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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
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BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

She wore the name of Christ, and seemed to share
His self-forgetfulness, His love divine;
Her life gave promise of a life most rare,
A very star of grace she seemed to shine.

Alas! one cloud turned all her day to night,
One drop of rue made gall her nectared cup;
And when again her path grew fair and bright,
She bowed her head, and would not lift it up.

New blessings thronged around her, blossoms sweet,
Shedding abroad their honeyed breath,
Like balm;
God's angels guided still her stumbling feet,
And led her where the airs were pure and calm.

"I am resigned," said lips; her face said nay;
"The Lord is good," she said, but did not smile;
She nursed her grief in silence, day by day,
And found a melancholy joy the while.

Hearts look to her, in need and sore distress,
Looking to find some way from darkness out;
But seeing naught to comfort or to bless,
They turned away in hopeless pain and doubt.

And thus she lived her life, nor looked beyond
Her own heart's sorrow, on the world so fair,
Bearing false witness to a love most fond,
False witness to a Father's tender care.

Oh, ye who take and wear the name of Christ,
Keep ye a cheerful heart and sunny face,
Lest sorrowing, ye be to gloom enticed,
And bear false witness to God's love and grace.

—EMMA D. DOWD, in *Sunday School Times*.

"Stepping Heavenward."

As we have sat around the fireside during our quiet Sunday afternoons and read the fascinating story of the life of Elizabeth Prentiss, I have felt a peculiar charm brood, over me, a sweet peace enter my soul. Her helpful influence can but exert its power over all who read therein of her doings and sayings, as though they were communing with the living person.

Skillfully has the husband of this gifted woman woven her journals and letters together, concealing himself, except as they reveal his presence, until they bring before us a perfect picture of her changing life. Rarely does one writing of another make it so truly an autobiography. Born and trained in a truly religious home, under the parental guidance of the saintly Edward Payson, she imbibed influences from the first which led her to a longing after spiritual things, a frequent looking within, and an almost morbid distrust of self, but with a constant growth in the Christian life. Keenly sensitive, delicate in health, it was a severe trial to accept the invitation to a position in the Richmond school. For the first time she started forth alone, severed the old familiar ties that clung so closely about her heart, and we can imagine her feelings as she writes: "No words can describe the anguish of my mind the night I left home." But once in her school, and accustomed to its duties, her letters became full of sparkle and sunshine. Like a young girl, she enters heartily into the new life about her, draws vivid pictures of the daily events, throws merry sallies at some of her odd companions, while through all these writings of rollicking dash and humor, now and then gleams forth the inner light of her spiritual nature. Close beside the playful remark comes the

expression of Christ-like joy and peace. Thus during all her life did she so thoroughly intermingle the human with the divine as to be "hid with Christ in God," and at the same time join with the youngest child, the merriest company, a leader in their sports; a perfect Christian, inspiring all who came within her influence; a perfect woman, sympathizing readily with young or old, sick or well.

Early in life did she reveal an intense love for nature. In her Richmond journal she writes; "I had the great hill all to myself, and it was so beautiful I could have thrown myself down and kissed the earth itself. O, sweet and good and loving Mother Nature! I choose you for my own. I will hunt you out wherever you hide, and you shall comfort me when I am sad, and laugh with me when I am merry, and take me by the hand, and lead me onward and upward till the image of the heavenly forceth out that of the earthly from my whole heart and soul." Later on, the same spirit breathes forth in her European letters. From that Switzerland retreat, whither they had fled for rest and health, she gives us vivid pictures of the mountain lakes and snowy peaks, until we fancy ourselves standing by her side, gazing up at the wonders which God hath there wrought. So, also, in her Dorset home, the buds and blossoms, the trees and shrubs, the velvety moss, the warbling birds, all spoke to her soul in a living language, all brought into her life a constant inspiration.

During the year 1843 she entered upon that mysterious, wondrous experience when the heart first throbs with the impulses of a holy affection. In her intensity of love she almost trembled lest her devotion to the all-loving One might be drawn away by this new-found joy, as she writes: "I am afraid of love—the fear of satisfying myself with something short of him—this is my only anxiety." What a wife would such a one make! How rich was the man who could feel those tendrils of a pure and holy nature twining themselves about his heart! On the 16th of April 1845, Miss Payson crossed the threshold of maidenhood and entered the realm, of which she was to be queen. Her letters during the next two years glow with the sunshine of domestic joy. Thirty years afterwards her words still bear testimony to this perfect joy, this complete union of heart with heart. "Oh, if you knew the sacredness, the beauty, the sweetness of married life as I do, you would as soon think of entering heaven without a wedding garment as of venturing on the outskirts even, save by the force of a passionate, overwhelming power that is stronger than death itself!" Would that more maidens in the present day might realize the depth of meaning hidden there, and form no homes of their own without the sure foundation of a holy affection.

As a pastor's wife, she soon won the affections of all. She evinced rare tact and wisdom in counseling the young, she carried light and cheer into the humble home, she entered the house of mourning with tenderest sympathy and sweet consolation; she was a co-laborer with her husband in all good works and ways. Passing from the smaller parish in New Bedford to the metropolitan pastorate in New York, she found a large field awaiting her, into which she entered with the same spirit of love, the same ardent zeal to do some work for her Master. As she

writes in later years; "You can't think how sweet it is to be a pastor's wife; to feel the right to sympathize with those who mourn, to fly to them at once and join them in their prayers and tears.

Amidst these new joys and cares God was training her in a school of severe suffering to know by experience how to be a daughter of consolation unto all afflicted, sorrowing souls. Naturally frail, and extremely nervous, the cares of motherhood wore heavily upon her weak system. While she was filled with rapture over the precious gifts which God had placed in her hands for training, their need of constant attention, their oftentimes lingering diseases demanded more than she had power to give. Her overtaxed nerves gave way, sleep came not to her weary eyelids, other latent troubles revealed themselves, and all through her life she was a constant sufferer. Twice did the chastening hand descend and rob the household of two of its treasures. Tenderly as she loved them, keenly as she felt the stroke, she yielded all into the Father's hands. In this spirit of submission she wrote those pathetic lines: "Oh," said the gardener, as he passed down the garden walk, 'who plucked that flower? Who gathered that plant?' His fellow-servants answered, 'The Master!' and the gardener held his peace." Thus, although her soul was filled with anguish, she kept a cheerful face for the husband and little ones yet remaining; she gave no outward expression of grief, revealing only closer and sweeter communion with her Master. "I look back to two points in my life as standing out from all the rest as seasons of peculiar joy, and they are points where I was crushed under the weight of sorrow." Again she writes:

'Old and young are bringing troubles
Great and small for me to bear;
I have often blessed my sorrows,
That drew others' griefs so near.'

Well does the author say, "A chapter might be written about Mrs. Prentiss' love for little children." All through her letters are joyous words, sparkling descriptions, enthusiastic delight, as she refers to her own merry company, or the children in some other home. One of her raciest sketches is that in which she heralds the coming of the "Infant King." She writes to young mothers words of sweetness and joy. She holds sacred the "children's hour," entering readily into their merry games; she joins them in their woodland rambles; she becomes a child again in their midst. Nor does her interest stop here. As their natures develop, their intellects quicken, their minds broaden, she becomes anxious for their spiritual life, she longs for the soul to have an equal growth; and as she sympathizes with them in their peculiar trials and temptations, she pens words to them that become as an angel of strength and comfort. The spirit of charity, of love for others, was carried into the smallest acts of life. Where a simple "cup of cold water" could bring cheer to a fainting heart, that favor was never forgotten. Wherever there was a darkened home, she always found time to enter therein with sunny smile and cheerful word. Her sparkling letters were sometimes written when the heart was far from merry, because she knew they would do good, her tender sympathies were put in sweetest form as she wrote to some friend in affliction. Charity had to her its deep, full meaning—love for all mankind.

Look again to her letters, and we see her soul-life breathed forth in those words: "I should be thankful if no human being could ever meet me, even in a chance way, and not go away clasping Christ closer." And yet again: "The Summer has gone, and I am grieved that I have not been so like Him, so full of him, as to constrain everybody I met to love him too." From that earnestness of love, that unselfishness of life, came into being the weekly Bible readings, begun in her Dorset home with fear and trembling, but rapidly attracting all within the neighborhood; and afterward conducted in New York, proving a source of rich blessing to all who attended them. Truly does some friend say of her: "Volumes could be made of her letters to friends in sorrow. She was one of God's own ministering spirits, but always more eager that souls should grow than that pain should cease." Tenderly does she lead the wounded heart to the One who alone can heal. How comforting these words to one who had suffered deeply: "It is hard now to suffer, but after all the light affliction is nothing, and the weight of glory is everything." Thus in all things, the humblest deeds of charity, the many pastoral services, the loving words of sympathy, or public teachings from the Holy Word, she ever seemed to lose sight of self, and think only of the needs around her.

Constantly witnessing and living for her Master, how could she help but breathe forth that prayer of her heart:

"More love to thee, O Christ
More love to thee."

Day after day she had been experiencing this longing within her soul, as she writes: "To love Christ more—this is the deepest need, the constant cry of my soul. Out in the woods, on my bed; and out driving, when I am happy and busy, and when I am sad and idle, the whisper keeps going up for more love, more love, more love!" At last she put the prayer into words, and gave us this spiritual hymn.

Late in life she came in contact with books on the "Higher Life" and "Entire Sanctification," but by some mischance, all which she read taught the extreme theory of "sinlessness." She could not accept these views, but her sensitive nature shuddered lest she were living on too low a plane, and failing to be a perfect Christian. She became troubled and perplexed, passing through thick clouds of doubt and despair; but 'midst it all the Father's hand upheld her, and she came forth from the trial but the purer and more Christ-like; revealing in every future act a sanctified heart and a consecrated life. I need scarcely refer to her work as an authoress, for by that she is almost widely known. Though frail in health, though constant in parish work, though faithful in all home duties, she yet found time to read largely and write widely. Twenty-five volumes of prose and poetry have been the result of her active brain. Children's stories rarely equaled, winning their way into every home, bear her name as their author. Chief among them all stands out "Stepping Heavenward," a book translated into many tongues, and carrying joy and comfort to thousands of struggling souls. "Every word of that book was a prayer and seemed to come of itself.

Thus inspired it is not strange that it has been such a power for good. So earnest did she become in her work, so

swiftly did the plan unfold itself, when once her soul was stirred, that her pen fairly flew over the paper, and she would complete in a few days books that others would linger over for months. Basing herself to the last, she painted with an artist's brush either pictures upon the canvas, or more living scenes within her books, until one morning in her garden work the Master's hand descended, and her head bent beneath the stroke. The sun of day touched her brain with his burning rays, and she rallied not until her spirit took flight, and she passed unto the Sun of Righteousness. The lesson of her life was made complete: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

This sketch of her life only half reveals the beauty which runs through the whole volume. Like a kaleidoscope, with its changing views, so are these letters with their constant surprises. But open the book, and catch a glimpse of its richness, and you will not cease reading until the last chapter is finished, finding in her life the realization of those lines of Wordsworth:

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light."

—Mary H. Thirkield, in *W. Chr. Advocate*.

Everything that can be done by the liquor fraternity to make it appear that temperance and prohibition sentiments are not gaining much ground, in order to hold in check the sympathy and votes of that large class of people who depend upon others to do their thinking and make their observations for them. The recent demonstration in Dallas, on the formal opening of a new brewery, by parading the streets and forcing into parade the public property of the city, and some of the officials, and winding up with a banquet of free beer, is but a sample of the duplicity resorted to to deceive the people. The doom of the liquor traffic is sealed, and temperance workers must not be bluffed or frightened at this tremendous struggle of a dying monster.—*Texas Christian Advocate*.

When Rev. H. La Petra visited the United States during the past winter, in the interest of Bishop Taylor's South American work, he brought encouraging reports from the schools in Santiago, Chili, so far as the patronage was concerned, but expressed the great need of college buildings to evade the enormous rents charged for uncomfortable and inconvenient apartments, and asked for \$50,000 that suitable buildings might be constructed during the coming year. All lovers of Christian missions will rejoice to hear that the whole amount asked for has been provided and will be sent January 1st, 1886. This will bring new life and inspiration to the workers of this important station. At the present time Rev. Von Barchwitz Krauser, who is in charge of the work at Valparaiso, Chili, is on a visit to the United States with the object of securing funds for church, parsonage, sailors' coffee rooms, &c., at that place. The amount desired is \$25,000. He reports already encouragement in the way of a small beginning, and his faith, which is grand and heroic, reaches forward to the entire amount. God's cause is marching on and the Christian's money is more and more given to Christ.—*Baltimore Methodist*.

FOLLOW YOUR KING.

BY M. ALICE BROWN.

Agas since a king, 'tis said,
Forth to war his people led;
Sought to cheer them for the fight,
Bade them, in the battles height,
Should their standard bearer fall,
Let not panic seize them all;—

Still press on with him their head,
Follow where his white plume led;
Let not 'gainst such fearful foe,
Battle's ending bring them woe.

Swift they urge the panting steed
Till is won the victor's meed;
Turn the foe to flight at length
Gaining for their country strength.

Soldiers now for life enrolled,
Conflicts meeting manifold;
Only follow where the hand
Pierced and bleeding waves love's wand,
Forth with Jesus Christ who go,
Surely shall repel the foe.

Richer far than earthly spoil,
Will reward our earnest toil,
Shining crown forever bright,
Happy home in land of light.

Temperance.

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

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

In *The Independent* of the 10th ult.,
we find the following facts:

1. The constitution of Ohio contains
an express prohibition of license to the
liquor traffic, and forbids the legislature
to enact any such law. There have been
two separate votes of the people on that
clause, who deliberately incorporated it
into the organic law.

2. Three hundred thousand petitioners
prayed the legislature of the state to sub-
mit to the people a proposition for con-
stitutional prohibition, which the legisla-
ture refused to hear.

3. A subsequent legislature, resolved
to submit to the people two propositions
for amending the constitution: 1. In
favor of license; 2. in favor of prohibi-
tion.

4. There had been no petition from
any quarter asking for license, but re-
peated appeals to the legislatures for pro-
hibition.

5. These two propositions were not
plainly stated, so as to be easily under-
stood by the people, but were in terms
so involved and obscure that for weeks it
was not settled among them whether
friends of prohibition should vote for the
first or for the second, or for both of
them. It was finally agreed that prohibi-
tionists should vote for the second.

7. The second proposition received
325,000 votes; that in favor of license
had 98,000 votes. The constitution of
Ohio requires a majority of all the votes
cast at the election to effect a change in
it; and 325,000 votes were not such a
majority.

8. It was suspected at the time, and
now it is known to be true, that a great
many votes for the second proposition
were thrown out and not counted, and
that there was gross fraud in the count
of the others, expressly to defeat prohibi-
tion. And it is believed that the vote
was sufficiently large, if it had been hon-
estly dealt with, to have amended the
constitution so as to prohibit forever
the manufacture and sale of strong drink.

What is sometimes termed the *rum-
power* in this country, consists of those
influences and interests which are more
or less allied with the manufacture and
sale of intoxicating liquors, and their
use as a beverage. This power the
Prohibitionists propose to conquer, and
thereby banish drunkenness and liquor-
drinking from the land. Their plan of
action is to organize a political party
that will, as they hope, ultimately be-
come strong enough to control the legisla-
tion of the several states, and also of the
general Government, and in this way to
gain the end. The task is a great one, since
the power to be conquered is a great
power, and will not yield except to a

power greater than itself. Those who
are addicted to the habit of drinking
intoxicating liquors, whether moderately
or immoderately, cannot be expected to
give their support to the cause of prohibi-
tion. The same is true of those who
manufacture and sell these liquors, and
with whom the business, in one form or
the other, is an industry by which they
live, in which they have invested a large
capital, and from which some of them
become rich. The employees engaged
in this industry are not likely as a class
to favor the cause of Prohibition. The
farmers who raise the rye, the barley,
and the corn, who produce the cider,
and grow the hops and grapes, all of
which are consumed by the manufactur-
ers of intoxicating liquors, and to a very
considerable extent find their demand in
such manufacture constitute, in the ag-
gregate, a large class of persons, whose
agricultural business furnishes the raw
material for the manufacture of intoxi-
cating liquors. Prohibition proposes to
destroy the market for these products thus
supplied, by destroying the manufacture
on which the market depends. The
politicians who manage party politics
will be very sure not to join the ranks of
the Prohibitionists, until the cause is so
far advanced as to make its success a
strong probability. Persons who take
little or no interest in the public welfare,
will not trouble themselves with the
temperance question in any form, and
will leave Prohibition to fight its own
battles. We do not intend by this state-
ment of facts to intimate that Prohibition
is not the right theory for the cure of
the evils of liquor-drinking, or that it
cannot attain practical success, or that
it ought not to succeed. But we do in-
tend to say, that the power which Prohi-
bitionists propose to conquer, will not
be conquered so easily as many of them
seem to imagine. It is a strong power,
a determined power, and allied not only
with appetite, but with a vast pecuniary
interest. It is also a voting power, and,
as such, has the same political rights as
the Prohibitionists. To break down this
power and establish prohibition as the
general and settled policy of this country,
is a stupendous task; and it must so ap-
pear to every one who surveys the whole
field. There can be no harm in carefully
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Independent.

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How Can I Help The Church?

1. By praying for its prosperity, its
purity, its power for good.
2. By attending all the means of grace
regularly, and entering into them heart-
ily; setting an earnest example to others
in this respect, and inviting them to come
also.
3. By speaking well of the Church, its
workers, and its work, standing up for
Methodism as others stand up for the
churches of their choice.
4. By taking up some kind of work
and pushing it on vigorously, whether
the world frowns or smiles.
5. By living an upright and consecrat-
ed life, which will recommend religion
always and everywhere.
6. By speaking to the pastor kindly,
freely, and plainly—concerning the work
of the church, offering suggestions, ask-
ing counsel, and telling him of any who
are sick or in need of special pastoral
attention.
7. By abstaining from any word that
might create prejudice or unpleasant
feeling toward either pastor or people—
by shunning all talebearing as I would
shun the pestilence—by discountenanc-
ing and frowning upon all insinuations,
however slight or sly, which tend to
cripple the influence of any one who is
trying to do good.—*Church Tidings,
Media*.

Praise God more and blame neighbors less.
Any goose can cackle, any fly can find out a
sore place, any brier can tear a man's flesh.
Be quick at work and slow at talk, and above
all, ask the great God to set a watch over your
lips.—*Spurgeon*.

Youth's Department.

THE DOLL'S PHOTOGRAPH.

We wanted the little lad's picture;
But when he came to sit
In front of the artist's camera,
He was afraid of it.
And, quite unlike himself, he cried,
Would not be coaxed or pacified;
So for that day
We gave it up, and came away.

And, after that, if mention
Was made of his photograph,
Upon that dimpled face the look
Of terror made us laugh.
'Twas plain we must contrive some plan
To cheat our timid little man;
So some one said:
"But Harry the doll is not afraid!"

"Suppose, if you don't like it,
Yourself, we have him stand,
And you need only to sit by
And hold his little hand."
This pleased him very much indeed,
Dear little man, and he agreed;
And not one word
Of further doubt or fear was heard.

Dolly behaved so nicely,
Quite as a doll should do,
No trouble anywhere this time:
And here they are, the two.
And this was the little lad's report
When we got home: "We had such sport!
They took my doll,
But I don't think I got taken at all!"
—*Clara Doty Bates, in August WIDE AWAKE*.

I'll Keep my Eyes Shut.

Little Henry had been very sick.
When he was slowly recovering and just
able to be up and about the room he was
left alone a short time, when his sister
came in eating a piece of cake. Henry's
mother had told him he must eat nothing
but what she gave him, and that it
would not be safe for him to have what
the other children had until he was
stronger.

His appetite was coming back; the
cake looked inviting; he wanted very
much to take a bite of it, and his kind
sister would gladly have given it to him.
What did he do?

"Jennie," said he, "you must run right
out of the room away from me with that
cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut while
you go, so that I shan't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a boy of
seven years to get out of temptation? I
think so. And when I heard of it I
thought that there are a great many
times when children, and grown up peo-
ple, too, if they would remember little
Henry's way, would escape from sin and
trouble.

A Beautiful Act.

The locomotive came puffing into
the depot, and everybody was in a hurry
to step on the train. It was not strange,
therefore, that only one person seemed
to notice an old man groping his way
nervously through the crowd. He was
bent nearly double with age and infirmity,
and his sight was evidently impaired.
A lad of seventeen years, however,
did notice him. Recognizing his help-
lessness, he took him tenderly by the
arm, and gently led him into the car.
The respectful action attracted attention.
Young and old paused for a moment to
gaze upon youth guiding old age. I
knew not the lad, but I said heartily,
"God bless him!"—*Companion*.

A Turning Point.

Last winter the confidential clerk of a
firm in an inland town was sent to Phila-
delphia on important business. He had
always been a steady fellow, was married,
and was fond and proud of his home,
wife and child.

But he was young, and it was his first
visit to a large city. He was elated with
the importance of his errand, and had a
vague idea of "seeing life." A single se-
cret sip of the intoxicating pleasures of a
large city could surely do him no harm!
He hid the thought away almost out of his
own sight.

Arriving in the city on Saturday night,
he went to one of the principal hotels,
registered his name carefully, reading it
over after the manner of unaccustomed
travelers, and went to supper.

Before he had finished the waiter
brought him two letters.

"Already! Why they are from the
city! No body knows I am here! he ex-
claimed.

"City folks mighty wide awake!" ejac-
ulated John.

Our traveler tore open one envelope.
Within was an invitation to a variety
theatre of bad reputation, that evening,
with hint of a "sacred concert on the
next day, and "unlimited fun."

The young man's face reddened, and
his heart throbbed hotly. The door was
open for that secret glimpse into iniquity!
What harm could it do him—or my-
body?

He opened the other letter. It contain-
ed a few words:

"DEAR SIR:—In order that you may
not pass a lonely Sunday in a strange
city we enclose a list of the churches open
to-morrow near your hotel, in any of
which you will be cordially welcomed.
Our rooms and libraries are also open at
your disposal. You will find friends there
who will be glad to serve you."

It was signed by an officer of a Chris-
tian association.

"These invitations of both kinds are
left at the hotel and directed to each
guest as soon as he registers his name,"
explained the clerk. "Which will you
accept?"

The young country man colored and
laughed. "The first is tempting. But
that," touching the second, "has the true
ring about it. I'll accept that."

He kept his word. It seemed to him
as if he was close to his wife and little
boy all day. Going to the hotel in the
evening he saw a group of pale, bloated
creatures coming out of the "sacred con-
cert hall." One or two were arrested for
disorderly conduct.

"They have been seeing life," said
the clerk. "They accepted the other in-
vitation."

The stranger looked after them.
"I very nearly stood in their place,"
he said to himself, and went to his room
a wiser and humbler man.

The incident is true in every particu-
lar. Who can say what effect the ac-
ceptance of that invitation had upon that
man's future.—*Baltimore Methodist*.

The *New York Advocate* puts itself
thus pointedly before its readers: We have
said publicly more than once, what we
now boldly repeat, that we put theatres,
circuses, ball-rooms, parlor card tables,
skating rinks, and such like, into the
same category of sinful amusements.
They are snares for souls. They are the
fatal rocks upon which many have been
wrecked, and from which they have gone
down to endless ruin. They are inimical
to the refining and purifying spirit of the
Gospel, the bane of piety, and the ene-
mies of the church of God. Let young
Christians be warned, and beware.

At a meeting of the United Presbyterian
Synod, in Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 16, Rev.
Dr. J. B. Dales, corresponding secretary sub-
mitted the report of the board of foreign
missions; showing that the work is in two
fields—India and Egypt. He says,—

"We have 115 district stations, 18 mission-
aries and 1 physician, with their wives, 15
unmarried female missionaries, 235 native
laborers and helpers, 10 native licentiates
and 8 ordained native ministers, making in
all a missionary force of 308 persons.

The annual statement of the board of
church extension was made through the cor-
responding secretary, the Rev. A. G. Wal-
lace of Sewickley, Pa. During the year
ended April 1st, appropriations were made
to 22 congregations in 16 Presbyteries,
amounting to \$27,050. The receipts from all
sources, including the quarter centennial
fund, were \$33,102 and the expenditures
\$38,230. From 33 Presbyteries in America
nothing had been received for the current
year.

Francis Murphy has been addressing im-
mense audiences in the People's Tabernacle,
Cleveland, O., assisted by Dr. Byers, of Co-
lumbus, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, and
his son, Thos. Murphy, who is also an effec-
tive speaker. Several hundreds signed
the pledge.

The new college year at Dickinson opens
with unusual promise. At the signal for
gathering in the chapel, on the morning of
the 10th, the students were promptly in
place. Nearly all of last year's students have
returned, while those appearing for the first
time made a show of numbers quite unusual.
The number of admissions cannot be exactly
stated, as some cases are yet undetermined;
but the Freshmen class, now coming in, is
the largest admitted in many years.

The erection of new buildings, and the
thorough renovation of the old, have added
much to the comfort and convenience of stu-
dents, and the ease and effectiveness of their
work. The establishment by the late Dela-
warian, of Philadelphia, and by
Gen. John Patton, of Clearfield, is prov-
ing an attraction to the best class of aspirants
for college instruction. The influence of these
improvements is apparent in the accessions
of this year. The Preparatory School more-
over, opens with a large increase of students
from a distance. While, in largest proportion,
perhaps, this increase is drawn from Pennsylv-
ania, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey
have contributed thereto, while some have
come from Virginia, and even from remote
States. At no period in its history was the
college so well prepared for its mission as at
present.

During the session of the Puget Sound Con-
ference at Tacoma, Bishop Walden rendered
efficient service "in taking up a collection"
in a Scandinavian Church. Urging up the
people he said, "If I owned a corner lot in
this city I would give \$50 to build such a
church." A gentleman in the congregation
immediately arose and said, "Call at my
office to-morrow and I will give you a deed
for a corner lot." The bishop was concerned
and had to "fork over" the \$50.—*Baltimore
Methodist*.

Lieut. Gov. Shands has been renominated
by the Democrats for the Lieutenant Govern-
orship of Mississippi. He is a prominent
member of the M. E. Church, South, and was
a delegate to the Centennial Conference in
Baltimore. He made a fine impression on
the Conference as an able and broad-minded
Christian gentleman.

The Media Methodist Episcopal Church, T.
M. Griffith, pastor, which has been closed for
several months undergoing a thorough renova-
tion, was reopened Sunday the 6th inst., with
appropriate services. The subscriptions dur-
ing the day amounted to about \$1,400, which,
with the amounts previously raised, will pay
the entire expenses of the improvements \$2,300.

10,400,000 silver dollars were shipped re-
cently from New Orleans on board the U. S.
man-of-war *Swatara*. The whole weight was
315 tons, and is said to be the largest amount
of silver ever loaded in one vessel.

Moody and Sankey have been invited to
labor in the South next winter.

Canon Farrar arrived at Quebec last week.
He will spend several weeks in this country.

At Seacombe, England, the Rev. Alexander
Pitt was found dead in his bed. He was sixty-
three years old, and had written 157 gospel
tracts, which had a circulation of more than
three millions.

At the dictation of her royal mother the
Princess Beatrice is henceforth to be known
as the Princess Henry of Battenburg.

Mr. Bolton Coit Brown, one of Syracuse
University's last graduates in Fine Arts,
has been appointed instructor in free-hand
drawing in Cornell University.

Mr. Jos. D. Ayars, son of the late Rev. Jas.
B. Ayars, of the Philadelphia Conference, died
on Friday the 12th inst., at Little Rock, Ar-
kansas, whither he removed in 1880.

Yale College has adopted the Revised Ver-
sion of the Scriptures.

Only about half of the members of the First
M. E. Church Asbury Park N. J. contribute
anything toward the support of the church.
It is about time for a financial revival in that
organization.—*Asbury Park Journal*.

A Memorial Chapel to the memory of John
Fletcher, is in course of erection in the parish
of Madeley. The corner-stone was laid Au-
gust 14th, just 100 years after his death.

The Directors of the Monmouth County
Agricultural Society have set a worthy pre-
cedent, which the management of other coun-
ty and State fairs would do well to imitate,
in banishing from the grounds all beer and
liquor stands.—*Asbury Park Journal*.

Most of the Icelanders of this country, of
whom there are nearly 8,000, are Lutherans,
that denomination having fourteen congrega-
tions among them, six in Dakota alone.

The Sunday School.

The Famine in Samaria.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1885. 2 Kings 7: 1-17.

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

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

GOLDEN TEXT: "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God" (Luke 18: 27).

I. DOUBT (1, 2).

1. Then Elisha said—to king Jehoram, who, rendered desperate, but not truly penitent, by the protracted famine and suffering, had sent an executioner to behead Elisha, and then had come himself to the prophet's house to see whether his order had been executed. The executioner had been barred out, but the king seems to have gained an entrance. He angrily declared that Elisha's God was the cause of all this evil. Further resistance to the enemy, further waiting for Jehovah to deliver, was useless: "Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" Hear ye the word of the Lord—a calm and solemn preface. To-morrow about this time.—The horrors of the siege were to last but twenty-four hours longer. A measure of fine flour.—The "measure" or seah, contained about a peck and a half. Sold for a Shekel—the weight, not the coin, equal to about fifty-six of our cents. From the Hebrew word shakal, to weigh, comes our English word "scale." Two measures of barley—three pecks. In the gate—the customary market, or place of traffic.

2. Then a lord—more exactly, "the captain." The term itself, shalish (from shalosh 'three') may be compared with the Latin tribunus (Rawlinson). On whose hand the king leaned—a confidential courtier, therefore. So the king of Syria "leaned on the hand" of Naaman (chap. 5:18). Answered—derisively and skeptically. If the Lord would make windows in heaven, etc.—Rawlinson paraphrases as follows: "If Jehovah were to open sluices in heaven, and pour down corn as He poured down rain in the time of the Deluge, even then could there be such abundance as thou speakest of? Thou shalt see it, but shalt not eat—a warning which he probably made light of, as he did the prediction, but which was, nevertheless, as literally fulfilled.

II. DESPAIR (3, 4).

3, 4. Four leprous men at the . . . gate. It seems to have been customary to erect huts for the lepers under the wall outside the town, and not far from the gate. This effectually separated them, and yet gave an opportunity to them to see the tides of life passing in and out and appeal to the compassionate. "At the present day the lepers at Jerusalem have their huts by the side of Zion Gate" (Keil). Why sit we here until we die?—Evidently they must die unless they bestir themselves. There was no food for them in the city God used their hunger-pangs as a link in His providential chain, though they knew it not. If we say, etc.—How vividly is set before us their terrible extremity, and the motives for the decision they took! There was death before them if they waited; death if they entered the city; and they could not meet any thing worse than death if they went to the Syrians; perhaps they might be saved alive. Let us fall unto—attempt to join.

III. DISCOVERY (5-15).

5, 6. Rose up in the twilight—after the sunset, when their movements could not be discerned from the city walls. Uttermost part of the camp—the first line of circumvallation, nearest the city. No man there.—No challenge arrested them. There were no pickets, no outposts. The Lord had made the host . . . to hear a noise. Whatever the noise was, it was caused by the Lord, and was therefore miraculous; and it produced the effect intended—to throw the Syrians into a panic and headlong flight, by the sound of what they believed to be the approach of a

vast army. They could hear the rumbling of chariots and the neighing of horses. The king of Israel hath hired against us—a frequent practice in the East. Thus King Asa hired the soldiers of King Benhadad to assist him in his war with Baasha (1 Kings 15: 18-21). Kings of the Hittites.—The Hittites were the descendants of Heth, the second son of Canaan. Says Rawlinson: "In the early Assyrian monuments they appear as the most powerful people of northern Syria. They form a great confederacy under a number of petty kings. At the same time there is a second confederacy of their race farther to the south, between Hamath and Damascus. These southern Hittites the under the dominion of twelve kings. They are especially strong in chariots. The Syrians imagined that these southern Hittites had been hired by Jehoram." Kings of the Egyptians—from the south. They feared that they would be enclosed by a simultaneous movement from the north and south.

7. Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight.—The panic apparently seized them just as the lepers were on the point of leaving their huts, and descending the hill to their camp. Left tents, horses, asses, camp, etc.—Great, indeed, must have been their terror. It seems more natural to regard this as a stampede for life—a blind, unreasoning, pell-mell rout; but Rawlinson suggests that the tents, etc., were left standing in order that their flight might not be suspected, until they had got beyond the reach of pursuit.

8, 9. They went into . . . tent . . . eat and drink.—They arrived at the camp famished, desperate, expecting violent treatment and perhaps death; but not a human being was to be found. The first and natural thought was to satisfy their hunger. What a feast those wretched beings must have made in that deserted camp! Carried silver and gold and raiment and hid it.—Having fallen upon such rich booty, they felt that they were entitled to claim a share of it. They followed the Oriental habit in hiding, probably burying their "treasure trove." We do not well.—Their consciences pricked them. They had left behind them a city full of their starving countrymen. To withhold from them this piece of good tidings, and the food for want of which they were perishing, would be shameful, criminal selfishness. Some mischief will come upon us—better, "some punishment." The disappearance of the Syrian host would be detected the next morning; and if it were known that the lepers had made the discovery hours before, and privately profited by it, without informing the famished people, they would not escape punishment. Perhaps, too, lepers though they were, they suspected the Lord's hand in this sudden retreat of the Syrians, and dared not risk the divine vengeance if they delayed to notify the Israelites until morning.

10, 11. Called unto the porter—better, "call unto the guard." They probably went to the gate, and called aloud to the soldiers; and as soon as they had gained a hearing, announced that the Syrians had raised the siege, and had abandoned their camp: "No man there, neither voice of man." Told it to the king's house.—The news, of course, was immediately sent to headquarters—a startling and yet a suspicious piece of intelligence.

12. I will now show you what the Syrians have done—Jehoram had apparently forgotten Elisha's prophecy. He regarded the disappearance of the Syrians as a mere ruse—a pretence of flight—in order to draw the Israelites out of the city and expose them to attack as soon as they began to feast. Rawlinson cites from Herodotus a similar stratagem by which Cyrus is said to have gained a victory over the Massagetæ. So Saladin, at the siege of Ptolemais, decoyed the furnished Christian army into his temporarily abandoned camp, and slew a great many of them.

13, 14. Let some take five of the horses that remain.—The word "some" is inserted by the translators. "Horses" are understood, by Keil, to stand for horsemen. The idea seems to be, Let five horsemen be selected to make a reconnaissance. Behold they are as all the multitude, etc.—that is, their exposure, even if they fall into a trap, can only lead to death, and death is certain to them and to all if they remain. Behold, I say, etc.—a repetition regarded as spurious by many scholars, not being found in some of the manuscripts, and noticeably omitted from the Septuagint and Syriac versions. Took two chariot horses—more literally, "took two horse-chariots," that is two chariots, with the usual complement of two or three horses for each.

15. Went after them unto Jordan—that is, they followed the track of the panic-stricken army Jordanward—in a northeasterly direction—a sufficient distance to satisfy themselves that the Syrians had really fled, and were not in hiding. Way was full of garments and vessels.—In their fright and hot haste, they had dropped even what few things they started with, stripping themselves of every impediment.

IV. DEATH (16, 17).

16. The people went out.—With what a rush would these famine-stricken people pass through the gates and descend the hill to the camp! Spoiled the tents—plenty to eat now and abundant booty. According to the word of the Lord.—Incredible as Elisha's words had sounded, they were literally fulfilled.

17. The king appointed the lord . . . to have charge of the gate—probable to inspect the booty that was brought in, or to collect the taxes. The people trode upon him.—In a time like that the people could not be restrained by any attempt at petty exactions. Whoever got into their way must expect to be trampled down. In the excited rush and pressure, a man once down would have no chance for his life. As a man of God had said, who spake, etc.—literally, "as the man of God had said, as he had said when the king came down to him" (Rawlinson).

A Railway Lesson.

C. H. SHELDON.

It was a hot, dusty day, when two or three passengers entered the train on the Iowa Division of the Chicago & North-western Road at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs and shiniest of standup collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged, worn out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open doors and windows. The heat and the dust made traveling even for strong men, almost unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman—

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby awhile. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she said tremulously. "I am tired."

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest awhile. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! By stage?"

"Yes, but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way home to friends in the East. My husband—my—"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man, in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crumple in the little traveling hat. By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah yes, I see! And you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping car, have you, madam?" The poor woman blushed faintly and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

I looked out of the window; and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge.

"I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," (with a cheerful smile.)

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land, and have had Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman" (pointing at the sleeping mother,) "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water cooler, rising excitedly, "Take up a collection—the American citizens' last resort in distress. I'll give \$5."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way the silver dollars and quarters and ten cent pieces rattled in it, would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke, and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all, and failed; she broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

More than one of us in that car took that little lesson to himself, and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart.—Companion.

For a Lawyer.

Sometimes a lawyer meets his match on the witness stand. Not long since there was a breach of promise case in an Ohio town. The usual bully-raging lawyer was there, but an unusual witness, in the person of a country schoolmarm, met him.

"Ah, miss," said the lawyer, when she had taken the oath, "will you state your name?"

"Elizabeth Martin," she responded quietly.

"Your occupation?"

"Teaching school."

"How old are you?" he next inquired, with a sidelong smile at the crowd.

"Old enough to know that it is none

of your business," she answered, brightly as the ring dove coos.

Objection sustained," remarked the court.

The lawyer's face fell, but he braced up and went on, without a smile.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" he asked, spitefully.

"Oh yes, I heard you curse the court yesterday on the street for ruling against you, and I know you were not saying your prayers."

The court looked at the lawyer, the lawyer looked at the ceiling, and the witness looked at ease.

"Confine your answer to the case, if you please," said the lawyer. "Now," will you tell the court if you know the plaintiff?"

"Yes, sir, I know her."

"What do you know of her?"

"More good than I do of a lawyer, sir."

"That's not what I want to know."

"I presume not, sir," continued the witness, softly.

"I want to know," shouted the exasperated questioner, bringing his fist down on the table, "if you know anything about the case before the court."

"More than you do, possibly."

"Well, tell it to the court and have done with it."

"Thanks. I know, your Honor, that Joseph Hill, the defendant, asked Mary Jackson, the plaintiff if she would be his wife. It was done in my presence."

"Indeed! Isn't that rather an unusual way of popping the question?"

"I don't know, sir. I have no experience. I came into the room unexpectedly and the plaintiff asked her again to be his wife, as he had done a week earlier."

"By the way, Miss Martin, how much does the plaintiff weigh?"

"One hundred and forty pounds, sir."

"How do you know so exactly?"

"By the weight, of course," she smiled, and the lawyer went off on another tack.

"Did you think the defendant was telling the truth?"

"Oh, yes; you know he is not a lawyer."

"The witness will confine herself to the facts," interrupted the court.

"Very well, your Honor. I shall pay no more attention to the statements of the attorney."

"That will do," said the provoked lawyer. "The witness may stand down."

"May it please the court," she replied, the witness would like to sit down."

"The Sheriff will please provide the witness with a chair," said the court. She seems to have sat down everything else in the court room, and the court sees no reason why a chair should be exempt."

The witness smiled placidly and took the chair to await another call to the stand.—Toledo Blade.

A Gentle Reminder.

An old man and a young man were riding in a stage-coach. The old man was grave but sprightly, short of stature, spare, with a smooth forehead, a fresh complexion, and a bright and piercing eye. The young man swore a great deal, until when they stopped to change horses, the old man said to him, "I perceive by the registry books that you and I are going to travel together a long distance in this coach. I have a favor to ask of you. I am getting to be an old man, and if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will oblige me if you will caution me about it." The young man instantly apologized, and there was no more swearing heard from him during that journey. The old man was—John Wesley.

The Free Church of Scotland has determined to found a permanent church in Geneva, the city sacred to the memory of John Calvin, and the sphere of the labors of John Knox. The services are to accommodate the English speaking people. A number of Americans reside in the city.

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

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

Rev. Dr. Buckley, whose masterly editorial management of the *Christian Advocate*, excites the admiration of its multitudinous readers, met lately with a serious accident, which confined him to his bed for several days. "While inspecting the locality of a large land-slide in the White Mountains, he slipped and fell," says *Zion's Herald*, "narrowly escaping from a descent of half a mile. By violently clutching the rocks, he broke the momentum of his fall and escaped certain death." We are greatly gratified to learn by later accounts that the Dr. was not seriously hurt, and has already recovered sufficiently to visit his office.

"NOR HIS NATURAL FORCE ABATED." We clip, from *Zion's Herald*, a sprightly paragraph, in reference to the venerable and vigorous octogenarian, Rev. Dr. Frederick Upham, father of Prof. S. F. Upham, of Drew Seminary, whose preaching at Woodlawn camp, two years ago, gave so much satisfaction.

Rev. Dr. Fox writes from Fairhaven, Mass., where the aged Pilgrim pitches his tent toward the setting sun:

"Your Cottage City correspondent is laboring under a mistake so far as the old war-horse, Father Upham, is concerned. As to his going down to the grave, we are all doing that. I see him several times a week, sometimes, but he does not seem to be going in that direction any faster than some who think themselves among the boys. His absence from the camp-meeting is to be accounted for by an inconvenient lameness. To me he seems as vigorous as he has been for several years. If preaching almost every Sabbath, and holding prayer-meetings, as he did last Tuesday night when one of the large rooms in his own house was crowded, are signs of death, then his end is near. I think he is good for ten years more at least.

Chaplain Holway, whose admirable notes on the International Lessons, as prepared for *Zion's Herald*, appear somewhat abbreviated, in the PENINSULA METHODIST, does his work in Japan, where his ship, the "Trenton" now is. This accounts for his not incorporating in his exegesis the changes of the Revised Version of the old Testament, as he did those of the New; the new version not coming to hand in time.

It is refreshing to find something sensible on the subject of dress. The following indicates that some ladies can have jewels and laces without thinking it necessary to display them on every occasion. When the object is to outshine each

other in attire and ornament, as in the ball-room, the theatre or the fashionable party, there would seem some propriety in elaborate costumes; provided always, modesty and refined taste be not sacrificed. But of all places under the sun in which to transform one's self into a jeweller's show-case, or a lay figure for the display of dry goods, a place of worship is the most inappropriate. There, if anywhere, we should appear in "modest apparel" and "put off our ornaments."

Margery Dean, in her last book, describes the simplicity of some of the European ladies of rank as follows: "An American girl would have stood amazed at a fashionable lawn party which I attended, where all the ladies were in the simplest of pretty calico and cambric dresses. Ladies whose family jewels would stock a shop, and whose inherited laces are of priceless value, wear in the streets dresses that the American girl would scorn to wear on the beach at Newport on a morning."

We count it a high honor to any parent to have a son called of God to preach the everlasting Gospel, only second, if indeed second, to that of being called himself. We therefore most heartily congratulate our esteemed brother, Rev. James W. Hammersley upon the entrance of his son and namesake into the itinerant field. May he prove as faithful and true, as his excellent father, and as wise to win souls.

Dr. Wallace's allusion, in our last week's issue, to the Smyrna Conference of 1851, awaken interesting memories, in the mind of the writer. It was at that time he was "admitted on trial," having served the previous year as junior preacher on Cecil Circuit, with the late C. J. Crouch, preacher in charge, and the late James Smith, Presiding Elder. There was preaching every afternoon and evening, as the Anniversary idea had not then developed into proportions to monopolize the intervals of business sessions; and the people heard the word with gladness.

We were present when the eccentric but thrillingly eloquent Barnes, uttered the expression recalled by Dr. Wallace. Having conclusively demonstrated the Bible doctrine of an eternal hell for the impenitent sinner, he introduced the next division of his discourse with the words, "And now, brethren, taking our stand on hell, we shall proceed to consider," &c. It was probably the same sermon, which he prefaced with the usual announcement of three divisions, adding the ejaculated prayer, "And may the Lord pour down his spirit upon this thrice-fold arrangement." The Annual Collection for Dickinson College, which had come to be regarded in some quarters as somewhat of a bore, was the occasion of an animated debate at one of the sessions; an excellent brother, under a lively sense of the limited exchequers which most of his brethren had, on which to draw for necessary supplies, had made a slightly acrimonious speech against this method of floating the College, when Bro. Barnes springing to the rescue, said, "Mr. President, I am in favor of this collection; I know not in what part of the circumference of Episcopal appointment my lot may be cast; but wherever I may be sent, I will take the collection; and if the ecclesiastical corn grow sufficient long, I'll throw in a few grains myself." In the hearty laugh that followed, the edge of the opposing brother's forensic blade was effectually turned, and the interests of old Dickinson suffered no damage.

At the suggestion of a friend we went to hear Frost Pollitt, or Pullett, as his name was popularly euphemised. His text, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus, the Lord," was rendered by him, we preach not ourselves; but Christ Jesus, the Lord, preaches, — a very orthodox sentiment indeed, but one which perhaps only the imaginative genius of our sable brother

could find in that passage. Brother Frost, however, is by no means alone in the distinction of missing the mark in the interpretation of Scripture texts. The late Henry White, one of the giants, forty years ago, whose still unmarked grave is in the rear of Asbury Church, Wilmington, Del., told the writer how he was annoyed by a preacher of years and experience discoursing on a misquoted text. Peter, alluding to the taunting inquiry of the scoffers, "where is the promise of his coming," reminds his brethren of the Divine patience and forbearance, but declares, "the Lord is not slack answering his promise, as some men count slackness," for "the day of the Lord will come,"—"the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." Taking this declaration for his text, the brother in question, read,—The Lord is not slack concerning his promises, and proceeded to expatiate upon the Divine fidelity in keeping his engagements with his trusting saints, a blessed truth indeed, but like Brother Frost's original exposition, hardly the precise intent of that text.

A more egregious, indeed an almost incredible blunder by a ministerial tyro was reported by an appreciative hearer. The theme was the "incorruptible Joseph, a type of Christ." In running the parallel, the speaker named among other points of resemblance that Jesus was his Father's only son, and so was Joseph. For the life of me, said the reporter, I could not see what he was going to do with Joseph's brethren. One might think this brother could with eminent propriety emulate another tyro, who, in his anxiety to deprecate severe criticism and apologize for any possible infelicities of style or statement, told his audience, he did not pretend to be *compos mentis*.

The "improvement" of all this is, that we should be very careful to get the true meaning of the Word, and when we quote Scripture, to quote it accurately. How often do we hear the promise of the trembling, Felix call to again for Paul, when he has a "convenient season," quoted, as if he had said, a more convenient season; or Paul's quotation from Isaiah, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for them that love him,"—how often is this marred, by inaccurately quoting an important phrase, thus—neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive; and so of too many other passages of the blessed Word.

Our readers who take so lively interest in the heroic and self-sacrificing enterprise of Bishop Taylor and his devoted company for the evangelization of the Dark Continent, will be gratified to learn we have good news from the party. We quote from an exchange, very interesting particulars. Dr. Johnson and Miss Rees, the Friends, who went out with the company, have returned; the latter, finding her health unequal to the work, will remain, but the Dr. will take his family with him, and enter the field assigned him by Bishop Taylor, some four hundred miles south of Loanda, the base of his own operations.

"Bishop Taylor writes to Treasurer Grant of his transit fund, in New York, at a station three hundred miles from Loanda, where he is preparing a new settlement and headquarters for his mission family. He has secured a mission farm of two thousand acres, from which he thinks ample support for a mission family can be obtained. The people receive them heartily, although they have not learned their language and have no interpreter. Bishop Taylor finds his plan of building houses in advance for his families at different stations—the purpose for which he had journeyed into the interior—embarrassed by the impossibility of finding timber. In his journey of three hundred miles he had not seen a stick of timber that could be split or sawed—nothing but crooked shrubs. He hopes, however, to find the desired

forests further in the interior. He can buy a permanent stone building as a central station, where he now is, for \$900; and he calls upon his friends for this sum. Here he proposes to place two large families, with two young men—a teacher and a printer—eighteen in all. While awaiting the money from home, he will go on further and try to open other mission stations. Dr Summers, with twenty carriers and supplies, had gone on some hundred miles further in. He will not send for more recruits until all the present families are settled, but thinks he shall want a dozen or two to arrive in Loanda by next May. All the sick, except Miss Rees, are recovering. He thinks she may have concluded to return home, although she was improving at the last report. He regrets the great expense of the undertaking, but thinks they will soon learn "short cuts," and be able to avoid unnecessary expenses. He writes full of courage, hope, and faith."

Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.
No. 30.

Cambridge circuit embraced among its officary an unusual sprinkling of men above mediocrity. There were Father Anderson, almost a counterpart of Francis Asbury, in his spiritual devotion, and William Rea, long a County official, with the polish of a perfect gentleman, who was once "taken down" unexpectedly in this manner: Old Joshua Thomas, of whom we have been saying a good deal in recent letters, had occasion once to visit Cambridge on business. The matter was attended to in Mr. Rea's office, and when the "parson" inquired how much he had to pay, was answered, "O nothing but your prayers." "Well," said Bro. Thomas, I never like to be in debt, let us pray right here." He was down on his knees in an instant, and quite a number of visitors in the office had to follow suit. Mr. Rea, then a worldlyling, felt the position to be a very awkward one, but had to kneel with the others, and those who remember the "Parson of the Islands," can imagine the prayer, how pointedly he used to personate men, and from the wonderful insight he possessed, tell the Lord all about them. That day before he was through, strong men trembled and tears fell, and among those soon afterwards converted, as he intimated they would be, was Mr. Rea himself.

Then we had Dr. Phelps, the accomplished politician, Wm. Littleton, the Carvosso-like class leader, Charles P. Straughn, an eccentric and independent sort of a local preacher, who wore the primitive cut-away style of Methodist coat, Samuel Corner of Cornersville, full of anecdotes of the old time preachers, the Fraziers and Spedden's, so remarkable for sociability, and notable among all the rest, the brusque but kind hearted Wm. Frazier, "Captain Billy," his neighbors used to call him, the most widely known citizen perhaps in the whole country, for he was the "wheel horse" of his party, and for a long term of years, its standard bearer, first as a Whig, and afterwards a Republican, in the halls of legislation. It was an accepted fiat in those days, if he was not on the ticket himself, any candidate he supported was likely to win, and when ever he took the "stump" against an aspirant, his resources of satire, anecdote, and ingenuity, had but one result—the man was defeated.

Of my introduction to Capt. Frazier, I must speak in this letter.

It was a chilly Sabbath afternoon, when my first appointment down the "Neck," led me to Spedden's meeting house. They had hastily made a fire in the one large ten-plate stove standing in the centre of the plain old church. The stove pipe was shaky, as it had a long reach up to the flue. The house became filled with smoke. Preacher and people felt a smarting about the eyes, and we could not commence the exercises until

all the windows had been opened, and the house cleared of smoke. Before preaching I suggested that the interruption would not occur again, if the trustees, or some thoughtful friend would see to the proper fixing of the pipe, and that it ought to be attended to the first thing on Monday morning.

"Here, young man," said a plain, sturdy and very outspoken brother in the congregation—"you just mind your own business, and we will attend to ours; go on with your preaching."

I had never met Capt. Frazier, but from what I had heard of him, I suspected this must be the man, and I was not mistaken. The way he knocked the wind out of my sails, to use one of his own sailor phrases, was a caution, and with fear and trembling I proceeded with the service. I had my turn, however, four weeks from that day. It was a backward Spring, and they made a fire in the old stove, but early enough to have the house cleared of smoke before I ascended the pulpit. As I arose to give out the opening hymn, which was always the signal for out-door loiterers to enter the church in a body, the vibration of so many feet upon the floor, disturbed the equilibrium of the stove pipe; I saw it topple. We had just raised the tune, but down came that 40 foot cylinder, parting in three sections, and every joint nearly full of the accumulated dust of time "immemorial." Part fell over on the women's side, part towards the amen corner, and the remainder came down with a crash among the sinners in the rear. The first man to leap to the rescue was Captain "Bill," and seizing the falling pipe he let it go again suddenly, and began to blow on his hands. The pipe was very hot!

Our singing was suspended until the dense cloud of soot settled down on the people's Sunday clothes, and the roaring fire had been put out. I kept my eye on the Captain, and catching his, inquired, "Well, whose business is it now to repair damages?" He possessed a streak of the ludicrous, and moreover, had a very big generous heart; so he made an apology, that set every body in good humor, and from that day, he and I became the best of friends. We had some trouble, however, in resuming our hymn, and still more in composing our minds and faces, into the proper frame for prayer. He insisted I should go home with him, and a pleasanter home picture does not hang in all the gallery of my recollections, than I found at the old family dwelling of Capt. Wm. Frazier. That fair haired saintly mother, now in heaven, I can see yet, with her bright children growing up around her.

The Captain's stories of sea and land, his practical sense in business and church affairs, and his unquestioned influence, as the adviser of his neighbors, made him an entertaining host. His son John Wesley, the pride of his heart, became one of the most prominent in a galaxy of great men, at the Maryland bar, but died in the flush of his manhood, and at the zenith of his success.

The Captain, after spending the latter part of his life in the service of the Government, in the Baltimore Custom House, and still hale and sprightly at the advanced age of over four score years, has recently, by political changes in the appointing power, had to step down and out, and returns to his old homestead near Spedden's, where this writer hopes, his sunset of life may be serene and cloudless, and the God and Saviour he has loved so ardently and so long, will be the joy of his failing strength, and his portion forever.

It was during the Centennial in Baltimore last Fall, I spent a social hour with my old friend, and I then found him as entertaining and bright in all his faculties, as when 34 years ago, we had many a debate on points of theology, or discussed public men and measures, of which, being a novice, I had but very crude opinions in those days.

Conference News.

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

The Rev. W. B. Gregg, pastor of Epworth M. E. Church, was Monday evening mustered in as a member of General Thomas A. Smyth Post, No. 1, G. A. R., of this city.

General Thomas A. Smyth Post, No. 1, and Admiral S. F. DuPont Post, No. 2, G. A. R., have accepted an invitation to attend services at Epworth M. E. Church next Sunday morning. Chaplain W. B. Gregg will deliver an appropriate sermon on that occasion.

Rev. W. L. S. Murray, pastor of Asbury M. E. Church has been holding extra meeting during the past week.

Rev. T. A. H. O'Brien pastor of Chesapeake City charge, reports ninety of the 93 probationers received last winter, as having been recommended for full membership most of whom have already been received into the church.

Rev. W. E. Tomkinson has been transferred from King's Creek charge to Charlestown circuit in place of Rev. E. E. White, who was appointed to Smyrna circuit.

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

At the Methodist Episcopal church in Easton last Sunday, the services were devoted to the temperance cause. The pastor, the Rev. H. S. Thompson, preached a temperance sermon in the morning from the text, "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils!"

The afternoon session of the Sunday school was a "temperance jubilee,"—the exercises embracing the singing of temperance hymns, and addresses by Messrs. Walter H. Thompson, Robert S. Fountain, I. Newton Elston, Leonidas Dodson, and Colonel J. C. Mullikin. In the evening the exercises were continued, and in addition to the temperance songs that were sung with hearty fervor, recitations of temperance selections were made by Miss Nora Walker, Miss Mary Jump, Miss Etta Randall, and Miss May Thompson. All the exercises were of unusual interest, and large audiences attended the three services.

An oyster supper and festival was held at Walton's, Pomona charge, Oct. 1st. Net proceeds \$115, to be used in furnishing and improving the church building. The Pomona Band furnished excellent music. This little appointment, usually considered an adjunct to Bond Chapel, is looking toward future prosperity. May the Lord revive His work here. Quarterly meeting next Saturday and Sunday.

A correspondent from Ingleside charge, writes: At our last Quarterly Conference, we elected a Board of parsonage trustees, which board is to be properly incorporated at the next meeting of our Legislature. When this is done we will be a fixed and stable people, empowered not only to hold what is ours at present, but also able to receive and appropriate to our benefit whatever may be donated by liberal hands to the strengthening of this weak, though worthy circuit. Our church at Ingleside which has been closed for repairs, will be ready for reopening in a short time. Our congregations increase in size as the weather becomes cooler, and we hope to have a most glorious ingathering of souls before the year closes.

The revival at Hall's on Hillsboro circuit, has been attended with good success. Meetings are held this week every other night. Thirty-four have been received on probation.

Revival services begin at Ridgely, same charge next Sunday. The third Quarterly meeting for Hillsboro circuit, will be held Oct. 31 and Nov. 1. Quarterly Conference will be held in Hillsboro, Saturday at 10 a. m., and love-feast at Hall's at 1.30, and preaching by P. E. at 3 p. m. Rev. J. A. Brindle is expected to preach in Hillsboro M. E. Church, Sunday a. m., Oct. 11. He is visiting his daughter in Talbot.

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

Rev. W. J. Duhadway, preached last Sunday, at Crumpton, Md., his first charge. His pulpit at Georgetown was filled by Rev. Mr. LeClair, of Redden. The latter is a native of Canada.

It is reported that Rev. W. W. Green is succeeding well on Galestown circuit.

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

Chincoteague charge, Rev. J. D. Resse, pastor, writes: We had a very pleasant surprise last Tuesday week, in the way of a donation. About fifty members and friends of the church met at Mr. D. J. Wheatons, and from there proceeded to the parsonage and gave us a good pounding. This is said to be the hardest year, financially experienced on

the Island in 25 years. The cause, poor oysters for two years, yet in all these hard times the people have remembered their pastor.

We learn that the County Conference held at Selbyville, Paankford charge, was a grand success. We hope to have a full report from the secretary, for our next issue.

The meeting at Frankford is progressing finely; up to last Tuesday night there were 21 conversions, and an altar full of penitents. Interest increasing.

J. W. Hammersley, Jr., son of Rev. J. W. Hammersley, pastor of Mt. Pleasant charge, has been appointed as a supply for Accomac circuit.

There is a revival in progress in Hepborn's Church, Delmar charge, with encouraging prospects.

Easton District Association.

The Preachers' Association met in its 5th session, at Suddlersville, Md., Sept. 22d, 1885. The devotional exercises were conducted by Bro. T. O. Ayres of Dover District.

Bros. Ayres of Dover District, and J. R. Dill of Marydel circuit, were by motion invited to participate in the discussions of the Association.

In the absence of Dr. A. E. Sudler, who was to deliver the address of welcome, and Bro. W. J. O'Neill to respond, this part of the program was by motion of Bro. Smith, deferred to the afternoon session.

The program was taken up and the salutatory by Bro. J. France, our new Presiding Elder, was delivered.

Bro. J. T. VanBurklow, of Cecilton, reported "all quiet along the line." Had a pleasant summer vacation.

Bro. T. L. Tomkinson, of Millington, reported special work among the young and of an educational character.

Bro. J. D. Rigg, of Suddlersville, reported a cordial reception, a prosperous work and a pleasant field.

Bro. W. E. Tomkinson, of Kings Creek; reported a somewhat unsettled state of the work; but considerable progress along the lines.

Bro. J. D. Rigg moved, remaining pastoral reports be deferred until the afternoon session, after which adjourned with benediction by Bro. A. Smith.

Brethren met again at 2 o'clock. Devotional services conducted by Bro. T. L. Tomkinson.

Bro. T. O. Ayres reported a prosperous work. Denton church very much improved.

Bro. Alfred Smith reported a plan for a vigorous campaign during the fall, which promises much success.

Bro. O. S. Walton, of Sassafras, reported the peculiar plan of the membership of his church, with his hopes and expectations for immediate work.

Bro. W. W. Chairs, of Ingleside, reported good progress.

Bro. J. France reported for his past labors on Smyrna circuit.

Bro. J. R. Dill made a report of Marydel circuit.

On motion, the address of welcome was called for, and beautifully and eloquently delivered by Dr. A. E. Sudler. The response was made by Bro. Alfred Smith.

The review of Bishop Foster's Centennial sermon by Bro. J. B. Quigg, was omitted, because of Bro. Quigg's absence on account of sickness in his family.

Essay "Bona Fide Pastoral Visits," by Bro. Alfred Smith, was next read.

Bro. O. S. Walton gave some strong and valuable suggestions along the lines of the best methods of pastoral work. Bros. T. O. Ayres, J. D. Rigg, J. T. VanBurklow, T. L. Tomkinson, continued the discussion.

"Is practical honesty sufficiently taught in our pulpits? Discussion opened by Bro. J. T. VanBurklow, and continued by Bro. T. O. Ayres, W. E. Tomkinson, Alfred Smith. Adjourned with benediction by Bro. T. O. Ayres.

The evening service was opened by the reading of hymn 574 by Bro. W. E. Tomkinson, who led in prayer. After singing of the hymn 533, Bro. Ayres preached from Gen. 3: 9, "Where art thou?" After the sermon the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper took place. It was a season of spiritual feasting.

The Presiding Elder, J. France being absent, the Vice President, J. T. VanBurklow, took the chair on the assembling of the Association Wednesday morning. Bro. W. J. O'Neill conducted the opening devotional services.

On motion of Bro. J. D. Rigg, the last question of the program for Tuesday afternoon was taken up, and Bro. Alfred Smith opened the discussion which was continued by Bros. T. L. Tomkinson, T. O. Ayres, J. D. Rigg, W. J. O'Neill.

On motion of Bro. Alfred Smith, all laymen were invited to participate in the discussions of the Association.

The subject under consideration was resumed and discussed by Bro. T. L. Tomkinson. Bro. T. L. Tomkinson was called to the chair, and Bro. VanBurklow addressed the Association on the subject of Faith Cure. The discussion was continued by Bros. J. D. Rigg, T. O. Ayres, W. J. O'Neill.

On motion, business matters were taken up. On motion Millington was fixed as the next place of meeting, and the last Tuesday in May 1886, as the time.

The pastors at Galena, Millington and Suddlersville were appointed as Curators. Rev. J. D. Rigg, elected Vice President, and O. S. Walton Secretary and Treasurer.

The following resolution offered by Bro. A. Smith was adopted. Resolved, That we recommend the PENINSULA METHODIST to our people as a paper loyal to the interests of our Conference and Methodism, and in every way worthy of their patronage.

Bro. J. D. Rigg, T. O. Ayres, Alfred Smith, J. T. VanBurklow.

The question "Would the interests of religion be promoted by the enforcement of the Discipline of our church against those who neglect the means of grace and fail to keep the General rules?" was discussed by W. J. O'Neill, A. Smith, A. S. Mowbray, and G. W. Barton. Adjourned with benediction by Bro. T. O. Ayres.

Wednesday afternoon session opened with Bro. J. T. VanBurklow in the chair. Bro. Geo. Barton led in prayer.

Question, "What is the minister's duty toward the Temperance cause of the present day?" Discussed by Bros. W. W. Chairs, T. O. Ayres, W. J. O'Neill, T. L. Tomkinson, Geo. Barton.

2. "What is the duty of ministers toward Camp meetings?" Discussion by D. Golly, W. J. O'Neill, T. O. Ayres, Alfred Smith, Geo. Barton. A vote of thanks was extended to pastor and people of Suddlersville. The Association adjourned with doxology and benediction.

A. S. MOWBRAY, Sec'y.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. William Brobstan, probably the oldest minister in the Presbyterian Church of the United States, died in Chicago last Sunday, aged 90 years. He was born in Philadelphia, and graduated in 1825 from Union College. There are but two of his classmates who survive him.

We had a pleasant call this week from Rev. T. A. H. O'Brien, pastor of Chesapeake City charge.

The Rev. G. W. Miller, pastor of Spring Garden Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, and former pastor of Grace M. E. Church of this city, will lecture in the Opera House on Wednesday evening November 11; subject, "Pluck."

ITEMS.

We call special attention to the advertisement of E. C. Yeamans, on page 8. He offers valuable property in North East, Md., at private sale.

Bishop Walden makes the statement that the M. E. Church has forty-five great presses, running ten hours a day, sending out religious papers and books.

Chaplain McCabe has engaged the Brooklyn Academy of Music for the evening of December 17th, when a grand mass-meeting will be held to bring up the deficiency of the "million for missions." Among the speakers will be Bishops Foster, Hurst and Fowler.

A Memorial Chapel has been erected to the memory of Dr. Thomas Coke, at Warrenpoint Ireland. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas Trimble Neptune Hull, an old veteran who was born in the hull of a ship on old Neptune, almost three generations ago.

Clark Whittier, the brother of the poet, is about to establish a town in Swain County, N. C., on Puritan principles. He has secured 60,000 acres of timber land, and is laying out a town founded upon the saw-mill, the plow, the Bible and prohibition. All real estate reverts to the town when the owner thereof sells or buys intoxicating liquors.

The mulberry tree at St. Mary's City, Maryland, under which Lord Baltimore offered prayers on his arrival there two hundred and fifty years ago, is still standing, though a great many branches have been cut off and worked into canes and relics. St. Mary's City, which was once a flourishing town, has now only two buildings. All the others have disappeared.—E.

A Presbyterian church at Carrol, Iowa, has the corners of its auditorium curtained off, and furnished with cradles and rocking chairs, for the convenience of mothers who are unable or unwilling to leave their babies at home.

The Illinois Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church held its recent session at Alton, Ill. In a body the conference visited the burial place there of one of the most famous agitators of the early anti-slavery era—Elijah Parish Lovejoy. His motto was, "So long as I am an American citizen and so long as American blood runs in these veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to write, print or speak whatever I please on the subject—being amenable to the laws of my country for the same." Notwithstanding his residence in a free State, he was brutally murdered by a mob, for entertaining, acting on such sentiments, forty-eight years ago. No monument has ever been erected to his memory; but arrangements are now being made for that purpose.—Baltimore Methodist.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey has donated the money to erect a library building at New Castle, Pa., and the building is now being erected. This is a kind of living monument to the sweet singer in his native town.

Moses Montefiore's will gives away an estate of about \$2,000,000, mostly to Jewish religious and charitable institutions.

The poet Whittier, it is said, has nearly lost his eyesight.

Tennyson is about to publish another volume of poems.

"I see," said an opposing counsel to the late Emory A. Storrs, "you hate to meet the truth in this matter." "I never do meet it," was the prompt reply. "Truth and I always travel in the same direction."

The old canoe "Methodist," in which "Parson Thomas," of Deal's Island, notoriety, used to make his voyages over the Tangier and up the Wicomico and Pocomoke rivers when called to preach, is still preserved and is a popular craft.

The Trinity M. E. Church, South, at Easton, was reopened on Sunday, after \$1,000 having been spent on repairs. The Rev. B. W. Walters is the pastor.

Canon Farrar "is just past fifty years of age, and is a man of large frame, indeed of powerful physique. His face is uncommonly plain, and, while it is spiritual and refined, it is not expressive of intellect or study. It is rather the face of an anchorite than of a scholar. Dr. Farrar reads his sermons, and sticks pretty close to his pages. But while he reads, he reads sermons not essays. They are after the fashion of religious discourses in matter, in spirit, and in language. I have seldom heard a man who had the power so to move all classes of hearers. His sermons are thoughtful, often elaborate, and always devout, and from first to last religious."—Exchange.

Be careful in your arithmetic, brother Watchman, or you will mislead your readers as woefully in statistics, as you do in exegesis, when you teach that none but immersed people have a right to partake of the Lord's Supper. In common with all true Christians, not hide-bound by narrow views of outward rites, or unduly distended by prelatial pretensions, we heartily rejoice in the success of the disciples of Christ, whatever be their name, and indulge no rivalry, but in zeal for the common cause—the salvation of lost sinners. Bro. Cornelius, in the Baltimore Methodist, thus disposes of an inaccurate statement:—

The Watchman represents the Baptists, as figured up in the Baptist Year Book, from "latest accessible statistics," to number in the United States 2,557,793. It then says that this number is 890,480 more than the Methodists in the United States. Of course all Christians, Methodists included, will rejoice in the great strength and prosperity of the Baptist Church. But Zion's Herald punctures the wind-bag of the Watchman as follows:—"We have 'accessible statistics' as late as the authentic tables prepared for the Centennial Conference in Baltimore, showing that in the two Methodist Episcopal Churches, North and South, alone, there were 2,704,398, and in all the Methodist family of churches in the United States there were 3,716,318 members. There are two cognate Methodist bodies—the United Brethren and the Evangelical Association, numbering 297,622, making a total of 4,013,940. Deducting all members living on foreign stations, we have as Methodist communicants in the United States, 3,951,026. There are 177,236 probationers, leaving in full membership 3,724,145. Subtracting 2,557,793 'actual members of regular Baptist churches,' and there is a majority of 1,266,352 in favor of the Methodists. Our vigorous Baptist brethren have considerable work ahead to catch up. We bid them Godspeed in seeking to do so. This is a much better way than attempting to figure down carefully-computed tables of church statistics."

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

DIED.

Near Marydel, Sept 25th 1885, John Bailey son of Alexander H. and May A. Boyer, aged 7 months and 13 days.

"Dearest baby thou hast left us, And thy loss we deeply feel; But 'tis God that hath bereft us, He can all our sorrows heal."

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

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

EASTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
Pomona	Oct.	10 11
Rock Hall	"	11 12
Church Hill	"	17 18
Centerville	"	18 19
Queenstown	"	24 25
Wye	"	24 25
Kent Island	"	24 25
Greensborough	"	31 1
Hillsborough	"	31 1
Oxford	Nov.	6 8
Royal Oak	"	7 8
Trappe	"	8 9
Easton	"	13 15
King's Creek	"	15 16
St. Michael's	"	20 22
Talbot	"	21 22
Middletown	"	29 30
Odessa	"	29 30

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

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.		
Smith's Island,	Oct	10 11
Tangier,	"	11 12
Holland's Island,	"	8
Newark, Wesley,	"	17 18
Girdletree, Connor's,	"	17 18
Snow Hill,	"	16 18
Stockton, Remsen,	"	18 19
Pocomoke City; P C	"	18 19
Tyaskin, Jones,	"	24 25
Mt Vernon, John Wesley,	"	23 25
Princess Anne, P A	"	25 26
Deal's Island,	"	25 26
Somerset, Dames' Q	"	25 26
St Peter's, St Peter's,	"	25 27
Cape Charles City,	"	29
Onancock,	Nov.	31 1
Accomac,	"	1 2
Fairmount,	"	5 8
Westover, Rehoboth,	"	5 8
Pocomoke Ct Curtis,	"	8 9
Asbury, Asbury,	"	7 8
Annapessex, Quin	"	7 8
Crisfield,	"	6 8

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OBITUARY.

Our lamented brother, John Parker, was born August 22nd, 1808, and fell asleep in Jesus; at his home, near Melson's M. E. Church, August 24th, 1885.

Our Book Table.

The October Century.

In the October Century, the space commonly taken up with the War Series has been devoted to articles and illustrations relating in a timely and important way to the life and services of General Grant.

St. Nicholas for October.

This is the twelfth and last number of the current volume—the last course, so to speak, in the feast of good things which the generous old Saint has spread before his readers during the year.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW for October is one of remarkable interest. Joseph Cook leads off with a masterly paper on the question "Ought Prohibition to be Made a Political Question?"

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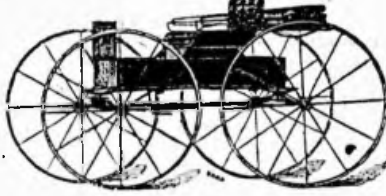
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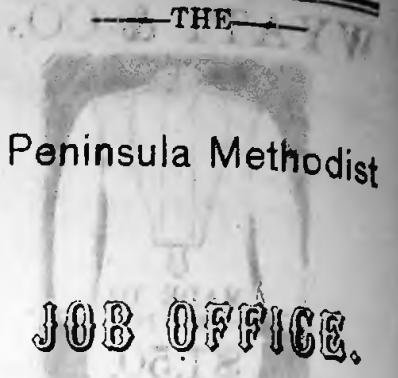
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