender a sufficiency. The cotton crops were luxuriant, but of comparatively little value, for they could not be managed; and so, at just the right time, Hargreaves came with his invention of the spinning jenny, and Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton gin. The world, after pottering along with tallow candles and whale oil, was crying for better light and more of it, and the hills of Pennsylvania poured out rivers of oil, and kerosene illumined the nations. But the oil wells began to fail, and then the electric light comes forth to turn night into day.

So all events are woven together, and the world is magnificently governed, because it is divinely governed. We criticise things and think the divine machinery is going wrong, and put our fingers amid the wheels only to get them crushed. But I say, hands off! Things are coming out gloriously. Cornelius may be in Casarea, and Peter in Joppa, but their dreams meet. It is one hand that is managing the world, and that is God's hand; and one mind that is planning all things for good, and that is God's mind; and one heart that is filled with love and pardon and sympathy, and that is God's heart. Have faith in him. Fret about nothing. Things are not at loose ends. There are no accidents. All will come out right in your history and in the world. As you are waking from one dream up stairs an explanatory dream will be knocking at the gate down stairs.

WHERE JONAH EMBARKED.

Standing here in Joppa I remember that where we this morning disembarked the prophet Jonah embarked. For the first time in my life I fully understand that story. God told Jonah to go to Nineveh, but the prophet declined that call and came here to Joppa. I was for weeks, while in the Holy Land, consulting with tourist companies as to how I could take Nineveh in my journey. They did not encourage the undertaking. It is a most tedious ride to Nineveh amid a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nineveh. He not only revolted because of the disagreeable message he was called to deliver at Nineveh, but because it was a long way and tough, and bandit infested, so he came here to Joppa and took ship. But, alas, for the disastrous voyage! He paid his full fare for the whole voyage, but the ship company did not fill their part of the contract. To this day they have not paid back that passage money. Why people should doubt the story of Jonah and the whale is more of a mystery than the Bible event itself. I do not need the fact that Pliny, the historian, records that the skeleton of a whale forty feet long, and with a hide a foot and a half thick, was brought from Joppa to Rome.

The event recorded in the book of Jonah has occurred a thousand times. The Lord always has a whale outside the harbor for a man who starts in the wrong direction. Recreant Jonah! I do not wonder that even the whale was sick of him. This prophet was put in the Bible not as an example, but as a warning, because the world not only needs lighthouses, but buoys, to show where the rocks are. The Bible story of him ends by showing the prophet in a fit of the sulks. He was mad because Nineveh was not destroyed, and then

he went out to pout, and sat under a big leaf, using it for shade from the tropical sun, and when a worm disturbed that leaf, and it withered, and the sun smote Jonah, he flew into a great rage, and said, "It is better for me to die than to live." A prophet in a rage because he had lost his umbrella! Beware of petulance!

VIVID CONTRASTS.

But standing here on the housetop at Joppa, I look off upon the sands near the beach, and I almost expected to find them crimsoned and incarnadined. But no; the rains long ago washed away the last sign of the Napoleonic massacre. Napoleon was marching on through the coasts. He had here at Joppa four thousand Albanians, who had been surrendered as prisoners of war, and under a promise of protection. What shall he do with them? It will be impossible for him to take them along, and he cannot afford to leave soldiers enough to guard them from escape. It will not be difficult for the man who broke the heart of lovely Josephine, and who, when asked if the great losses of life in his battles were not too dear a price to pay for his victories, shrugged his shoulders mirthfully and said, "You must break the eggs if you want to make an omelet"—I say it will not be difficult for him to decide.

The prisoners of war by his order are taken out on the sands and put to death—one thousand of them, two thousand of them, three thousand of them, four thousand of them, massacred. And the blood pours down into the sea, the red of the one mingling with the blue of the other, and making an awful maroon which neither God nor nation can ever forget. Ye who are fond of vivid contrasts put the two scenes of Joppa side by side, Dorcas with her needle, and the immortal butcher with his knife.

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

But standing on this Joppa house top I look off on the Mediterranean, and what is that strange sight I see? The waters are black, seemingly for miles. There seems to be a great multitude of logs fastened together. Oh, yes, it is a great raft of timbers. They are cedars of Lebanon which King Hiram is furnishing King Solomon in exchange for 20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 baths of oil and 20,000 baths of wine. These cedars have been cut down and trimmed in the mountains of Lebanon by the 70,000 axmen engaged there, and with great withes and iron bolts are fastened together, and they are floating down to Joppa to be taken across the land for Solomon's temple, now building at Jerusalem, for we have lost our hold of the Nineteenth century and are clear back in the ages.

The rafts of cedar are guided into what is called the Moon Pool, an old harbor south of Joppa, now filled with sand and useless. With long pikes the timber is pushed this way and that in the water, then with levers and many a loud, long "Io, heave!" as the carters get their shoulders under the great weight, the timber is fastened to the wagons and the lowing oxen are yoked to the load, and the procession of teams moves on with crack of whip and drawn out words which, translated, I suppose would correspond with the "Whoa, haw, gee!" of modern teamsters, toward Jerusalem, which is thirty miles away, over mountainous distances which for hundreds of years de-

fied all engineering. And those rough cedars shall become carved pillars, and beautiful altars, and rounded bannisters, and traceried panels, and sublime ceiling, and exquisite harps, and kingly chariots.

As the wagon train moves out from Joppa over the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem I say to myself, what vast numbers of people helped build that temple of Solomon, and what vast numbers of people are now engaged in building the wider, higher, grander temple of righteousness rising in the earth. Our Christian ancestry toiled at it, amid sweat and tears, and hundreds of the generations of the good, and the long train of Christian workers still moves on; and as in the construction of Solomon's temple some hewed with the ax in the far away Lebanon, and some drove a wedge, and some twisted a withe, and some trod the wet and slippery rafts on the sea, and some yoked the ox, and some pulled at the load, and some shoved the plane, and some fitted the joints, and some heaved up the rafters, but all helped build the temple, though some of these never saw it, so now let us all put our hands, and our shoulders, and our hearts to the work of building the temple of righteousness, which is to fill the earth; and one will bind a wound, and another will wipe away a tear, and another will teach a class, and another will speak the encouraging word, and all of us will be ready to pull and lift, and in some way help on the work until the millennial morn shall gild the pinnacle of that finished temple, and at its shining gates the world shall put down its last burden, and in its lavers wash off its last stain, and at its altars the last wanderer shall kneel. At the dedication of that temple all the armies of earth and heaven will "shoulder arms" and "present arms" and "ground arms," for "behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

AND NOW FOR JERUSALEM.

But my first day in the Holy Land is ended. The sun is already closing his eye for the night. I stand on the balcony of a hotel which was brought to Joppa in pieces from the state of Maine by some fanatics who came here expecting to see Christ reappear in Palestine. My room here was once occupied by that Christian hero of the centuries—English, Chinese, Egyptian, world-wide General Gordon, a man mighty for God as well as for the world's pacification. Although the first of December and winter, the air is full of fragrance from gardens all a-bloom, and under my window are acacia and tamarisk and mulberry and century plants and orange groves and oleander. From the drowsiness of the air and the fatigues of the day I feel sleepy. Good night! To-morrow morning we start for Jerusalem.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 22, 1890.

Trains leave Delaware Avenue Depot: EAST BOUND.

*Express trains. NEW YORK, week days, *2.13, *7.05, *7.45, *10.31, *11.50 a. m., *2.40, *5.35, *7.25 p. m. Boston, 6.33 p. m., daily, with Pullman sleeping cars running through to Boston without change via Poughkeepsie bridge, landing passengers in B. & O. Station, Boston. PHILADELPHIA week days, *2.13, 6.05, 6.50, *7.05, *7.45, 7.50, *8.44, 9.00, *9.52, *10.31, 10.31, *11.50, a. m. 1.01, *2.40, 3.00, 4.10, *5.38, 5.25, 6.45, *7.25, 8.30, *9.66 10.00 p. m. CHESTER, week days, *2.13, 6.05, 6.50, *7.05, *7.45, 7.40, *8.44, 9.00, *9.52, *10.31, 10.31, *11.50, a. m. 1.00, *2.40, 3.00, 4.10, 5.25, *5.85, 6.45, *7.23, 8.30, *9.06, 10.00 p. m. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., week days, *6.05, *7.05, *7.45, *8.44, *11.50 a. m., *2.40 p. m. WEST BOUND.

BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON, *4.59, 7.20, *8.45, *9.50 a. m. *12.10, 2.51, *5.06, *6.27, *8.07 daily Baltimore and principal stations on Philadelphia division, 9.50 a. m. daily. PITTSBURG, *4.59, a. m., *5.06 p. m. daily. CHICAGO, *8.45 a. m., *5.27 p. m. daily. CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS, *12.10 p. m., and *8.07 p. m. daily. SINGLERLY ACCOMMODATION 7.20 a. m., 2.51 7.35, 11.10 p. m. daily. LANDENBERG ACCOMMODATION, week days, 7.00 10.50 a. m., 2.51 and 6.06 p. m. Trains leave Market Street Station: For Philadelphia week days, 5.50, 6.35, *7.30, *8.27, *9.40, *11.35 a. m., 12.43 2.46, 3.55 5.00 9.45 p. m. For Baltimore week days, 5.35, *8.27, *9.40, *11.35 a. m. 2.45, *5.00 p. m. Baltimore and principal stations on the Philadelphia division 9.40 a. m. daily except Sunday. For Landenberg and way stations week days 6.50, 10.45 a. m., 2.45, 5.00 p. m. Chicago *8.27 a. m. daily except Sunday. Pittsburg *5.00 p. m. daily. Cincinnati and St. Louis *11.35 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Trains leave Philadelphia for Wilmington daily *2.24, 6.15, *8.15, *9.15, 9.50, *11.35 a. m. 12.00 noon 1.51, 3.00, *4.31, *4.35, *6.55, 6.30, *7.32, 8.10, 10.10 11.30 p. m. Daily except Sunday. *6.10, 7.35, 8.40 a. m. *1.50, *4.00, 5.30 p. m. Rates to Western points lower via any other line. Telephone Call No. 193. C. O. SCULL, Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. T. ODELL, General Manager.

Wilmington & Northern R. R. Time-Table, in effect June 22d, 1890.

Table with columns: GOING NORTH, Stations (Wilmington, B. & O. Junction, Montchanin, Winterthur, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lenape, West Chester (Stage), Cotesville, Waynesburg Junction), Daily, Dally (except Sunday), am, pm.

Table with columns: GOING SOUTH, Stations (Reading (P & R Sta), Birdsboro, Joanna, Springfield, Warwick, St. Peters, Waynesburg Junction, Cotesville, Lenape, West Chester (Stage), Chadd's Ford Junction, Winterthur, Montchanin, B & O Junction, Wil., (French St.)), Daily, Dally (ex. Sunday), ex Sun, am, pm.

Additional Trains, Daily except Saturday and Sunday, leave Wilmington 6.17 p. m., B. & O. Junction 6.28 p. m., Newbridge 6.41 p. m. Arrive Montchanin 6.59 p. m. On Saturday only will leave Wilmington at 5.17 p. m. Arrive at Newbridge 5.41 p. m. Wilmington 10.15 p. m. Arrive Newbridge 10.35 p. m., and Montchanin 10.55 p. m. Leave Birdsboro 1.10 p. m. Arrive Reading 1.40 p. m. ADDITIONAL TRAINS. Daily except Saturday and Sunday, leave Montchanin 7.18 p. m., B. & O. Junction 7.30 p. m. Arrives Wilmington 7.40 p. m. Saturday Only. Leave Reading 12.00 noon. Arrive Birdsboro 12.30 p. m. Leave Montchanin 1.10 p. m., Newbridge 1.30 p. m. Arrive Wilmington 1.51 p. m. Leave Newbridge 7.15 p. m. Arrive B. & O. Junction 7.30 p. m. Arrive Wilmington 7.40 p. m. For connections at Wilmington (with P. W. & B. R. R.) at B. & O. Junction (with B. & O. R. R.), at Chadd's Ford Junction (with P. W. & B. R. R.), at Cotesville and Waynesburg Junction (with Penna. R. R.), at Birdsboro (with P. & R. R. and P. R. R.) see time-tables at all stations. BOWNESS BRIGGS, Gen'l Pass. Agent. A. G. MCOAUSLAND, Superintendent.

Western Maryland Railroad, connecting with P. W. & B. R. R. at Union Station Baltimore.

Taking effect June 14, 1890. Leave Hillen Station as follows: DAILY.

4.10 A. M.—Fast Mail for Shenandoah Valley and Southern and Southwestern points. Also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Blue Mountain, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, and points on B. & C. V. R. R., Martinsburg, W. Va., and Winchester, Va. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. 7.05 A. M.—Accommodation for Gettysburg and all points on B. and H. Div. and Main Line east of Emory Grove Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle. 8.05 A. M. Mail for Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippenburg, and points on Main Line and B. & C. V. R. R. also Frederick and Emmittsburg. 10.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, Gettysburg, Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle. 1.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Arlington. 2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. 3.32 P. M.—Express for Howardville, Owings's Mills, Glyndon and all points on B. and H. Division. 4.00 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings's Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmittsburg and B. and C. V. R. R., Shenandoah Valley R. R., and points South. 5.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 6.28 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 11.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN. Daily 6.28 P. M.; daily (except Sunday) 6.50, 7.30, 8.42, 11.10 A. M., 12.12, 2.40, 5.10, 6.14, 6.52 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office 205 East Baltimore st. All trains stop at Union Station, Pennsylvania Avenue and Fulton Stations. J. M. HOOD, General Manager. B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.



BICYCLES! BICYCLES! BICYCLES!

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