

THE Peninsula Methodist

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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

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

A Veteran Crowned.

Dr. Augustus Webster, one of the best known ministers in Maryland, for many years an able and prominent leader in the Methodist Protestant Church, fell peacefully asleep in Jesus, last Sunday morning, the 26th inst., in his home, in Baltimore city, in the 84th year of his age. It was the privilege of the writer, to form the acquaintance of this eminent and saintly minister of the gospel, during a visit he paid to Ocean Grove four years ago; and the memory of the affectionate interest and delightfully edifying conversation, with which we were favored by him in our occasional intercourse, surrounds our recollection of this man of God with a halo of imperishable luster.

In person, Dr. Webster was a most interesting and picturesque figure. Tall, and straight as an arrow till the last year or two, with hair and long flowing beard of snowy whiteness, he moved about with the stately dignity of a patriarch. His presence on the Ocean Grove platform, and his occasional participation in the services, will not soon be forgotten by the thousands who attended during these last years.

Dr. Webster was the son of William W. Webster, who we understand was the son or nephew of Richard Webster, one of the earliest converts in Harford County, Md., under the preaching of Robert Strawbridge, the co-pioneer of American Methodism, with Philip Embury and Barbara Heck. Richard Webster was visited by Freeborn Garretson, in 1824, who says he was then 85 years old, had been a preacher more than 40 years, a Methodist about 56 years, and in the midst of a large family of children and grand children settled around him, was 'joyfully waiting' to be called to his reward.

Dr. Webster was educated in Baltimore College, and was received into the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church, in 1832. After nine years of effective service in circuits and stations, he was chosen President of the Conference.

In 1843, he became pastor of St.

John's, Baltimore, and in this, the city of his birth 35 years before, he remained the succeeding 47 years of his life.

His was the distinction as a Methodist preacher, to be the pastor of one church for 45 years; the last ten of which he was *pastor emeritus*. His mental and physical vigor were remarkably maintained to the last. His 83rd birthday, he preached an excellent sermon in his old charge. Dr. Webster was a writer of recognized ability, and the author of several books of great value; among them are his "Notes on the New Testament," and "Verbum—a Word to the Thoughtful." Besides an aged widow, Dr. Webster leaves a son and three daughters.

His funeral was held in St. John's Independent Methodist Church, Baltimore, Wednesday, the 29th ult., in the midst of a large and sorrowing congregation. Revs. Drs. L. F. Morgan, J. A. McCauley, and John Wilson, of our Church, were selected as pall-bearers, with Dr. Ellis of the Baptist Church, in addition to representatives of his own Church.

As we gazed for the last time upon that noble form, and classic features, the home, for so many years, of the saintly spirit of our friend, the strange lines of one of our old hymns came to mind:

"Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants of earth
Can with a dead body compare."

Though still and inanimate that form, the lines which thought and feeling had so exquisitely drawn, made one almost oblivious for the moment, of the great fact, that the spirit had indeed taken its final departure.

A Hundred Years.

The completion of a century, since the erection of old Bethel M. E. Church, in Cecil Co., Md., six miles south of Elkton, on the old road down the Peninsula, was the occasion of interesting exercises at that historic locality, last Sunday, the 26th inst.

The attendance was large all day, completely filling the church. It was a most delightful re-union of friends, who had not met in the old church homestead for years. The programme

as published, was followed in the main; though there was no small disappointment at the absence of Gov. B. T. Biggs and Rev. W. E. England. Rev. Alfred Smith's sermon at night, was deeply impressive and listened to with close attention. His text was, "Can two work together unless they be agreed;" Amos 3-3; and the sermon was admirably adapted to the beginning of revival effort, as it emphasized the necessity of regeneration, to harmony and fellowship with God. We shall give fuller details of these services in a subsequent issue.

"A False Issue."

In the *Central Christian Advocate*, one of the ablest of our official church papers, we find the following editorial strictures on the course pursued by Dr. Buckley, of the *New York Advocate*, in discussing the question of the eligibility of women as delegates to our Electoral and General Conferences. Dr. Fry is severe, but we think his points are well taken.

"The line of assault pursued by the *New York Advocate* since it unmasked its guns, has been an attempt to connect the advocacy of the right of the laymen to choose women to represent them in the general conference, with everything which it considers disreputable and irreligious. The editor of that journal saw something, nineteen years ago, on the Pacific coast, which appears to have affected his imagination and intelligence, as the vision of a spook does a country ignoramus. The effect in the *Advocate* columns takes the form of moral inability, to separate infidel gatherings and movements in favor of woman suffrage and the ministry of women from the question under discussion. And this course is pursued, although the *Advocate* knows well, that perhaps not one in a hundred of those who favor the admission of women into the general conference, favors woman suffrage or the pulpit ministry of women. It seeks to beget distrust of every organization of women in the Church, and especially directs its thrusts at the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Nor can the *Advocate* be ignorant of the fact that there are many members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, equal in intelligence, in personal piety, in devotion to the Church, and loyalty to Methodism, to any one connected with the *Advocate*, who do favor female suffrage and the ministry of women.

This persistent determination to mislead, to make a false issue, to appeal to prejudice, is without a precedent in Methodist journalism, official or unofficial. But in the last issue the *Advocate* overleaps itself. We are furnished a picture of the general conference, where a score or two of the noisy, self-constituted leaders of that body are struggling to gain a hearing, which is in no wise complimentary to the conference, and less so to the men who create the disorder. And we are told with owlish solemnity, and consideration for the women, that "most women would be utterly lost in such contests." This is exactly the argument of the lowest class of politicians, who try to keep decent men out of politics by declaring that politics is a "dirty pool," applied for the first time to an ecclesiastical assembly. The testimony is universal, that where women are granted suffrage, decency and order, both at the primaries and at the polls, have been promoted. If the laymen and ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church can be won, by this appeal to prejudice and ignorance, the case is worse than we supposed."

Attention, Epworth Leagues!!

All Epworth Leagues on the Easton District are requested to send to me the following items; date of their organization, name of Chapter, number of charter members, number of present membership, number and kind of meetings held, and any other information which will be of interest to the work on this District.

It is desirable that we make a full report to the Convention to be held in Baltimore, Md., November 18-20.

All charges desiring to form Leagues, or to become affiliated Chapters, please communicate with Rev. R. K. Stephenson, president Easton District Epworth League, Smyrna, Del. R. IRVING WATKINS, Cor. Sec'y.

Dr. B. F. Crary, the genial editor whose sprightliness and vigor, the passing years fail to impair, has this note in reference to the "blind man eloquent," who has been summering on the Pacific slope:

The lecture of Chaplain W. H. Milburn at Centenary M. E. Church, South, Friday evening, October 4th, was a fine specimen of the highest eloquence. His subject was "S. S. Prentiss," one of the greatest orators America has ever produced, but a man who was ruined by strong drink. An example of success and failure.—*California Christian Advocate*.

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Communications.

W. C. T. U.

The 11th annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of the State of Delaware, convened in the M. E. Church of this town, Wednesday afternoon, October 15th, Miss Margaret Hilles, president, presiding. There were present 24 officers and superintendents, and about 100 delegates. Mrs. James L. Wolcott delivered an address of welcome, and Mrs. Mary Donnell responded. The usual committees on credentials, resolutions, etc., were then appointed. In the evening, Mrs. Kate E. Smithers of Smyrna, presided; short addresses were delivered by Revs. J. F. Stonecipher, J. A. B. Wilson, C. W. Green and T. E. Terry, of Dover, and A. Green of Wyoming. Miss Hilles read her annual address, reviewing the year's work of the Unions throughout the State, the exercises being interspersed with singing by Mrs. Wolcott, and the Loyal Legion of Dover.

Thursday morning, about 163 delegates were in attendance. Mrs. Greenwood of New York, presided, and the session was devoted to the reading of reports by Mrs. Cook, sec'y., and Mrs. Phelps, treas.; also by Mrs. Marian Price, on juvenile work, Mrs. Cora Emery, on Sunday Schools, and Mrs. Sudler, on literature. In the afternoon, reports were read by Mrs. Mary Donnell, on Sabbath observance; Miss Annie Sutton, on influencing the press; Mrs. N. B. Smithers, on prison and flower missions; Mrs. Kate Brown, on scientific temperance; Mrs. A. D. Davis, on unfermented wine; and by Miss Mary Heald, on hygiene.

Thursday evening the church was full, notwithstanding the heavy rain. Miss Hilles presided, and Rev. C. W. Green made the opening prayer; after which Rev. J. T. Quigley, of the Dover Roman Catholic Church, made a few remarks, expressing his interest in the work. Miss Greenwood of New York, followed with a half hour's address on the duty of the Church, in respect to Temperance work. She is a fine speaker, thoroughly in earnest, and her speech delighted the audience.

The Norma Glee Club of Dover, and Mrs. Wolcott rendered some very fine selections during the evening.

Friday morning, Miss Greenwood conducted the opening exercises. A greeting was read from the Delaware Good Templars, then in session in Smyrna.

Miss Hilles gave a history of the temperance hotel in Hockessin, under the care of the W. C. T. U., the only one in the state; some aid was given to it.

The following officers were elected; president, Miss Margaret S. Hilles

cor. sec'y., Mrs. Mary L. Cox; rec. sec'y., Mrs. Jennie Price, and treas., Mrs. H. M. Phelps.

Mrs. White, police matron of Wilmington, gave an account of her work.

Delegates to the National Convention in Atlanta, Ga., were elected as follows; Mrs. Alloway, of Dover, Mrs. Mary Maloney, of Townsend, and Mrs. Mary Wolcott, of Dover, delegate at large.

Papers were read by Mrs. T. C. Moore, on narcotics, and by Mrs. M. J. Cranston, on the franchise.

In the afternoon, the report of the young women's work was read by Miss A. Elizabeth Thomas; school methods were explained by Mrs. J. T. Ellis, and resolutions were reported and adopted.

Friday evening, the exercises were in charge of the "Ys." The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the aisles being filled with chairs. The exercises were opened with a quartette, by Prof's. George W. and John R. Todd, Mrs. George W. Todd, and Miss Bryant, of our Conference Academy. Scripture selections were read by Miss Connor of Wilmington, and prayer was offered by the president, Miss Hilles. Mrs. George W. Todd then sang a solo, and an address of welcome was delivered by Miss Annie Cannon of Dover, Miss Fogg of Wilmington, responding. Mrs. Bessie Parris of Dover, sang the solo, "Not a Sparrow Falleth," after which, Miss J. T. Ellis, cor. sec'y., of the W. C. T. U., of New Jersey, was introduced. Miss Ellis had been here in the Spring, and delivered one of the most able addresses ever heard in Dover; hence the large audience present to hear her at this time. For about one hour she held the audience in close attention, as she described the evils of intemperance, and the progress made in temperance reform work. A handsome bouquet of flowers from the Dover "Ys," was presented to her at the close of her address, and one to Miss Hilles; both responded in a neat speech.

Resolutions of thank to all, who were instrumental in making things so pleasant and convenient while in Dover, were adopted, and the exercises were closed with singing "God be with you till we meet again," the benediction being pronounced by Rev. C. W. Green. The next meeting will be held in Smyrna, the second week in October, 1891.

Monday evening, October 13th, Olive Lodge, No. 23, I. O. G. T., celebrated the 2nd anniversary of its organization. The evening was spent in short addresses, singing, and recitations by the members; after which, refreshments were served in abundance. HERMAN C. TAYLOR.

Dover, Del., Oct. 22, 1890.

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Reflections.

EDITOR PENINSULA METHODIST,

Dear Sir:—There are many unfortunate things in human life, both of the voluntary and involuntary order. Of course there is little or no responsibility attached to the involuntary, except by the law of the initiative, that first gave a start to the action or process, that brought about the result. We call it otherwise unfortunate, for it must be admitted that the history of our race, when interpreted by the Scriptures, does teach, that all the evils of humanity are hereditary, and descend through the generations, but indirectly those who are the subjects or victims, are more or less criminally responsible, when they fail to counteract their continuance or force, by encouraging and practicing the virtues that antagonize them. And may there not be voluntary misfortune, whose agents or abettors are not willing to acknowledge it? To us this seems to be a clear case; and this species of misdemeanor may be found in the department of what may be considered conventional and economical. This we suppose to be the case when one agency or enterprise clashes with another by an interference with any private or public weal, where the interest or honor of one or more individuals is involved. We do not mean in the way of wholesome emulation, but where a hostile attitude is assumed, claiming to be actuated by motives of comity, when an unfriendly animus underlies the action. Now, strategy may be commendable and useful when it is not selfish or malicious; it is indeed, a noble policy, always to have a wise and kindly consideration for the good of others, and to accomplish which, even some personal advantages may be surrendered; but truth requires that the true reasons be assigned in the case, or that silence be maintained. This, it seems to us, would be a good rule in every department of the social compact and in all business affairs, as well for the sake of honesty, as to promote peace and good will among men. There are two rules drawn from the pages of inspiration, that may be in place to mention here, namely, "In honor preferring one another," and "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." The proper analysis of these precepts would give us a tincture of diamond dust to be preserved as an heirloom among "the saints in light." But the saints in this world of darkness must first keep those golden rules, if they would lay up treasure in heaven. And there are some points in this comity of honor that true manhood, without the mantle of religion, will respect; and it is a belittling of character in any case, to seek to depreciate another's merits, or to evade

his claims by some flaunting excuse or subterfuge, to justify a false position.

SIRE.

"Those Rock of Ages Women."

MR. EDITOR:—They have just held the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U., of Delaware, in our town, and a most enjoyable time we have had of it, too. They came in on us from all parts of the State, on Wednesday, Oct. 15th, a hundred and sixty strong; and they were no sooner in the town than they were at business, and they attended strictly to business from that time until they took their grips and left us, on Saturday morning. Miss Margaret Hillis, the president of the association, was present, and presided in all the business sessions, with all the grace and dignity of a bishop; and Mrs. Jennie C. L. Price of Smyrna, filled the secretary's chair with quite as much ease and familiarity, as if she had been giving direction to her household affairs. Indeed, all the officers seemed fully to grasp and heartily to enjoy their work.

An invitation had previously been given to the pastors of the town to be present, and assist in welcoming the convention to the town; and they all responded heartily and cheerfully, save the pastor of the P. E. Church, who, "when the disciples came, was not with them;" but Rev. Mr. Quigley, the Roman Catholic clergyman was, which was something new with us to have the Romish clergy participate on such occasions; and right well he seemed to enjoy it.

The one feature of the whole affair was the business-like way in which they dispatched the work they came to do. Even Speaker Reed, had he been here, might have gotten some points along this line. It is rarely the case that you will see so much work done by such a body in so short a time.

The addresses were all of a high order. On Wednesday evening, the President, Miss Hilles, presented her annual address, which was logical and strong, and showed very great care in preparation. Miss Hilles has mastered the art of saying what ought to be said and stopping there, not only when she writes a report, but also in all her decisions and rulings, when presiding in the convention.

On Thursday evening, Miss Elizabeth N. Greenwood, National Supt. of evangelistic work, addressed a large and very attentive audience, in the interest of her special department; and on Friday evening, Mrs. J. T. Ellis, corresponding sec. of the New Jersey W. C. T. U., addressed a large and enthusiastic audience, in the interest of the Y's. Mrs. Ellis is a great favorite in Dover, having spoken here before, and it was enough to fill the M. E. Church, where the convention was

held, to overflowing, to announce that she would speak.

It is safe to say that in every sense, the convention was a great success, and by their earnest Christian spirit, these noble women have won for themselves a place in the hearts of our people, and they will not soon be forgotten.

The next annual meeting will be in Smyrna, and we congratulate the town on the prospect of having so helpful and enjoyable a treat in store for the future.

VISITOR.

Dover, Del., Oct. 21, 1890.

The Higher Life.

BY REV. ALFRED SMITH, B. D.

I have been frequently urged by my friends to publish my experience upon this subject.

I at last, yield, and now send it forth, breathing at the same time, a prayer that it may be a blessing to others.

I was converted at the age of 17, during a revival held at old Thomas' Chapel, Kent County, Del., under the pastorate of Rev. Wm. R. McFarlane.

The struggle through which I passed in seeking Jordan was a severe one. Nine nights in succession, I bowed at the altar of prayer. At last, while praying at home in the hay loft, I was enabled to trust Christ as my Savior. The troubled sea of my heart subsided into a great calm. I was not made unspeakably happy and joyful in that hour. But, still I could not doubt that Jesus had said to me "Thy sins which were many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace." I immediately united with the church and took up all the duties that the church laid upon me. It was not long however, until I fell into doubt. Satan tempted me to believe that I had not been converted. Sometimes my soul would be in great darkness. Then again I would have wonderful uplifts, and my heart would seem to overflow with the love of God, sometimes believing, and sometimes doubting; sometimes in the light, and sometimes in the dark. And thus I lived for twenty years. The service of God was oftentimes a burden, but I will say that during all of those years, I never once thought of giving up, or going back to the world. I was fixed in my purpose to hold on, even if I perished. "Still my heart panted for a more excellent way," although I was but little informed with reference to anything better.

The first time that my attention was ever called to the subject of sanctification was about three years after I was converted, when my mother became interested in it, sought it and obtained it. I had not, at that time,

studied Methodist Theology to any great extent. I had never, to my recollection, heard a sermon upon it; hence, I was greatly bewildered at mother's experience. The clearness, however, with which she testified to it, and the change that it made in her life, deeply impressed me. The impression soon wore away, and my attention was not called to it again, till while a student at Drew Theological Seminary. There I fell in with some students that enjoyed it, and held meetings for its promotion. I attended those meetings and became intensely interested. Then it was that I gave to the subject a thorough investigation. I had access to a vast store of literature upon the subject and I read extensively. Still, I could not understand it as taught in the standards. I knew, of course, that the Bible taught the doctrine of Sanctification, but that it taught it as a work of grace, separate and distinct from regeneration, I did not see. I graduated at Drew, and entered the Wilmington Conference in the spring of '79. Again, the doctrine passed out of my mind, and I had actually become just a little prejudiced against it, till the summer of '89, when a camp-meeting was held at Hurlock, Dorchester County, Md., for the promotion of Holiness. I was then stationed at Cambridge, Md., only a few miles from where the camp was held. I attended the camp, listened to the preaching and the experiences, became fully convinced that they were teaching the truth. I was invited to preach and reluctantly consented. While preaching, every doubt with reference to the subject was removed. There came an uplift of divine power into my faith, that I felt as if I could have removed mountains, or divided seas. Then and there by naked faith, I claimed for my own poor heart, the fullest blessings of atoning grace. A brother in the pulpit behind me, seeming to comprehend my situation, shouted out to me as I preached, "Brother, drop your anchor." I immediately did so, although without any very special evidence that the work was done. I went home; that night, I attended prayer meeting. The next morning, I went out to the parsonage (my family being from home) all this time, my faith holding like a cable of triple steel. I entered the study, and first spent a season in reading the word of God, and prayer. Next I took down from the shelf, Bishop Taylor's "Infancy and Manhood of the Christian Life." This I read through without rising from my seat, and my faith was still more strengthened. Last of all, I took up Dr. Watson's little book, entitled "Fruit of Canaan," and began to read. As I read slowly and meditated deep-

ly, I became conscious of a strange emotion taking possession of me. My soul was thrilled and filled with the love of God. The horizon seemed to extend; the coast line to move back, till I realized that I was in the midst of a vast ocean of love, with infinite expanse about me, and infinite depths beneath me. 'Not one word escaped my lips. I did not dare speak, lest even a whisper would break the spell. It was August 15th, 1889, about eleven o'clock in the day. O memorable day! O sacred hour! And until the noon hour, I abandoned myself to the feast, my adorable Savior had spread before me.

Faith seemed as easy and natural as breathing. Love surged a tide. Peace passed all understanding. The bells rang out the noon hour, and as I stepped out from that sacred chamber, I realized that I had gotten into a new spiritual world. It was high noon in my soul. There was in my heart such a sense of cleanness and completeness as I had never realized before.

From China.

The following interesting letter from Mrs. Gamewell, is addressed to her sister, Mrs. Tuttle, wife of the pastor of Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, Baltimore.

Dr. Tuttle has notified Miss Hart, that if Baltimore Branch will include in its appropriations, a sum for the cause referred to, he will see to it that his people contribute at least one hundred dollars additional to the amount they gave last year.

E. B. S.

On the River, near Tung Chow, en route for Peking, Aug. 20, 1890.

MY DEAR SISTER LOTTIE:

*** Besides wanting to write to you as my dear sister, I want also to write concerning our work, to the pastor's wife. The more there are interested in our particular work, the more easily can be found help for the work. The coming year is going to be full of need, which from the nature of things we could not foresee in time to send an estimate for, to the Executive Committee, which will meet next October. I have written to the official correspondents for N. China, (Mrs. Skidmore of N. Y. and Mrs. Alderman of N. Eng.) of our trouble and need developed by the floods, concerning which I am going to write you before I close. My thought is, if when the authorities know our need, they also know parties who are interested, and willing to help in an emergency, we shall be more likely to get what we ask for. So, while I have no intention of writing a begging letter to you, I want to make our case known to those who perhaps can help, and then leave it to them and the Lord; for more and more do I rest in the faith, that when my part is done, (working here and representing the work at home) the work

entrusted to me shall develop according to his will. With this preface, I begin the letter proper.

Terrible floods have desolated large tracts of farming lands in N. China. The rains of this summer have been heavy beyond anything experienced during the past twenty years. Rivers and canals have broken their banks, letting out floods and ruin upon the standing crops, that only a few weeks since gave promise of plenty.

For a few days, the waters rose so high that the children went boating in the yard of the Isabella Fisher Hospital, in Tientsin, (founded by Dr. Goucher.) Beyond the Hospital, and away from the road stretched a plain dotted with the peculiar conical graves to be seen in this part of the country. This plain is now covered with water as far as the eye can reach. Some one says that three thousand acres of tillable land are under water. The walls of the native city of Tientsin are covered with refugees from the flood. Many villages which occupy land higher than the surrounding plain, rise like islands from the waste of waters. The road from Tsun Hua to Peking is impassable. When we wanted to leave for home, Frank sent to Tientsin for a boat. Because of the flood, the boat could come within seventeen miles of Tsun Hua. Once on the boat, our route must lie through Tientsin, making a journey of three hundred miles to get to Peking, which in ordinary times we could cover in one hundred miles. Frank rode a horse and I rode a mule when we started to make the seventeen miles to reach our boat. Shortly after we left the mission premises, and while our friends yet stood and waved their farewells, the mule fell to his knees. He struggled to his feet and fell again about six times, before he finally gained his feet and trotted off with me. I pulled with might and main at the bridle, and succeeded in keeping the saddle, but it was a strain on back, shoulders, and arms, as I realized a day after.

Our boat trip to Tientsin occupied three days. For two days of the three, our boat leaving the winding course of the river sailed directly over the flood. At times, looking from one side of the boat and ahead, land was no where in sight. A heavy wind filled our sail, and tossed the water into waves, over which our boat tossed and pitched as if at sea. We saw the sun set, and clear away to the horizon below which it was disappearing, nothing to be seen but water. One day the wind was so strong that our boat had to stop for calmer waters. With full sail, our boat was headed for an island village. The captain made for leeward of the village, and cast anchor, and we stayed there a half day.

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The whole experience—tossing waves over a waste of waters, the careening boat, the sound of falling anchor, the odd island—seemed unreal, dreamlike. However, things must have seemed real enough to the villagers, who gathered to see this arrival from a world so suddenly become an outside world to them. They stood and gazed, stolid as the Chinese always seem, giving no sign of excitement over the disaster which had swept down upon them and their fields. I thought their faces looked pale and pinched, as if from wakefulness, and watching, or fasting. Some times when I see the seeming indifference with which the Chinese often meet accumulated disaster and misery, I am reminded that at the time of the great Jubilee in Boston, many were surprised that so many singers and so large a number of instruments, performing at the same time, did not produce a greater volume of sound, and some one explained that the human ear is capable of distinguishing only so much sound, and when the limit is reached, to double the volume or the number of sounds, produces no further effect upon the ear. It simply has heard all it can, and can hear no more. And I think, perhaps, the heart also has its limitations, and when its limit is reached, added misery can produce no additional emotion. It has felt all it can feel, and can feel no more. No doubt there will be great suffering, and when all that can be done to relieve, has been done, there will be large numbers who will die from hunger and exposure.

I expect we missionaries shall have opportunities to give temporary shelter to many who will gladly come to us in their suffering, and yet would shun us in days of prosperity. I would like, to have a little money to run an industrial class for some such. Give them work, for which I would pay them, and so provide for present needs, and perhaps enable them to lay by something for seed-time, when the winter and the floods shall have passed away. I expected to do a little in this direction for the usual poor who apply to us during the severity of winter, and we had very good accommodations for such work; but (and this "but" brings me to the subject of our pressing need for help beyond that provided for in the estimate presented to the Executive Committee, which will meet in October.) the floods have ruined the foundations of many of our plans, by taking away from us the buildings which are essential to the execution of the plans. Last year our mission purchased several lots over the way from the mission compound. The chief value of the purchase is, that it furnishes ground for future buildings, which our rapidly growing work must have with-

in a year or two. But on the lots, there were a large number of little houses, in more or less dilapidated condition. These little houses were repaired, and we thought they would accommodate our work until the permanent buildings could be provided for and erected. Here we organized a Bible School for Women, an Industrial Class, Girls' Day School, Opium Refuge, Dispensary, a few rooms for hospital patients, and a preparatory school in connection with the boarding school over the way. And besides, we had rooms for visitors, which we never had before. If the seasons had come and gone in their usual form, our hopes and plans would have been easily realized and executed. But terrible rains came, and floods carried destruction everywhere. Now comes word that *all of our little houses are in ruins!* So we not only have no place where we might organize help for sufferers from floods, and so gain hearing for the Gospel, where it otherwise might never be received; but all the departments of work mentioned above, are stopped, unless we can immediately repair, or build accommodations for them.

The Bible School, as well as some other work, is intrusted to me. I am exceedingly anxious that it shall not have to be discontinued for want of buildings. We have to work so hard to get things started, that it is very hard to see them spoiled so that we have to begin over again. No doubt some of the buildings can be repaired so as to give good shelter during our clear, dry winter. Fifty dollars will build a little house of one room entire, including stove and bed.

I should be particularly pleased if any one felt disposed to send anything to help keep this Bible School in operation. I have assumed that you know that our Bible school is composed of women brought in from our country churches, and of inquirers, all of whom are taught to read, and instructed in the Gospel, in regular classes. The most promising are chosen for Bible women.

Large numbers of women, who have no leisure from work at home, in which to learn to read, are instructed during the year. Some stay a month or two, some six months, and a few, ten months. A dear old lady, Mrs. Chew, was taught in this school. She was seventy years old when she left the school and came to help me in an Industrial class, which I had in the southern part of the city, in connection with Frank's Chapel there. As a heathen, she was very devout. She had a bad son. She went to many temples, prostrating her poor old body before the dumb idols, and burning incense before them, entreating them to call him back to right

living. Her son met the missionaries and was converted. When he came home bringing tracts, and telling of his faith in the God of the foreigner, she thought her cup of bitterness was at last full. She prayed and besought her son and the idols, but her son persisted. Finally the mother was persuaded to go to Peking and inquire for herself. She went there, was converted, was admitted to the school, and became one of its most diligent students. Often she sat on the floor conning her lesson, reading and murmuring to herself, in a low tone. She would bow forward on her face, and pray, "O, God, help a poor old woman to recognize the character, and help her memory to not forget." Alternately reading and praying, she would sit by the hour. The result was that dear old Mrs. Chew learned to read the gospel to others; and she was nearly seventy when first converted. She is dead now. Just before our annual meeting in June closed, she took fever, and died within a week after the beginning of her illness. The last thing she did was to give me her contribution to the auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which was to meet on the following Saturday. She gave something every month, and never forgot the day. If she could not go, she always sent her money. Mrs. Chew is one of many who have been brought in our Bible school, or Training school we call it. This is the work I am so anxious shall not be interrupted. Should any desire to help, send the amount, with a statement of what it is for, to any of the Branch Secretaries.

We are nearing Tung Chow, the end of our boat trip. Now I shall have to take a donkey for the remaining twelve miles of our journey to Peking.

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Mrs. N. M. Brown and Mrs. C. W. Wel-din started last Wednesday to attend the annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society in Buffalo, N. Y.

BISHOP HURST has safely returned with his son who is recovering from the severe illness which made it necessary for his father to return to London immediately upon reaching these shores a few weeks ago.

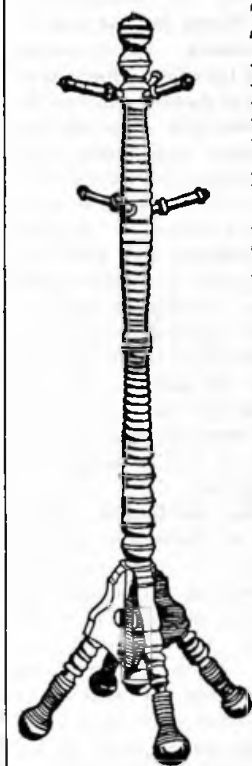
The corner stone of the Elsmere M. E. Church was not laid last Wednesday, on account of the storm, but was postponed until Monday, Nov. 3rd, at 5 P. M.

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LESSON FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1890.
Luke 22: 54-71.

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

JESUS ACCUSED.

GOLDEN TEXT: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53: 5).

54. Then took they him—R. V., "they seized him;" "He, of course, consenting. Led him—with His hands bound (John 18: 12). To the high priest's house.—According to John's account, Jesus was first led to the house of Annas, who had been the high priest, and was still recognized by the Jews as such, though he had been deposed by the Romans. His son-in-law Caiaphas now held the office. After a brief delay at the house of Annas, where no formal examination was made, Jesus was conducted to the presence of Caiaphas where members of the Sanhedrim awaited Him. What occurred here—the attempt to criminate Him by false witnesses, etc., together with the acknowledgment by Jesus that He was the Christ, and the verdict agreed upon, that He was "worthy of death"—Luke omits. Peter followed afar off—"to see the end" (Matt. 26: 58). He did not go openly to share his Master's fate, but followed secretly at a distance, in just the mental attitude to court the temptation to deny His Lord, if any pressure were brought to bear on him.

55, 58. When they had kindled a fire.—The spring nights at Jerusalem, which is 2,160 feet above the level of the sea, are often cold. John, who was acquainted with the high priest, had preceded Peter and let him in (John 18: 15, 16). In the midst of the hall—R. V., "in the midst of the court." Oriental houses are built round a quadrangular interior court, open to the sky. Peter sat down among them—among the officers and attendants, who, some of them at least, belonged to the party who had arrested Jesus. A certain maid.—She was the porter, who let Peter and John in. Earnestly looked upon him—R. V., "looking steadfastly on him;" a curious, searching glance. This man was also with him—probably meaning John by the "also" whom she very likely knew was an apostle, but whom she perceived was "a privileged person." Schaff thinks that the maid had no serious intention of accusing Peter, but that her motive was simply "contemptuous banter or light ridicule."

57. He denied.—Matthew adds, "before them all." I know him not—Mark adds: "nor do I understand what thou sayest," a denial which betrays great agitation in the original, and involved "the grossest and most unblushing falsehood" (Jacobus). Mark also tells us that Peter, after this denial, "went out into the porch," and that "the cock crew."

"Peter was off his guard. The mere curious question of an inquisitive young girl startled him, by its very suddenness, into a quick denial of his Lord. Doubtless, at the moment, it presented itself to him as a mere prudent evasion of needless danger. But did he hope to stop there! Alas, once denied, is always thrice denied" (Farrar).

58. Another saw him.—Matthew tells of another maid who recognized him in the porch. The person in this verse was

a man. Thou art also of them—in Matthew, "this fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." Farrar suggests that "the second denial was due to his [Peter's] being pointed out by the second maid to the group of idlers who were hanging about the door, one of whom was prominent in pressing the charge against him." Man, I am not—Matthew tells us that he "denied with an oath," the old habit of profanity coming to his lips again, now that he had surrendered himself temporarily to Satan.

59, 60. About the space of one hour.—Attention had probably been diverted from Peter by reports of what was going on in the examination, or by the arrival or departure of witnesses or prominent persons. Another—a kinsman of the wounded Malchus (John 18: 26). Others joined with him (Matt. 26: 73) in expressing distrust of Peter. He is a Galilean—as his speech indicated. The Galilean tongue found difficulty with t and s, and misplaced the guttural sounds. Peter, in order to allay suspicion, had probably been talking in the porch or court. Perhaps Peter said, "I know not the ish, instead of 'I know not the ish'" (Cambridge Bible). I know not what thou sayest.—According to Matthew he fell into an insane rage and poured forth a torrent of vehement imprecations upon himself if what he said was not true. Immediately . . . the cock crew.—Mark says: "the second time the cock crew;" immediately after his third denial, thus literally fulfilling his master's prediction.

61, 62. Lord . . . looked upon Peter—either from the chamber in which He was being tried, which may have been in full view from the court, or else while He was being conducted across the courtyard exposed to the insults of the servants. Peter remembered, etc.—It came back to him with all its force, and combined with the reproachful look, broke Peter's heart. Went out.—"Flinging the fold of his mantle over his head, he, too, like Judas, rushed forth into the night. Into the night, but not as Judas; into the unsunned outer darkness of miserable self condemnation, but not into the midnight of remorse and despair; into the night, but, as has been beautifully said, it was 'to meet the morning dawn'" (Farrar). Wept bitterly.—No words can tell how bitterly.

63-65. Men that held Jesus—referring possibly to members of the Sanhedrin, but more probably to the guard which apprehended Him. Mocked him—after He had been pronounced worthy of death. The acts of brutality mentioned in this connection were common in those days in the case of a criminal condemned to death. The Roman soldiers practiced cruelties of the same character (Mark 27: 28-31). Already, on this same night, Jesus had been subjected to a similar kind of treatment at the examination before Annas (John 18: 22). Smote him—beat Him with clenched fists. Blindfolded him—scoffingly putting His supernatural powers to the test by tauntingly asking Him to "prophecy" who struck Him. Many other things blasphemously, etc.—R. V., "And many other things spake they against him, reviling him." According to Matthew, they addressed Him as "Thou Christ" in mockery and ribaldry.

"One word, and His smiters might have been laid low in death. But as He had begun He would end—as self-restrained

in the use of His awful powers on His own behalf, as if He had been the most helpless of men (Geikie).—Behold affronts and indignities which the world thinks it right never to pardon, which the Son of God endures with a divine meekness! Let us cast at the feet of Jesus that false honor, that quick sense of affront, which exaggerates everything and pardons nothing, and, above all, that devilish determination in resenting injuries (Quesnel).

66-68. As soon as it was day—"straightway in the morning" (Mark). No time must be lost. At the earliest possible moment, a legal meeting of the Sanhedrin must be held. The hour was probably about half past five. Elders, chief priests, scribes—"the three constituent parts of the Sanhedrin" (1 Macc. 14: 28)" (Farrar). Led him into their council—or sanhedrin, whence the term "Sanhedrin." Art thou the Christ? (R. V., "if thou art the Christ.")—They wished to construct a charge of treason out of His confession that He was the Messiah. This would weigh with Pilate, whereas the charge of blasphemy would be dismissed. Ye will not believe.—See John 8: 59; 10: 31. If I ask you, ye will not answer.—Ye have prejudged My case; it is vain to reason with you or answer you. Nor let me go—omitted in R. V.

69-71. Hereafter—R. V., "but from henceforth." Shall the Son of Man sit (R. V., "be seated") etc.—"Our Lord seems at last to have broken His silence in order to end a miserable and useless scene" (Farrar). He tacitly admits that He is in their power now, but in a few hours, and forever after, His place will be that of the executive of God's power. Art thou the Son of God?—Are you what your words imply? Ye say that I am—the Hebrew affirmation: "Ye say correctly, for I am." What need we any further witnesses?—As far as the death of Christ had a human judicial ground, that ground was His own claim to be the Son of God. Either his claim was correct, or the Jews were right in putting Him to death" (Schaff).

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REPENTANCE hath two parts—mourning and mending, or humiliation and reformation; the more God hath abated thee in the former, out of his gentleness, the more must thou increase in the latter, out of thy gratitude. Well may he expect more work to be done by thy hands, who hath laid less weight to be born on thy shoulders.

Rev. Charles Garrett stated at the Epworth stone-laying, that the Wesleyans hated the three D's—namely, Debt, Dirt, and the Devil. A fourth, he thought, might be added; for if it was not for the Drink there would not be much dirt, not much debt, and very little work for the devil to do.

Preaching is the chief function of the Christian ministry; and of all public speakers the preacher has the least right to address an audience unless he has something to say that has cost him brain-sweat and heart-throes to prepare. Some ministers, and even some parishioners, seem at times to forget this.

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Temperance.

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

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

Personal Experience.

In declining wine a man said recently: "I have no prejudice whatever against the use of liquors. I think the question is purely personal and I decided for myself years ago. I had always been in the habit of drinking, and had never found that I allowed liquor to interfere with business or duty. But once when I was in Salt Lake City (that was years and years ago) I made a speculation in eggs. I bought up all I could, equipped a wagon-train to take them to mining camps in Idaho and prepared to start. It was fall, and I had decided to start on a certain evening in order to lose no time in getting beyond the mountains, where there was danger of getting caught in a storm and losing all my eggs. But the prospect of a long wagon journey was not a cheerful one, and in bidding farewell to comfortable quarters I solaced myself with drinking. I did not become drunk. I have never been drunk in my life, but I came to the conclusion that one day more or less would make little difference. It made all the difference in the world. I was caught in a storm which I should have missed had I started on time. I lost every egg, was forced to abandon a valuable train, and when I again landed in Salt Lake City was "broke." Drinking had interfered with my business once. In fact it nearly ruined me, when I should certainly have turned a pretty fortune. It has never cost me a cent since that time.—*Tribune.*

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. An old man replied: "I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a loving wife and two fine lads. We had a comfortable home. But we used to drink ale 'to make us work.' Those two lads I laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and lies by her two sons. Had it not been for drink I might now be an independent gentleman. But I used to 'drink to make me work.' Mark! it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink, and it will make thee work."—*The Life Boat.*

On the first Monday in November the people of Nebraska will vote on two constitutional amendments: 1. "The manufacture, sale, and keeping for sale, of intoxicating liquors as a beverage,

are forever prohibited in this State, and the Legislature shall provide, by law, for the enforcement of this provision."

2. "The manufacture, sale, and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, shall be licensed and regulated by law."

General Von Moltke, one of the greatest of men and most successful of generals, says: "Certainly one of the greatest enemies of Germany is the nuisance of alcohol. A healthy man needs no such stimulant, and to give it to children, which is often done, is absolutely wicked."—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

That sixty per cent. of the students attending the Toronto Medical College are pledged total abstainers is a fact in which the friends of temperance may well rejoice. In no direction is the change of sentiment on this question more marked than in the different opinions entertained by the medical fraternity now as compared with a quarter of a century ago. Now the testimony of those who of all men are best qualified to judge of the effects of alcohol upon the human system, is overwhelmingly in favor of the practice of total abstinence. Nor can this fact fail to influence the rising generation, provided they are made acquainted with it. If the doctors, whom the boys regard as oracles in matters pertaining to the body, pronounce against alcoholic beverages, they will be led to view these drinks with grave distrust. In this circumstance lies one of the greatest advantages of temperance instruction in schools. Temperance people have reason to be encouraged by the progress their cause is making. Let there be no slackening of effort along the line of moral suasion.—*Toronto Truth.*

Men license saloons for men to get drunk in, then hire men to arrest the drunkards and let them sober off in a cell. This thing occurs in Detroit every day. On our way down street last week we saw a policeman holding up a miserable sot at a signal station while he summoned the patrol wagon. We paused. A bartender stood laughing in the door of a saloon near by. The patrol wagon came rushing up. The drunkard was hustled in, and the horses were headed for the central station. As the brave officers passed the saloon door one of them nodded his head half-approvingly at the bartender as much as to say, "You have done it. Your business makes our business necessary. Go ahead."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

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The Methodist Review.

The November-December number of the *Methodist Review* may properly be called an Old Testament number, since it closes the volume of 1890 with a concluding defense of some of the important questions whose discussion it has undertaken through the year. Its editorials on "The Relation of the Old Testament to Christian Faith" and "The Crime of the Higher Criticism" are particularly noticeable, in their maintenance of the accepted standards as against the views of English and German liberalists. Professor A. B. Hyde furnishes a satisfactory paper on "Ezra the Scribe." J. F. Fradenburg, D. D., writes instructively of "Recent Explorations in Egypt." Dr. C. W. Gallagher discusses "Geology and Sacred Chronology." Professor O. B. Super predicts "The Mission of the Anglo-Saxon," and Professor M. S. Terry furnishes a paraphrase of "The Prophecy of Amos."

The other editorial departments are, as usual, ably conducted. The "Opinion" is erudite and attractive. In "The Arena" is found a grouping of miscellaneous and timely papers. The "Itinerants' Club" was never better, and is a growing factor of helpfulness to the younger ministry of Methodism. In "Foreign Resume" and "Spirit of the; Reviews and Magazines" the latest phases of religious thought are presented. The Book Critiques and Notices are unusually full. In its entirety this veteran publication of the Church was never more abreast of current thought, and never so valiant in its championship of the truth. As it deserves, and as we are glad to know, the Review is gaining an increased circulation among the patrons of higher Christian literature.

Cardinal Newman and Stopford Brooke furnished the subjects of two very interesting articles in the *New England Magazine* for October,—accompanied by portraits of each from recent London photographs. Professor Genung of Amherst treats of John Henry Newman as a Writer, and William Clarke writes appreciatively of Stopford Brooke as preacher, biographer, reformer, writer, poet and friend. Another article in the same issue, bearing on English matters, will be enjoyed by those interested in the architecture of the British Houses of Parliament. Ashton R. Willard writes on this theme, and his article is beautifully illustrated.

"The native Church in this land, and specially in this province," writes Rev. M. C. Wilcox from Foochow, China, "has met with quite a loss in the death, on Aug. 11, of T. Ahok, Esq., the Chinese Christian merchant, who gave us \$10 000 towards founding the Anglo Chinese College, now a department of our Foochow University. Mr. Ahok was active as a Christian worker, and had made many gifts to various objects; that to our educational work being the largest. He was elected lay delegate to the last General Conference, but pressure of business affairs prevented him from going to America."

THE PENINSULA METHODIST to new subscribers, for 14 months, for \$1. cash



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"Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!"
"Well; what is it?"
"How is your mother, this morning?"
"Very much better; she had a real restful sleep last night; she is almost rid of her night-sweats, cough and nervousness, and is growing quite cheerful. How grateful we all are to you for that bottle of medicine."
"Don't speak of gratitude. What does the doctor say?"
"He says he never saw so wonderful a change in such a serious lung trouble. He still thinks we are giving his medicines. I don't like to tell him."
"That's right. He's an old friend, you know. I'm sure your mother will get well now; but you won't forget the name of the medicine, will you?"
"Never! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are household words already, and it has come to stay. Do come and see what sunshine it has brought already."
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WILMINGTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

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

City Notes.

A RECEPTION.—Last Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Field, of Kentmere, tendered their guests, Rev. Dr. Henry Spellmeyer, wife and daughter, a very elegant reception. As it was a family affair, none but Grace Church people being invited, the editor of THE PENINSULA METHODIST, appreciated very highly, the compliment of an invitation, making him an exception.

About one hundred and fifty persons were present, and a most delightful season of social intercourse was enjoyed. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and plants, and choice refreshments were served.

Dr. Spellmeyer preached Sunday morning, to a large congregation, from the words, "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

"For now we see through a glass darkly; then, face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know, even as I am known." 1 Cor. 13: 9-12.

In the afternoon special services were held in the Sunday-school room, which was attractive with floral decorations. Drs. Spellmeyer and Todd made addresses.

At night, Dr. Todd, the pastor, preached.

SCOTT.—The grand success attending the reopening exercises at this church, Sunday, the 19th ult., is worthy of more detailed notice, than the simple fact as stated in the report of the *Preachers' Meeting*, last week. Dr. Reed preached his admirable sermon on the personal and relative benefits of church building, from the text, "He loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue," and struck fire.

The platform meeting in the after-

noon added a decided increment to the momentum of the movement. H. P. Cannon, Esq., of Bridgeville, Del., and representatives of sister city churches, made effective addresses.

At night, Rev. Jonathan S. Willis, of Milford, Del., preached. Bro. Willis has come to be recognized, as a very efficient and successful operator on church collection lines; and this, in addition to his long established reputation for pulpit oratory. The result of the day's work was such generous giving, that at the day's close, the pastor's heart, and the hearts of his people were made jubilant in being able to say, with reference to the extensive and beautiful improvements, "all claims met."

Rev. N. M. Browne, and Mrs. Browne, of Newark, Del., whose successful pastorate of three years over this charge, closed two years ago last spring, were present, during the day, and contributed much to the pleasure, and profit of the occasion; receiving most cordial greetings from their former parishioners.

The pastor, Rev. V. S. Collins has good reason for large congratulations.

It was the privilege of the editor of THE PENINSULA METHODIST to meet, by invitation, Drs. Reed and Murray, Mrs. Murray, Miss Margaret Murray, Revs. Willis and Browne, Mrs. Browne, and Miss Caldwell, with H. P. Cannon and J. J. Mahoney, Esqs., at the Scott parsonage, and enjoy an elegant tea with these guests of brother and sister Collins.

ASBURY.—The 101st anniversary of this "mother of us all," was celebrated the 19th ult., as has been reported by our correspondent, with eclat, and gratifying spiritual results. The week preceding was devoted to preparatory religious work, and the Sunday services were at high tide; and J. Wesley Price, pastor of our Church in Ogden, Utah, had great liberty in preaching the everlasting gospel. Monday night, Rev. T. A. Fernley, the writer's senior colleague on Elkton circuit, 1851-2, preached with great acceptability to a large congregation. Asbury will always welcome Bro. Fernley to her pulpit.

The meeting has been continued up to the present time; several brethren of the Philadelphia Conference assisting the pastor, Rev. J. C. Hanna. Up to last Monday there had been over 70 conversions reported.

WESLEY.—We were so crowded last week with "news from the churches," that the important announcement, of the re-opening services of this flourishing young member of the sisterhood of Wilmington Methodist churches, had to go over, with several other interesting items, to the 13th page of that issue. The growth and development of

Wesley is a marvel. What is practically a new church has been demanded in less than two years since the erection of the first; and in addition, these earnest and enterprising people, have erected a parsonage. As the pastor, Rev. W. G. Koons, very truly says, "the enterprise is certainly worthy of the liberality of all Methodist people;" and we would add, of all other people, who are interested in the increase of really effective gospel agencies.

We trust to-morrow, the 2nd inst., will prove a day of grand financial and spiritual successes.

Dr. S. F. UPHAM, of Drew Theological Seminary, one of the most able and eloquent of our ministers, is to preach at 10 a. m.; Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald, D. D., one of our new bishops, and a clear, forcible, and impressive preacher, at 2 30 p. m.; and Dr. Jacob Todd at 7 30 p. m.

Wilmington District.

During a nine days' tour through Cecil County, beginning October 21st., I have held seven quarterly conferences, two love feasts, delivered four preludes on local option, and four addresses on "high license vs. prohibition," preached five sermons and conducted four revival services.

I have no doubt there is a *secret* campaign in advocacy of high license, but I have only heard one man who favors it, and he was doing it on the sly, as if ashamed of it. He must have felt that in his efforts to put a saloon next door to his neighbor, he was intentionally violating the Golden Rule.

All our pastors in the county are wide awake and hard at work, doing what they can to prevent the establishment of another reign of license. Bro. Quigg has organized an anti-license league. Bro. Hill preached last Sunday evening, answering the objections brought against local prohibition, and next Sunday evening, will state and enlarge upon the objections which temperance people make to the proposed high license law.

I am sorry to say, that up to date, there is but little interest manifested in the question of the eligibility of women to the electoral and general conferences.

Much to my regret, some of the Sunday Schools which survived the camp-meetings and dog days, have been fatally frost-bitten. Others are making great efforts to hold on, and teach through the winter.

Rising Sun has provided to spend \$100 on their S. S. library, and Bro. E. K. Brown, a benevolent member, has promised to add a donation of 20 volumes.

Elkton has added 276 chairs to their Sunday School accommodations, the church has been painted outside, and all its expenses have been provided for.

Bro. Short has awakened great interest at Mt. Pleasant, and is preparing to put a new dress on the old church.

Epworth Leagues are flourishing, and revival fires are being kindled. The centennial services at Bethel have awakened great interest, and have been a financial and spiritual success. The church is hungering for righteousness and burning in her wrath against iniquity.

W. L. S. MURRAY, P. E.
 October 29th, 1890.

Conference News.

Hopkins' Memorial.

MR. EDITOR:—When Bro. Hopkins of India, was of Linkwood, he decided to build a church there, and left \$50 for that purpose. Bro. Wheatley, the present pastor, has the honor of concluding the enterprise. Last Sunday, October 26th, he was assisted in the dedicatory services, including collection and preaching, by Bro. J. H. Howard of Cambridge, Bro. L. W. Layfield of East New Market, and myself. The church cost nearly \$800; a little more than enough was subscribed, \$800 of which has already been paid, or will be at once. A little over \$300 was provided on the day of dedication.

The task was not a little one, for Bro. Wheatley. The church is not a *church*; it is a house, neat and nice, dedicated to the service of religion, entirely free from debt, without a single member or probationer. There is a Sunday School of 30 members to use it. There will be a small congregation to hear their devoted pastor preach, and there will be members, some day.

Under the circumstances, all interested were sorry the day was rainy. In the morning less than 100 were present, and these were the persons who had given the \$300, already paid out, but they gave again. In the afternoon the audience was still smaller, but there was more giving. In the evening, the audience was small again, but the giving was big all day. Before Bro. Layfield began his sermon at night, the collection was history. The Doxology was sung, and the house was dedicated, after which Rev. L. W. Layfield preached one of those sermons, for which he is famous. One of his leading members told me that Bro. Layfield had preached none but excellent sermons, since his coming into Dorchester County.

The people of Cambridge, many of whom I met, would say it is needless to characterize Bro. Howard's sermon, for he can't help preaching well; it's in him.

What of Bro. Wheatley? Much every way. He is a great-hearted Methodist preacher. The people love him, because they can't help it. He is a living testimony to the power of Jesus over men. In money matters, absolutely correct; in meeting obligations, punctual; in dealing with the people, kind, though unflinching. In works he abounds, and that most successfully. We have room for a host of such Local Preachers.

Too much praise cannot be given the noble people who paid for the beautiful "Hopkins' Memorial Church" of Linkwood, Md. I had the pleasure of dining at Bro. Reid's, who is an interested reader of THE PENINSULA METHODIST, and, of course, up with the times.

E. I. HUBBARD.

Mr. Wanamaker's Favor to the Papers.

From the Doylestown Intelligencer.
 Postmaster General Wanamaker evidently appreciates the manner in which newspaper publishers are frequently beaten out of money, by small-souled subscribers. He recently made the important decision that postmasters who fail to notify publishers when subscribers move away, or fail to take them away from the post-office, shall be responsible for the subscription.

Sixth General Conference of District Epworth League

Will hold its second Delegated Convention in Baltimore, November 18 20, 1890.

Meeting of the Board of Control, TUESDAY, the 18th., at 10 30 A. M.

At 7.30 p. m., address on "The Supreme Aim of the Epworth League," by Rev. Vaughan S. Collins, A. M., President of the District League, followed by a consecration service.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Reports from District Officers, from Presiding Elder's Districts, (by delegates), and from local chapters, (by delegates); appointment of committees.

AFTERNOON

"Home Life at Epworth," by Rev. Austin M. Courtenay, D. D., of Madison Square M. E. Church; "Duty of the League to the Church," by Rev. J. S. Robinette, D. D., of Asylum St. M. E. Church, Knoxville, Tenn.; "Duty of the Church to the League," by Rev. E. B. Burroughs, of Aiken, S. C.; each followed by discussion.

EVENING.

"The Ideal Young Christian," by Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, D. D., cor. sec'y., Epworth League.

THURSDAY.

"The Possibilities of the League among our Colored Brethren in the South," by Rev. E. C. Brown, A. M., Presiding Elder of Orangeburg District. Question Box, to be opened by Rev. Lyman E. Prentiss, D. D., of First M. E. Church, Knoxville, Tenn.

AFTERNOON.

"Value of Public Testimony to the Young Christian," by Rev. W. B. Geoghegan, of Eastw. St., M. E. Church; "The Epworth League Prayer Meeting," by Rev. W. L. S. Murray, D. D., Presiding Elder of Wilmington District; each followed by discussion. "Value of Organization," by Charles E. Hill, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, of Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church.

EVENING.

"The Model League." Rev. Vaughan S. Collins, pres.; Rev. E. B. Burroughs, sec'y.; first vice-pres., John H. Adams, of East Baltimore, M. E. Church; second, Rev. W. R. Stricklen, of Wesley Chapel; third, Rev. Charles A. Grise, of Brandywine M. E. Church, Wilmington, Del.; fourth, Rev. W. W. Davis, A. M., of Mt. Olivet M. E. Church; cor. sec'y., George Ward, of Wesley Chapel; treas., Rev. Lyman E. Prentiss, D. D. Closing service.

DELEGATES PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

1st. On arriving in Baltimore, go at once to the East Baltimore M. E. Church, Corner Baltimore and Washington streets, and you will be shown to your place of entertainment.

2nd. All set speeches and papers during morning and afternoon sessions, limited to twenty minutes, and speeches during discussions to five minutes each.

3rd. Let each officer of General Conference District League bring a written report of his work. Let the report from the Presiding Elder's District contain date of organization, number of chapters, number of members, number of district meetings held, outlook. Let local chapter's report contain date of organization, number of Charter, number of Charter members, pres-

ent membership, number and kind of meetings held, number of conversions, other items.

4th. REMEMBER, the convention begins 7.45 P. M., Tuesday, November 19th. We hope to see every delegate in his or her place, at this opening session. Let our "Epworth League Assembly" prove to be a grand "Epworth League Rally."

5th. Let every Epworth League worker in this territory pray that our God may be with us in mighty power, and make the convention an "upper chamber" from which we shall all go down to our homes baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Yours, to 'Look up and Lift up,'
VAUGHN S. COLLINS.

WILMINGTON PREACHERS' MEETING met in Fletcher Hall, Monday, October 27th, 1890, at 10 a. m., president W. E. Avery in the chair.

Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. B. Guthrie, of Holland's Island. In the absence of the secretary, E. C. Atkins, Rev. L. E. Barrett was elected secretary, pro tem.

Rev. Dr. Spellmeyer of Newark Conference, was introduced and made a few remarks.

Members present; Dr. J. Todd, H. Sanderson, W. E. Tomkinson, J. T. Van Burk-alow, T. C. Smoot, C. A. Grise, A. P. Prettyman.

Bro. Guthrie made a short statement of his visit to Wilmington and work.

On motion, the order of the day was then taken up, and Dr. Todd gave an instructive and interesting account of his European trip.

Bro. Van Burkalow offered a resolution of thanks to Dr. Todd, for his report.

On motion, the report on Sabbath desecration was taken up and laid on the table for two weeks.

Curator's report for November 3rd., "A Defence of Peter," by Rev. Albert Thatcher; November 10th, "Freedom of the Will," by Rev. B. F. Price.

Meeting adjourned with Benediction by Dr. Spellmeyer. L. E. BARRETT, Secretary, pro tem.

Easton District Epworth League.

Pursuant to the call issued by a committee appointed by the District Preachers' Association, for the purpose of organizing the young people's societies of the district, the delegates, notwithstanding the storm, assembled in Asbury M. E. Church, Smyrna Del., Oct. 23rd., at 10.30 a. m.

Morning session. The Presiding Elder, Rev. John France, was called to the chair, and Richard Hodgson made secretary. Devotional services were led by Rev. V. S. Collins. Bro. Collins then, at the request of those present, gave an outline of the work proposed by the Epworth League, after which it was decided to organize a District League.

The following committees were then appointed by the chair.

On constitution, Revs. R. C. Jones and R. Irving Watkins.

On nominations, Rev. T. H. Haynes, Dr. A. E. Sndler, and Aubrey Vandever.

On resolutions, Revs. R. W. Todd, A. Chandler, R. K. Stephenson, and W. W. Wilson.

Short reports were heard from the Chapters of the Epworth League on the District. Adjourned with benediction by

Rev. R. K. Stephenson, to meet at 2 p. m.

Afternoon session, Rev. John France, P. E., in chair. Devotions led by Rev. A. Chandler. Minutes read and approved. Committee on constitution reported. Report considered, and after some changes, was adopted. Committee on nominations made the following report; pres., Rev. R. K. Stephenson; 1st vice-pres., Dr. A. E. Sndler; 2nd vice-pres., Rev. E. H. Nelson; 3rd vice-pres., Rev. R. C. Jones; cor. sec'y., Rev. R. Irving Watkins, rec. sec'y., R. Hodgson; treas., Rev. W. W. Wilson; executive committee, Rev. Jno. France, P. E., of Easton District, Rev. R. W. Todd, and Rev. Albert Chandler; report accepted, and officers elected as nominated. Delegates were then elected to represent the District at the 6th Gen. Conference Dis't. Epworth League, as follows; Revs. R. K. Stephenson and R. Irving Watkins, delegates, and Rev. R. W. Todd and Aubrey Vandever, alternates. Committee on resolutions made following report, which was unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, There is a manifest need for the better culture and development of the spiritual life, and the social and intellectual nature of our young people, therefore,

Resolved, That we hail with great satisfaction the organization of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, believing that it has in it the possibilities of the highest usefulness, and, we hereby earnestly suggest to all churches on the Easton district, wherever possible, to organize in this work.

Resolved, That we hereby commend to the churches on this District, our Brother, Rev. R. K. Stephenson, who has been this day elected president of the Easton District Epworth League; and we trust that all our pastors and official members will heartily co-operate with him in the work of organization in the different charges.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the fact that we now have a young people's paper of the highest character for ability, sprightliness, and spirituality, and we earnestly recommend to our young people in every charge, that they become subscribers for *The Epworth Herald*.

Resolved, That our thanks are hereby tendered to the pastor and trustees of this church for the use of the church, and to the citizens of Smyrna, for their cordial reception and entertainment.

After the transaction of some other items of business, the meeting adjourned with the benediction by Rev. R. W. Todd.

Evening session, 7.30 p. m., P. E. Rev. John France, presiding. Devotional services led by Rev. R. C. Jones. Rev. V. S. Collins was then introduced to the audience, and delivered the address of the evening. Revs. R. Irving Watkins, R. K. Stephenson, and R. C. Jones then made short addresses. A vote of thanks was tendered Bro. Collins for his address and aid in organizing the district.

Minutes of afternoon and evening sessions read and approved. Adjourned with benediction by Rev. John France.

R. IRVING WATKINS,
Cor. Sec'y.

Delmar, Del.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—The vote on the admission of women as Lay Delegates, as far as taken on this charge, is as follows:

Mt. Pleasant For, 37. Against, 2.—St. Georges', For, 13; none against.

Thus far, no woman has voted against herself. The brethren here mostly consider their wives and daughters on an equality with themselves, at least in church matters and socially and intellectually.

Prof. John R. Todd of the Conference

Academy, spent last Sunday with us, and preached here very acceptably, morning and evening.

Revival fires are still ablaze on this charge; successful meetings being in progress at St. George's and at Mt. Pleasant; and the regular means of grace in Delmar, are seasons of great spiritual interest. One of the conductors on the Railroad was converted at his house, to day.

A. D. DAVIS.

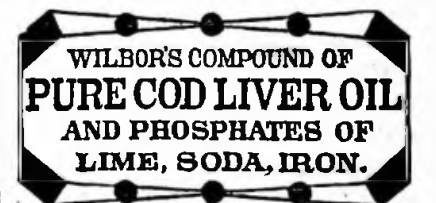
Oct. 27, 1890.

It is reported, that Dr. W. L. S. Murray in lecturing in Elk Neck against High License, said, "now brethren, if through the adoption of High License, a saloon shall be opened in North East, you will not escape its blighting and destroying influences, because the tendency of intoxicating liquors has always been to go down the neck;" "and," said the dominie, "I assure you, it will do you no harm, if you keep it out of your neck."

ALMOST Time, isn't it, to be looking for that new Suit or Overcoat? Will you want a Double or Single Breasted Sack, 3-button Cutaway or Prince Albert Suit? Of course you want the latest styles in both cut and material and want a Suit to look as much like an ordered Suit as is possible to get. You will find the Novelties at Sixth and Market, and such prices as no one can better. Have you looked through our stock of Boys' and Childrens' Clothing? Nobby New York styles and patterns from the best makers, and every garment guaranteed to be satisfactory; and you will save money in getting well made clothing, as it wears longer and looks better.

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FLESH, BLOOD, NERVE, BRAIN.

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

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OUR NEW SERIAL.

Fetters Broken;OR,
ELWOOD EARL'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF BLANCH MONTAGUE

CHAPTER XVII.—AT THE DISTILLERY.

After an hour of picking their way over one of the roughest mountain paths in the Adirondacks, the two men descended into a little clearing, in a hollow, a few hundred yards wide, hemmed in on all sides by thickly wooded hills.

Here they found a mass of rough buildings, rudely constructed out of un-hewn stones.

The place looked in the moonlight, like the ruins of an old factory.

"This," said Bancroft, alighting at the rude gate, "is our destination.

"The place is owned by Judas Cain, an old distiller, who has lived here for many years, and whose extreme stinginess has won him the title of old Gripsack.

When things go in his favor, and he is successful, he is pleasant, and, in a way, agreeable; but when anything affects his business, or threatens his pocket-book, he is cruel and unrelenting, in his hatred.

If your father is still under the influence of liquor, and unmanageable, he will be glad to have him gone; but if he is sober, and gives promise of usefulness, he will do all in his power to retain him in his service; especially as he needs help, at this time.

It is a question in my mind; whether we will be admitted here, after our business is known, if Judas Cain wishes to keep his new book-keeper. At any rate it will be well for us to use some strategem until we have learned the state of affairs."

Elwood Earl agreed to leave the matter entirely to George Bancroft, relying upon his judgment to manage it successfully.

By this time they had reached the low, deep doorway, that furnished the only entrance to the dingy apartments, known at the distillery, as the "living quarters."

Here the trucker rapped, with his broad knuckles, and in a few minutes a shaggy head was thrust out from a small aperture, in the wall, a few feet above the door, and a rough voice called, "who's there?"

"It is your neighbor, George Bancroft," said the elder gentleman, stepping out of the shadow of the doorway, into the moonlight, "I was down at the 'Blue Jack,' this evening, and I heard that your new book-keeper had turned out bad, and finding a young man there who was well educated, but

now without work, I have brought him up to see you."

"Wall; now," said the distiller, "if yer 'ud a cum this mornin' I wud a ben glad ter hev seed ye, fur my new clerk did play me a game trick yister-day, but he's bin sober es a biled owl all day, an' says he is mighty sorry, and wants ter stay, and bein' as he's promised to pay fur the liquor he drunk, I've concluded to keep him fur awhile."

"Well," said the shrewd trucker, assuming an air of perfect indifference, "if you are suited, all right; I need not give you any more trouble, but it strikes me that this young fellow is a man that could be relied on to keep sober, better than your clerk; but then you know your business."

George Bancroft had calculated rightly; this apparent unconcern, and the casual remark he had made, accomplished the result he had desired, for the miserly old man, who was ever on the alert to advance his own interests, was at once interested.

"Hold on Bancroft," he said, "I will let yer in and hev a talk with the youngster."

The head was withdrawn from the wicket, and in a few moments the two men heard Judas Cain's heavy footsteps in the room; then the sound of heavy bars being let down and strong bolts shoved back, reached their ears.

"It is well we have managed to enter this castle by strategy," said George Bancroft, "for it is evident that only armed men could have forced an entrance here, and who can tell what might have happened to your poor father, while we procured authority, and the means necessary to storm this stronghold."

"Be careful now," he said, laying his hand on Elwood's arm, as he heard Judas Cain turn the key in the lock; "an unguarded word now may defeat all our plans."

CHAPTER XVIII.—IN OLD GRIPSACK'S PRISON.

The young lawyer had not time to reply, for the door had swung open, and the burly form of the distiller stood in the archway, holding an ill-kept and smoking coal oil lamp in his hand.

He bade them enter, and handing the lamp to Bancroft, locked the door, shoved the bolts in their places, and carefully replaced the bars.

"Yer may think I'm over perticler about this here ranch, gentlemen; but fact is, I 'spose it's habit; for I'm not ready to render up my account yit, an' I 'spect there's enough 'round yer, none too good to whack Judas Cain over the head, if they thought they could git a few shiners;" and the old man laughed to himself, as he led the way into an adjoining room, or more properly, cell;

for the whole interior was more of a prison than a home. The walls were of rough, unplastered stone, while the windows, few in number, were near the ceiling, and securely guarded by massive iron gratings.

Elwood Earl shuddered, as the dim light of the smoking lamp, half revealed the gloomy place.

"O, my God!" he thought; "to what utter degradation my poor father must have fallen, to beg a man like Judas Cain, for the privilege of remaining in such a place as this."

The distiller shoved a rude bench to Elwood, and setting the lamp where its feeble light would fall full upon him, regarded him for a moment, with close scrutiny; after a while he said:

"Yer look spry enough, and if yer a mind to help me, I don't keer if I give yer a trial; but how I'm to get shet of this here other feller, I don't jist see."

"O, I can manage that," said Bancroft; "if you choose to give this young man a chance, I think I can induce the other one to leave; but mind, he must not know that we are here, or that he has a rival in the field. You have only to keep us out of sight till morning, and then after he goes to the office, tell him that he must leave on the ten o'clock boat, for Albany, to collect some bills due you, from a large liquor house; he will leave at once, and when he has reached the main road, I will meet him, and then I promise you that I will see that he does not return again; and when we are gone you can establish your new book-keeper, in his place."

The old man wrung his hands, and laughed with glee, for he saw that there was a way out of his difficulty at once.

He promised that he would follow George Bancroft's plans; and then conducting the two men up a narrow flight of stone steps, he ushered them into a larger and somewhat better ventilated apartment, built in the same general way, but with the windows larger, and lower.

Here he left them, and went back to his lodge, over the door, where he habitually slept.

Left to themselves, George Bancroft and Elwood Earl talked over their plans for the next day; plans, the successful issue of which meant so much to Elwood Earl, and those dearest to him.

They were both tired, but they would have had to have been much more fatigued before they would have consented to lie down upon the wretched heap of rags, that was huddled together, in one corner of the room, to do duty as a bed.

Judas Cain had made no apology for the lack of comfort, in the miserable pen, where he had so unceremoniously thrust his guests; and it was well

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that he did not attempt it, for had he done justice to the circumstances, it would have taken till morning to have framed an apology broad enough to cover all the discomfort before them.

Fortunately the two men had not time to sleep, but spent the hours in consulting, as to their future course.

At last it was decided that when George Bancroft had Hubert Earl at a safe distance from the distillery, he should tell him the whole truth, and all that had transpired, and hasten with him to his home; for Elwood knew that nothing distressed his mother so much, or baffled the skill of her physician, as the anxiety she felt, to know the condition of his father.

"Lose no time," he said to Mr. Bancroft, "but hasten, at once to my mother; and as soon as I can find an opportunity to steal away from this miserable place, I will join you at our home."

An hour before day, George Bancroft mounted one horse and leading the other, stole out of the enclosure, and turned into the path leading to the main road.

Once there, he tethered the horses where they could crop the long, dewy grass; and stretching himself at full length upon the ground, awaited the coming of Hubert Earl.

By daylight all the inmates of the distillery were astir; the fires were lighted under the stills, and before the sun had lighted up the distant mountain peaks, Elwood Earl saw his father opening the shutters of Judas Cain's office.

For a moment a pang shot through his heart, as he beheld this scene from the grated window of his room, but the sense of pain was soon followed by a feeling of joy, as he thought, "before the sun has set, my father will be at his home; and for a time he forgot the humiliation and shame.

Two hours later he saw his father leave the place, in company with a guide, whom the distiller had instructed to show Hubert Earl the path leading out upon the main road, and then return.

The two men were walking, for Judas Cain had told the merchant that he could not spare a horse that morning, as his team had left at an early hour, to deliver an order at a large hotel, up in the mountains.

Judas Cain was a man who wasted no time when money was at stake, and before Hubert Earl, and his guide had reached the summit of the first hill, Elwood was at his breakfast, and a few minutes later, in the dingy office of the distiller, he was transcribing from the day book into the ledger, the accounts that his father had entered there the day before.

To be continued.

Items.

A beautiful addition to the churches of New York is the Protestant Episcopal Church of All Angels, at Eighty-first street and West End avenue, the gift, in memory of his parents, of the Rev. Dr. Chandler F. Hoffman. The edifice, which costs \$250,000 was recently dedicated.

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, of London, is president of a medical society numbering 400 medical men actively engaged in daily practice, and of 100 students engaged in student work, every one of whom, practitioners and students, is an abstainer from alcohol.

The revenue derived from the liquor trade in the whole United States is \$1.95 per inhabitant; in New York, \$2.30; in Pennsylvania, \$1.49; in New Jersey, \$2.95; in Massachusetts, \$1.02; in Connecticut and Rhode Island, 65 cents; in New Hampshire, 85 cents. In Maine, the whole amount received was \$23,845, or three and two thirds cents per inhabitant, which is about the same as in Vermont.

Rev. T. A. Fernley, corresponding secretary of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association, has prepared a form of appeal, for closing the Columbian Exposition on the Lord's Day. It is important that prompt and earnest remonstrances be made by friends of the Sabbath, as its enemies are determined to spare no effort to have the Exposition kept open on that day.

Some foreign exchanges note two remarkable instances of conversion from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism. The first is that of a cure in Greifswald, who was reached through the accidental perusal of a couple of stray pages of the smaller Lutheran catechism; the other is that of a Swiss village of 500 souls under the preaching of an evangelical sermon.

A prominent business firm in Nebraska, in discussing the liquor question, said: We are in favor of Prohibition, because last year, without saloons in this place, we were enabled to collect better and discount more bills than we ever were when we had saloons. Saloons take money from the honorable channels of trade, and give nothing in return but ill health and poverty. During "dry" years, the young men of our town and county pay their accounts. During "wet" years, they often dead beat us. Give us Prohibition, from a business stand-point! Morally the saloon is, and of right ought to be, outlawed.

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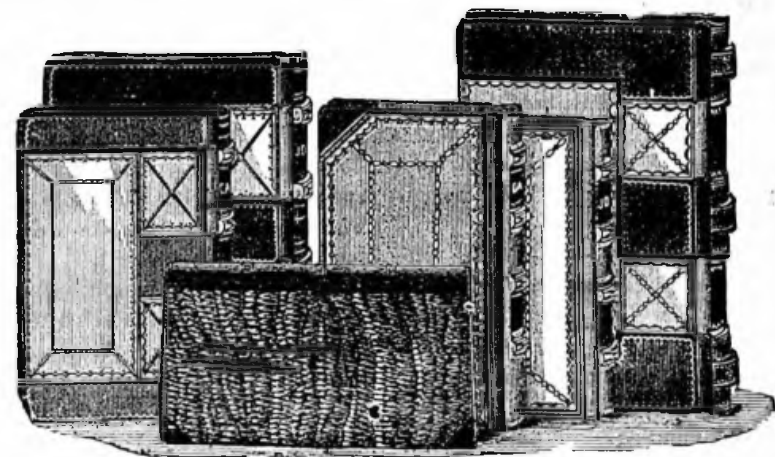
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Youth's Department.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A little hand within my own
I hold,
More precious 'tis than silver, gems,
Or gold
White, dimpled, soft, it nestles
'Neath my arm,
As if once sheltered there, 'twere safe
From harm.
Oh! darling little hand that clings
To mine,
Oh, loving, trustful eyes that
Softly shine.
You look to me for all that love
Can give,
Will look to me so long as both
Shall live.
I feel my great unfitness for
The task;
More patience, Lord, more gentleness
I ask.
More love with which to teach Thy
Love divine;
Less faith in my own strength, much more
In Thine.
More courage, faith and hope, to point
The road,
That narrow road and straight, which leads
To God.

—Sel.

Patty's Presumption.

"Hullo!"

A little white face turned wearily and a gleam of interest shot into the tired eyes, as they caught sight of Patty out side the window. Patty was short and fat, and her face covered with freckles, but to the little invalid she seemed a picture of beauty, for she belonged to the great outside world of which the sick girl caught only an occasional glimpse from her window in the big red brick hospital.

"Hullo!" she said, returning Patty's vigorous greeting, in a weak little voice. "See, I have brought you some flowers," continued Patty, holding up her hands full of buttercups and daisies. "I got them at a picnic; but how shall I get them up to you? Will they let me climb up to the window?"

Patience nodded, and Patty, tying the flowers in her handkerchief, climbed lightly up, clinging to the lightning-rod and the window-sill, and holding by one hand, emptied the contents of the handkerchief into Patience's lap. The sick child gave a cry of gladness, and gathering them up held them close to her face.

"They are lots prettier in the woods and meadows," said Patty. "They just peek up among the green leaves so cute. I wish you could see them."

"I wish I could," said Patience, her face full of longing. "I never was in the woods in all my life."

"O my!" gasped Patty, "how sorry I am for you. I wish I could take you there, but we haven't anything but our baby-carriage, and you couldn't double your feet up in that, cause you're lame."

Just then the matron entered, giving Patty such a fright that she nearly

fell off the window ledge; but the matron only smiled when she saw her, and stopped to look at the flowers.

"Her name is Patty," exclaimed Patience, "and she lives next door. She feels so sorry for me because I'm lame, that she saved me these flowers. She says if they had a carriage she would take me to the woods, too."

"Well, I don't know about that; if they had a carriage, they would be like all the rest of the folks—never a thought for any one but themselves. I often think that if the people who have carriages would remember the sick in the hospitals, how many weary days would be brightened."

"Patty, Patty," called a shrill voice, "ma says to come home and take care of the baby."

And she slid down to the ground pondering the matron's words. Patty lived so near the hospital that she caught many glimpses of suffering within those high brick walls, but she had never been able to show her sympathy for the little inmates except by an occasional cheery nod and a "hullo!" when she caught sight of a face at the window.

Patience had been there so long that she felt very well acquainted with her, and her tender little heart was filled with plans for taking her to the woods, as she sat bobbing the baby up and down in his cab. She lived near the rear of one of the great avenues, and as she watched the carriages roll past, she wondered why it was that only those who had none, wanted to take the sick people to drive.

Just then a carriage came by that Patty had often admired. The stately horses with their clanking silver chains, the immovable coachman in high top-boots, and the soft silken cushions against which Mrs. Muchmore leaned, would be just the thing for Patience's lame back, Patty thought.

"She looks sick herself," she commented as Mrs. Muchmore's dissatisfied eyes rested on her and the baby for a moment, and then turned languidly away. "I shouldn't wonder a bit if she would do it, if she only thought of it. I believe I'll ask her."

The idea was so fascinating that Patty could think of nothing else. She had always wanted to make a call on somebody, and here was her chance. She remembered having heard that people who called, must have calling cards, and she set about making one. A sheet of note paper was cut in two, and MISS PATTY HAWKINS was printed upon it in her very best letters. Then her mother's best hat and lace mitts were borrowed. She did not stop to ask for them, so sure was she that the object of her call would make her mother willing to lend them. The baby was cross that afternoon, and

would not go to sleep, and Patty was in despair for fear her visit could not be made. But at last she was free, and summoning all her courage, she mounted the massive stone steps, card in hand, and rang the bell. The tall footman who opened the door stared in astonishment at the queer little figure before him. The fat, freckled face surmounted by the tall hat, crowned with waving feathers, and the monstrous lace mitts, brought a smile to his usually severe countenance.

"Is Miss Muchmore at home?" asked Patty, serenely handing him her card.

Thomas was about to reply that Mrs. Muchmore was engaged, when the voice of her maid at his elbow stopped him.

"Don't send her away. The mistress is in one of her worst spells, and if anything can bring her out of it, the sight of that young one will."

So Thomas gravely led the way to Mrs. Muchmore's room, Patty's card on his salver, and followed by Patty herself.

"Miss Patty Hawkins," he announced, throwing open the door.

Mrs. Muchmore raised her languid eyes, and then sat up in surprise.

"Ah, Miss Hawkins, are you well?"

"Yes'm, so as to be about," answered Patty, remembering the oft-repeated phrase of an old woman who visited her mother.

Thomas placed her a chair and departed with a grin.

Mrs. Muchmore hesitated for a moment, and then asked: "Is there anything special you called to see me about?"

"Yes'm," answered Patty, "it is about your carriage. I should like to borrow it." Then seeing the lady's look of astonishment, she hastened to add: "It's for Patience—she's lame, you know—I can walk. If your man is too busy to go, my pa can drive real good. He drives the grocery wagon lots of times."

"I do not think I quite understand you," faltered Mrs. Muchmore. "I do not know who Patience is!"

"Why, she is the little girl over to the hospital!"

And Patty forgetting that she must hold her head very still on account of her hat which was too large, nodded toward the building. Down dropped the hat to her shoulders, completely hiding her fat face. She hastened to push it back, crimson with embarrassment, stealing a quick glance at her hostess. But no one could have told from Mrs. Muchmore's face, but that she was accustomed to having her visitor's hats extinguish them like a pair of snufflers.

By a few words she succeeded in making Patty feel at ease, and was listening with interest to her story of Patience.

"Tell her when you see her again that I shall be very glad to take her to the woods to-morrow, if it is pleasant; and my man is never too busy to drive me," she added, with a smile.

Patty, full of excitement, ran home to tell her mother, forgetting the borrowed hat.

"Why, Patty Hawkins," she cried angrily, giving her a little shake, "where have you been with my hat?"

"I've been to call on Mrs. Muchmore," answered Patty eagerly, "and she asked me to come again."

"Well, if you ain't the most presumptuous child I ever heard of." And Mrs. Hawkins, forgetting her vexation, burst into peals of ringing laughter. "Asked you to come again, did she? Ha, ha, ha! with that hat, ha, ha, ha!

And these mitts, ho, ho, ho! If you ain't the funniest looking figure I ever see. You're enough to make the most melancholy woman in the world go into hysterics, ha, ha, ha!"

"She didn't laugh at all," cried Patty, the tears starting to her eyes, "and she's going to take Patience to ride."

True to her word, Mrs. Muchmore called for Patience the next day, and it seemed to her as she sat by the child's side, that she looked at the trees, the fields, and the river for the first time, for she saw them through the eyes of the little invalid, whose pleasure was too deep for words.

"It's most like heaven," she said once, in answer to a question from her new friend. "No, ma'am, I never saw any thing so beautiful before. I got hurt when I was a little bit of a thing, and I could never walk since. Oh no, I don't mind it so much now, because I can sit in a chair by the window. It is hard to stay in bed all the time."

That was only the beginning of many rides for Patience, and before the summer was over she went for a week to Mrs. Muchmore's cottage at the lake, and Patty was invited to go with her and help amuse her. When she had once begun Mrs. Muchmore found it hard to know where to stop, and the little inmates of the children's hospital began to think of her as their good fairy.

"What a pleasure it must be to be rich," said a friend to her one day.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Muchmore, "but I never found it out until this summer; and I shall never cease to be grateful to Miss Patty Hawkins for helping me to see the real blessedness of it."—*Congregationalist*.

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The New Tariff Law

which went into effect October 6th will, of course, result in an advance in prices on foreign goods of almost all descriptions.

Anticipating its passage, we naturally availed of all our facilities, and in the interest of our patrons purchased largely abroad of these goods in our line most affected by the tariff, bringing forward the importations in season to escape the higher cost.

In consequence of the unsettled state of foreign markets because of the uncertainty, we made all our purchases there with great advantage, therefore for the next few months our huge stock will offer unusual advantages to buyers, as the benefits secured by us are all turned over to our patrons. In no instance have we, or shall we, while the present stock lasts, mark the goods at an advance based on present cost, but give our patrons every advantage of our preparations, always realizing that their interest is our own.

There has been, no doubt, some anticipation by other houses, but so far as known in foreign markets, or in well informed circles here, there have been no preparations approaching ours, made by any American house.

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of the District Schools
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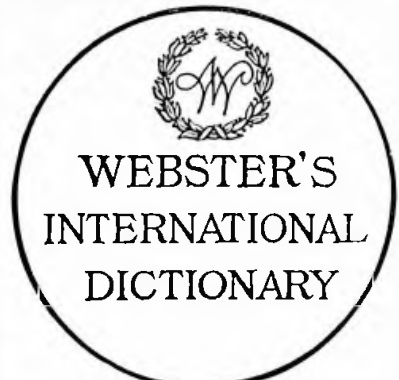
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Quarterly Conference Ap- pointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	Quarterly Conference.	Preaching.
NOV.		
Red Lion,	1 7.30	2 10.30
St. George's (Summit)	1 2	
Bristiana, (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.

	NOVEMBER.	Q. Conf.	Q. Meeting.
Stockton,	1	10	
Girdletree,	1	3	2 3
Snow Hill,	3	7	2 7
Newark,	3	10	2 3
Berlin,	4	3	4 7
Bishopville,	11	3	9 10
Selbyville,	5	3	9 10
Roxana,	8	3	9 10
Frankford,	8	10	9 7
Parsonsburg,	12	3	16 10
Powellville,	14	3	14 7
Whitesville,	15	3	16 3
Gumboro,	10	3	16 3
Sharptown,	22	7	23 10
Bethel,	20	7	23 10
Laurel,	19	7	23 10
Concord,	19	3	23 3
Delmar,	18	10	23 10
Quantico,	29	3	30 10
Fruitland,	29	10	30 3

DECEMBER

Salisbury, 1 7 Nov. 30 10

T. O. AYRES, P. E.

Marriages.

HUSFELT—HOWARD. — October 23rd., at the residence of Mr. Stigers, 1310 King street, Wilmington, Del., by Rev. J. T. Van Burkaw, William T. Husfelt of Cecil County, Md., and Mollie A. Howard of Wilmington, Del.

Obituaries.

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

Henry Hickey died in Delaware City, Del., Oct. 3, 1890, aged 79 years.

He was converted to God, fifty-six years ago, before there was any organized church in this place; the preachers of Cecilton circuit making semi-monthly visits to this place, and holding meetings in private houses. At one of these, in the home of the late Isaac Hunter, Bro. Hickey received evidence of Divine acceptance. He was richly endowed with mental abilities, and for several years past, books were his constant companions. Being a favorite with his pastors, they took pleasure in giving him access to their libraries; for this privilege he frequently expressed his appreciation.

But, of all books, the Bible was his favorite. In it, he read; from it, he quoted; about it, he talked.

At the time of his death, he held the offices of trustee, steward, class-leader, and collector.

He will be greatly missed in the community, in which he was universally appreciated. His disease was such that he was not able to give his dying testimony, but his life was sufficient to assure us, that his soul rested upon the pillow of Bible promises, as he fell asleep in Jesus, in expectation of the resurrection morning, when he would throw off the covering of the tomb, and arise in Christ's likeness.

HIS PA. TOR.

Oct. 20, 1890.

DEAD SEA AND JORDAN.

SERMON DELIVERED BY DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine Continues His Narration of His Thrillingly Interesting Journey Through the Holy Land—Full Text of the Discourse Is Here Given.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 26.—Dr. Talmage preached the fifth sermon of the series on his tour in the Holy Land in the Academy of Music in this city this morning. This evening at The Christian Herald service in the Academy of Music, New York, the sermon was repeated before an audience which filled the vast building in every part. Dr. Talmage announced as his text Psalm civ, 32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." He said:

David the poet here pictures a volcano, and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors, undershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

GOD'S TREMENDOUS TOOLS.

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has he employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain, up the sides of which it ran with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and arboriculture and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore; yea, all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world.

In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city, first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scorias of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology

are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep today, and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Lake Asphaltites or the Dead sea we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when he touched the hills and they smoked.

A VIVID BIT OF DESCRIPTION.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you have ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks, which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers—about one thousand, including their families—afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep, and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech, which persuaded them to die before they were captured.

First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-by and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and the children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves and, after all was over, came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most Godforsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those bewitchments of beauty Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we go down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic ocean, the ocean having four per cent. of salt and this lake twenty-six and a quarter per cent.

Lake Sir-i-kol of India is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things for the simple reason that water cannot run up hill. It swallows

up the River Jordan and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty million cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

WHERE HEROD CAME TO BATHE.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say, "We want no life here, but death is our preference: death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake and submerge themselves come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablutation. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic luster like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you.

The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hills beside it, and the cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which, though natural evaporation, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the ringings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills or creeping with ripples and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria: Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up of wickedness. "No, that is absurd," cries some one. "It is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and Revelation, "you have no right to say the cities of the plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was of bitumen easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth.

One day there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in air, and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke, and rolled unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was

changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red hot spade of volcanic action had shoved under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right; Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

GOD'S BOOK AND GEOLOGY AGREE.

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead sea instance so in all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next," and the Bible responds, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead sea, and finds results of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible. "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'"

So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at 5 o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the president, sir!" "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from 4 to 5 o'clock reading the Scriptures."

GOD'S EASY CONTROL.

My text implies that God controls volcanoes not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm, as the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian Archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing—Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabia, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah.

If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low

life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian and French and American literature steeped in profligacy does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterranean fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever imperaled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life, or social life, or political life, or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

OFF FOR JORDAN.

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths for another march around the horses, which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins, whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation "Salaam aleikoum" —"Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffianism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling, and were about to take pocket books and perhaps life, this lady sitting upon her horse took out her note book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic Luther replied, "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days!"

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar and column and arch and chancel and pulpit and dome and architecture of the rocks, that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the church so well he builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Ilyssus has more classic

memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation: but the Jordan is the queen of rivers and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroes, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha and David and Jacob and Joshua and John and Jesus.

A VIEW OF THE RIVER.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river, and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded, "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a wet gown in the wave and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream, and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed, and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieut. Molineux had copper bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieut. Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt the rage of this stream is like the Conemagh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says, "Behold he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now of rocks, now of mud and now of sand, laying the feet of the terebinths and oleanders and acacias and reeds and pistachios and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

THE RIVER WHICH PARTED.

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled major general of the Syrian host at the seventh plunge dropped his leprosy, not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water, and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an ax head not sufficiently wedged to the handle flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the ax head as the fact that it was not his own, and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river and sank, and the head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it.

A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea, from the bank of this river Elijah took a team of fire, showing that the most raging element is a servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything: for if the most destructive of all elements was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing

can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord.

I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood or crystal or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When, stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable.

So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire you drive up toward God, and not down toward the Dead sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the gospel singer, was consumed with the rail train that broke through Ashtabula bridge and then took flame, I said, "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire!"

A RIVER OF BAPTISMS.

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then, while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting house at Somerville, and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day and told me that a young man who was studying for the gospel ministry would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two robes not unlike those used for American baptistries, have a large group of different nationalities present I dictated to my daughter a few verses, and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoon had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream, and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then, as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters, the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight.

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong?

No matter if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us: "Is that you, father?" "Is that you, mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem and how narrow the stream that divides us!

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore

The Yankees of the Orient.

The Armenians are the Yankees of the orient. They are the brightest, brainest and smartest in business of all the eastern peoples. The Turks say, "Twist a Yankee and you make a Jew; twist a Jew and you make an Armenian." The Greeks say that one Greek is equal to two Jews, and that one Armenian is equal to two Greeks, and another saying is: "From the Greeks of Athens, the Jews of Salonika and from the Armenians everywhere, good Lord, deliver us!" These three races, in fact, do the bulk of the business of the far east. They own all the large business establishments, run all the banks, and are the clerks of the Levant.

I found rich Armenians in India competing with the Parsees, and working side by side with the half starved Bengalese accountants. I traveled with one coming from Singapore to Calcutta, and he told me he had been to Hong Kong to sell pearls to Chinamen. He showed me a handful of beautiful pearls, and told me he was getting rich out of his business. On the Egyptian railroads I found that the conductors were Armenians, and one of the brightest men I met during my stay at Constantinople was one of the sultan's private secretaries, who spoke half a dozen different languages, and who was of Armenian birth.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Coverings for the Feet.

The foot should be kept warm and comfortable—this in all cases is the first requisite. Stockings which do not meet this demand are to be discarded, and those selected which have the proper qualities. If a worsted or a woolen stocking is more comfortable and satisfactory let it be worn, but to many people a firm, well made cotton article is by far the most satisfactory. This is especially the case with people employed indoors, whose feet would be very uncomfortable if clad in wool.—Good Housekeeping.

There are five vacancies in the medical corps of the navy, the smallest number in years. There have been no retirements or deaths recently, and the corps is destined to soon have its full complement of officers, of which the service has stood greatly in need.

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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 (Read Down) and Northward (Read Up) train schedules, listing stations like Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, and Baltimore with corresponding arrival and departure times.

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, 10.07, 10.40, 11.33, 11.51 a. m., *12.19, 12.30, 1.39, 2.27, 5.50, 5.17, 5.56, 6.21, 7.08 and 9.10 p. m. Accommodation, 6.40, 6.55, 7.05, 8.10, 10.45 a. m., 12.38, 2.32, 3.45, 4.35, 5.20, 6.42, 7.40 and 10.50 p. m. NEW YORK, 1.55, 2.52, 4.20, 6.30, 6.55, 8.50, 10.07, 10.45, 11.51 a. m., *12.19, 12.30, 1.39, 2.27, 2.32, 3.45, 5.05, 5.17, 5.56, 6.21, 7.08, *7.22 and 10.30 p. m. NEWARK (Centre) and intermediate stations, 7.40 a. m., 12.54, and 6.30 p. m. BALTIMORE and Washington stations 2.41, 4.45 and 6.06 p. m., and 12.13 night. BALTIMORE and WASHINGTON, 4.40, 8.01, 9.11, 10.12, and 11.00 a. m., 12.06, *1.15, 4.24, 5.23, *6.03, 7.40, 8.20 p. m., and 12.49 night. Trains for Delaware Division leave for NEW CASTLE, 8.30, 11.08 a. m., 2.45, 3.50, 4.48, 6.15, 7.00, 9.51 p. m., and 12.15 night. Trains marked thus (*) are limited express upon which extra fare is charged. CHAS. E. PUGH, J. R. WOOD, General Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agent.



B. & O. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 22, 1890.

Trains leave Delaware Avenue Depot: EAST BOUND. *Express trains. NEW YORK, weeks days, *2.13, *7.05, *7.45, *10.31, *11.40 a. m., *2.40, *5.38, *7.26 p. m. Boston, 5.3 p. m. daily, with Pullman sleeping cars running to Boston without change via Poughkeepsie to the landing passengers in B. & O. Station, Boston. PHILADELPHIA week days *2.13, 6.05, 6.0, *7.05, *7.45, *8.41, *9.0, *9.5, *0.3, *0.31, *1.0 a. m., 1.0, *2.40, 3.00, 4.10, *6.8, 8.52, 6.45, *7.24, 8.0, *9.6, 0.0. CHESTER week days, *2.3, 6.05, 6.55, *7.05, *7.45, *8.41, 9.0, *9.2, *0.51, 0.31, *1.1, a. m., 1.00, *2.40, 3.00, 4.10, 5.25, *5.58, 6.45, *7.23, 8.3, *9.06, 1.00 p. m. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., week days, *6.05, *7.05, *7.45, *8.41, *11.50 a. m., *2.40 p. m. WEST BOUND. ALTIMORE and WASHINGTON *4.50, 7.20, *8.45, *9.0, a. m. *12.10, 2.41, *5.08, *6.27, *8.07 daily alt. 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., *2.7 p. m. daily. CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS, *2.10 p. m., and *8.07 p. m. daily. SINGERSLY ACCOMMODATION 7.20 a. m., 2.51, 7.35, 11.10 p. m. daily. LANDBERG ACCOMMODATION, week days, 7.00, 10.50 a. m., 2.61 and 5.06 p. m. Trains leave Market Street Station. For Philadelphia week days, 5.50, 6.35, *7.30, *8.27, *9.40, *11.35 a. m., 2.3, 2.45, 3.55, 5.00, 9.45 p. m. For Baltimore week days, 5.35, *3.27, *9.40, 1.135 a. m., 7.45, *5.00 p. m. Baltimore and principal stations on the Philadelphia division 4.40 a. m. daily except Sunday. For Landberg, and way stations week days 6.50, 0.45 a. m., 2.5, 5.00 p. m. Chicago *8.27 a. m. daily except Sunday. Pittsburg *5.0 p. m. daily. Cincinnati and St. Louis *11.35 a. m. daily except Sunday. Trains leave Philadelphia for Wilmington daily *4.4, 6.15, *8.15, *9.5, *9.5, *11.35 a. m., 12.00 noon, 1.01, 4.00, *4.31, *5.5, *6.30, *7.32, 8.10, 10.10, 11.30 p. m. Daily except Sunday. *6.0, 7.35, 8.40 a. m., *1.5, *4.00, 5.30 p. m. Rates to Western points lower via any other line. Telephone Call No. 19. C. O. SCULL, J. T. ODELL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, General Manager.

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

Table for Wilmington & Northern R. R. GOING NORTH. Stations: Wilmington (French St.), B. & O. Junction, Montchanin, Winterthur, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lenape, West Chester (Stage), Coatesville, Waynesburg Junction, St. Peter's, Warwick, Springfield, Joanna, Reading (P. & R. Sta.), Wayneburg Junc., Coatesville, Lenape, West Chester (Stage), Chadd's Ford Junction, Winterthur, Montchanin, B. & O. Junction, Wil. (French St.).

Additional Trains, Daily, except Saturday and Sunday, leave Wilmington 6.17 p. m., B. & O. Junction 6.23 p. m., Newbridge 6.41 p. m. Arrive Montchanin 6.59 p. m. On Saturday only will leave Wilmington at 5.17 p. m. Arrive at Newbridge 5.41 p. m. Wilmington 10.15 p. m. Arrive Newbridge 10.35 p. m., and Montchanin 10.55 p. m. Leave Birdsboro 1.10 p. m. Arrive Reading 1.40 p. m. GOING SOUTH. Daily Daily Daily (ex. Sunday) ex Sun. Stations: Reading (P. & R. Sta.), Birdsboro, Joanna, Springfield, Warwick, St. Peter's, Wayneburg Junc., Coatesville, Lenape, West Chester (Stage), Chadd's Ford Junction, Winterthur, Montchanin, B. & O. Junction, Wil. (French St.).

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

Takl 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, Mechanstown, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Blue Mountain, Hagerstown, and except Sun. ay, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, and points on B. & O. 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. & O. V. R. R. also Frederick and Emmittsburg. 10.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge Gettysburg, Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle. 1.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Arlington. 2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. 3.32 P. M.—Express for Howardville, Owings's Mills, Glyndon and all points on B. and H. Division. 4.00 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikeville, Green Spring Junction, Owings's Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmittsburg and B. and O. V. R. R. Shenandoah Valley E. R., and points South. 5.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 6.18 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 11.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN Daily 6.28 P. M.; daily (except Sunday) 6.50, 7.30, 8.12, 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. Agt.

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