

THE Peninsula Methodist

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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

WILMINGTON, DEL., OCTOBER 25, 1890.

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

Our Bishops will meet in Washington City, D. C., in their semi-annual session, Thursday, November 6th.

The General Missionary Committee will meet in the Bromfield street M. E. Church, Boston, Mass., Wednesday, November 12, 1890, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The General Committee of Church Extension, will meet in New York City, Friday, November 7th.

Rev. J. B. Quigg has been chosen as one of the representatives of the Board to the General Committee."

Safe at Home.

Rev. Jacob Todd, D. D., pastor of Grace M. E. Church, this city, reached the port of New York, Friday the 17th inst., after a very tempestuous voyage, in which the staunch qualities of the steamer, and the skill of its officers were severely tested.

A large congregation greeted him last Sunday morning, and were delighted with one of his best sermons.

The Church and Sunday-school extended a formal reception to their pastor, Wednesday evening, the 22nd inst.

Rev. Dr. H. Spellmeyer, of East Orange, N. J., who is visiting Wm. M. Field, Esq., at Kentmere, Del., will preach in Grace M. E. Church, tomorrow, the 26th inst.

A Beautiful Wedding.

It was our pleasant privilege. Tuesday morning, Oct. 14th, to attend the solemnization of a marriage, whose impressively unique features we are sure will interest many of our readers.

The contracting parties were Isaac Braithwaite of Kendall, England, and Mary Snowden Thomas, only daughter of the late Dr. Richard H. Thomas, of Baltimore, Md., both being members of the "Religious Society of Friends."

The "Meeting House" was well filled with relatives and friends; and at the appointed hour, the wedding party moved up the centre aisle; four gentlemen ushers leading the way, and

followed by four little girls dressed in white, each of them carrying a bouquet of roses. Next came the near relatives, with the contracting parties; the bride being escorted by her eldest brother, Dr. James Carey Thomas, and the groom escorting the bride's niece, Martha Carey Thomas, Dean of Byrn Mawr College. Male and female ministers occupied elevated seats at the upper end of the room, facing the congregation, while the wedding party were seated below them.

After a few minutes of silence, Dr. Thomas arose and said, "Marriage is an ordinance of divine appointment, and we are here to-day, to invoke the divine blessing upon these two friends, who are about to assume the obligations of this solemn engagement."

Each address and prayer, during this "meeting," was followed by an interval of impressive silence.

After Dr. Thomas had spoken and a brief silence, the bride's aunt, Julia Valentine, a venerable lady of over four-score, knelt in prayer, and offered a tender and touching petition; a young man following, in the same devout strain. The contracting parties then arose, and the groom, taking the hand of the bride, said, "In the presence of God, and of this company, I, Isaac Braithwaite, take thee, Mary Snowden Thomas, to be my wife; and promise, with divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband, until death shall separate us." The bride then repeated a similar declaration. As they resumed their seats, a marriage certificate was presented for their signatures; after which it was read aloud, by the male clerk of the meeting, reciting the fact, that the consent of the meeting to the marriage had been previously asked, and granted.

A brief address by Dr. Thomas, followed, on the sanctity of marriage, and the inestimable value of the Christian family to the happiness and highest prosperity of the race. Appropriate words were also spoken by two others, and a prayer by a female friend. After this, Dr. Richard H. Thomas, a younger brother of the bride, arose and pronounced the Old Testament benediction.—"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto

thee; The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." The congregation remained quietly seated, while the bridal party retired; and this beautiful "Quaker wedding" was over.

After an elegant reception at the residence of Dr. James Carey Thomas, on Madison Avenue, the bride and groom went to "Coombe Edge," the Doctor's summer home on the Blue Ridge, to spend a few weeks.

About the middle of December, they will sail for England.

Mrs. Braithwaite has been widely known, in her earnest work on religious and temperance lines.

"Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel"

Since writing our editorial on "The Question," *Zion's Herald* of this week has come to hand, and in its repertory of fresh, bright, and brilliant contents, we find a characteristic communication from Dr. J. W. Hamilton, entitled, "Brothers, why throw dust and pepper?" In his piquant style, Dr. Hamilton puts to disastrous rout, the Quixotic propagandists of the illogical novelty, that to admit a woman as delegate to an Electoral or General Conference, is "to make void the Law of God." We quote his closing paragraph, in which will appear a coincidence with one of our own points;

"But, setting all facts aside, which seem to play no important part with the assumptions of these 'Ruperts of debate,' what will the world think, or what must they themselves think, of the consistency of Christian preachers, nay, the solemn mockery of Methodist preachers and Methodist laymen, in agreeing to submit the question of 'making void the law of God,' to a vote of the Church?"

Those Traveling Expenses.

The *Baltimore Methodist* and the *Peninsula Methodist* are up in arms, because Bishop Thoburn, of India, pays his own expenses in his trip to this country. These papers are of the opinion, that he and Bishop Taylor, of Africa, should make their drafts on the treasurer of the Episcopal Fund, just as do the general superintendents. While traveling officially in their own fields, their expenses should be paid, but not otherwise. Our Bishops at home do not collect any but official expenses.

Our respected brother, the editor of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, we think uses a little excess of coloring in portraying his Baltimore and Wilmington confreres. Neither of us, (of course Dr. Fryinger can speak for

himself) as we recollect, had any purpose to put on the war paint. For ourselves, we simply uttered a mild protest, against what was reported to be a fact, that our devoted and laborious, and eminently successful Missionary Bishop, Dr. James M. Thoburn, had come to this country on urgent business for the Church, and was paying his own expenses. Dr. Smith it seems to us, is in error when he says, "while traveling officially, in their own fields, their expenses should be paid; but not otherwise." The words we have italicized interpose an unwarranted qualification.

The language of the Discipline is, "the Bishops are authorized to draw on the Treasurer of the Episcopal Fund, * * * for their traveling expenses." Neither in the provisions for the support of the bishops, nor in those for raising the Episcopal Fund, is there any discrimination between the general superintendent and a missionary bishop; and we hold that every one of these Episcopal officers of the Church are entitled to draw on the Episcopal Fund for their traveling expenses, whenever and wherever they may travel on official business. Surely our brother, who with such grace of poise sits upon the tripod of the *Pittsburg*, and so highly appreciates the devotion and self-sacrifice of our two missionary bishops, will not dispute the fact, that both of them are traveling here in the interests of the Church which has commissioned them, and while here, as well as while in their respective special fields, should not go warring at their own charges. "Our bishops at home," don't do so, when they travel in foreign fields.

Without being "up in arms," we emphatically protest against any invidious discrimination between our bishops.

The people pay their money for their common support, and the General Conference has declared, "a Missionary Bishop should draw his support from the Episcopal Fund;" who shall forbid?

Of Bishop Fowler, Dr. Crary says:

Bishop Fowler is well, and is doing his share of work. He called at the Rock River Conference, and had a splendid welcome tendered him spontaneously by his old Conference. Bishop Foster was presiding, and the meeting was grand and touching, as Bishop Fowler walked in.

(We understand Bishop Fowler does not deem it prudent to attempt to preach, at present. Ed. P. M.)

Communications.

From Middletown, Del.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—Your note of inquiry, concerning the papers on Experience, which you asked us to prepare for publication, is at hand, and in reply I would say, that after mature deliberation, I have decided to send them. When I first came into the Higher Life, I was prompted to write and speak of it, and by every possible means, to publish it to the world. Many times I was upon the verge of sending to the PENINSULA METHODIST, those very papers to which you refer; but it was to me such a wonderful experience, that I almost feared to publish it. Now, however, more than a year has passed. It is no longer, a new and untried experience. Sufficient time has elapsed for me to carefully analyze it, and test it. Its staying, permanent, qualities fully justify me, now, in giving to it the widest possible publicity. You may expect the first paper, in time for your next week's issue. And my prayer to God is, that it may be blessed to the good of thousands of souls.

While I am writing you this morning, I will give some little account of how the work is going on in Middletown. It has been a long time, since you heard anything from us. Well; the fact is, during the summer months very little was done in the way of aggressive work; and, as is usually the case, much time has necessarily been spent in getting acquainted with the people and getting things in hand. Now, however, things are beginning to move. We know all the people by name, and where they live. This is no small achievement, and the better we know our people, the more we love them. "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places."

The first Sunday in October was set apart as re-opening day, for our Sunday School. It proved to be a great success. The old scholars were hunted up, and many new ones were enrolled; the attendance being increased by almost one-third. Rev. R. Irving Watkins, of Townsend, made us a fine address on what young Methodists ought to know, and do, and be. Prof. Thorp of this town, also made an address. An orchestra of five pieces was in attendance, and rendered most excellent music.

The previous Sunday, Sept. 28th, in the afternoon, we held in the Opera House, a temperance meeting, under the auspices of our Loyal Legion, for the benefit of the Nebraska Fund; the children and young people furnishing music, and the pastor of the M. E. Church delivering an address upon the significance of the fight in that

state. A collection was taken, amounting to \$21, and forwarded in the name of the W. C. T. U. of this place.

This Union is active and enterprising. The "Ys" and the Loyal Legion number 102, and are actively engaged. Last Saturday afternoon, Loyal Legion, No. 1, had over sixty in attendance. A glorious work this. Last Sunday morning, we submitted to our congregation, the petition of the World's W. C. T. U. to the Christian Governments of the world, praying them, in the name of God and humanity, to strip away the legal sanctions now given to the opium and liquor trade, and to utterly prohibit them. The congregation was large, and the vote was taken by standing. So far as I could tell, the whole audience arose. The petition was unanimously endorsed, not one vote being given in the negative.

Thursday night the 9th inst., a sociable was given at the parsonage; and it was a characteristic one. Almost the whole church was there, and the whole house was filled. The ladies had provided an abundant supply of refreshments, and everybody seemed to be happy.

The Friday night following, we began our "Pentecostal service." Dr. Murray was on hand, to preach his celebrated Ocean Grove sermon. A magnificent audience greeted him, and his preaching was with only a little less power, than he had at Ocean Grove; indeed, the only thing lacking was the immense crowd of Ocean Grove. The meetings are still in progress. Monday night, the 17th, there was great interest, scores of earnest souls indicating a desire for a "clean heart," a complete filling. The Higher Life, as a definite, specific, *obtainment*, is set before believers, and urged upon them at every service. The meetings are well attended, and the interest deepens. Oh! that Pentecostal power, and Pentecostal cleansing may come upon all!

ALFRED SMITH.

Our Jaunt to Brooklyn, Concluded.

Our *Preachers' Meeting* in New York, was an objective point, and Monday morning, the 6th inst., we were present, as a kindred unit in that body which is composed of the ministers of our Church in the city and its vicinity. They first appeared in the spacious book store; then passed up in groups on the elevator to the chapel on the second floor, which was well filled, on and after time. After devotional exercises and some brief preliminaries, the order of the day was taken up, and an able paper on the affirmative side of the woman question was read by Dr. S. L. Baldwin, followed by a few remarks

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from Dr. Buckley with his characteristic tact and ability. The question was then postponed for two weeks.

Part of the afternoon we devoted to a visit to Ridley's great store on Grand street, in which one of our sons has a position. It may amuse the readers and show the characteristic weakness of an "Eastern Shoreman," for us to say, that after our noon lunch, the sight of California peaches tempted us to invest a dime in three luscious specimens of that fruit, which were devoured with gusto as we passed down to the Brooklyn Bridge.

We would advise all visitors to New York, who can spare the time, to go to Ridley's, which is a veritable encyclopedia of merchandise. I was introduced to several gentlemen of the house, among whom was superintendent Moore, whom I found polite and agreeable in conversation.

Though we had frequently visited Prospect Park in Brooklyn, we again viewed its enchanting scenery. We had also visited Central Park, New York, and had rambled through it years before, but on this occasion we went through the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with two fair associates. It may be enough to say, the picture that impressed us most was the one in which Columbus is represented as standing in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and others, pleading for aid in his voyage of discovery. As we gazed upon it, thoughts of Providence, of adventure, of progress, and of genius, in the destinies of the race, filled our soul.

We also went to the tomb of Gen. Grant, on the Hudson, a worthy site it is true, for the great American soldier and President; but in our opinion, in the Nation's capital and on the banks of the Potomac, would be the most fitting place, both with respect to him and to his country; and I can but hope, the wisdom of a second thought will lead those who have the matter in hand, to carry this idea into practical execution.

We also visited Coney Island, and stood for the fifth time upon the ocean's strand. This must always be a great summer resort, being so convenient to the great cities of its vicinity. The car ride from Brooklyn, though but a few miles, brings into view many objects of interest. Suburban villas, and hamlets, with agricultural thrift and natural scenery, diversify the prospect.

All about the cities of New York and Brooklyn, within and without, their islands, rivers, bays, and the ocean, with their diversity and grandeur, perplex and overwhelm the observer. These great cities with their merchandise, railroads, electric lights, the bridge, ships, steamers, and the multiplicity of things in art and nature, new

and old, in combination, make it one of the wonders of the world. But amid all this bower and blaze of progress, the serpent nestles in the vine, the gilded stench of the saloon is a burlesque to the public sense of our people, and a scandal to our age and civilization.

B. F. PRICE.

From India.

DEAR METHODIST, ("Peninsula Methodist.")—We had our big missionary day. Our Sunday-school, which has in it one hundred boys and girls, was represented in the morning by a few dialogues and recitations; also singing, of course. Then we had two addresses by missionaries, much the same as we used to make at home, for general information on mission work.

In the evening, Dr. T. J. Scott, president of our Theological School at Bareilly, preached a regular missionary sermon. Notwithstanding our English congregations are in the midst of the heathen, they do not know everything, and you need not be surprised to hear that missionary enthusiasm is created here in India, as at home, by preaching the Gospel of salvation, and telling the people what is being done in their midst, as well as in other lands.

We had our church decorated, and brought out our best musical talent. I prepared a black board for the occasion by marking out upon it sixty spaces, each representing five Rupees, as three hundred was the amount we wanted. Our "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor" began, the previous Saturday, by taking six spaces. The Sunday-school followed next morning, filling up fourteen spaces; the evening congregation taking some twenty eight more. The remainder of the Rs.300, I hope to secure privately.

It was a glad and joyful day for us all. I was reminded of home; and felt glad, that God ever called me to work in this foreign field.

Our membership is not strong, financially; Government officials do not generally come to us; our mission is as usual, to the masses; and yet the church is entirely self-supporting, paying the pastor and all its current expenses; besides raising the various benevolent collections required of them.

Yours in Christ, G. F. H.

Lucknow, Sept. 16, 1890.

The W. C. T. U. of Wilmington are raising funds to establish a new headquarters.

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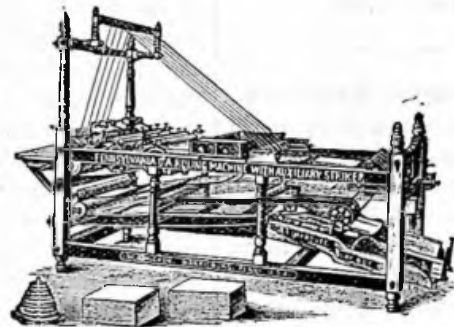
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Correspondence.

From Dickinson College.

EDITOR PENINSULA METHODIST,
MY DEAR SIR.—Your favor, of September 25th, should have been answered sooner, but thought I would delay until the term was well under way.

We have opened with a fine body of students, and have enrolled the largest number in the history of the college. That abominable feature of "hazing" has been abandoned, and the conduct of the young men is excellent.

We have 20 in the senior class; 23 in the junior, 47 in the sophomore, and 49 in the freshman classes. In the Preparatory School, there are enrolled 89 students. In the new Dickinson School of Law, we have 16 students; making a total, in all the different departments, of 244 students. In addition, we are receiving word from new students almost every day, who purpose coming this way. The prospects are very bright, for next year.

With very great regard, I remain,
Very sincerely yours,
GEO. EDWARD REED.
Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 18, 1890.

Draw Theological Seminary.

Dear Bro—As requested by you, I send a few items of news from this "School of the Prophets," for publication in the PENINSULA METHODIST.

Thursday, Oct. 2nd, Dr. H. A. Buttz, our president, arrived from his trip to Europe, and soon after, the students of the Seminary marched in a body to his residence, and sang,

"Home again! Home again
From a foreign shore;
Oh! how it fills our hearts with joy,
To see our friends once more."

Brother J. George Patton then made a short speech of welcome in behalf of the students, to which the president made a most happy reply. On invitation, each one of us shook hands with the Doctor and his wife, and were told by him to consider his home our second home.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

was sung, and all felt it was good to be there, while our silent prayers were offered, "Long live Dr. Buttz and his worthy wife."

Thursday, Oct. 9th, the exercises of OPENING DAY were held in Mead Hall. Dr. M. D'C. Crawford of New York, and Rev. T. P. Frost of Brooklyn, delivered appropriate and enthusiastic addresses, and a large number of guests were present from New York and other points. Bishop J. P. Newman honored the occasion with his presence, and made a short, impressive speech at the close of the exercises.

Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th, the new

chapel recently built adjoining the M. E. Church, will be dedicated; Bishop Newman preaching the sermon.

Fraternally yours,
W. P. TAYLOR.

Appeal To Voters.

(This is made by a lawyer of Iowa and member of the last General Conference.)

It will be remember that in 1888 several conferences sent each a woman as their representative to the General Conference, and those representatives were denied seats. The writer, as a lawyer, was then of the opinion, and is now convinced, that the decision was based upon an erroneous construction of the law of the Church. This seemed to be the general opinion of the profession there represented; for out of twenty-five lawyers and judges on the General Conference floor, only eight voted to exclude.

The question now presented, however, is not to pass upon what the law of the Church has been or is, but what it ought to be and what it shall be. Let me suggest, it is not a question whether we prefer as individuals to be represented in the General Conference by women; not whether we know of a woman in our opinion worthy to a seat in that high council; not whether any woman wants a seat there; but, whether she shall be permitted to take her seat, when the church or conference elects her, and demands her admission. The expressed wish of these conferences to be represented by particular persons was thwarted, by a vote of those who had no direct interest in the matter. Yet those who voted with the majority were as good and loyal Methodists as ever lived, and they voted as they did, believing the law of the Church gave them no alternative. Shall such a necessity remain, or shall all doubt be removed?

The General Conference meets quadrennially, and for months prior thereto, the prayers of the Church ascend, that the Master may control the election of delegates, and that those only may be sent who are pleasing to him. The proposition submitted presents the question, whether God's elect shall be seated, provided he now and then lays his hand upon a woman. Think of a Church praying for guidance in these matters, and then creating an arbitrary bar to the answer of their petitions, unless answered along the particular line of her preconceived notions. If there are any members of our Church, who have no confidence in God's wise dealing, or in his influence in the Church, let them so express themselves; but let those of us who believe, aid in securing the "right of way" for his providences, through every department of church work. Uzzah undertook to study the

"Ark of the Covenant," and he paid the penalty of his rashness and want of trust, with his life, on the spot. Let those who wish to take the responsibility, of saying to the great Head of the Church, you shall only select men to its chief council, vote against the amendment. Let all others vote for it.

I don't know of a colored man, that I would vote for as President of the United States; but it rejoices my heart to know, that if any man or woman, white or black, receives the necessary majority, there is no restriction in our constitution or laws to close the White House doors in his face. I don't know of a woman in the Church, who wants to go to the General Conference, but it will pain my heart, if by the election this fall we shall forever shut her out, from the exercise of duties to which that church is again liable, to unanimously call her.

L. M. SHAW,

Denison, Iowa.
California Christian Advocate.

Week of Prayer for Young Men.

November 9-15, 1890.

To the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States, and Canada:

The week beginning Sunday, November 9th, has been set apart, as usual, by the International Convention and the World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations, as a season of prayer for the Associations and their efforts in behalf of young men.

The American Associations have observed this annual appointment, since 1866, and each year abundant blessing has accompanied their efforts.

We have great cause for thankfulness to God, in the marked prosperity that has attended the work during the past few years. With the enlarged opportunities for usefulness that greater facilities afford, come increased responsibilities; and there is need of earnest prayer to God for his continual guidance and blessing, that the Associations may prove, more than ever, a helpful agency to young men. Though, it may be impracticable to observe the entire week, no Association, it is hoped, will fail to observe the first day, November 9th.

This season will be observed, not only by public meetings, but in private devotions as well. A knowledge and consideration of the work, both at home and abroad, will enlarge our sympathies, and cause us to remember in our prayers the Associations and young men of all lands, particularly those less favored than our own.

Every Association is requested, as has been the custom for years, to take a collection during the week, for the further prosecution of the work of supervision and assistance, intrusted by the American Associations to their International Committee. The need of a very general response to this request of the last International Convention, is very urgent, if the important work that it authorized, is to be accomplished. Collections should be forwarded promptly to the Treasurer, B. C. Wetmore, Esq., 40 East 23d street, New York city. The committee hopes, that each Association will do what it can in this matter.

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 CEPHAS BRAINERD, Chairman,
 N. Y. City.
 RICHARD C. MORSE, Gen. Sec'y.

The Question.

[EDITORIAL.]

Our General Conference in 1888, saw fit to ask the opinion of every member of the Church, lay and clerical, male and female, white and black, native and foreign, who is twenty-one years of age, and in full membership, in respect to a very simple question,—“Are you in favor of making women eligible to membership in the Electoral and General Conferences of the M. E. Church, or, are you opposed to this?”

In the discussions that have recently occurred, notably in *The Christian Advocate*, N. Y., those who oppose making women eligible, very persistently labor to make the impression, that a great many other questions are involved in this vote. We think this course very unfairly partisan, and positively misleading; and we trust our pastors, whatever be their personal views on the subject, will see to it that their people are not confused as to the real question, and are made to understand what is the single point, on which they are to pass judgment by their votes; whether, independently of all other considerations, there should be a legal barrier interposed against the admission of any delegate who may be a woman.

As stated before, this vote decides nothing. Its sole significance is to indicate the mind of the voters, as they favor or oppose the eligibility of women. To effect any change in the law, a three fourths majority of all the members voting in their annual conferences, and a two-thirds vote of the members of the General Conference, lay and clerical, must be secured; and each member of these conferences will vote as his best judgment dictates.

Every layman in the Church, white or black, native or foreign, is eligible now, to membership in the Electoral and General Conferences, with the single restriction, that he shall be at least twenty-five years of age, and in full membership for five consecutive years preceding his election. Is it fair, is it right, for the General Conference to say, by legal enactment, no woman shall ever, under any circumstances, be eligible as a delegate to either of these bodies?

Dr. Buckley, and those who are enlisted with him in antagonizing this franchise for women, reply, Yes. Unless you bar women out by law, they'll all turn politicians, neglect their families, crowd out every man, and take full

possession of the Church government, including the offices. Make women eligible, and then they will all become men! To state this argument of the alarmists, from the dire disasters that are inevitably to follow, if women are not forced by law to keep out, would seem, to an unbiased mind, all that is needed to show its ludicrous absurdity.

Why not let woman's eligibility stand on the personal merits and qualifications of each individual candidate in the judgment of the several quarterly and electoral conferences, precisely as man's eligibility stands? Can't the wisdom of the official leaders of the Church in each quarterly conference, and the *creme de la creme* of each electoral conference, be trusted to select a man or woman, as such bodies may judge best? Or, is it necessary, to restrict the liberty of choice, by law? If, as is argued, there are so many and so strong considerations against woman taking part in church legislation, how can it be possible for any appreciable number of women ever to secure an election? It is a pretty hard matter for a man, to secure an election, without any such frightful disabilities as his sister is credited with. What possible chance then, would she stand? But these terrified brethren, it seems, can only be content by making “assurance doubly sure,” by adding a disqualification by law.

Both of Dr. Buckley's main arguments, we think, are vulnerable, as proving too much. If such dire disasters are inevitable, in case there is no legal barrier against the admission of women, what were the sapient members of the last General Conference thinking about, when they submitted such a one-sided question to a vote of the members? Evidently, they did not think as Dr. Buckley does, or else they were gravely derelict, in thus imperiling the Church.

And, as to the Scripture argument, the case is certainly far worse. Just look at it. To admit women to these Conferences, is “to make void the law of God,” to disregard “the plain teaching of His Word;” and yet, the General Conference submits to a vote of the membership of the Church, the question, “whether we shall do so or not.” Again, we say, the General Conference must have held a different view from Dr. Buckley, as to “the plain teachings of the Word of God.”

We do not know how the Doctor voted on the question of submission, and therefore may hope he isn't in a similar dilemma, to that to which we made reference last week.

The sole and simple question on which the Church is now consulted, is that of the eligibility of women as delegates to these conferences; not their eligibility for any other position what-

ever, in Church or State. If we think the law of our Church should discriminate between its members, on the ground of sex, we should vote “against;” if we do not think so, our vote should be cast “for.”

For ourselves, it is extremely doubtful we shall ever consider it our duty to vote for a woman as a delegate to either Conference; but we not only desire to have the liberty of doing so, when our judgment approves, but also, very strongly deprecate the enactment of a law, that shall bind the hands of our brethren, who may think it right and proper to vote for women as such delegates.

Hymeneal.

The matchless oratory of George E. Cookman, and the winsome eloquence of his saintly son, Alfred, superadding an unsurpassed charm to the power and beneficence of their devotion to Christ and his cause, have invested the name of COOKMAN with an aureole of imperishable lustre; while the impenetrable mystery attending the disappearance of the former, no trace what ever being left of the steamer President, on which he sailed from New York fifty years ago, or of one of her passengers, has excited a profound sympathy for his family, and an abiding interest in them, wherever the gifted father was known.

To this distinguished itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was given the honor of having two sons called of God to the same ministry; and since the older of these sons so triumphantly swept through the pearly gates into the eternal city, nineteen years ago, two of his sons have responded to the Divine call, and are now doing good service as ministers of the word, in the Philadelphia and Newark Conferences.

One of these, Frank Simpson Cookman, now pastor of our church in Elizabeth, New Jersey, entered the holy bonds of wedlock, last Tuesday, the 21st inst., with Miss Mary J. Hirst of Baltimore, Md., daughter of the late Richard Hirst, a prominent member of Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, and a close friend of the groom's father.

The ceremony took place in the house of the bride's sister, Mrs. Cater of that city; Bishop C. D. Foss officiating.

The wedding trip, we understand, will extend to Montreal, Canada. With our congratulations and best wishes, we offer an earnest prayer, that Heaven's favor may ever bless them by making them a blessing to others.

Last year, Ireland contributed \$25,000 to Peter's peace, while Canada, Mexico and the United States combined gave only \$55,000.

Ohio has 9,810 liquor saloons. Of this number, Hamilton County (including Cincinnati) has 2,234, and Cuyahoga (including Cleveland) has 1,561, making considerably more than a third of the whole number.

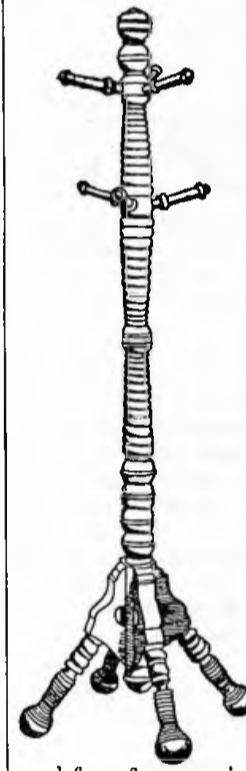
President Carter, of Williams College, is a very practical Prohibitionist. The town authorized the granting of two liquor licenses; but time passed on, and no places for the sale of liquor were opened. Investigation showed, that President Carter had quietly bought the two licenses and thus prevented the legal sale of liquor in the town.

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The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1890.
Luke 22: 39-53.

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

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE SERVICE.

GOLDEN TEXT: "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" (Isa 53: 3).

39. *And He came out.*—"St. Luke here omits all the touching incidents, which St. John alone records—the discourses so rarely mixed of sadness and joys, and studded with mysteries, as with emeralds; Peter's question, 'Lord whither goest thou?' the melancholy remark of Thomas about the way; Phillip's 'Lord, shew us the Father;' the perplexed inquiry of Judas Lebbæus; the rising from the table; the parable of the Vine and the Branches; and the great High Priest's prayer." (Farrar). *As He was wont* (R. V., "as his custom was").—"And Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place; for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with His disciples" (John 18: 2). *To the Mount of Olives*—R. V., 'unto the Mount of Olives;' or, as the other Evangelists tell us more specifically, to Gethsemane, an olive garden or orchard on its western slope, about half a mile from the city. Eight venerable olive trees, (which, according to Dr. Schaff, have paid a special tax since A. D. 636) still remain on the traditional site of the garden, but these could not have existed in Christ's time, since, as Josephus testifies, the trees in the neighborhood were all cut down by order of Titus. *Disciples followed him.*—"The walk would be under the full Paschal moon amid the deep hush that falls over an Oriental city at night. The only recorded incident of the walk is one more warning to the disciples and especially to St. Peter (Matt. 26: 32-35)" (Farrar).

40, 41. *When he was at the place.*—Luke's account is very brief. From Matthew we learn that He left eight of the disciples at the entrance to the garden, and took with Him three—Peter, James and John—to whom he confided that His soul was "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," and whom He stationed "at a stone's cast" to watch while He prayed. *Pray that ye enter not into temptation*—in Matthew and Mark, "watch and pray." The warning contains a pathetic hint of human weakness. It is almost impossible for a man to endure temptation, to overcome it; therefore pray, "Lead us not into temptation." *Was withdrawn* (R. V., "was parted") from them.—the original word expresses the reluctance with which He separated Himself from this support of loving sympathy "under the imperious necessity of passing through His darkest hour alone" (Farrar). *Kneeling down*—subsequently "He fell on His face" (Matt. 26: 39).

Father.—None can realize the Divine Fatherhood as did Jesus who taught it, and whose relation to the Father is that of "the only begotten." *If thou be willing*—in Mark, "all things are possible unto Thee." The meaning is: The ordering of all things is in thy hand; Thou controllest human counsels; if it be possible, let this cup of rejection and cruelty and death, which is about to be pressed to My lips and the bitterness of which I clearly foretaste, pass from Me. *Remove this cup.*—Says Alford: "What is this 'cup,' or 'hour,' of which our Lord prays that it may pass by?

Certainly, not the mere present feebleness and prostration of the bodily frame, not any mere section of his sufferings, but the whole,—the betrayal, the cross, the grave, and all besides which our thoughts cannot reach." *Nevertheless, not my will, etc.*—But for these words of perfect submission, this paroxysm of prayer and suffering might have ended very differently. In our intensest desires and petitions, there should be that reverence and trust in our Father, which will enable us to close every prayer with, "Thy will be done!"

To Christ, death as the punishment of sin, bore a dark and dreadful meaning, inconceivable by any one of us whose inner will is tainted by the love of sin (Abbott).—God answered the prayer by giving Him strength to drink it. The removal of the suffering was not "possible." The sorrows were necessary, not for Him, but for us (Schaff).

43. *There appeared an angel, etc.*—"An actual coming of an angel, not merely a spiritual accession of strength. Angels had thus ministered to Him at his previous temptation. How He was strengthened, is not so clear. Some think it was a physical strengthening—the imparting to His body, so overwhelmed in this conflict, new power to endure, to drink the cup which would not be removed. Others prefer that the holy soul of our Lord, now seized by the intensest feeling of suffering, was strengthened by the brightening prospect of future joy presented to Him, in some way more vividly, by the coming of the angel. Neither of these is inconsistent with proper views of the Person of Christ" (Schaff).

44. *And being in an agony.*—After the angelic succor, which seems to have been granted by way of preparation, the struggle grew more intense and crushing—"the shrinking of a sinless being from the depths of Satanic hate and horror, through which He was to pass" (Farrar). *Prayed the more earnestly*—a lesson for tempted humanity. Prayer is the only resort in trial, and as long as we pray, we cannot be overcome. *Great drops of blood.*—Says Schaff: "The easy and natural explanation is, that, as a result of His agony, His sweat became colored with blood (not pure blood, hence 'as it were'), and fell in great clots to the ground. No other sense accords so well as the language used. Instances of bloody sweat have occurred since. Every other view fails to give a sufficient climax to Luke's description."

45, 46. *Was come to his disciples.*—In the parallel accounts, He came thrice to His disciples and found them sleeping. *Sleeping for sorrow.*—Physiologists mention slumber as one of the results of profound emotion, such as fear, grief, sympathy. *Why sleep ye?*—They had been bidden to watch. Never had their Master needed their alert sympathy as now. *Rise and pray, etc.*—In Matthew's account, our Lord reminded them on His first return, that "the spirit is willing, but the flesh weak;" but they could not conquer their drowsiness. On his final return, He bade them "sleep on," since He had no longer need of their watchfulness, the traitor being near at hand.

47. *While he yet spake*—It must have been nearly one o'clock, Friday morning. A multitude—the officials from the temple, carrying staves and lanterns. *Judas.*—He had left the company of the disciples at the Supper a few hours before, had gone straight to the rulers, persuaded them not

to wait till after the feast, as they intended, and offered to conduct the arresting party to the place where, he felt sure, Jesus would be found. *One of the twelve.*—"The phrase emphasizes the treachery" (Schaff). *Drew near . . . to kiss him.*—This was the preconcerted signal, by which the soldiers would know whom they were to arrest. At that time, it was a usual form of salutation, especially between teachers and pupils. Judas appears to have overdone the act, that the soldiers might make no mistake.

According to John's account, before Judas addressed our Lord as "Master" on this occasion and kissed Him, He had demanded of the company, "whom seek ye?" and when they replied "Jesus of Nazareth," had said, "I am He,"—an announcement which, by reason of its kingly composure, and the impressive personality of the Speaker, caused the crowd to fall back in alarm and in confusion.

48. *Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?*—"These words were enough, for they simply revealed the man to himself, by stating his hideous act in all its simplicity; and the method of his treachery was so unparalleled in its heinousness, so needlessly and spontaneously wicked, that mere words would have been superfluous. With feelings that the very devils might have pitied, the wretch slunk back to the door of the enclosure, towards which the rest of the crowd were now beginning to press" (Farrar).

49-51. *They said*—Peter was probably spokesman. *Shall we smite?*—There were two swords in the Apostolic band. Peter had one; whoever had the other was not so rash as his comrade. Peter did not wait for an answer to the question. *One of them*—R. V., "a certain one;" Peter. *Smote the servant of the high priest.*—Malchus by name (John 18: 10). *Cut off* (R. V. "struck off") *his right ear*—aiming, probably at the man's head, who dodged or parried the blow. This was the only act of violence on the occasion, and was promptly rebuked (Matt. 26: 52). *Suffer ye thus far*—"probably addressed to the captors, and meaning, 'Excuse thus much resistance;' or, 'allow Me liberty thus far'—free My arms a moment, that I may heal this wounded man. These snatches of dialogue—often of uncertain interpretation from their fragmentary character—are inimitable marks of genuineness. It was probably during this pause that all His disciples—even Peter, even John—forsook him and fled" (Farrar). *Touched his ear*—His last opportunity of working a miracle.

52, 53. *Be ye come out as against a thief?*—Why did they treat Him like a bandit, or brigand coming forth with cudgels and swords, as though He were a man of arms, or a criminal like Barabbas? *I was daily with you.*—Every day, unarmed, peaceful, He had trod the temple courts and taught the people. Why had He not been seized by day, rather than by night? In the temple openly, rather than in the garden stealthily? The implication is, that they were too cowardly to arrest Him openly. *This is your hour and the power of darkness.*—Acting under the authority of the prince of the kingdom of darkness, it is appropriate for you to steal upon Me in the darkness. Or, this is the hour appointed for you, in accordance with prophetic Scriptures—the hour when the prince of darkness is to do his utmost to thwart my purpose—and to fail.

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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.

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A well-known medical man, who has recently been in Norway, gives a glowing description of their manner of treating dipsomaniacs. An habitual drunkard in Sweden and Norway is treated as a criminal in this sense, that his inordinate love of strong drink renders him liable to imprisonment, and while in confinement, it appears, he is cured of his bad propensities. From the day the confined drunkard is incarcerated, no nourishment is served to him or her, but bread and wine. The bread, however, it should be said, can not be eaten apart from the wine, but is steeped in a bowl of it, and left to soak thus, an hour or more before the meal is served to the delinquent. The first day, the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without the slightest repugnance; the second, he finds it less agreeable to his palate, and very quickly he evinces a positive aversion to it. Generally, the doctor states, eight or ten days of this regimen is more than sufficient, to make a man loathe the very sight of wine, and even refuse the prison dish set before him. This manner of curing drunken habits is said to succeed almost without exception, and men or women who have undergone the treatment not only rarely return to their evil ways, but from sheer disgust they frequently become total abstainers, afterward.

The Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church took very advanced ground, in regard to the use of liquors and tobacco. No member of the Church should retain his good standing, who uses or sells either. No one should be admitted to membership, who uses either. Such were the recommendations of the committee on temperance, whose report complimented Postmaster-general and Mrs. Wanamaker on the absence of all kinds of intoxicating liquors at their dinners, contrasting their conduct in this respect with that of President Harrison and Vice President Morton. It is recommended, that only wine which is absolutely unfermented be used at the Holy Communion.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

SPECIMEN copies of the PENINSULA METHODIST, Will be sent free to any one desiring them.

W. F. M. S.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Philadelphia Branch, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, opened in Trinity M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Wednesday morning, Oct. 1st.

The attendance of delegates and visitors was large. Deep interest was manifested in the work. We think the influence of the gathering will be felt in many directions.

After singing "To the Work," prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. C. W. Buoy, pastor of the church. A half-hour was profitably spent in devotional exercises. The president, Mrs. Dr. Henry Wheeler, delivered her annual address, in which she referred to the many blessings received. The last year, she said, had been a year of work, but not hard work, for no work for the Master, do we consider hard. It has been a year of prosperity, development, and spiritual growth; in review, we find reason for gratitude to God for special answers to our prayers. The light is dawning, and if we would hasten the universal reign of Christ, we must give, not only the love of our hearts, and the labor of our hands and lips, but also, give freely of our silver and our gold." Fraternal greetings from the Presbyterians, Society of Friends, and Baptists, showed, that we are laboring side by side under the banner of our common Savior, and should bid each other God speed in Christian work. Mrs. E. B. Stevens, of Baltimore, responded.

Reports showed advance in almost every line of work; and joyful doxologies were sung over promises fulfilled. The presence of the Holy Spirit was felt throughout the meeting. Two visitors from the New York Branch, Mrs. Skidmore and Mrs. Robertson were present, and joined with us in singing.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

The presence of three returned missionaries, and three prospective ones, was an inspiration. As the candidates for the missions were introduced, they gladly told of their call to the work, each one responding, "Here am I; send me." With tearful eyes, all hearts and voices joined in singing Heber's grand old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." We had three native missionaries, dressed in their costume, from China, Bombay, and Benares, the sacred city, each one giving us a bit of their experience.

The treasurer reported \$22,820.65, for the year.

Special prominence was given to work among the young people. Excellent reports were read by superintendents of mission bands, showing decided progress.

The sweet singing by Mrs. Erdman,

of Philadelphia, added much to the interest and profit to the exercises.

The missionary love feast was a delightful service, in which many sweet testimonies were given to the power of saving grace. Addresses were made by Miss Hewitt and Miss Gheer, two returned missionaries. The report of the year's work, by Mrs. Keen, speaks of the satisfactory condition of the work at home and abroad. Twelve missionaries and ninety-five scholars were supported by the branch, during the year. Mrs. Green, a returned missionary from Japan, spoke of the eight years she had spent there, as pleasant ones. The women had listened to her attentively, when she told them of the Savior; but she was sorry so many women in Japan are dying without a knowledge of Christ. The number of missionaries is so small, they cannot go into the homes of the people and tell them of the Christian's hope of the future life. She had come back, to urge the sending over of more missionaries, and to ask that more money be contributed to send them. A number of ministers present spoke words of encouragement, and bade us God speed.

A petition to the World's Fair Commission was presented by the Rev. Dr. Fernley, requesting that the gates of Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893, be closed on the Sabbath, in harmony with the Sunday laws of the States and Territories of the Union; and the officers of the Society were authorized to append their signatures to it, in behalf of the meeting.

A bountiful luncheon was served each day, in the church parlors.

The Branch officers were unanimously re-elected, and the delegates to the executive meeting, to be held in Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 29th, were appointed, as follows: Mrs. Bishop Foss, Phila. Pa., and Miss Carrie Purdy, Sunbury, Pa. The last hour of the session on Friday, was spent in devotional exercises, in which the Holy Spirit was present, to enlighten and to bless. After adjournment, through the kindness of Mrs. Bishop Simpson, president of the M. E. Orphanage, carriages were in waiting to convey to that worthy institution, all the ladies who might wish to visit it. Here, we were beautifully entertained, by the 83 children who sang for us in the chapel. The Orphanage has a beautiful building, with commodious rooms, and admirable appointments for the comfort of the inmates. This is indeed, a real missionary work in our home land.

M. C. B.

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Physician—Yes. I thought some of practicing among you.

Citizen—See here, young man, there's a good opening here for a man as understands his biz, but we don't want no practicing, or experimenting—doctoring's what we want!

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present, alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his "practice" until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription directed to the cause would have removed the disease, dispelled all those distressing symptoms, and instituted comfort instead of prolonged misery.

It's the only medicine for the weaknesses, irregularities and painful derangements peculiar to women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will give satisfaction in every case, or price paid for it will be promptly refunded. DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

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Peninsula Methodist.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
J. MILLER THOMAS,
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 WILMINGTON, DEL.

OFFICE, 604 MARKET STREET.

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 Six Months, " " 60 "
 One Year, " " \$1.00
 If not paid in Advance, \$1.50 per Year.

WILMINGTON, OCTOBER 25, 1890.

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

The Vote.

Our brethren, the pastors, will confer a favor upon the editor of this paper, if they will be so kind as to forward to this office, promptly, on postal cards, the result of the ballot in their respective churches, on the admission of women, to the Electoral and General Conferences; the report being matter of very great interest to our readers.

Our thanks are due Presiding Elder Ayres for his reports of votes on his district.

Rev. W. B. Gregg, pastor of Bethel, Del., kindly sends us a report of the lay vote in his charge. He says:

"After a great effort to get the people out, the total vote was only forty-two; 24 for the 'admission of women,' to 18 against.

Thirty-one of our probationers have been admitted to full membership."

Rev. W. B. Guthrie, pastor of our church on Holland's Island, has been in this city during the last ten days, assisting Rev. W. E. Avery in his revival meetings at Mt. Salem.

He paid us a pleasant call; reporting gratifying progress in his charge, and some remarkable features in the revival on Deal's Island, Rev. C. S. Baker, pastor.

While many young people have been brought in, there is a large proportion of adults among the converts, and some quite advanced in age.

Among other interesting cases, was that of a blacksmith and his nephew, whose shops were contiguous, but whose feelings were so unfriendly, that they had not spoken to each other for a dozen years, or more. Under the influence of the gracious spirit of revival that was prevailing, the uncle was drawn to the church, and to the altar as a penitent. Returning to his home without receiving the blessing he sought, the old feud with his nephew loomed up in his mind, as a barrier in

his way; but as soon as he renounced his hostile feelings and resolved to seek reconciliation, the clouds parted, the Sun of Righteousness beamed upon his soul, and he was made joyously conscious of his acceptance in the Beloved.

The earliest opportunity was embraced the next day, to visit the nephew with whom he had been at variance so long, and in company with a friend, a happy reconciliation was promptly effected. Not only was this breach healed, but the nephew followed the example of his uncle, went to the altar of prayer in penitential sorrow, and found the same blessed salvation.

Such was the awakening interest prevailing, that there was little occasion for preaching, except on the Sabbath; the rest of the time being fully occupied with altar work. Bro. Guthrie preached for Bro. Baker, one evening.

Rev. P. H. Rawlins writes us under date of Oct. 21st, announcing the death of Mrs. Mary T. Cooper, the venerable widow of the late Ignatius T. Cooper, D. D., whose long and useful life in the itinerant ministry ended with his death, April 12, 1884.

Brother Rawlins says:

"She died at the home of her son, Dr. Ezekiel W. Cooper, Camden, Del., at one o'clock yesterday morning, Oct. 20th, in the 80th year of her age; having been confined to her room, more than a year past. She has been a member of the M. E. Church over fifty years.

Her funeral will take place from her late home, Thursday 23rd, at 1 p. m.; interment in Odd Fellows' cemetery, in this town."

The Bethel Centennial.

The programme of this interesting celebration was published in THE PENINSULA METHODIST of Oct. 11th. It has also appeared in the Cecil County papers. *The Baltimore American*, of the 20th inst., has an interesting communication from Elkton, Md., giving an outline sketch of early Methodism in that county. It says: "Great preparations have been made to make the celebration interesting," and announces that the editor of THE PENINSULA METHODIST, and Dr. W. L. S. Murray, presiding elder of Wilmington District, will read historical papers; and Governor Benjamin T. Biggs, Rev. W. E. England, J. Fletcher Kane and W. C. Lake, Esqs., will make addresses. Rev. Alfred Smith of Middletown, will preach at 7 p. m. Music, old and new, will add to the interest and pleasure of the occasion.

THE PENINSULA METHODIST to new subscribers for 15 months, for \$1. cash.

Conference News.

WILMINGTON PREACHERS' MEETING met in *Fletcher Hall*, at 10 a. m., Oct. 20th, 1890, President W. E. Avery, in the chair.

Members present, Revs. L. E. Barrett, W. E. Tomkinson, Adam Stengle, J. D. C. Hanna, V. S. Collins, H. Sanderson, J. T. Van Barkalow, W. L. S. Murray, E. L. Hubbard, J. Dodd, B. F. Price, J. E. Franklin, T. Snowden Thomas, J. E. Bryan, D. H. Corkran, C. A. Grise, Jacob Todd, W. G. Koons.

Bro. Tomkinson reported that Rev. J. R. Dill had been quite ill, but is now better.

Bro. Hanna reported an interesting week of revival services at Asbury. Thirty-five conversions, making a total of fifty-five in two weeks.

Bro. Collins reported the re-opening at Scott M. E. Church yesterday, as a splendid success.

Dr. Geo. E. Reed, president of Dickinson College, was introduced, and addressed the meeting, stating that the college had taken a new departure, in establishing a chair of "The English Bible and Semitic History," for the purpose of scientific instruction in the *English Bible*. On motion, it was resolved, that the meeting had listened to the remarks of Dr. Reed with much pleasure.

The order of the day was then taken up, and Rev. J. T. Van Barkalow read a paper on the "Divinity of Christ." The time being extended, a few questions were asked and answered, but there was no time for discussion.

Report of committee on Sabbath desecration was taken up, and, on motion, laid over for a week.

Curators reported that Dr. J. Todd will give an account of his European trip, next Monday morning, the 27th inst. Benediction by Dr. Todd.

E. C. ATKINS, Sec'y.

WYE AND HALL'S, J. D. Lecates, pastor. Revival fires are burning in this charge, renovating families, as well as individuals. May such flames spread!

CRAPO MD. Asbury Burke, pastor, writes us:—Our new church in this place will be ready for dedication, in November, when we expect one of our Bishops to be with us. Would he be glad to have the editor of the PENINSULA METHODIST on that interesting occasion.

CONCORD, DEL. The devoted evangelist, W. K. Galloway, in charge of this circuit, reports the addition of twenty-five members from his list of probationers, Sunday, September 28th.

POCOMOKE CIRCUIT, J. E. Graham, pastor. A temperance festival was held afternoon and evening, October 1st., H. Frank Fisher of Baltimore, and Rev. G. L. Hardesty making addresses. We are glad to learn that the churches of this section are free from debt; so may it be throughout our Zion.

MT VERNON; MD., Geo. W. Bowman, pastor. Old time revival meetings have been enjoyed in this charge, impressing the neighborhood very widely. As many as thirty penitents came to the altar, at one time, and as many as twenty, converted in a single service. The work is largely among young men.

NEWPORT, DEL., James E. Bryan, pastor.—Extensive improvements are in progress in the church edifice here, including new entrance, stained glass windows, frescoing, and re-arrangement of seats. It is expected, that the work will be completed in time for re-opening during the ensuing month. Last Sunday, the services were attended with very special interest.

ASBURY, MD., W. F. Corkran, pastor. During revival meetings of five weeks' continuance, some 60 persons professed to find Christ; some of these had been earnest seekers for a long time, but only now came into the light.

A. J. Dulbow, an evangelist, from this city, rendered good service, in assisting the pastor, for two weeks; the people showing their appreciation in a contribution of \$70

Of 35 probationers reported to Conference last spring, 33 have been recommended for full membership.

SMITH'S ISLAND, MD., Wilmer Jaggard, pastor. Meetings of interest were held in this charge last month; as many as 1600 people attending Sabbath preaching in the grove. Revs. W. R. McFarlane of Annapolis, James Conner of Tangier Island, W. B. Guthrie of Holland's Island, C. S. Baker of Deal's Island, W. L. P. Bowen of Ellendale, Del., S. J. Baker of Westover, Md., and the presiding elder of Dover district, were present and assisted the pastor. This is the charge, that shows its liberal and progressive spirit, by voting in favor of the eligibility of women for membership in the General Conference, with a majority of 28 out of a total vote of 56. Dr. Buckley may add this to his report on the vote.

SEAFORD, DEL., W. J. DuHadway, pastor. An interesting service, in the M. E. Church here, which was largely attended, was held Wednesday, the 24th ult., the occasion being a lecture on "The people of Siam," by Rev. Hans Adamsen, a native of that distant land. The lecturer appeared in the costume of his country, and made a fine impression on his audience. Mr. Adamsen came to this country some fourteen years ago, a youth of eighteen, and in this time has graduated in a collegiate course, and also in medicine. His father was a Dane, and hence his European name. It is his purpose to return to his home as a Christian missionary, and will take with him his wife, who is a native of New Jersey.

GIRDLETREE, MD., E. H. Derrickson, pastor. The revival meeting at Connor's, continues with great success. Rev. E. H. Miller preached to an appreciative audience last evening.

From thirty-five to forty conversions are reported, many penitents are seeking at the altar, and a large number of Christians have professed the blessing of sanctification during the present effort, and a few weeks prior. An extra meeting is announced to begin at Good Will, to-morrow, the 26 inst.

Our third quarterly conference will be held at Girdletree, Saturday, November 1st, at 3 p. m., and preaching by Bro. Ayres at Good Will at 3 p. m., Nov. 2nd.

Woman's lay delegate question was voted on at Klej Grange and Good Will, on the 19th inst. The vote will be taken at Girdletree, October 26, and at Connor's, November 9th.

An Anniversary.

Sunday was a memorable day in the celebration of the 101st anniversary of Asbury M. E. Church, in this city. At 9 a. m., a reunion service was held, which proved to be an occasion of great power, as one after another bore testimony to the goodness of God, and his power to keep. Some of these had been serving the Lord for fifty years, and others had but recently given themselves to Christ. Often several were on their feet, giving testimony at the same time. This service was a fitting prelude to the sermon which followed. Rev. J. D. C. Hanna, the pastor, introduced Rev. J. Wesley Hill, of Ogden, Utah, who announced as his text, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." These greater works were, convicting men of sin by preaching the Gospel, and persuading them to turn to God, far greater works than healing the sick or raising the dead. The sermon was in accord with the spirit of revival prevailing in the church, and under his eloquent appeals the people leaped and shouted for joy; and when he closed, five persons presented themselves at the altar for prayer, one of whom was converted within the ten minutes allowed for this part of the service.

It was, indeed, a Pentecostal time. The speaker had wonderful liberty, and, although suffering from a cold, preached a grand discourse, elaborating his text to the satisfaction and edification of his hearers.

In the afternoon, Mr. Hill lectured on "Mormonism, versus Americanism," presenting facts, as they had come to his notice, since his advent in the land of Mormons. When sent to Ogden, he decided to pursue a conservative course, but soon the hideousness of Mormonism was so forced upon him, that he felt it to be his duty to step into the front of this irrepressible conflict, and lift his voice for the outraged and deceived; for womanhood, deluded, and trampled in the dust; for the thousands who look forth from their barred cells of anguish, and cry toward heaven, "O Lord, how long, how long, how long?" My plea was for womanhood, dethroned and bound in chains, whose garlands of hope, affection, and honor, have been ruthlessly torn by the swinish snout of this incestuous abomination.

Mr. Hill described Mormonism as a caricature of Christianity, being a mixture of Mohammedanism, sensualism, Pharisaical bigotry; Jesuitical treachery, Hindoo Theosophy, Pagan polytheism, and blatant blasphemy; denouncing it as a foul blot upon our country's fair name. He held his audience in closest attention, for over an hour.

Mr. Hill is in the East, to raise funds to finish a church he is building in Ogden. A collection amounting to \$75 was taken up. At night, the church was packed; at least 1200, it is estimated, being present. Mr. Hill preached from the text, "And Elijah said unto Ahab, get thee up, eat, drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain. So there is a sound of abundance of rain. And Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees." After reciting his face between his knees. After reciting the story of Elijah's reproving Ahab, and the confusion of Baal's prophets, by the fire falling from heaven consuming Elijah's sacrifice, he repeated the prophet's appeal, "How long halt ye between two opinions?"

if the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal then follow him;" calling upon all present who believed on the Lord, to hold up their hands, and to repeat together the expression, "The Lord, he is the God." Twelve penitents came to the altar for prayer at the close of the sermon. Mr. Hill is only 26 years of age, and will surely rank among the foremost pulpit orators of our land. A bright future is before him, if he shall prove faithful to his high calling.

The people of Asbury were greatly pleased with the young man, who assured them, he would tell the people wherever he went, how he had found the old-time religion still burning on old Asbury's altars. He hopes to visit Wilmington again. J. W. H.

Wilmington District Notes.

Rev. J. P. Otis and Rev. J. E. Bryan, having announced their purpose to move in the spring, Rev. Adam Stengle has been invited to Port Deposit, and Rev. A. S. Mowbray to Newport.

THE CORNER-STONE of Elsmere M. E. Church, will be laid with appropriate services, at 4 p. m., Oct. 29. We extend to all those interested in building a Methodist Episcopal Church in this beautifully laid out and rapidly growing hamlet, to be present.

W. L. S. MURRAY.

From Burrsville, Md.

I am glad to write you the Lord is graciously reviving his work in this place. This is the third week, and the interest is increasing. At the 12.30 p. m. meeting yesterday, several were entirely sanctified, and one received pardon; in the evening the house was crowded, the interest intense, and when the invitation to the altar was given, upward of twenty pressed forward. Glory to God for victory! Sisters Lidie Kenney and Netty Van Name are helping efficiently to push the work. Pray for us! There have been seekers at every service, and victories, too. Praise the Lord. Your Bro. in Christ, T. F. TABLER.

A CARD OF THANKS. The members and friends of Central M. E. Church, Burrsville Circuit gave their pastor and his wife, a very pleasant surprise, Saturday evening, the 11th inst. It was well planned, and well consummated. After several hours of pleasant association, our friends left us, with hearts full of gratitude for so kind remembrance. The vegetables, chickens, groceries, and cakes, they gave us, afforded ample proof of their liberality. T. F. TABLER, pastor.

EDITOR PENINSULA METHODIST.—Dear Bro:—The Ladies' Hall which is to be built adjoining the Conference Academy, is in process of erection; if the work of getting material together can be so designated. Mr. Mitchell, who was the lowest bidder, and does the work for a little less than \$18,000, is thoroughly responsible. We expected the building and its furniture would cost us \$25,000, but now hope we may be able to do much better than that. We are assured, that the building will be enclosed before Christmas, unless the weather shall be very unfavorable. The churches and charges, which have not raised the sums apportioned for this purpose, ought to do it now, without delay. JOHN B. QUIGG.

North East, Md., Oct. 21, 1890.

Salisbury District Notes.

The parsonage at Onancock is being remodeled, painted, and handsomely furnished. It will be one of the pretty places of the town.

Bro. G. W. Burke, the pastor, is in revival fires. He had the help of Bro. A. J. Dolbow for several weeks.

Bro. Dulaney, our pastor at Parksley, is beautifying the parsonage, by adding a porch to the front. He is also filling in the yard of the church at Hallwood, and repairing and painting the church there.

The new church at Elliott's on Concord circuit, is being pushed toward completion. Mr. Benjamin Elliott is the man who is standing behind the enterprise, and pushing it through.

The parsonage at Westover will soon be finished. It is located at the upper end of the church lot, and is a house of six rooms. The pastor expects to occupy it by Christmas.

The new church at Wango on Powellville circuit, is also approaching completion. Bro. John T. Wimbrow is the brother, who is seeing the work through. Father Wimbrow wants to have the church done by the end of the present year. He and his family, are the projectors and builders.

The parsonage on Deal's Island is to have a new porch built on the front. Its convenience has been greatly enhanced by the addition of several useful articles.

A handsome church improvement is being made at Oriole. The old building is completely lost in the new, and the church is now one of the handsome properties of the conference. It may be called a model of neatness, a thing of beauty.

Our church at Laurel is being remodeled in audience and lecture rooms. The location of the heater has been changed, and new pews, new pulpit set, and new carpets have been put into the audience room.

Girdle tree charge has been negotiating for a parsonage.

Rev. F. F. Carpenter, our pastor at Cape Charles City, is having a fine revival and the whole town is being awakened.

Bro. Graham pastor of Pocomoke circuit, is having a good meeting on the revival line. Bro. Dolbow gave him a helping hand and will return to assist him again, after a while.

Bro. Baker, at Deal's Island has had a superior meeting, and received over a hundred probationers.

Bro. Ewing pastor of our church in Crisfield, has had, and is still having, one of the best meetings ever known in the history of the town. He is now pushing on to complete a hundred accessions.

Rev. G. W. Bowman, of Mt. Vernon is in the midst of a great revival at Asbury. The work has been one of unusual power, and the church is all alive.

Rev. A. D. Davis' meetings still continue; he has almost two hundred probationers on his roll.

Brother Dolbow is now helping Dr. Waddell at Nanticoke.

The vote on the admission of women to the General Conference, so far as taken on Salisbury district, stands as follows; Smith's Island, 42 for, to 14 against; Tangier Island, 17 for, to 81 against; Deal's Island, 32 for to 7 against.

Rev. Warren Burr, pastor of St. Peter's has all his missionary collections in hand. His laymen help him. T. O. AYRES.

Rev. E. L. Hubbard, Ph. D., of New Castle, has accepted a call, to become the pastor of Union M. E. Church, Wilmington, at the next session of the Wilmington Conference. Dr. Hubbard is an able preacher, and a zealous pastor, and will leave the church at New Castle, in a financial and spiritual condition second to none in the conference. He has refused several calls to the pastorate of churches in the Northern and Western States, and at handsome salaries, because he did not desire to leave his native state.—Smyrna Times.

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CHAPTER XVI.—OLD GRIPSACK'S NEW BOOK-KEEPER.

Loss of sleep the previous night, with the day's excitement and anxiety through which he had passed, told up on Mrs. Earl; and when Elwood returned, he found she had a high fever.

The doctor had been to see her late in the afternoon, and had left some medicine; but she had been too ill to take it, and all night she tossed in delirium, calling the name of her poor lost husband.

She was no better in the morning, and it was with a double anguish that Elwood left the bedside of his sick mother to resume the search for his father. But he knew he could be of no service at Mrs. Wentworth's, and that every hour of delay would but increase the danger that threatened his poor inebriate father. Thanking Martin Smith for his help the previous day, and taking leave of all at the cottage, he went direct to the town where a little propeller connected with Albany; for now that his father could not be found in the neighborhood, he felt sure that he had made an effort to reach New York again.

He knew his father had but little money this time, and unless he had met with some assistance, he had been compelled to travel slowly.

Reaching the little village just before the ten o'clock boat left, and hastening at once to the landing, he made inquiry of the clerk, if any one, bearing the description he gave of his father, had left by the boat during the last two days, and was promptly informed no such person had done so. Learning that the other boat from Albany would be in, in half an hour, he remained in the vicinity of the wharf until it arrived, and then made the same inquiry, with the same negative reply. Fully assured thus that his father had not gone down the river by either of the boats, he thought it probable he had not left the neighborhood, and might still be in the town. He first went to the hotel, where in the early summer he had listened to George Bancroft's strange story; and while waiting for his dinner, strolled in, and out of the various rooms, hoping to see or hear something that might lead to the discovery of his father's whereabouts, but without success.

After dinner he made a circuit of all the bar-rooms and drinking saloons, in the town.

It was very humiliating, for a man of Elwood Earl's sensitive nature to do this, but he did it under a sense of duty, that bore down all such scruples, and however much his soul revolted at coming in contact with such scenes, his love for his poor, stricken mother, and still more wretched father, gave him strength to endure.

It was well into the night, when he reached the last groggery, in the southeastern part of the town, near the river.

He had heard of the place, early in the afternoon; but learning that it was the resort of the lowest characters, he had purposely avoided it until the last, hoping that it might not be necessary for him to go there.

I will spare the reader a description of this abominable den, with its free lunch counter of cold scraps and pickles, its reeking spittoons, and suffocating, vile odors. Here, however, Elwood was obliged to remain but for a few minutes, until he heard enough to satisfy him, that his father was not far from the village, and in a very distressed condition.

"I tell yer," said one of the company, "old Gripsack's got his hands full, with his new man, hic! he was mightily taken with him at first, hic! and thought he had struck luck. He had been a hand short, at the stillery for a week, hic! and when the tramp offered to work, he jumped at it, and they struck a bargain, at once, hic!"

He seed the feller had an education, hic! and he set him to work in the office, while he bossed the stills, hic! but bless yer soul, when he cum home to supper, he found his new book-keeper, hic! dead drunk, and nearly all the sample liquor, he had in the shop, drunk up, hic!

The old feller was madder than a marsh hen, hic! and 'lows he'll kick the drunken cuss out, as soon as he gets sober enough to stand, hic!"

Every word of the drunken mountaineer went to the heart of Elwood Earl, life a knife. He had no doubt the unfortunate man spoken of was his father, and that he was in a helpless and really dangerous plight.

Approaching the speaker, he said, "where is the distillery you are talking about?"

"Just up the road yer, a mile or so, hic! what's up now; you want the situation? strikes me you'd, hic! suit old Grip, to a T, hic!"

Elwood could hardly conceal his disgust, or refrain from uttering the indignant words that leaped to his lips, but he saw there was nothing to be gained by quarreling with the rough fellow; so restraining his feelings, he said: "no, I do not wish that position, but I would like to go at once to the distillery."

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PENINSULA METHODIST OFFICE.

"Want er drink, eh? well, hic! yer needn't trouble yourself to go so fur after it, hic! jest help yer self;" and drawing from his greasy blouse a dirty flask, he handed it to Elwood.

This was almost too much for the young man; but with an effort that required all his strength, he said: "No, I do not wish to drink; but there is a man at the distillery I want to see, and I would like to have some one show me the way there."

"Don't like yer company, eh! well I'll speachify, to inform you, hic! that I'm as good a man as you, hic! or any other crane-legged, knock-kneed, lapped, hic! gawk of a dude."

What the young lawyer would have said, had he not been interrupted, it is impossible to say; but as he was about to reply, a strong, robust man, with a kind but determined face, stepped up to the drunken man, and taking him by the shoulder, swung him around and pushed him into a chair with such force, that for a moment he was half sobered; and before he could recover his surprise the stranger, had led Elwood from the room.

The man hastily inquired why Elwood desired to visit the distillery, and when told him the truth, he said: "I will go with you, myself;" and before Elwood could thank him, he had re entered the bar room, and at once ordered his team to be brought out.

The drunken rowdy whom the stranger had thrown into the chair, had recovered from the shock his sudden surprise had given him, and had become quite noisy, and was vowing vengeance on the man who had humiliated him.

As George Bancroft, for such indeed the stranger proved to be, again entered the room, the drunken mountaineer, now firmly angry, staggered forward, and drawing an ugly pistol from his belt, pointed it at him, and vowed he would shoot him.

Mr. Bancroft looking at him for a moment, with an impatient wave of his hand, said, "put that thing up; I don't care for you nor your pistol;" and turning to the clerk he presented a bill for some vegetables he had brought to the house.

George Bancroft was a respectable trucker, who owned a small farm, in a valley, a few miles back from the town, and who came, once a week to the public houses in the village, with his produce.

He was later this evening than usual, and had entered the bar-room of the "Blue Jack Inn," just in time to hear what was passing between Elwood Earl and the mountaineer.

He had an honest, noble, manly heart, and was ever ready to do what he thought was right.

He was not a moment in deciding

that the young stranger was no integral part of his surroundings, and was becoming the subject of insult and possible abuse.

With him to think was to act; hence the scene we have just described.

Whether the angry man would have attempted to use his weapon, had he been let alone, we cannot tell; but scarcely had he lifted his arm, when several of the spectators more sober than himself, seized him, and wresting the pistol from his grasp, compelled him to leave the room.

By this time the trucker's horse was at the door, and in a few minutes George Bancroft and Elwood Earl, were driving out of town, in the direction of "Mountain Meadows," the farm where the trucker lived. Arriving there, they left the wagon in which they had come up from the village, and each one taking a horse, mounted, and set out in the direction of old Gripsack's distillery.

To be continued.

A Sensible Judge.

There are many people who cannot understand, that gambling in a social club is the same thing as gambling in a "den." But Judge Ryland, of the criminal court, at Sedalia, Mo., instructed the grand jury, that progressive euchre was illegal. He properly thinks, that "society" folks playing progressive euchre for stakes, in Mrs. Grundy's parlor, are really violating the law, as much as Tom, Dick, Harry, and—, in the back room of a saloon?

When he went to hold court in Sedalia, the other day, he instructed the jury, that this gambling in parlors and clubrooms encouraged the violation of laws against gambling; in fact, that when "society" indulged in such things, it was really making gamblers. Good people everywhere will applaud his courage and honesty, in rubbing out this arbitrary line between reputable immorality and disreputable immorality. If judges and juries in every city could rise to this level, it would greatly relieve thousands of moral invertebrates, who through fear of Mrs. Grundy, are all their life-time subject to the most humiliating moral bondage. —Cincinnati Christian Standard.

QUEEN VICTORIA has fifty living descendents, including three generations, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. She has also, four sons-in-law, and four daughters-in-law; five grandsons-in-law, and one granddaughter in law. She has lost by death one son and one daughter, five grandsons, one granddaughter, one great grandson, and one son-in-law. Were these living, her own family circle would number seventy-five.

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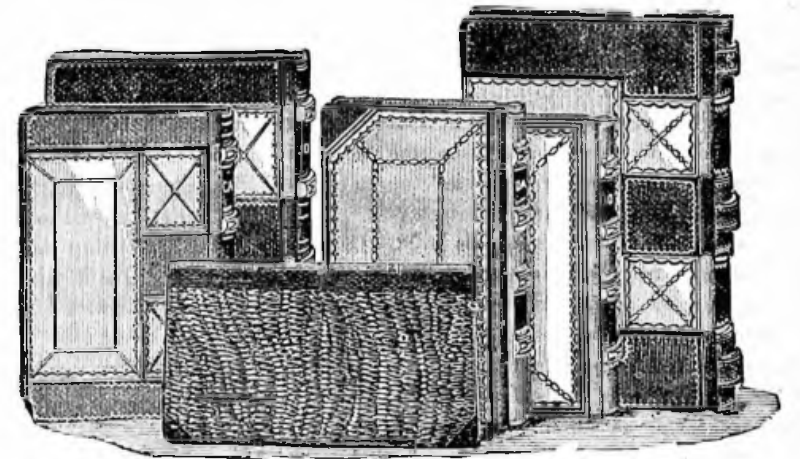
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Youth's Department.

A Double Triumph.

"I tell you, boys, Hal Leiter will carry off the prize this term, just as he did the other. Hal is hard to beat when he does his level best, and his paper is sure to be the best, no matter what the others are, so we might as well make up our minds. He took the medal last year, and he'll get it to-morrow."

So spoke a bright-looking lad to several others who stood on the steps of the Madison High-School, talking matters over, as boys will.

"It doesn't seem quite fair to the rest, though," said Dick Goodwin, "for one fellow to get all the prizes. Somebody else ought to have a chance."

"Then somebody else must do better work," said one of the boys, sententiously.

"I dare say somebody else will do just as good," said Dick, tartly; "but Hal has found favor in the eyes of the professors, and whatever he does is always best."

"Goodwin is jealous," laughed one of the smaller boys, to whom handsome Hal seemed a hero in all things.

"Don't you say that again, Tom," said Dick, hotly, "or I won't answer for the consequences;" and the smaller boy prudently kept silence.

Dick had worked very hard this year, and he was more than anxious to get the coveted prize. His father was a very ambitious man, and had urged him on in his studies. Dick knew that much depended on him. He was also quite sure that if Hal Leiter had not tried this year to bear off the honors, he himself would have been the successful competitor. But, as the others said, there was little use in trying, when Hal had made up his mind.

The boy, when his comrades had gone, lounged back into one of the class-rooms, which was empty. He knew that the folded paper tied with a blue ribbon was Hal's composition, and wondered, as he looked over at the desk, if Hal had forgotten to take it. Yes, it was there; he could see it from where he stood. It lay folded between two books, the ends protruding.

A strange fascination drew Dick toward the desk. He looked round. Not a soul was in the room; he was its only occupant. Footsteps sounded overhead, but the hall and the staircase were alike empty.

"If he couldn't find it," thought the boy, dallying with temptation, and then, with a sudden movement of the out-stretched hand, he seized the paper and hid it in his bosom.

Silently and guiltily he hurried from the building. What had he done? With every step toward home the

question assailed him. When not far from his own door he took the paper from under his coat, and tore it in half a dozen pieces, but dared not throw them away. He had not only stolen, but destroyed the manuscript as far as its use was concerned. Never before had he done a distinctly dishonorable deed. Now he felt as if the word thief could be seen written on his forehead. What would his father, his mother, his sister say, if they saw him as he saw himself?

At dinner the usually merry, laughing boy was strangely quiet. He started if he was spoken to, and seemed uneasy at his father's lightest question. Too wretched to leave the house, he went up to his own room, and placing the mutilated paper upon his desk, he bowed his head on his hands in absolute misery and dejection.

"I wonder what the matter is with Dick?" his mother asked, when he had gone. "He is not a bit like himself."

"He will be all right after to-morrow," Lily, Dick's sister, said. "He has been working too hard for the prize, and he might stand a chance for it, only Hal Leiter is such a lucky boy. Everybody thinks Hal will get it. I wish Dick might be successful for father's sake."

Meanwhile Dick was utterly wretched. "I can't stand this," he muttered, after an hour's anguish. "How shall I ever dare to look Hal in the face again? What can I—what shall I do?"

A thought seemed to strike him. The essay was written on one side of the paper in a singularly bold, free hand. He gathered the pieces of paper together, sorted them laboriously, and pasted them so that the essay was restored, though much defaced and altogether a sorry-looking arrangement.

"It will just about kill me to tell father about it, but I'm going to do it, and ask his advice," he said, taking the paper and going down stairs. "I shall never feel right again till I do."

"Will you come into the study, sir?" he asked his father, who sat in the parlor, reading. "I have something to tell you."

"Why, certainly," was the reply; and he followed, wondering, for he too had noticed the change in his son.

"Father, I did a downright, contemptible, mean thing to-day," the boy said, in a faltering voice; and then he told his story.

"A downright wicked thing, I should say," his father said sternly, looking at the culprit with a lowering brow. "Dick, what ever possessed you?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said the boy, chokingly. "Is there any way out of it? I know what you must think of me, and how you detest a dishonest action. But I had no one else to go to for advice, and I want Hal to have his manuscript.

If it could only be rewritten. I don't like to do it myself; the boys know my handwriting, and I—"

"You wish me to copy it?"

"Oh, sir, if only you would!" and the boy broke down, sobbing.

"And if I do, what will be your next step?" his father asked, pity mingling with the grief and indignation that had mastered him.

"I will give it to Harry to-morrow, and tell him everything. I don't care what he does or says, only I wouldn't like the fellows to know it; but I was weak enough to do the deed, and I am prepared to bear the consequences."

"You may go to your room," his father said. "We will see what can be done."

"Father," said Dick, in a pleading voice, "You won't tell mother?"

"I shall tell nobody, sir. Go to your room," said his father.

Dick passed a sleepless night. In the morning his father brought him the manuscript written on fair paper; but he said nothing, hardly looked at the boy, hardly waited to listen to his eager thanks.

"He will never respect me again," Dick said sadly, to himself; "and how can I blame him?"

Presently his sister brought him a little note. He read it and the color flew into his cheeks.

"My Dear Dick: I have been very angry with you, but I wish to say that you have acted with great courage and nobleness, for which I respect you heartily. Your Father."

Fortified with this precious testimonial, Dick got through with his breakfast creditably, and then, seizing the first opportunity, rushed to his friend Hal's house, eager and anxious, until he stood face to face with the smiling, expectant boy. Then his forced courage deserted him. He placed the manuscript in Hal's hand, and went toward the window to hide his shame.

"Why, Dick, what's this? It isn't mine—yes, no! What does it mean, Dick? It's my paper, but not my writing."

"No; my father copied it," said Dick, in a smothered voice.

"Your father copied it! How came he?" and there he stopped short.

"I stole it," said Dick resolutely. "I saw it on your desk. I was jealous and half mad, because the boys all said you were sure to win the prize, so—in a moment—of-temptation I took it and tore it up. I didn't know what to do with the pieces, and then, when I came to myself and realized what I had done, I pasted the pieces together, and my father copied it all out. That's the whole story, and I hope you'll forgive me. You may take what action you please, though I shan't complain."

"Action!" Hal looked amazed for a moment. "Why Dick, old fellow, this was not my paper—I mean the one I was going to use. I copied it, and have it safe here at home. I don't know why I left the one you took on my desk. So, you see you wouldn't have done me any harm. Now, don't feel badly about it," he added, as Dick turned his tear-stained face toward him. "You're as brave as a lion to confess at all. Shake hands, old fellow. You know I shall never speak of it—never!"

Dick came forward to shake hands, but instead, fell sobbing on Hal's shoulder, and the two boys stood for a moment locked in each other's arms.

The strangest and best part of the whole affair was that Dick won the gold medal, after all, the judges deciding between the two best papers, those written by Harry Leiter and Dick Goodwin, in favor of Dick. What his feelings were when the beautiful emblem was handed to him by the judges, none knew but himself and his God.

The first hands to grasp his were those of Harry Leiter. "Old fellow, I was never so glad in my life," he said, heartily, as their eyes met. "I knew I had no one to fear but you, and though I wanted the medal, I've been half hoping all along that you would win, because I got it last year."

It was almost with a sob that Dick thanked him.

Then his father came forward with compressed lips, but his eyes shone with pride. "My dear boy," he whispered, "you will never forget this day."

Dick could not speak. His lips were smiling and tremulous, but he never forgot.—*Harper's Young People.*

Notice from the Board of Education.

All persons having Children's Day collections, or other monies belonging to the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are kindly requested to forward the same to the office, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. It is important that these funds be in the Board's Treasury soon, as the fiscal year closes in November, and the accounts are now being made up for the approaching annual meeting of the Board.

C. H. PAYNE, Cor. Sec'y.

October 21st, 1890.

Dr. Willey writes us, Oct. 23rd:—
'Have received certificate of transfer, and appointment to University Avenue. Will take possession Nov.'

The Rev. Calvin Fairbank, is still living, at Angelica, N. Y. He has written an account of some of the incidents in his career during the exciting years preceding the war, which is published in book form by the Patriot's Publishing Co., Chicago.

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To the Directors and Teachers
of the District Schools
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Improvements at Wesley.

The church has been thoroughly re-mod-
eled. All old material has been used, and
the handsome, capacious appearance of the
new building, makes it difficult to think
of it as an outgrowth of the little chapel.
The present building is a large, comfort-
able, two story church, with Sunday School
and class rooms down-stairs, and main
audience room up stairs. The building is
a credit to the community, and will afford
church accommodations for many years.
But little money has been spent in elabora-
tion, and yet everything has the appear-
ance of comfort, strength, and neatness.
The enterprise is certainly worthy of the
liberality of all Methodist people.

DEDICATION AT WESLEY, Sunday week,
November 2nd. Preaching at 10 a. m., by
Dr. S. F. Upham, D. D., of Drew Theological
seminary. At 2.30 p. m., by Bishop J. N.
Fitzgerald, D. D. At 7.30 p. m., by Jacob
Todd, D. D.

Revival services are in progress at the
Mission of Wesley Church at Front
and Jefferson streets. Rev. John W Har-
ris, a local preacher at Wesley, has
been a leader in this work. Thirty have
professed conversion.

Conference Academy.

Dr. Gooding kindly sends us the follow-
ing items:

The enrollment up to October 15, was 95.
Ground for the new Ladies' Hall, was
broken on Wednesday, October 1 at 1 p. m.
Classes in stenography and type-writing
have been formed, and are both well at-
tended.

The class, in "Methods of Teaching" re-
cently visited the excellent public schools
of Dover.

The following members of the class of
1890, have entered the Sophomore class of
Dickinson College: L. Frank Melson,
Bishopville, Md; W. M. Watts and
Charles F. Harper, Still Pond, Md.; J. T.
Van Burkalow, Believue, Del.

The following have entered Wesleyan
University: Theodore G Eiswald, Dover,
Del.; William W Fisher, Drawbridge,
Del., and Andrew J. Lynch, Robbins, Del.

WILLISTON, MD., Wm. M. Green, pas-
tor, writes:—We are having a grand meet-
ing at Bloomery. Things are moving right
along. Had a religious camp at Concord.
Though suffering from ill health for months,
and having to observe a strict regimen in
his diet, Bro. Green has not desisted from
his work. His health is much better now.
A charge requiring less riding about, than
this large circuit, would be much better
adapted to his physical condition.

CHURCH IMPROVEMENTS.—The Centre-
ville M. E. Church, Rev. C. A. Hill, pastor,
is undergoing repairs, preparatory to the
meeting of the Wilmington Conference in
March next. The main room will be fres-
coed, and the walls of the hall and stair-
way will be painted. New pews have been
purchased, and the floors will be re-car-
peted. The whole outside will be painted
and the church will be otherwise im-
proved.—*Observer.*

Rev. J. A Brindle, pastor of the M. E.
Church of Cordova, will be assisted in his
revival services by Miss Lydia Kenny, of
Philadelphia, and Miss Nellie J. Van
Name, of New York.

Obituaries.

Edward Ashby Shilling, son of the late
Rev. John Shilling, of the Wilmington
Annual Conference, died in Camden, Del.,
August 20th, 1890, in the 34th year of his
age. At the early age of nine, he was con-
verted, and became a member of the M. E.
Church. He was an earnest, faithful
and highly esteemed Christian, and served
the Church as secretary and teacher of the
Sunday School, and trustee, and was a very
punctual and devout attendant upon all
the means of grace.

He was a good mechanic, energetic and
conscientious in his business affairs, and
contributed to the Church and its benevo-
lent enterprises, "according to his ability."

His health had been declining for some
time, and for two weeks his illness was
very severe; relief coming only at the vital
spark fl-d. A large company of deeply
sorrowing friends attended his funeral,
Sunday afternoon, August 23rd. A wid-
ow and two little boys mourn the loss of
a loving husband and father.

Of him as of his own father, we may confi-
dently say, "To die is gain."

**Quarterly Conference Ap-
pointments.**

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	Quarterly Conference.	Preaching.
OCT.		
Elkton,	27 2	26 10.30
Elk Neck, (Wesley)		26 3
North East,	27 9	26 7.30
Delaware City,	30 9	30 7.30
Port Penn,	31 9	31 7.30
NOV.		
Red Lion,	1 7.30	2 10.30
St. George's (Summit)	1 2	
Christiana, (Salem)	3 2	2 3
New Castle,	3 7.30	2 7.30
Kingswood,	5 9	5 7.30
Wesley,	4 9	4 7.30
Cookman,	6 9	6 7.30
Grace,	7 7.30	
Asbury,	8 7.30	9 7.30
Stanton,	11 7.30	9 3
Newport,	10 7.30	9 10.30
W. L. S. MURRAY, P. E.		

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	Quarterly Conference.	Preaching.
OCT.		
Princess Anne,		26 10
Nanticoke,	25 3	26 10
Mt. Vernon,	25 10	26 3
Chincoteague,	31 7	26 10
Stockton,	oct 28 10	nov. 1 10
T. O. AYRES, P. E.		

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Dr. O. C. STOUT, Syracuse, N. Y., says:
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transact the most ordinary business because his
brain was tired and confused upon the least
mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ulti-
mate recovery followed."

One of the greatest revivals that Deal's
Island has ever known is now in progress
there. There have been 117 conversions
up to date; many of them being adults and
some, the oldest and hardest sinners of the
place. C. S. Baker is pastor.—*Wicomico
News.*

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., Rev. Alfred Smith,
pastor, writes us:—"Our Pentecostal ser-
vices have been full of interest. One
night last week, not less than thirty-seven
came forward to seek the blessing of
a clean heart. Some have already received
the blessed boon. The meetings still go
on."

HORSEBACK TO JERICHO.

DR. TALMAGE CONTINUES HIS HOLY
LAND ITINERARY.

The Parable of the Good Samaritan and
Scenery of the Locality—December in
Syria—Anecdotes of Gladstone and Lord
Napier.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 19.—The wide-
spread and absorbing interest in Dr.
Talmage's course of sermons on the
Holy Land and adjoining countries is
demonstrated by the thousands who
are turned away from the doors of the
Brooklyn Academy of Music on Sun-
day mornings and from The Christian
Herald services in the New York Acad-
emy of Music on Sunday evenings, un-
able to gain even standing room in
those immense auditoriums. Today
the fourth sermon of the series was
preached as before—in this city in the
morning and in New York at night.
Having announced as his text Luke x,
30, "A certain man went down from
Jerusalem to Jericho," Dr. Talmage
said

It is the morning of Dec. 5 in Je-
rusalem, and we take stirrups for the
road along which the wayfarer of old
fell among thieves, who left him
wounded and half dead. Job's picture
of the horse in the orient as having
neck "clothed with thunder" is not
true of most horses now in Palestine.
There is no thunder on their necks,
though there is some lightning in
their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully
whacked, they sometimes retort.
To Americans and English, who are
accustomed to guide horses by the
bridle, these horses of the orient, guided
only by foot and voice, make equestrian-
ism an uncertainty, and the pull on the
bridle that you intend for slowing up
of the pace may be mistaken for a hint
that you want to outgallop the wind
or wheel in swift circles like the hawk.

But they can climb steep and de-
scend precipices with skilled foot, and
the one I chose for our journey in Pal-
estine shall have the praise of going for
weeks without one stumbling step,
amid rocky steeps where an ordinary
horse would not for an hour maintain
sure footedness. There were eighteen
of our party, and twenty-two beasts of
burden carried our camp equipment.
We are led by an Arab sheik, with his
black Nubian servant carrying a load-
ed gun in full sight, but it is the fact
that this sheik represents the Turkish
government, which assures the safety
of the caravan.

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

We cross the Jehoshaphat valley,
which, if it had not been memorable
in history and were only now discov-
ered, would excite the admiration of
all who look upon it. It is like the
gorges of the Yosemite or the chasms
of the Yellowstone park. The sides
of this Jehoshaphat valley are tunnel-
ed with graves and overlooked by
Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths
overshadowed by an eternity of archi-
tecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet
and Gethsemane, and with the heavens
and the earth full of sunshine, we start
out on the very road mentioned in the
text when it says, "A certain man went
down from Jerusalem to Jericho and
fell among thieves." No road that I
ever saw was so well constructed for

brigantage—deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on either side.

There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death groan would be answered only by the echoes. On this road today we met groups of men who, judging from their countenances, have in their veins the blood of many generations of Rob Roys. Josephus says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men, and that the greater part of them became robbers. So late as 1820 Sir Frederick Henniker, an English tourist, was attacked on this very road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and shot and almost slain. There has never been any scarcity of bandits along the road we travel today.

With the fresh memory of some recent violence in their minds Christ tells the people of the good Samaritan who came along that way and took care of a poor fellow that had been set upon by villainous Arabs and robbed and pounded and cut. We encamped for lunch that noon close by an old stone building, said to be the tavern where the scene spoken of in the Bible culminated. Tumbled in the dust and ghastly with wounds the victim of this highway robbery lay in the middle of the road—a fact of which I am certain, because the Bible says the people passed by on either side. There were twelve thousand priests living at Jericho, and they had to go to Jerusalem to officiate at the temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the temple service, and he is startled as he sees this bleeding victim in the middle of the road.

"Oh," he says, "here is a man that has been attacked of thieves. Why don't you go home?" says the minister. The man in a comatose state makes no answer, or, with a half dazed look, puts his wounded hand to his gashed forehead and draws out "What?" "Well," says the minister, "I must hurry on to my duties at Jerusalem. I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice today. I cannot spend any more time with this unfortunate. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Besides that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning. When you get well enough to sit up I will be glad to see you at the temple."

And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censer for the next three weeks, and you missed the chance. Go on your way! Excerated by the centuries.

THE SELF SUFFICIENT LEVITE.

Soon afterward a Levite came upon the scene. The Levites looked after the music of the temple, and waited upon the priests, and provided the supplies of the temple. This Levite passing along this road where we are today took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "My! my!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt, and he ought to be helped. But my business is to sing in the choir at the temple. If I am not there no one will carry my part. Be-

sides that there may not be enough frankincense for the censers, and the wine or oil may have given out, and what a fearful balk in the service that would make. Then one of the priests might get his breastplate on crooked. But it seems too bad to leave this man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to staunch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking care of the wounds of a man who will probably soon be dead anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on our way up to the temple. There, I have lost five minutes already! Go along, you beast!" he shouts as he strikes his heels into the sides of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road soon hides the hard hearted official.

But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he and the wounded man belong to different nations, which have abominated each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on this scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belong to nations which hated each other with an objurgation and malediction diabolic. They had opposition temples—one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah—and I guess this Samaritan, when he comes up, will give the fallen Israelite another clip and say: "Good for you! I will just finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. And here is a rag of your coat that they did not steal, and I will take that. What! Do you dare to appeal to me for mercy? Hush up! Why, your ancestors worshiped at Jerusalem when they ought to have worshiped at Gerizim. Now take that! and that!" will say the Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

SAMARIA'S NAME IMMORTALIZED.

No; the Samaritan rides up to the scene of suffering, gets off the beast and steps down and looks into the face of the wounded man, and says: "This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshiped in different places, but he is a man, and that makes us brothers. God pity him, as I do!" And he gets down on his knees and begins to examine his wounds, and straightens out his limbs to see if any of his bones are broken, and says: "My dear fellow, cheer up. You need have no more care about yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel of your pulse! Let me listen to your breathing! I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, and that will soothe the pain of these wounds, and the other is wine, and your pulse is feeble, and you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern." "Oh, no!" says the man. "I can't walk. Let me stay here and die." "Nonsense!" says the Samaritan. "You are not going to die. I am going to put you on this beast, and I will hold you on till I get you to a place where you can have a soft mattress and an easy pillow."

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his feet, and with much tugging and lifting puts him on the beast, for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of kindness will make

one, as you have seen a mother after three weeks of sleepless watching of her boy, down with scarlet fever, lift that half grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so this sympathetic Samaritan has, unaided, put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow pace the extemporized ambulance is moving toward the tavern. "You feel better now, I think," says the Samaritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I do feel better." "Halloo, you landlord! help me carry this man in and make him comfortable." That night the Samaritan sat up with the Jew, giving him water whenever he felt thirsty, and turning his pillow whenever it got hot, and in the morning, before the Samaritan started on his journey, he said: "Landlord, now I am obliged to go. Take good care of this man, and I will be along here soon and pay you for all you do for him. Meanwhile here is something to meet present expenses." The "two pence" he gave the landlord sounds small, but it was as much as ten dollars here and now, considering what it would there and then buy of food and lodging.

As on that December noon we sat under the shadow of the tavern where this scene of mercy had occurred, and just having passed along the road where the tragedy had happened I could, as plainly as I now see the nearest man on this platform, see that Bible story re-enacted, and I said aloud to our group under the tent: "One drop of practical Christianity is worth more than a temple full of ecclesiasticism, and that good Samaritan had more religion in five minutes than that minister and that Levite had in a lifetime, and the most accursed thing on earth is national prejudice, and I bless God that I live in America, where Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, can live together without quarrel, and where, in the great national crucible, the differences of sect and tribe and people are being molded into a great brotherhood, and that the question which the lawyer flung at Christ, and which brought forth this incident of the good Samaritan, 'Who is my neighbor?' is bringing forth the answer, 'My neighbor is the first man I meet in trouble,' and a wound close at hand calls louder than a temple seventeen miles off, though it covers nineteen acres.

THE GOOD ABYSSINIAN.

I saw in London the vast procession which one day last January moved to St. Paul's cathedral at the burial of that Christian hero, Lord Napier. The day after, at Hawarden, in conversation on various themes, I asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not think that many who were under the shadow of false religions might not nevertheless be at heart really Christian. Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes; my old friend Lord Napier, who was yesterday buried, after he returned from his Abyssinian campaign, visited us here at Hawarden, and walking in this park where we are now walking he told me a very beautiful incident. He said: 'After the war in Africa was over we were on the march, and we had a soldier with a broken leg who was not strong enough to go along with us, and we did not dare to leave him to be taken care of by savages; but we found we were compelled to leave him, and we went into the house of a woman who was said to be a very kind woman,

though of the race of savages, and we said, 'Here is a sick man, and if you will take care of him till he gets well, we will pay you very largely;' and then we offered her five times that which would ordinarily be offered, hoping by the excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. The woman replied: 'I will not take care of him for the money you offer. I do not want your money. But leave him here and I will take care of him for the sake of the love of God.'" Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said, "Dr. Talmage, don't you think that though she belonged to a race of savages that was pure religion?" And I answered, "I do; I do." May God multiply all the world over the number of good Samaritans!

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity nearby. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of Mary Magdalen? This one refused, and that one refused, saying, "I dare not go there." A Christian woman, her white locks typical of her purity of soul, said, "I will go, and I will go now." She went and sat down by the dying girl, and told of the Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came the tears of repentance, and then the smile, as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of him who came to save to the uttermost. Then, just before she breathed her last, she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow, "Would you kiss me?" "I will," said the Christian woman, as she put upon her cheek the last salutation before in the heavenly world, I think, God gave her: the welcoming kiss. That was religion! Yes, that was religion. Good Samaritans along every street and along every road, as well as this one on the road to Jericho.

THE RAVENS OF CHERITH.

But our procession of sightseers is again in line, and here we pass through a deep ravine, and I cry to the dragoon, "David, what place do you call this?" and he replied, "This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens." And in that answer he overthrew my life long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me had meant a slight depression of ground and a stream fordable, and perhaps fifteen feet wide. But here was a chasm that an earthquake must have scooped out with its biggest shovel or split with its mightiest battle ax. Six hundred feet deep is it, and the brook Cherith is a river, which, when in full force, is a silver wedge, splitting the mountains into precipices. The feathered descendants of Elijah's ravens still wing their way across this ravine, but are not like the crows we supposed them to be. They are as large as eagles, and one of them could carry in its beak and clinched claw at once enough food for a half dozen Elijahs. No thanks to the ravens; they are carnivorous, and would rather have picked out the eyes of Elijah, whom they found at the mouth of his cave on the side of Cherith waiting for his breakfast, having drunk his morning beverage from the rushing stream beneath, than have been his butlers and purveyors.

"But God compelled them, as he al-

ways has compelled and always will compel black and cruel and overshadowing providences to carry help to his children if they only have faith enough to catch the blessing as it drops from the seeming adversity, the greatest blessing always coming not with white wings but black wings. Black wings of conviction, bringing pardon to the sinner. Black wings of crucifixion over Calvary, bringing redemption for the world. Black wings of American revolution, bringing free institutions to a continent. Black wings of American civil war, bringing unification and solidarity to the republic. Black wings of the Judgment day, bringing resurrection to an entombed human race. And in the last day, when all your life and mine will be summed up, we will find that the greatest blessings we ever received came on the wings of the black ravens of disaster. Bless God for trouble! Bless God for sickness! Bless God for persecution! Bless God for poverty! You never heard of any man or woman of great use to the world who had not had lots of trouble. The diamond must be cut; the wheat must be threshed; the black ravens must fly. Who are these nearest the throne? These are they who come out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

FIRST VIEW OF JORDAN.

But look! Look what at 4 o'clock in the afternoon bursts upon our vision—the plain of Jericho, and the valley of Jordan, and the Dead Sea. We have come to a place where the horses not so much walk as slide up on their haunches, and we all dismount, for the steep descent is simply terrific, though a princess of Wallachia who fell here and was dangerously wounded, after recovery spent a large amount of money in trying to make the road passable. Down and down! till we saw the white tents pitched for us by our muleteers amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, which fell at the sound of poor music played on a "ram's horn," that ancient instrument which, taken from the head of the leader of the flock of sheep, is perforated and prepared to be fingered by the musical performer, and blown upon when pressed to the lips. As in another sermon I have fully described that scene, I will only say that every day for seven days the ministers of religion went round the city of Jericho blowing upon those ram's horns, and on the seventh day, without the roll of a war chariot, or the stroke of a catapult, or the swing of a ballista, crash! crash! crash! went the walls of that magnificent capital.

On the evening of Dec. 6 we walked amid the brick and mortar of that shattered city, and I said to myself: All this done by poor music blest of God: for it was not a harp or a flute or a clapping cymbal or an organ played, at the sound of which the city surrendered to destruction, but a rude instrument making rude music blest of God, to the demolition of that wicked place which had for centuries defied the Almighty. And I said, if all this was by the blessing of God on poor music, what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, skillful music, Gospel music. If all the good that has already been done by music were subtracted from the world, I believe three-fourths of its religion would be gone. The lulla-

bys of mothers which keep sounding on, though the lips that sang them forty years ago became ashes; the old hymns in log cabin churches and country meeting houses, and psalms in Rouse's version in Scotch kirks; the anthem in English cathedrals; the roll of organs that will never let Handel or Haydn or Beethoven die; the thrum of harps, the sweep of the bow across bass viols, the song of Sabbath schools storming the heavens, the doxology of great assemblages—why, a thousand Jerichos of sin have by them all been brought down.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Seated by the warmth of our camp fires that evening of Dec. 6, amid the bricks and debris of Jericho, and thinking what poor music has done, and what mightier things could be accomplished by the blessings of God on good music, I said to myself: Ministers have been doing a grand work, and sermons have been blessed, but would it not be well for us to put more emphasis on music? Oh, for a campaign of "Old Hundred!" Oh, for a brigade of Mount Pisgahs! Oh, for a cavalry charge of "Coronations!" Oh, for an army of Antiochs and St. Martins and Ariels! Oh, for enough orchestral batons lifted to marshal all nations! As Jericho was surrounded by poor music for seven days, and was conquered, so let our earth be surrounded seven days by good gospel music, and the round planet will all be taken for God. Not a wail of opposition, not a throne of tyranny, not a palace of sin, not an enterprise of unrighteousness could stand the mighty throb of such atmospheric pulsation. Music! It sounded at the laying of creation's corner stone when the morning stars sang together. Music! It will be the last reverberation when the archangel's trumpet shall wake the dead. Music! Let its full power be now tested to comfort and bless and arouse and save.

While our evening meal is being prepared in the tents we walk out for a moment to the "Fountain of Elisha," the one into which the prophet threw the salt because the waters were poisonous and bitter, and lo! they became sweet and healthy, and ever since, with gurgle and laughter, they have rushed down the hill and leaped from the rocks, the only cheerful object in all that region being these waters.

Now on this plain of Jericho the sun is setting, making the mountains look like balustrades and battlements of amber and maroon and gold; and the moon, just above the crests, seems to be a window of heaven through which immortals might be looking down upon the scene. Three Arabs as watchmen sit beside the camp fire at the door of my tent, their low conversation in a strange language all night long a soothing rather than an interruption. I had a dream that night never to be forgotten, that dream amid the complete ruins of Jericho. Its past grandeur returned, and I saw the city as it was when Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra and Herod bought it from her. And I heard the hoofs of its swift steeds, and the rumbling of its chariots and the shouts of excited spectators in its amphitheatre.

A LOVELY REGION.

And there was white marble amid green groves of palm and balsam; cold stone warmed with sculptured foliage; hard pillars cut into soft lace; Iliads

and Odysseys in granite; basalt jet as the night, mounted by carbuncle flaming as the morning; upholstery dyed as though dipped in the blood of battlefields; robes incrustated with diamonds; mosaics white as sea foam flashed on by auroras; gayeties which the sun saw by day rivaled by revels the moon saw by night; blasphemy built against the sky; ceilings stellar as the midnight heavens, grandeurs turreted, archivoluted and intercolumnar; wickedness so appalling that established vocabulary fails, and we must make an adjective and call it Herodic.

The region round about the city walls seemed to me white with cotton such as Thenius describes as once growing there, and sweet with sugar cane and luscious with orange and figs and pomegranates, and redolent with such flora as can only grow where a tropical sun kisses the earth. And the hour came back to me when in the midst of all that splendor Herod died, commanding his sister Salome immediately after his death to secure the assassination of all the chief Jews whom he had brought to the city and shut up in a circus for that purpose, and the news came to the audience in the theatre as some one took the stage and announced to the excited multitude: "Herod is dead! Herod is dead!"

Then in my dream all the pomp of Jericho vanished and gloom was added to gloom, and desolation to desolation, and woe to woe, until, perhaps the rippling waters of the fountain of Elisha suggesting it—as sounds will sometimes give direction to a dream—I thought that the waters of Christ's salvation and the fountains "open for sin and uncleanness" were rolling through that plain and rolling across that continent, and rolling round the earth, until on either side of their banks all the thorns became flowers, and all the deserts gardens, and all the hovels mansions, and all the funerals bridal processions, and all the blood of war was turned into dahlias, and all the groans became anthems, and Dante's "Inferno" became Dante's "Divina Commedia," and "Paradise Lost" was submerged by "Paradise Regained," and tears became crystals, and cruel swords came out of foundries glistening plowshares, and in my dream at the blast of a trumpet the prostrated walls of Jericho rose again.

And some one told me that, as these walls in Joshua's time at the sounding trumpet of doom went down, now at the sounding trumpet of the gospel they come up again. And I thought a man appeared at the door of my tent, and I said, "Who are you, and from whence have you come?" and he said, "I am the Samaritan you heard of at the tavern on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho as taking care of the man who fell among thieves, and I have just come from healing the last wound of the last unfortunate in all the earth." And I rose from my pillow in the tent to greet him, and my dream broke, and I realized it was only a dream, but a dream which shall become a glorious reality as surely as God is true and Christ's gospel is the world's Catholicism. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

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N. Y., PHILA., AND NORFOLK R. R. The direct rail line between New York, Philadelphia, Old Point Comfort, Norfolk and Portsmouth. LOCAL SCHEDULE, JUNE 9th, 1890.

Table with columns for Southward (Head Down) and Northward (Read Up) train schedules, listing stations like New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk with corresponding times.

Table for CRISFIELD BRANCH, listing stations like Princess Anne, Westover, and Hopewell with arrival and departure times.

Stops for passengers on signal or notice to conductor. Daily, except Sunday. Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars on day express trains between Philadelphia and Cape Charles.

Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad.

Trains will leave Wilmington as follows: PHILADELPHIA (express) 1.55, 2.52, 4.20, 6.30, 7.50, 8.50, 9.10, 9.47, 10.40, 11.31, 11.51 a. m., 12.19, 12.30, 1.39, 2.27, 5.50, 5.17, 6.56, 6.21, 7.08 and 9.10 p. m.

Trains leave Delaware Avenue Depot: EAST BOUND. NEW YORK, week days, *2.13, *7.05, *7.45, *10.31, *11.50 a. m., *2.40, *5.38, *7.26 p. m.

WEST BOUND. PHILADELPHIA week days *2.13, 6.05, 6.0, *7.05, *7.45, 7.50, *8.44, 9.0, *9.57, *0.3, *0.31, *1.0 a. m., 1.0, *2.40, 3.00, 4.10, *5.8, 6.45, *7.2, 8.0 *9.6 10.0 p. m.

ALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON *4.53 7.20, *8.45, *9.3 a. m. *12.10 2.51 *3.05 *6.27, *8.07 daily all ore and principal stations on Philadelphia division 9.50 a. m. daily. PITTSBURG *6.59 a. m. *5.06 p. m. daily. CHICAGO *4.5 a. m. *27 p. m. daily. CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS. *12.10 p. m., and *8.07 p. m. daily. SINGERLY ACCOMMODATION *2.0 a. m., 2.51 7.55, 11.10 p. m. daily. LANDENBERG ACCOMMODATION, week days, 7.00 10.50 a. m., 2.51 and 6.05 p. m.

Trains leave Market Street Station: For Philadelphia week days 5.30, 6.35, *7.30, *8.27, *9.40, *11.35 a. m., 2.3 2.45, 3.55 5.00 9.45 p. m. For Baltimore week days, 5.35 *8.27 *9.40, *11.35 a. m., 7.45, *5.00 p. m. Baltimore and principal stations on the Philadelphia division 9.40 a. m. daily except Sunday. For Landenberg and way stations week days 6.50, 0.45 a. m., 2.45, 5.00 p. m. Chicago *8.27 a. m. daily except Sunday. Pittsburg *5.00 p. m. daily. Cincinnati and St. Louis *11.35 a. m. daily except Sunday. Trains leave Philadelphia for Wilmington daily *4.24, 6.15, *8.15, *9.15, 9.50, *11.35 a. m. 12.00 noon 1.51, 3.00, *4.31, *5.55, *6.30, *7.32, 8.10, 1.10 11.30 p. m. Daily except Sunday. *6.10, 7.35, 8.40 a. m. *1.50, *4.00, 5.30 p. m. Rates to Western points lower via any other line. Telephone Call No. 194. C. O. SCULL, Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. T. ODELL, General Manager.

Wilmington & Northern R. R.

Time-Table, in effect June 22d, 1890.

Table for GOING NORTH, listing stations from Wilmington to Waynesburg with arrival and departure times.

Table for GOING SOUTH, listing stations from Waynesburg to Wilmington with arrival and departure times.

Additional Trains, Daily except Saturday and Sunday, leave Wilmington 6.17 p. m., B. & O. Junction 6.28 p. m., Newbridge 6.41 p. m. Arrive Montchanin 6.59 p. m.

Table for ADDITIONAL TRAINS, listing stations like Reading, Brd'sboro, Joanna, Springfield, Warwick, St. Peter's, Waynesburg, Coatesville, Lenape, West Chester, Chadd's Ford, Montchanin, B. & O. Junction, and Wil., with arrival and departure times.

Leave Reading 12.00 noon. Arrive Brd'sboro 12.30 p. m. Leave Montchanin 1.10 p. m., Newbridge 1.30 p. m., Arrive Wilmington 1.53 p. m.

For connections at Wilmington (with P. W. & B. R. R.) at B. & O. Junction (with B. & O. R. R.) at Coatesville and Waynesburg Junction (with Penna. R. R.), at Brd'sboro (with P. & R. R. and P. R. R.) at Reading (with P. & R. R. R. and P. R. R.) see time-tables at all stations.

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

Taki g effect June 14, 1890. Leave Hillen Station as follows:

DAILY. 4.10 A. M.—Fast Mail for Shenandoah Valley and Southern and Southwestern points. Also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicsville, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Blue Mountain, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, and points on B. & C. V. R. R. Martinsburg, Va., and Winchester, Va.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. 7.06 A. M.—Accommodation for Gettysburg and all points on B. and H. D. v. and Main Line east of Emory Grove. Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle. 8.05 A. M.—Mail for Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippenburg, and points on Main Line and B. & C. V. R. R. also Ferris and Emmitsburg. 10.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge Gettysburg, Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle. 1.45 P. M.—Accommodation for Arlington. 2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. 3.32 P. M.—Express for H. waldville, Owings's Mills, Glyndon and all points on B. and H. Division. 4.01 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikeville, Green Spring Junction, Owings's Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finkeburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmitsburg and B. and C. V. R. R. Shenandoah Valley R. R., and points South.

5.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 6.8 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 11.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN. Daily 6.28 P. M.; daily (except Sunday) 6.50, .730, 8.12, 11.10 A. M. 12.12, 2.40, 5.10, 6.14 6.5 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office 205 East Baltimore st. All trains stop at Union Station, Pennsylvania Avenue and Fulton Stations. J. M. HOOD, General Manager. B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

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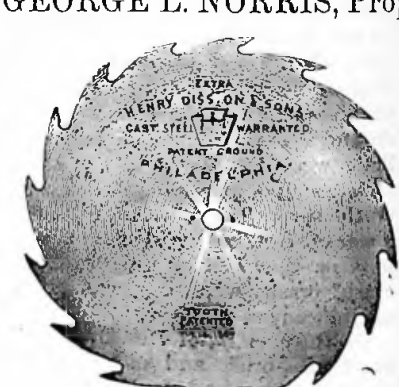
We will sell PARLOR FURNITURE, Chamber Suits, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY FURNITURE, Beds, Bedding, Tables, sideboards, Chairs, Lounges, Couches, and a full line of CARPETS and OIL CLOTH, COOK STOVES and RANGES, Children's COACHES, Lamps and Window Shades and a variety of other useful and ornamental furniture, as cheap as possible for cash or on weekly or monthly credits.

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