



# Peninsula



# Methodist.

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FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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Associate Editor.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.  
SINGLE NOS. 3 CENTS.

## "WAIT PATIENTLY FOR HIM."

God doth not bid thee wait,  
To disappoint at last;  
A golden promise, fair and great,  
In precept-mould is cast.  
Soon shall the morning gild  
The dark horizon rim;  
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled;  
"Wait patiently for Him."

The weary waiting times  
Are but the muffled peals,  
Low preluding celestial chimes  
That hail His chariot-wheels.  
Trust Him to tune thy voice  
To blend with seraphim:  
His "wait" shall issue in "rejoice!"  
"Wait patiently for Him."

He doth not bid thee wait,  
Like driftwood on the wave,  
For fickle chance or fixed fate,  
To ruin or to save.  
Thine eyes shall surely see,  
No distant hope or dim,  
The Lord thy God arise for thee:  
"Wait patiently for Him."

— Frances Ridley Havergal.

## Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.  
No. 62.

Of the prominent ministers named in my last letter, who were present on the occasion described, no less than four have long since finished their course, and it remains a grateful task for me in these reminiscences, to linger a little over the memories which some of them awaken in my heart.

Dr. Herman M. Johnson, for a number of years at the head of Dickinson College, was a lovable character. He spent a large portion of his spare time traveling and laboring within the bounds of our Conference (Philadelphia), as it became one of the principal feeders of that institution of learning, in sending its young men and boys to its time honored classic halls for a completed education.

I was drawn to the Doctor, by his simplicity of manner, joined to profound scholarship, especially in the departments of mental and moral philosophy. His sermons were beaten gold in beauty of language, suggestive thought, and forcible application, and I used to esteem it a rare privilege to listen to one of them.

He took kindly to such a crude specimen as I presented, if for no other reason probably, than because so many Peninsula students went up to Carlisle, bearing the cheerful endorsement of my name; for as I have heretofore intimated, I never missed an opportunity, where it became possible to persuade one of our young men, to urge him to attend College.

The kindly president used to say, without seeming to flatter, that if each traveling preacher took as much interest in this matter, his classes would be always full, and prosperity correspondingly great. We had, growing out of this relationship, a good deal of correspondence, much to my personal improvement, for I found in close contact with him, a model educator and real Christian gentleman. He was one of the able corps of contributors I afterwards secured, when starting the *Methodist Home Journal* in Philadelphia, to give literary tone to its pages. He wrote but a few articles, however, before such a keen and polished intellectual blade as his, cut through the physical scabbard, and the mourners went about the streets of many a town and city over his early death. That event caused an aching void in the catalogue of my friends which has never since been filled.

Dr. T. J. Thompson, was in another respect, and equally intimate, associated with the formation of my religious character and career in this country. As the typical presiding elder, I first met him and listened to one of those elaborate sermons of his, at Stony Ridge camp meeting near Cambridge, to which reference has been made in these memoranda. I was not then in connection, nor expecting to be, but the dignity of the office he sustained, and the summary of theological truth unfolded in his comprehensive Sunday morning sermon, made a lasting impression on my mind. He was one of the men who as the agent of the church in this matter, called me out of a place of business, to take up the cross, and go preach the gospel on a remote circuit, within the bounds of his late charge—the Snow Hill District. He became afterwards the respected pastor of our family in Union church, Philadelphia, and in still later years, I actually had the distinction of sitting with him as a member of the Bishop's Council, and consulting him in a variety of matters bearing on the work, in which my inexperience appealed to his kindly generous nature and cool deliberate judgment. I will not say here, at this period, what I felt at the time, that he died too soon; for of this, short-sighted humanity cannot wisely judge, but his end appeared to me to be an exact fulfillment of the poet's picture, where calmness and hope blend their beauties in the closing scene.

"As one who wraps the drapery  
of his couch around him,  
And lies down to pleasant  
dreams."

Another name I incidentally mentioned, was that of Rev. Henry Colclazer. When assigned to work within our bounds, he labored under the serious disadvantage of being unknown and misunderstood; but he won his way, caring to say little of himself, or the noble record he had made from boyhood, in extreme frontier work lying in the then untrod wilderness of Ohio and Michigan. His pastorate at Cambridge prepared him in some measure for the appointment, made entirely by Episcopal prerogative, of presiding elder. His administration was marked by gentle measures, superior sermons, and in the gathering storm clouds of '59 and '60, with conciliation toward restless spirits, and firm loyalty to the church, imperiled as it was by factional issues on the question which soon culminated in the attempted rupture of the American Union. Than Henry Colclazer, I never knew a more even, amiable, and accomplished man and minister of Christ. I was brought into more than ordinary intimacy with him during his last years on the District. The District Ministerial Association, which we formed, he as president, and I as secretary, became a prominent institution, only second to the meeting of an annual Conference in the towns where we held our sessions. Those were palmy days in my remembrance, and it is in my thought, to give some account of the sensation which used to be created, when about thirty preachers invaded a quiet town, attracted overflowing crowds, by sharp and spicy debate to its rural church, for three days and evenings of a certain week, feasting on Eastern Shore bounty, and grappling with the heaviest subjects of modern thought and ecclesiastical and doctrinal discussion.

I confess I never fully knew the admirable poise and real worth of this beloved man, until he delivered before the Wilmington Conference, with which at the division, his welcome lot had been cast, his semi-centennial sermon. I think it covers fifty years of history and activity never excelled in one unpretentious life. If anything could have exceeded the estimation in which I held him, it was the scene at which I was present in old Asbury Church, Wilmington, when, after 55 years of faithful service he modestly asked at the hands of his younger brethren, the relation of a supernumerary. On that occasion, the venerable Bishop Harris was in the chair, and calling up Bro. Colclazer to a seat beside him, stated that the latter had been an effective itinerant several years before he, the bishop, had entered the work in the same Western Conference, and that Bro. C. was, in an important sense, the founder and father of Methodism, now so flourishing in the enterprising and elegant city of Detroit. It was a graceful tribute to the worth of a modest and model Christian gentleman.

He did not live long after being set aside, as who with similar fibre in his nature and sensibilities could; or would care to, even if he could?

I hardly know where to draw the line, on the topic which has here naturally forced itself upon my attention; but one more sketch remains for this letter. It will not be of a minister, but a country boy I knew on Princess Anne Circuit.

Harrison Phœbus was the son and prop of that excellent sister, Mrs. Sally Phœbus a widow residing near what we used to call Phœbus' church. Her humble dwelling always had the latch-string out for the hospitable entertainment of the preachers. Harrison was a genial, clever young fellow whose company I loved. He economized his time between work on the little farm, and study by the fireside. He was full of questionings, when the preacher happened to be about, on subjects far beyond the ordinary range of rural life. He took up and studied Ben Pitman's system of phonography, read everything he could get his hands upon, and growing to man's estate struck out into the activities of the commercial world. He became connected with the Adams Express Company, as a trusted and efficient agent. Dropped down to Fortress Monroe in war times, stood by his country's flag, and in due course of time found a fitting employment of his well trained faculties, as manager and proprietor of the mammoth *Hygia* Hotel at Old Point Comfort. He became so well known all over the country, that at his death a short time ago, *Harpers' Weekly* published his portrait, as it does those of the noted men of the time, and gave an eulogistic sketch of his unique and excellent character and eventful history, Dr. Buckley in the *Christian Advocate*, and perhaps a score of other leading papers noticed his lamented death.

Had Harrison Phœbus lived a little longer, he might have been a representative or Senator of Virginia, or filled any other position requiring the most consummate executive ability. Up to the last, I enjoyed the intimacy begun when I used to pray at his mother's family altar, and lead him, in calling his uncle Capt. James Phœbus' class, of which he was in early life a faithful member.

## An Interesting Letter from Rev. (Gen'l) C. A. Evans of Augusta, Ga.

Joanna Heights is amidst a populous rural region, accessible from several adjacent little cities, and only a few hours away from Philadelphia. This is one of the sections where Methodism obtained its earliest foothold, and continued to abide in strength. As in our Augusta, so here, there is some pride taken in reminiscences of Asbury, Garrettson, and Lee. Nowhere have I found myself more at home at once. With a cordiality that charmed me the preachers and people gave me a greeting, an audience and access which made me feel that my visit was indeed of God. In truth the lines of Northern and Southern Methodism faded wholly away as these, our brethren, spoke so lovingly of our united doctrine, mission and destiny. The camp-meeting was in full progress when I arrived. The whole business was religious, and the utmost earnestness prevailed in every service. The sermons were characterized by directness, correctness and spiritual power, evidently showing close and careful study. I had the benefit of listening to Gill, Gray, Wood, Fox, from India, and McDonald, each discussing some interesting question directly bearing on Scriptural Holiness in experience and practice, and while my own preaching was heard with demonstrations far beyond its merit, I felt a personal loss in occupying the hours which these men of learning and spiritual power could so much better fill.

The altar service, as it is termed, is quite indescribable. At the close of the sermon the space about the pulpit being cleared, those who come and kneel are at once surrounded with instructors who urge them into exercise of full faith in Christ. Usually the service lasts longer than the sermon, and in several instances I witnessed the good confession of every person at the altar made openly to the whole audience. This altar-service is an extremely sensible method of laboring for the salvation of souls. Do we not, in our revivals, hurry up this work too much? Would it not be good for us to shorten the sermon and lengthen the time of this personal labor with the souls that are seeking salvation at our altar?

Joanna Heights meeting closed Sunday night in a scene new to me, but impressive beyond description. The entire day had gone triumphant for us, so that we were well prepared for the Coronation, which now took place about ten o'clock. The great multitude, under the direction of Dr. McDonald, dropped into line by twos, commencing a march out of the altar and around the main circle, singing an inspiring grand march. The head of the column reached the altar again just as the last man was filing out, and there, in a line abreast, the ministers stood to shake the hands of the marching multitudes on their return. The ceremony was simple, deeply impressive, exhilarating, and considering its meaning, it was grand indeed.

You may imagine that there was much of deep personal interest to myself in this visit. Not far from the spot I have described I marched twenty-two years ago, even to the Susquehanna river in the heart of this noble State. The thunders of Gettysburg, now silenced in blessed peace, broke in awful mournfulness among these grand Pennsylvania mountains. There for three days I was among

the assailants striving to carry the heights so as to drive Meade away and capture both Baltimore and Washington City. There I was wounded, and again not far thence, at Frederick City, received a minnie ball in my body, the effects of which I bore for eleven years. A strange Providence brought me to this spot again to preach the Gospel of peace to a people who gave their hearts, without stint, to a "rebel general," listening to him in fearful eyes, with hearty amens, and shouts of glory. Well, thank God for that holy religion which makes enmity among Christ's disciples impossible! Here I met men in love who had met me face to face in battle. Col. Smith, of the 128th Pennsylvania Regiment, came to see me because we had fought each other at Chancellorsville. A scout of Grant's who had sometimes penetrated our lines, recognized me on the stand and came to tell me of it. Many who had lost their near relatives in battle gave me cordial greetings, and told in tears of their bereavements. The military title to which I am accustomed at home was as freely accorded here by every one, and with the most unaffected displays I was made to feel that a Methodist brother from Georgia was a beloved member of the great Methodist family. So, then, the North has indeed a great big heart and I have found it.—*Wesleyan Christian Advocate*.

## Extravagance and Crime.

The spendthrift and the criminal are often first cousins; or, rather, are one and the same man, in his youth and then in his manhood. The records of our courts and the columns of the public press tell how close is the connection between extravagance and crime. It has much to do with breaches of public and private trust, and with the bankruptcies and corruptions of politics, and with the discontents of the wage-class, all of which are forming into perplexing problems. Let ministers and Christian people strike at one of the roots of social evil, by speaking against that careless extravagance which seems more or less of a national trait, and by setting a good example over against it. When we begin as a people to habitually live under our means, spend less for luxuries and articles of display and for amusements, and try to make our means reach as far as possible, our wonderful natural resources will become much more of a blessing to us. But until we make economy more of a study, the tide of crime will remain very hard to check, for even those who are extravagant without being otherwise blameworthy, in so far set a very bad example to others—to some, perhaps, for whom to be extravagant almost of necessity implies descent into crime.—*Moravian*.

## Regard for the Aged.

Let us revere the aged and treat them with great consideration. They are sometimes sensitive, and tempted to think they are neglected. We can't be too considerate of their wants, and speak too kindly to them and of them. They should be dealt with tenderly and affectionately caressed. As they pass down the dark valley let us throw a ray of light across their path.—*The Holston Methodist*.

Temperance.

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

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

The Greatest Enemy.

If the greatest enemy that menaces the Republic were fairly inquired into, the eyes of the people would be opened to the necessity of prohibition. The only hope of emancipation from the oppression of the liquor traffic which scourges us at every turn, lies in the union of all temperance men and women to control elections. The brewers and distillers and saloon-keepers laugh at all kinds of opposition except prohibition votes. High license, police supervision public prosecutors, and all the machinery for "strict" regulation of the liquor traffic, the traffickers mock at. There is only one law which they fear, and that is prohibition.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Augusta, Ga., has followed the example of Atlanta, and voted prohibition. It is cheering to see how the work of reform goes on. It is merely a matter of time when the whiskey devil will be stripped of his power to do evil in our land.—Western Recorder.

In Charleston, W. Va., the first Saturday evening after the closing of the saloons, the merchants of the place took in more than four thousand dollars more than their average receipts on that evening.

Outdoor Life for Women.

The redemption of women's health, I am more and more convinced, depends on their taking to outdoor life and activities. Reading high-class memoirs, which are in every one's hands nowadays, of the Carlyles, the Sterlings, and F. D. Maurice, one is distressed to hear the continual story of ill health and women who, brought face to face with the realities of life, immediately droop, languish and are a long time dying. If they have a house to keep and a share of the actual work, like Mrs. Carlyle at Craigenputtock and Chelsea, they sicken mysteriously, and their life is a time of wrestling with household affairs, alternating with refuge on the sofa or months in the doctor's hands, in that wretched, unimprovable state which justifies the sigh of a much tried husband, who "wished his wife would get better or something."

Have I not, through the ignorance of my day and generation, wasted life enough in attacks of that familiar household demon, nervous prostration, which only vanishes on turning the patient out of doors? Time and again friends have looked pityingly on me as good as gone, but taken out of doors ten hours a day, as good for nothing else, sun and wind wrought their spell of healing, and health came again. Henceforth no more indoor life for me than must be, and I would urge other women to fashion their lives so as to spend them more in the open air.—Vick's Magazine.

Pope Leo orders the Roman "Clergy of the Archdiocese of Baltimore" to repeat this year "the devotions in honor of the Blessed Mother of God, celebrated in the month of October for some years past." To declare that Mary, the mother of Jesus, is "ever a virgin," is to utter a deliberate historical falsehood, contradicted in the gospel records; yes! in the very Vulgate, which the church of Rome authorizes. Then to add to this stupendous lie, that Mary was the "MOTHER OF GOD," and is to be worshipped as such, and that she is our Intercessor with God, and a patron of the Roman priesthood, is to pile up idolatry, blasphemy, and falsehood, upon falsehood.—Baltimore Methodist.

Youth's Department.

Sophie Swearingen.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

"THOU shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Sophie rattled off the commandment glibly. She was the show pupil in Mrs. Reed's Sunday-school class, and it was seldom that she hesitated in answering a Bible question.

Then the class were questioned in regard to their understanding of what was meant by taking the Lord's name in vain, and then Mrs. Reed preached quite a little sermon on the subject, the substance of which Sophie repeated to her mother when she went home.

"I know the girl Mrs. Reed had in her mind all the time," said she. "It was that coarse, horrid Hattie Auld, who thinks it is so awfully witty to call me 'Sophie Swearingen.' Swear indeed! Why I shouldn't think of using the expressions that Hattie uses every day. She is always saying, 'My goodness!' and 'Thank goodness!' and 'Goodness gracious!' and 'O Lor!' and—I couldn't tell you what else besides; Mrs. Reed says such exclamations are not only dreadfully vulgar but it is actually breaking the third commandment to use them. Now, I think Hattie is just as bad as her brother, who, Jessie Hart says, swears like a trooper. Jessie has heard him with her own ears."

"Well, fortunately, you won't have to answer for Hattie Auld's sins," returned Mrs. Swearingen. "And now suppose you take baby and amuse him till Susan comes home. He has been dreadfully wide-awake all the afternoon, and I have had the entire care of him, for Susan and Jane took Lillie off with them, and Mrs. Best has been lying down with a headache."

"Mrs. Best sick! Then I suppose I'll have to get the tea," sighed Sophie.

"No; she is better now, and has gone down to the kitchen. If you will take baby off my hands, I'll go up stairs and rest a little while."

"O, mamma, he musses up my dress so!" (and Sophie looked with some disfavor at the great rosy baby, so overflowing with vitality and animal spirits that the task of nursing him was no sinecure) "but I suppose if I must, I must. There!" exclaimed she, as the youngster began to whimper and stretch out his arms to go back to his mother. "I knew he wouldn't stay with me. He will do nothing but bellow and bawl if I try to hold him."

Mrs. Swearingen sighed. "If you want you want!" said she. "Come baby; come up stairs with your mamma."

After her mother had left the room Sophie, feeling somewhat lonely, went to the melodeon in the back parlor, and began to sing hymns. She sang remarkably well for a girl of her age, and in consequence was inclined to give her family rather more music than they cared for, but her voice was much admired at Sunday-school and young people's prayer-meetings. She had just begun one of her favorite hymns, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," when there was a clattering at the door, and she was obliged to leave the melodeon to go and open it, letting in Mrs. Best with the tea-tray.

"Good laws a massy, child! Why haven't yer got the gas lit?" demanded the intruder. "I can't see my way to the table."

"I will light the gas, Mrs. Best," replied Sophie, with some dignity. "But I must tell you I think it is very wrong for you to break the third commandment as you do. You know, or may be you don't know, that 'Good laws a massy' is a corruption of 'Good Lord have mercy;' and it is very improper to use it

as an ordinary exclamation." "Hoity, toity!" exclaimed Mrs. Best, who was only too fluent when once aroused. "Sich preaching comes well from you now, don't it? I s'pose you don't think you are taking the Lord's name in vain when you sit here squalling, 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' leaving that baby to plague it's mother's life out of her up stairs! If I was your mother I'd have no patience with you."

Sophie had never been spoken to quite so plainly before. Mrs. Best, though only a working housekeeper, was a privileged character, and treated more as one of the family than as a servant. She always spoke her mind freely, and on this occasion as on most others she had the last word. Sophie stood for a moment dumfounded, and then forgetting to light the gas, slipped out of the room and went up stairs.

"Give me the baby, mamma," said she, "and go down and get your tea. Mrs. Best has it ready in the back parlor."

The baby was disposed to resent his mother's leaving him, but in two minutes he was quite reconciled to his change of nurse, and was musing Sophie's silk dress and nicely arranged hair in a way that, half an hour before, would have driven her wild. Mrs. Best's reproof, sacrilegious as her words were, had struck deeper than Mrs. Reed's afternoon preaching.

But the full meaning of the third commandment was not yet quite clear to Sophie. The next Saturday afternoon she accompanied Mrs. Reed to a missionary meeting, where she listened to a soul-stirring address from a returned missionary.

"O, you should have heard Mr. P— this afternoon!" said Mrs. Reed to an acquaintance whom she encountered on the street soon after leaving the church. "We all felt that the Lord was with us while he was speaking."

"Mamma," said Sophie, when the Swearingen family were assembled at tea that evening, "you should have gone to hear Mr. P— this afternoon. We all felt that the Lord was with us while—O, Lillie, you provoking child! You have just ruined my new dress! If you did not stuff yourself like a little pig you wouldn't be dropping bread and butter over every thing as do."

"Lillie, who was an unusually nervous and sensitive child, hereupon left the table in tears. Mrs. Swearingen looked worried, and Mr. Swearingen remarked to Sophie: "You did not bring the Lord home with you from the meeting, that's evident! And to my mind you would be a better Christian if you talked less about the Lord, and tried harder to be like him."

Sophie looked highly indignant for about two minutes, and then rising, said, "Mamma, if you will give me some cakes, Lillie and I will have a doll's party in the nursery."

It was not every day that Sophie, aged thirteen condescended to play dolls with Lillie, aged ten; and the latter soon forgot her tears, and was in high glee, eat more cake, perhaps than was good for her; but this her mother was inclined to overlook in consideration of the pleasant turn that affairs had taken. It was evident that Sophie was growing dimly conscious that, in spite of her horror of profanity and vulgar exclamations, she too, might sometimes be guilty of breaking the third commandment.

But there was a more complete awakening in store for her. During Mr. Swearingen's absence on a business trip, his wife was suddenly summoned to the bedside of a dying friend, a day's journey from home. Mrs. Best was absent on a visit to her sister; Jane and Susan were both faithful servants, but they lacked wisdom and judgment, and the care of the household would therefore be laid on Sophie's young shoulders.

"You will not go to school, of course," said Mrs. Swearingen; "and you must

be a mother to my baby, especially at night. Susan is such a sound sleeper that if baby were to have croup he might bark himself to death without ever waking her."

Sophie promised, and for the first day and night no mother could have been more devoted than she was to the two younger children. But the second day the tempter came in the shape of Lucy Reed.

"I have brought you a message from mamma," said she. "There are to be ever so many ministers, at the prayer-meeting to-night; they have come from all parts of the country to attend Conference, and papa wishes them to hear some sweet solo singing. Miss Gates is away, but mamma says you sing quite as well as Miss Gates, and you must be prepared to come this evening, and be prepared to make music. You know so many hymns that there won't be any trouble in making a selection."

The temptation was strong, and Sophie yielded.

"The baby won't dream of having croup!" she said to herself. "He slept like a log last night, and so he will to-night; but to make sure of it I'll give him soothing syrup. He loves Susan ever so much better than he does me, and he won't miss in the least."

Having thus given her conscience a dose of soothing syrup, she dressed herself in her best—all eyes would be upon her when she began to sing—and went early to Mr. Reed's and from there to the meeting. She thought the Bible reading and prayers rather tedious, but they were over with at last, and then she arose to sing, being accompanied on the melodeon by Mrs. Reed.

"I know not what awaits me," the singer began, and the words seemed prophetic, for before the hymn was concluded Jane appeared at the door, wildly gesticulating, and Sophie's quick ears caught the word "croup."

"I must go!" whispered she to Mrs. Reed; and a few moments later she was fairly flying along the street with Jane by her side. She stopped once, and that was in front of Dr. Smith's residence.

"Did Susan send you for the doctor?" she asked of Jane.

"No," was the reply. "Susan aint done nothing but walk up and down the room and cry."

The doctor was quickly summoned, and accompanied Sophie home.

"I wish I had been sent for an hour ago," said he gravely, after examining the case. "This is something serious."

It was something serious—membranous croup of the worst description! The doctor remained all night, and neither that night nor the next did Sophie close her eyes. When Mrs. Swearingen returned home two days later she found the baby sound asleep and almost as well as ever, but Sophie, who held him in her lap, looked like death itself, she was so wretchedly pale and haggard. Her mother put her to bed, and nursed her through an attack of nervous prostration: when she rose from which she found her singing voice entirely gone. The doctor said that it was nothing uncommon at her age, and her voice might be restored in time, but Sophie shook her head.

"I believe the loss of my voice was intended as a punishment," said she. "It was to show off my voice that I left baby, and sang the words of the hymn without thinking of what I was saying. Mamma, I think I know now better than I used to what is meant by taking the name of the Lord thy God in vain."—Our Youth.

What Young Girls Might Do.

I wish it were in my power, writes Sarah O. Jewett, to persuade young girls, who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of woman's natural work. There is great repugnance at the thought of being

a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter, than she is where she waits upon the table, or cooks the dinner, in a pleasant house; and to my mind, there would not be a minute's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the freedom and liberty are double in one that they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by the ignorant and really over-paid servants of to-day, sensible girls, who are anxious to be taken care of themselves and earning good wages, would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or any way they found available, they would not wait long for employment, and would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has almost always been so carelessly and badly done, that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly; but women trust to being taught, and finding out the duties, after they assume such position, not before.—Selected.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

Cherry Hill,	Oct	23	24
Newark,	"	24	25
Rising Sun,	"	30	31
Hopewell,	"	30	31
Rowlandville,	Nov 1	"	31
Scott,	Nov	2	7
Union,	"	3	7
Epworth,	"	4	7
Madely,	"	7	8
Port Deposit,	"	12	14
Charlestown,	"	13	14
Asbury,	"	20	21
St. Paul's,	"	21	22
St. Georges,	"	27	28
Delaware City,	"	28	29
Red Lion,	"	28	29
New Castle,	"	28	29

CHAS. HILL, P. E.

EASTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

Queenstown,	Oct	23	24
Kent Island,	"	23	24
Wye,	"	24	25
Greensboro,	"	30	31
Hillsboro,	"	30	31
Oxford,	Nov	6	7
Royal Oak,	"	6	7
Trappe,	"	7	8
Easton,	"	12	14
Kings Creek,	"	13	14
St. Michaels,	"	19	21
Talbot,	"	20	21
Bay Side,	"	20	21
Odessa,	"	27	28
Middletown,	"	28	29
Townsend,	"	27	28

JOHN FRANCE, P. E.

DOVER DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

Burrsville,	23	24	
Potter's Landing,	"	24	25
Denton,	"	24	25
Preston,	"	24	25
Federalburg,	"	24	26
Hurlock's,	"	31	30
East New Market,	"	31	30
Vienna,	31	Nov 1	
Ellendale,	Nov	7	6
Georgetown,	"	7	6
Milton,	"	8	3
Millsboro,	"	14	12
Nassau,	"	14	13
Lewis,	"	14	15
Harrington,	"	14	16
Houston,	"	14	15
Farmington,	"	21	23
Greenwood,	"	21	22
Bridgeville,	"	21	20
Cannons Crossing,	"	21	20
Galestown,	"	21	19
Seaford,	"	21	22

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

T. O. AYRES, P. E.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

Charge	Date	Hour for Sabbath Service	Hour for Quarterly Conf.
Salisbury,	Oct 23	10	S 10
Quantico,	" 23	3	S 3
Delmar,	" 24	7	M 7
Sharptown,	" 24	10	M 7
Riverton,	" 24	3	Tue 9
Fruitland,	" 24	3	W 3
Accomac,	" 31	10	T 3
Onancock,	" 30	10	S 9
Cape Charles City	30	10	S 7

J. A. B. WILSON, P. E.

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

The Sunday School.

Jesus Crucified.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1886.  
John 19: 17-30.

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

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

GOLDEN TEXT: "It is finished" (John 19: 30).

17. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place.—R. V., "And he went out, bearing the cross for himself, unto the place;" "went out" beyond the city limits, suffering, as our true Sin-offering, outside the gates. It was customary for the condemned to carry the cross—presumably bearing the weightier part of it on the shoulder, and dragging the other end behind on the ground. Tradition states that Jesus, exhausted by the agony in Gethsemane and the cruel usage of the early morning, sunk down in weariness by the way. It is sure that a certain Cyrenian—one Simon by name—was impressed into service and compelled to bear the cross, of which neither he nor his sons, Alexander and Rufus, were in after days ashamed. Luke tells us (chap. 23) of the weeping "daughters of Jerusalem" and our Lord's reply to them. Place of a skull—hence called Golgotha, in the Syro-Chaldaic, or Calvary (*Calvaria*, its Latin equivalent). Its sight is uncertain. There is no evidence that it was a mountain; the Evangelists all speak of it as "a place," "as if," says Geikie, "it had its name only from its bare smoothness and slight convexity, as we speak of the 'brow of a hill' from its rounded slope;" not named from skulls lying round there as a place of execution, for none would have been permitted to remain there unburied. The traditional sight is north of the Damascus Gate, close to the main north road, and near the gardens and tombs of the old city.

18. They crucified him.—The operation was a brief one: The cross was laid on the ground, the Victim stripped naked, and then laid upon the cross, to which He was bound with thongs. Nails were then driven through either hand, and through the feet, either separately or placed one over the other. The cross was then raised, with its burden of anguish, and dropped into a hole dug in the ground for the purpose. Midway in the cross, a wooden projection or pin helped to sustain the body, which otherwise might be torn from the nails by its own weight. May the Holy Spirit help every reader of these notes to realize why and for whom this unspeakable suffering was voluntarily endured! Two others with him—accomplices of Barabbas probably. Their names, according to tradition, were Titus and Dumachus; according to the "Acts of Pilate," they were Gestas and Dynas. The cross of Jesus was central, between the two, thus fulfilling Isaiah's prophecy, that He should be "numbered among its transgressors." Says Trench: "Thus, in the French Revolution, when some noble royalist was sent to the guillotine, it was constantly managed to mix up his execution with that of forgers, highwaymen, murderers and the like, that their shame and disgrace might, if possible, rebound upon him, and this last drop of bitterness might not be wanting in his cup of pain."

19. Pilate wrote a title—the usual *titulus* usually carried before the accused to the place of execution, and announcing the offence for which he was to suffer; afterwards placed above the cross. Pilate may have written it himself, or, as seems more likely, dictated the words to be used. And the writing was—R. V., "And there was written, 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.'" The inscription was written in three languages, as we learn from the next verse—the official Latin, the current Greek, and the vernacular Hebrew or Aramaic. This title is rendered in a different form in each of the Gospels. Says Dr. Gray (Biblical Museum): "By some it is thought that Matthew followed the Hebrew, John the Greek, and Mark the Latin. Probably they all translated the Greek save John, who adds, 'of Nazareth.'" Matthew, Mark and Luke agree, but Matthew adds 'Jesus' to the title."

20. This title then—R. V., "This title therefore." Read many of the Jews—"whereby," says Lange, "they were forced to reflect upon that treason to the Messianic idea of which the high priests were guilty." The place the high priests were guilty of, . . . was nigh to the city—a growing suburb, as the city was extending beyond the walls, and, very likely, being so accessible, a place of resort.

21, 22. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate—R. V., "The chief priests of the Jews therefore said to Pilate," "Therefore the Jews therefore said to Pilate," "The inscription fore" is emphatic. Because the King of the Jews, thereby giving an utterly false and mischievous impression to the multitudes

who read it, as the chief priests thought, they begged Pilate to change the wording. But that he said I am king, etc.—They would have Him proclaimed a treasonable claimant of royal dignity. What I have written I have written—words succinct, firm, enigmatical, contemptuous. He had yielded as far as he would.

23. Then the soldiers—R. V., "the soldiers therefore." Took his garments—apparently His only earthly inheritance, all He had to leave. The soldiers were allowed to divide these clothes as a perquisite. Four parts, to every soldier a part.—Each of the *quaternion* got a share. The head covering, sandals, girdle and mantle (outer-garment) would furnish a part for each. Now the coat was without seam, woven—the *celoneth*, or under-garment, worn next to the body, sleeveless, reaching from the neck to the knees. Quite likely, some of the women who followed Jesus had woven it. Ordinarily it was made of two pieces, fastened at the shoulder by clasps; in this case it was seamless, a style of manufacture which the priests also adopted, especially the high priest.

24. They said therefore among themselves (R. V., "one to another").—Strange, at first sight, that John, absorbed as he was in the awful drama of the crucifixion, should have noted so unimportant a matter; but, as we shall see, there was a reason for noting it. Let us not read it, but cast lots for it.—"This has given occasion for the remark that Christians have, in their party divisions, paid less respect to their Master than the heathen soldiers did" (Smith). That the Scripture might be fulfilled—Psa. 22: 8, a Psalm which contains the "*doi lama sabachthani*" subsequently uttered, and allusions to the mockery of the rulers, and which has been deemed "a direct and exclusive prophecy of Christ's passion." My raiment—R. V., "my vesture." For my vesture—R. V., "upon my vesture." Cast lots.—"It is impossible to tell in what manner this was done" (Ederheim). These things the soldiers did—unconsciously performing their part in the divine purpose. They also took their share in the derision of their Victim, "pledging in mock hilarity the dying Man, cruelly holding up to His lips their cups of sour wine, and echoing the Jewish taunt against the weakness of a king whose throne was a cross, whose crown was thorns (Farrar).

25. Now there stood—R. V., "But there were standing." By the cross—probably just as the supernatural darkness was settling over the land. Ederheim suggests that John twice quitted the presence of Jesus—first, after the sentence had been rendered by Pilate; his purpose being to find the mother of Jesus and bring her to her Son for a final farewell. Mary on this occasion, was accompanied by three of her friends, and arrived on the scene when the derision of the priests and the episode of the penitent thief had occurred. After the Virgin was committed to his care, he conducted her back to the city; but her three friends remained, retiring, however, from the cross a short distance. This reconciles the narrative with Mark's, and explains the omission of important details from John's narrative. His mother's sister—Salome, the mother of John. Mary, the wife of Cleophas (R. V., "Clopas").—Clopas is supposed (Eusebius) to have been the brother of Joseph, the husband to Mary. Ederheim regards Clopas and Alphaeus as the same name and person (Matt. 10: 3), and thence deduces that there were five cousins of our Lord among the apostles—the two sons of Zebedee and Salome, and the three sons of Alphaeus (Clopas) and Mary. Mary Magdalene—"out of whom He cast seven devils."

26. Woman, behold thy son—a filial commitment of His mother, now widowed probably and unprotected, to the care of the beloved disciple, thus honoring the Fifth Commandment, though Himself in unspeakable suffering. He does not call her "mother," as indeed He did not on the occasion of the first miracle. The term "woman," however, is respectful, expresses the helplessness and need of comfort which now characterized the Virgin, and is befitting in an ideal sense; "she was the second Eve, the woman, whose Seed was now bruising the serpent's head" (Schaff).

27. Behold thy mother!—a double appointment, grateful to both doubtless, and most faithfully accepted by both. Says Schaff: "John's relation to Mary as established beneath the Cross, was that of a sacred friendship and spiritual communion (Matt. 12: 47-50), and interfered neither with John's relation and duty to his natural mother Salome, nor with Mary's relation with the brethren of Jesus, whatever view we may take of them." Unto his own home—protection, "home" not being in the original. He probably at once took her to the place where he was stopping with his mother at Jerusalem.

28. Knowing that all things were now accomplished—R. V., "knowing that all things,

are now finished." Scripture might be fulfilled—R. V., "Scripture might be accomplished." The hour had come at last—as the hour for surrendering the life which no man could take from Him, which He had power to lay down and to take again. The Scripture had been fulfilled. All things needful had been borne and accomplished. The poor body was severed with anguish. For the final act He will seek refreshment for His parched lips. Hence the cry, "I thirst." John appears to have caught the word as he returned from conducting Mary to his home.

29. Now there was set—R. V., "There was set there." A vessel full of vinegar—the *posca*, or sour wine, provided for the soldiers, perhaps also for the crucified, to alleviate the distressing thirst which accompanied this horrible punishment. They filled a sponge with vinegar, etc.—R. V., "They put a sponge full of the vinegar upon hyssop." The "hyssop" is supposed to have been the caper plant, which has stalks two or three feet long. Put it to his mouth—R. A., "brought it to his mouth." Not being suspended more than a foot or two above the ground, the act would be easy.

30. It is finished—all that it had been given Him to do and to bear, in the accomplishment of human redemption. The "cup" has been drunk to the dregs, *Bowed his head*. John omits the final word, "Father, into thy hands I commend My spirit," and the "cry," or shriek, with which they were uttered; also the rending of the Temple veil, the earthquake, and the apparitions from the rent graves which appeared to many, and the testimony of the awe-struck centurion that Jesus was the Son of God. Gave up the Ghost.—R. V., "gave up his spirit;" a self-surrender of His spirit into the Father's hands. Jesus did not die from exhaustion apparently, as is usual in such cases. The physical cause of His death has been ascribed, with a good deal of plausibility, to a rupture of the heart. This supposition accounts for the discharge of the blood and water, when the soldier pierced His side with the spear. The separation of the solid and liquid constituents of the blood, takes place very quickly after the effusion of blood into the pericardium.

A Burning Petroleum Well.

Traversing a portion of the oil regions of Pennsylvania recently in mid-winter, after surmounting a steep hill by means of a rocky and zigzag road, the writer found a well-wooded valley on the opposite slope in which a small clearing was visible. A deep snow covered the earth, and the branches of pine and hemlock were bent with its weight. Rising out of the centre of the fields with a back ground of the densest forest, was a tall flame singularly out of keeping with the bleak surroundings. The air was very still, and the flame scarcely bent from the perpendicular, although swaying slightly at times and varying in height. At its highest it was level with a young pine near by whose slender top was probably twenty feet above the ground. Stopping to examine it, a low, sullen, surf-like roar proceeding from the flame was heard, and observation showed that the snow within a circular space fully one hundred feet in diameter had been melted by the heat.

It was a strange scene to encounter in the woods. The tall flame, rising apparently from the earth; the dark pines in the background, laden with new-fallen snow; the glare of the light upon the white field; and the utter absence of human habitations, formed a scene at once desolate, beautiful, and impressive. The gathering shades of night added a wild and fantastic element, and it required no great stretch of fancy to see wood-nymphs and sprites dancing in the spectral light. In the Dark Ages such a flame would have been invested with supernatural attributes. To a Pennsylvanian such scenes are not uncommon. It was simply a deserted petroleum well, and doubtless some wayfarer had lighted the gas escaping from it. Such beacons are plentiful, although seldom met with in so wild a locality. Along Allegheny River and its tributaries, on the banks of the Upper Ohio, at Murrsville, in Washington County, and in various portions of eastern Ohio, such flames have become a familiar sight. Certain portions of the city of Pittsburg are illuminated every night by these

magnificent gas lights, which at times turn night into day.

One who has not seen a burning well cannot realize the impressions the sight produces. It gives one an idea of tremendous force and power. Wells like those at Murrsville, or the famous "McGuigan," in Washington County, with a pressure of not less than four hundred pounds to the square inch, produce a flame that has not a little of the element of the terrible in it. The roar is deafening, and the light is visible for many miles. When swayed and twisted by the wind, the flame resumes the most fantastic shapes. Heard from a distance, the roar reminds one of the thunder of Niagara.—H. D. Mason in *Brooklyn Magazine*.

A Word or So.

The author of "Methodism on the Peninsula," is a writer of no mean abilities, and of great versatility. He writes poetry, and prose, theology, philosophy, ethics and romance. He sometimes writes in a grave and pensive strain, but that in which he excels, is the humorous! Nor do I think any one who has read his productions, will dispute any of the foregoing points. And in criticizing his critics, he has fully established his reputation for mastery in quaint composition, and shown that this "ruling passion" is invincible. He must surely feel convinced of this, for he gives proof that he is under the impression that he has a strong case, when he attempts so playfully in earnest to put his numerous critics to a disadvantage, by maintaining against them, that his book is free from the foibles charged upon it. I advise all the readers of this article to buy the book and read it, and make up their minds about these things, and which ever party is right in this friendly philippic, the reader will be rewarded both for his money and his pains. And moreover there seems to be no accounting in certain cases for men's convictions and predilections, for it often happens with certain types of mind, that the greater the evidence is against them and the more numerous their disputants, the more entrenched they become in their position; and testimony, and logic, and law, are all held at bay, if not discarded for the sake of a vagary or a whim. In some things I know this is praiseworthy and risen to sublimity, but it is when the matter in hand is of an order to demand martyrdom. Such was Galileo and Columbus, but these were great providence, men of the ages; and had secret commissions from the divine arbiter of destiny. There is a factor in that fraternal controversy that gives it superior prominence and this is the *Methodism* of the case, which elevates it above the arena where scientists and sages and discoverers exercise their genius. But this is the very point where the *animus* of our jealousy becomes vocal and asks to be heard. But the genius of our noble brother critic can't admit it. Now, surely, if a man's vision is so mundane that it never rises above the circle of the horizon, his eye however clear, will never sweep the empyrean and roam amid celestial orbs. Although the range he takes may be hard vast, it is always in the wrong direction. Our author critic fancies he has discovered the fact that at least one of his critics lives in a "glass house," and has directed his arrows at the crystal mark. Here too, he is mistaken. The title of a work written some years ago by my own pen, called "Visions of the Vale, or Divine Government among men," has been cited as a misnomer. But a little explanation will show how erroneous is the above conclusion. "Visions of the Vale," quoted by our author, happens to be only a part of the title of the work referred to; the other part makes the whole clear to the understanding of any thoughtful reader. And what, I ask, is there in that part of the title called "Visions of the Vale," to make it unseemly, as paralleled with that of "Methodism of the Peninsula,"

when viewed in the light of their respective contents? The title itself is becoming, dignified and poetic, as a motto. Wasn't the decalogue a vision of Horeb? Wasn't the apocalypse a vision of Patmos? Isn't the earth a "vale of tears?" and isn't it the "vale of death?" and are not the topics of my book scentillations from the mount of God, seen by the traveler below? Admit that part of the title, as I do, is poetic, this in no wise mars the contents of the work; nor is there any incongruity between them, for as you trace their contents you will find unity in their consecutive order, and they will be found to be an exponent of the government of God in human affairs, without twitter in the tone or twaddle in the diction, by which its lofty themes are expressed. The title of our critic's work transcends the dignity of its contents. And here is the point overlooked, it would seem, by its gifted author. Of course he is not responsible for the humor and quaintness of the incidents he recites, for he did not originate them, but he is responsible for creating a work out of such materials, and endorsing it with a title so majestic and sacred in the eyes of all Methodist people. Here is the point, brother critic. Your intellectual orb is surely too strong and clear to be dazed by the wand of some grotesque charmer! The allusion to the title of my book does not help the cause of my good brother; for did not the Seers of the Old Testament see visions of God, and is it not written, to be fulfilled under the dispensation of the Spirit. "Your young men shall see visions?" And although living in my semi-century period, shall I be denied this intellectual and spiritual rapture? Nay my brother, visions of the vale still entrance the believer's soul. What, if with Nathaniel, I should "see Heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man?" Are not these things unfolded to the New Testament student, and resplendent to the eye of his faith, making this "vale of tears" all radiant as snowy Hermon, in the presence of him who is "mighty to save?" And bear with me, when I say, my work was favorably mentioned by Drs. Whedon, Curry, and Abel Stevens. Dr. C. did say the title might have been improved, had the book been called "the thoughts of a thinking man." This I accepted as a compliment at once to the author and his work. B. F. PRICE.

The Right Kind.

Said a mother to me one day, "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them *myself*. So I spared no pains to talk with them, read to them, to teach them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house often. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections, that I could not adorn their bodies with fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel; my grown-up daughter a Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to sit down and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business wherever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could—*myself*." The most powerful sentiment in the world is that of a mother's self-devotion. What a shame to them it is that so many mothers devote themselves to their children as sacrifices upon the various altars of a godless world!—*Lebanon Church Monthly*.

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Ministers and laymen on the Peninsula are requested to furnish items of interest connected with the work of the Church for insertion.

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## SPECIAL OFFER

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

We are under obligations to Rev. R. W. Todd for the report of the proceedings of the Baltimore Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, held in Easton, Md., last week.

We received a pleasant call this week, from Rev. Dr. Wallace, editor of the *Ocean Grove Record*, on his return from a trip down the Peninsula. His interesting papers appear again this week.

We are grieved to have to record a most destructive conflagration by which the greater part of the town of Salisbury, Md., was reduced to ashes, involving a financial loss, estimated at more than a million dollars. The fire began Sunday evening last, and spread rapidly, as a high wind was blowing. Almost all the business houses were burned, and all the churches except that of the M. E. Church, South, and a small building used by the colored people. Happily no lives were lost, and doubtless through the energy of her enterprising citizens, and the aid of generous and sympathizing friends, Salisbury will soon arise from her ashes, greatly improved.

Our own church, it is said, will lose about \$5000, for which we are sorry to learn there is no insurance. This town suffered from a similarly disastrous fire just twenty-six years ago.

### Off for Tangier, Va.

Thursday of last week, we left North East, Md., via the P. W. & B. Railroad, for Baltimore, enroute for this insular, part of our Peninsula territory. It was one of the most beautiful days of this most beautiful October; and as we were rapidly borne along in our train, the ever-varying landscapes in all the charms of autumnal coloring, presented a succession of most pleasing views. In a few minutes we reached the broad Susquehanna, the dividing line between Cecil and Harford counties, at this point a very deep stream, and at a prudently reduced rate of speed, we crossed the grand structure of stone and iron that spans the river between Perryville on the north and Havac de Grace on the south. How great the advance in facilities for travel in the last thirty years. We could but contrast, with the present rapid transit, the delays and annoyances of debarking from the train, boarding the "Maryland," waiting for the transfer and the re-transfer of baggage, the slow passage of the steamer across the river, and the subsequent rush for seats. But this was far in advance of Asbury's time, when the ferry was dependent upon wind and tide, and a threatening storm effectually hindered

the progress of the tireless itinerant. A great gain in convenience, comfort, and time-saving was made, when the "Maryland" was adapted to carrying an entire train of cars upon its deck. Still there remained the inevitable obstructions incident to stormy weather, especially in the winter, when floating ice on the rapid current would often bear the steamer out of her course, or the frozen river itself become impassable, until this splendid bridge was constructed, at a cost, it is said, of more than a million dollars. At Perryville, a branch road diverges to Port Deposit, connecting with another that runs up the east side of the Susquehanna, to Columbia, Pa.

As we crossed, the new bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, some two miles to the west, was in full view, impressing us with a sense of peril by the lofty height of its track above the flowing stream. Yet here, as in so many cases, the peril is more imaginary than real. In proportion to the real difficulties and dangers is the provision for special safe-guards. So that we may indulge the complacent reflection, that we incur only about the average risk, whether we ride a blundering Buckboard, are jolted sore in an unweildly stage-coach or on a one horse railway, or whether we fly through space at forty miles an hour, over lofty trussels, through dark tunnels and around sharp curves, through cities full, or deserts waste, over flood or field. Some dread an Ocean voyage as involving the maximum of hazard; and when we think of the might of Old Neptune when fairly roused by Eolus; of the tons of fuel stored in the steam hold; of the raging furnaces fed by this fuel, of the fearful power of the imprisoned strain thus generated; of the risks of collision with other vessels in the dark, or in the fog, or with ice-bergs; and consider that our safety depends upon the steady exact movement of a thousand pieces of machinery, and the fidelity of each one of a hundred men; the thought that only a plank, if so much is between us and a watery grave, is by no means, so quieting to sensitive nerves, as might be desirable. But after all, accidents are exceptional; thousands cross and re-cross the sea almost every month, and more travel over the land, and all with comparatively few exceptions, in safety to life and limb. We incline to question Sambo's philosophy, when he attempts to show how much less risk one incurs on land than on water, for, while in respect to an accident on the latter, the question may be very pertinently asked, "Whar is you?" As far as a fatal accident is concerned, it matters little "whar" it takes place, whether on land or sea.

It is said of Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, the eminent historian of Methodism, that it was his habit, on taking his seat in a car, to draw down his hat over his eyes, and in a brief silent prayer, commend himself to the care of his Almighty Friend, and then pursue his journey with as little thought of danger, as though there were none whatever.

From Havre de Grace to Baltimore, where we accomplished our first stage of 46 miles in less than three half hours, nothing of special interest occurred, except an incursion of a party of Bohemians at one of the way stations. They were a motley set indeed, men, women and children, returning to the city from a canning factory in the country, where they had been employed. They were in their working and not very cleanly attire, and while they jabbered in loud tones, devoured their lunch with the most exquisite indifference to their surroundings. Notwithstanding these uninviting accessories, we could but feel an interest in them, as representatives of the land of the immortal John Huss, who, when but thirty-four years old, was burnt at the stake, by the order of the pope of Rome, for the unpardoned crime of preaching the truth as it is in Jesus. At the age of eighteen he became a bachelor of divinity, and soon

after was chosen pastor of the church in Prague, and dean and rector of the University. The light of the Reformation thrown upon the people by John Wickliffe, a hundred years before Luther was born, shone into the heart of this young Bohemian, and at the age of twenty-seven, he began to preach openly these doctrines of joy and gladness. To the duke of Bavaria's last appeal to him to abjure his faith, the heroic Huss, chained to the stake, with the faggots piled up to his neck, replied with unhesitating firmness, "No! I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

When we remember the church of Rome claims to-day, the same absolute authority over the individual conscience, and the same right to imprison and burn those who teach what she denounces as heresy, as she did five hundred years ago, her increasing influence in this country, especially as a powerful factor in the politics of the state and nation, is by no means pleasant to contemplate, from the stand-point of the personal right of liberty of opinion, and of its expression. When the chief magistrate of the nation pays official court to the representatives of the Roman See, as President Cleveland did, at the recent investiture of Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, with the Cardinalate, as a chief officer of a foreign potentate, claiming jurisdiction in this country, it is time for the thoughtful patriot to awake to the aggressive purposes of the old gentleman, who claims to sit in St. Peter's chair, and yet so pathetically appeals for sympathetic contributions, as a prisoner in the Vatican. Under Providence, our only security is in the Christian education of the land. If proof were needed, we have it in the intense and unrelenting antagonism of the church of Rome, to our public schools, under the spacious plea that they are godless.

While in the monumental city, we had the pleasure of calling on our esteemed *con frere*, Rev. J. W. Cornelius, of the *Baltimore Methodist*, whose editorial labors are making that paper so effective and indispensable an ally in pastoral work within its territory. It may smack of presumptuous vanity, yet we hesitate not to avow our clear conviction, that if our families were thoroughly canvassed, and a copy of one of our local church papers placed in every one of them, their weekly visits, would prove of large advantage to all church interests, and exert a beneficent moral and intellectual influence upon our people. Our brethren, the pastors, will find it to pay the best kind of interest to see that this work is done, either by themselves, or their agents, even though in some cases, the paper will only be received gratuitously. Young and old will read; the more wholesome reading we can induce the people to read, the less time and taste will they have for the frivolous and pernicious.

Wednesday evening, at the instance of our *quondam* College class-mate and friend, Dr. H. M. Wilson, one of the most active and esteemed members of the Mt. Vernon Place M. E. church, we enjoyed the interesting exercises of a Missionary prayer meeting in the large and attractive chapel of that church. After appropriate devotional exercises, an interesting address, on the origin of our own missionary work, and the history of our African missions, was made by Bro. Phipps, one of the lay members, Rev. Dr. Longacre, pastor, followed in a brief *resumé* of Bishop Taylor's wonderful work in that field, accomplished in less than two years. The memory of William Taylor's great success as an evangelist in Charles Street church, the earlier name of Mt. Vernon many years ago, is fragrant here in many families, and their interest in his work as Bishop of Africa is correspondingly profound.

MORE ANON.

Crisfield, W. W. W. Wilson,  
Pastor.

The editor had the pleasure of a brief visit with this excellent brother last Thursday on his return from Tangier, and was glad to learn he is approaching the end of his term of three years in this charge, under such prosperous circumstances. As a result of his special services, ninety additions have been made to his probationers' list, all but ten of whom, are from the Sabbath School, children and youth from seven years upward. While we rejoice in the conversion of a sinner of any age, we feel special interest in the case of children and youth; who are not only thus saved from the scars and evil results of a previous life of sin, but are thus consecrated to an entire life of service in the cause of Christ.

Bro. Wilson's week night prayer-meeting has been very attractive by a series of short lectures on the Beatitudes, as many as one hundred assembling at each service. An indebtedness of \$693, on the parsonage, has been lately paid off, so that the entire church property now stands clear of all incumbrance. We trust, after the disastrous experience of our Salisbury brethren, the brethren of Crisfield will not fail to see that their valuable property is fully insured.

As the Annual Conference is to be the guest of Crisfield, next spring, considerable fixing up will be in order. The church is to be painted, and new windows of stained glass to be put in. We were glad to learn business prospects are brightening.

Brother Wilson has had the rare privilege of a large ingathering of souls, during each year of his pastorate here, —some 285 thus far, with a good hope for more before the end of term.

### Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The two Branch Meetings having special interest to Wilmington Conference are over, and as we face the future of another year, it is in the conviction that He who hitherto hath helped us, bids us, "Be strong and of good courage—the Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed."

At the meeting in Pittsburg, it was decided to publish an annual report of the work done in and carried by the Philadelphia Branch, and so as they will be sold at very low price, so as to be available to all who desire such information, it is not necessary to spread much of it here.

At the last General Executive meeting, the branch accepted work to the amount of \$20,762, having \$5,221 in its treasury. Its receipts during the year have been \$18,036, (\$1,617 from Delaware) and its expenditures \$17,940. So we commence the year with a balance of \$5,318; \$97 more than our balance at beginning of last year.

The observant will note that the expenditures fall below the appropriations. "Why?" Because the women needed to carry the good news, are 'hiding behind the stuff.' One, however, Miss Dr. McDowell, sailed for India from New York, Oct. 9th. More than one-fourth of the auxiliaries within the Branch were represented in the meeting, and attendance upon the same by citizens and visitors, was very gratifying. At the noon lunch (provided each of the three days), four hundred, daily, were fed, and it is estimated that fully one thousand were present at the anniversary exercises.

The presence of Miss Sparks, superintendent of Bareilly Orphanage, Miss Easton, superintendent of Girls' High School, Cawnpore, and Hu King Eng, Chinese student, Ohio Wesleyan University, added materially to the interest of the meeting, and their words will not soon be forgotten. King Eng is a granddaughter of the first native member of our church in China, and her father is

presiding elder of the Fouchow District. Not long since, in a prayer meeting held in the chapel of the University, she wrote upon a slip of paper, "Come to Jesus, and come now," and passed it to one of the students. It resulted in her conversion. She was the daughter of a Methodist minister. Is this fact an answer to the question, "Do foreign missions pray?" My brother, my sister, what would be your answer had it been your child?"

The former board of officers were re-elected, and Mrs. Keen, Philadelphia, Mrs. Chaboon, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Clarkson, Cassville, Pa., were chosen delegates to Executive Meeting, to open in Providence, R. I., Oct. 21st.

The Baltimore Branch meeting is to be reported by a more able pen than mine. I will only say, it was good for all that were there. Usually, I like to make people happy, but in this instance, I would like to make every woman that could have been there, and was not, sorry.  
E. B. S.

The *Journal and Messenger* furnishes the following illustrations of a style of "systematic giving" which is in spirit none too rare:

A colored brother was explaining his system of giving to the Lord. "Yas, sir," he said to the visitor, easing himself back on his spade, "I gibs de truck off of one acre ebbery year to the Lawd."

"Which acre is it?" inquired his friend.

"Wal, that is a different question. Truf is, de acre changes most ebbery season."

"How's that?"  
"Why, in wet seasons I gibs de Lawd de low land, and in dry seasons I gibs him the top acre of de whole plantation."

"In that case the Lord's acre is the worst in the whole farm; for in wet seasons it would be flooded, and in dry times parched."

"Jest so," rejoined the systematic giver; "you don't allow I se goin' to rob my family of de best acre I's got, did ye?"

And so the colored brother went on with his digging, with a self-complacent smile which was a sure indication that in heart and mind he was in perfect harmony with some persons of higher color, who serve themselves first and their Lord afterward; and who take good care that whatever misfortunes they meet with, or disadvantages they labor under, the Lord's cause must bear the loss, while they themselves pocket whatever gains there are.

It is rarely that we read anything more touchingly beautiful than the way in which Catharine Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, tried to comfort her own heart, and the heart of her husband, after they were suddenly deprived, by death, of "five blessed little daughters." Other parents, who mourn because of empty cradles and desolate places at the fireside, may be strengthened by their example. Mrs. Tait writes:

"Now, constantly, with our daily prayers for them, we say the thanksgiving and commemoration:

"Lord, thou hast let thy little ones depart in peace.

"Lord Jesus, thou hast received their spirits, and hast opened unto them the gate of everlasting glory.

"Thy loving Spirit leads them forth into the land of righteousness, into thy holy hill, into thy heavenly kingdom.

"Thou didst send thy angels to meet them, and to carry them into Abraham's bosom.

"Thou hast placed them in the habitation of light and peace—of joy and gladness.

"Thou hast received them into the arms of thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with thy saints in light.

"There they reign with thy elect angels and thy blessed saints departed, thy holy prophets and glorious apostles, in all joy, glory, felicity and blessedness forever and ever. Amen."—*Congregationalist*.





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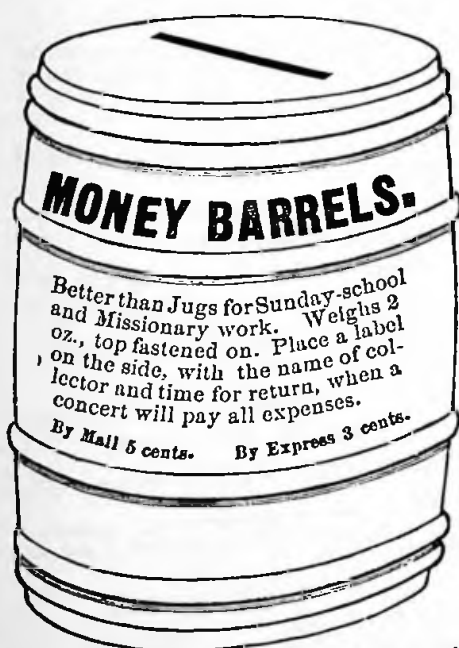
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