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BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, and a mind at ease
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Tired by the lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and enoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.

Brings sleeping draughts on the downy bed,
While luxury pillows its aching head,
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there are better than gold.

—Rev. Father Ryan.

Bishop Foss' Sermon before the Genesee Conference.

Bishop W. X. Nide being unable to meet the Genesee Conference, Bishop Cyrus D. Foss presided in his place. His sermon, Sabbath morning, Oct. 9, is thus reported in the *Buffalo Christian Advocate*.

The bishop took for his text, Acts 5, 3, "We are his witnesses of these things."

The bishop said: There are two ways of coming at the truth, argument and experiment. I want you to examine whether the Christian religion will submit to the test of experiment. We shall certainly find it does. Only thus can it become the religion of the world. The angel's song spoke of a gospel that was for the world. It was to be to all people. Jesus gave the irrevocable marching orders to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and it could accomplish its mission only by presenting itself to the experience of men.

The great teacher shows us what religion is by calling it the bread of life, and the water of life.

Only by experience could it be the religion of all men in all nations. Only experimental religion can answer the wants of man in tribulation in the hour of death; and the humblest Christian can take it in as well as the greatest.

Experiment is the best way of gaining knowledge. Bacon taught it and the circle of the sciences has grown up on experiment. A philosopher demonstrated, in his way, that a steamer could not cross the Atlantic, but it went across.

The only way to gain knowledge is to build on facts; and it is probable that God will take that way, in religion.

We certainly do find that the Christian religion submits itself to facts of experience. In the Holy Scriptures religion is represented as actual knowledge based on experience. Cain and Abel worshipped, and Abel had the testimony that he pleased God. Enoch walked with God and was not, for God took him. He had the testimony.

David says, "He hath taken my feet from an horrible pit and established my goings," a grand Methodist testimony before John Wesley's time.

Paul said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." John, a son of thunder who wanted to call fire from heaven and burn up a whole village comes to say nineteen times, "We know God," and then says "We do know that we know him," and repeats his testimony until he has said it fifty-one times. And the whole church testifies that we know God. Many minds shrink from applying experiments to God, and some experiments should not be applied, and some cannot be tried. The chemist goes down to the feet of nature to experiment and find knowledge. Let us come to our text book as he comes to his. If we do we shall find God.

A Scotchman found 18,000 promises in the Bible, and every one of these is an invitation to experiment and find the truth; every one is confirmed by the oath of God. He says, "As I live," that is he will come down from his throne and die before we shall fail. He says he who is willing to do his will, shall know of the doctrine. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed, that ye may prove what is that good and perfect will of God." Those who never read the Bible, profess to doubt its truth. The remedy is to read slowly and carefully two or three chapters a day. Millions have learned the truth in this way.

The Bible says "He that believeth shall be saved." St. Paul, the greatest man God ever made, and the greatest logician of the world, had nothing to say to a sinner but "believe and be saved;" he said also, "To me first as a pattern to all who hereafter shall believe in him to salvation." Paul found a test case, in the case of the jailer of Philippi. In the jail Paul and Silas sang and the earthquake opened the doors, and the rough, wicked jailer cries, "What shall I do to be saved," and Paul said, "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and Paul baptizeth him the same hour, and he danced for joy, as the Greek says, from then till morning; and the succession of witnesses is unbroken from then till now.

Among the converts in Baltimore, Md. was a Jewess. She dropped into a Methodist meeting, and was greatly entertained. On the third evening she asked, "What if Jesus were the Messiah?" The next evening she said Jesus was the Messiah, and when her husband came home she begged him to get a New Testament; and finally he went and borrowed one, and the man from whom he borrowed it, called a Christian neighbor, and went over to the house, and found the Jewess converted. She had taken the New Testament and read it on her knees, until she came to the 16th verse of the first chapter of Romans and read "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God to every one that believeth, to the Jew first," and she was saved. Bishop James knew that woman for fifteen years, and saw a daily demonstration of her salvation. If the Roman Empire is a fact, then this is one.

The scientist says the old days are gone. The Bible is a good book of morals but not inspired, and experimental religion is a thing of the past. The world does not receive the mysteries of religion. But science is full of mysteries. Prof. Tyndal says he does not know what

magnetism is. I will explain the last mystery of the Holy Trinity, or of the new birth, to any man who will explain magnetism, or the germination of a kernel of wheat.

Is there any objection to the Christian religion in the statement, that we believe on testimony? Then why believe the revelation of the spectroscope. Suppose that the twelve apostles had been the only witnesses. Were they not competent, and did not every one, but one, die for his religion? Nature is full of adaptations. There is honey for the honey bee. The scientist finds the remains of a web-footed animal on the top of a mountain, and says this was an animal that lived in the sea, and the whole world of science says it is true.

Men needs food, and it is abundantly supplied. The intellect sees certain mathematical problems and feels them in his soul, and the world furnishes problems by the million. Man everywhere wants God, wants forgiveness, wants cleansing. The whole world cries, "O! that I knew where I might find him. O! wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death." The whole world cries, "My Father where art thou?" I hear a voice, I see a face, and the child has found his father, and if there is need in the universe then the Christian religion meets a felt want in human nature.

Suppose I pass the Bible through the congregation, and ask, "Do you believe this book." Almost every one would cry, yes. Your old mother read "how sweet is that word to my taste," and you believe it. But when I ask you if you live as though you believed it, you say "I have doubts as to experimental religion."

What are you going to do about it? If you go on as you are, and the Bible is true you will perish forever. The blind man will not put his eye to the glass and learn the truth of astronomy, and the unbeliever will not look into these things to learn by experience. You are doubting about the will of God, now take advice from those who know more than you do, and learn these precious truths that are as sure as any of the facts of the physical world, and find for yourself how true they are. The Bishop closed with a very affecting reference to his own personal experience, and said, "the Great Power of the Christian Church, is the Experience of the Church." God help these ministers to preach experimental religion.

Interesting Letters From Africa.

NHANGUE-A-PEPO.

Dear Mother,—The Lord has been very gracious to me, and my heart is filled with thanks to Him. Fannie and I have just been praising God together, and giving away to the tide of heavenly love that presses against every heart, and only waits for the door to open, or the gate to be raised, to flood all the room it finds vacant and ready to be filled. The more we pray, the faster we go ahead. It seems a secret that we have not fully realized, although we knew the theory. When we first came here we were so eager to fulfill our own and others' expectations in making this a self-supporting station, that we did not find so much time to wait on the Lord as we have during the last six months; but since we turned about and sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness with all our hearts, we have

accomplished more in self-support than in all the time before that we have been here. Many spend money for that which is not bread, and labor for that which profiteth not, because the Lord has not their whole heart to live in, and they have not their ears sharpened to catch His voice.

Our life is much more simple than it could be in America. As I think of American life, it seems such a rush and turmoil, or stream of excitement and novelties and worldliness, that one has to pray with all diligence to keep out of it after, being helped out by the Lord. We count it a great advantage for our children that they are so far removed from such a variety of corrupting things, that are all the more to be feared because of the many new forms in which they present themselves, and all the while the same in nature—sensual, devilish. The Lord has given us plenty to eat and a good variety. We have hot skimmed milk for breakfast, with eggs and bananas; meat, rice, mandioox, vegetables, honey, white bread, apple-sauce, corn, coffee, and puddings. We are making considerable butter, which we sell the most of, eating but little. We get sixty cents for canned butter. We have 139 head of cattle, including working bulls, four yokes, which Bertie can catch in the yard, although some are big fellows. We punch a hole through the nose and put in a ring, and after some training, the black men can train them very well. The children go among the cattle without much fear; they are all very tame. One walks up to be caressed and, we have named it Jennie.

We are very happy in our home and among this humble people. They like to swarm our house and yard, and see us eat, and watch all our doings, which gives us good chances to preach to them. They will all kneel respectfully when we pray with them. The men work for us at nine cents per day in cloth, and we could have hundreds of them at that price if he had work for them. We are managing a small tannery, to see if we can make leather to use and sell; also, a small store to sell cloth and other things to the natives who come to us to buy, and there are so many that it keeps the house in confusion.

Bro. Gordon is a great help to us; greatly changed in employment, from dry-goods clerk, book-keeper, to milking cows. He has a dog named Sancho. He has much to do with the natives, and Bro. Dodson and he and Bertie know more of the native language than any of us. The girls know considerable of Portuguese and Mibunda, Flossie and all.

Bro. Gordon's box came all right. Bro. Hicks, of Newton, who came in July, is our carpenter, and does nice work. The wood we get here is rose-wood, and would cost much in Boston. You would think it quite extravagant to have a rosewood dining-table, but a pine-table would cost us more than rose-wood in Lynn.

My heart was pained by the news of the sudden death of our Sister Myers Davenport, at Dondo Station, after ten hours sickness of bilious fever, from which only one out of ten survives. She said, just before she died, "I die for Jesus. Jesus, I die for Thee." Her husband was with us at Conference at the time, and when he returned she had been buried. The Lord gave him great

grace, for the shock almost paralyzed him, but he triumphed gloriously. Bless the Lord! In looking over the deaths that have occurred, we find that more relatives of Missionaries have died in America, than Missionaries since we came to Africa.

We sing Madam Guyon's hymn, No. 696 of Methodist Hymnal, "My Lord, how full of sweet content." Oh, blessed cleansing in the blood of Jesus, that goes down deep into our hearts and makes us clean.

Your son,
EDDIE WITHEY.

KIMPOKO, July 17, 1887.

Dear Father and Mother,—I suppose Mrs. E. has written all the news, so I will just write a few lines this time, as I have at present much that keeps me very busy, and next time will try and give you a long letter. At present we are all well, my health never was better. The dear Lord is very precious to us. He saves us completely.

Yesterday was the Sabbath, and a blessed day to me. God wonderfully blessed my soul, as I was preaching His Gospel; text, Matthew ix., last clause of 43th verse: "For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I had quite a congregation, mostly of natives, and some of them understood English. Never did I feel the power of the Holy Spirit while preaching, more than on this occasion. Glory to God for the gift of a Saviour to dying men! I am happy in the love of God. Jesus saves me moment by moment. My all is on the altar. My burdens are all at Jesus' feet. My cares, my anxieties, my all is taken to Jesus. I rest sweetly in Him, and He is leading me day by day with His loving hand. Glory to His name!

At present I am the only preacher at this station. I am preaching every Sabbath. We are trying as best we can, to get at the hearts of this people. The other night I took the boy who is taking Munsie's place, and went over to one of our villages, and talked to the natives through him, as he understands some English, and pointed them as best I could to Jesus. The Lord filled my very being. We are learning more and more about these natives, and are praying that the time may not be far distant when they shall be brought to the blessed Saviour. I do love the work of God. Souls are very near my heart. I care nothing for this world's goods; only enough to make me comfortable. Above every thing else, my desire is to lead lost men and women to God. He is wonderfully precious to me every moment. Hallelujah! What a dear Saviour is ours! Oh, let us love Him with all our heart's best affections, and when our work is done, it will be ours to receive the Christian's reward.

Do not worry about us. God will take care of us; and if we are His, it matters not what part of the world we are in, we are safe.

Well, dear ones, I must close. Give my love to Bro. Scale's good people, and to the dear ones in the little church I love so well. Thanks to Sister E. for her letter, which I read when I did yours. Also, thanks to Sister W. The Lord bless you all, in my prayer, and may the God of all grace keep you unto the end.

Your loving son,
HIRAM W. ELKINS.

Youth's Department.

Elsie's Last Chance.

Little Elsie Venable had one fault that cost her mother many anxious tears; out of a large family of boys and girls she was the only one whose word could not be depended on.

"What shall I do about Elsie?" Mrs. Venable asked her husband. "It breaks my heart that I cannot teach her to tell the truth, no matter how severely I punish her."

"Elsie is a tender-hearted child," replied the husband, thoughtfully; "suppose you make her feel how much it distresses you by punishing yourself."

One day, after this, Mrs. Venable saw Elsie coming from the garden, with her hands behind her back; she met her at the door and said, gravely, "Didn't I tell you not to eat any more gooseberries, Elsie?"

"I haven't been near the gooseberries," answered the girl promptly; but the next minute her hands were found full of berries, and the seeds were sticking between her teeth.

Mrs. Venable led her to her own room, and talked earnestly and sadly about the wickedness of lying. "Now, Elsie," she said in conclusion, "God has given you to me that I may make you a good child; when you commit such a sin, it must be because I have not done my duty by you, so I am going to punish myself. I shall stay in my room all day, and eat no food, and pray God to keep my child from ever telling a lie again."

Poor Elsie! She was very miserable. Her mother did not come out to dinner, nor tea, and a gloom seemed to hang over the house. It was some time before the little girl even felt tempted to tell a story again.

Summer and fall with their fruits and flowers passed away. One day in early winter, Elsie's mother was seized with a sudden and violent illness; the doctor was with her all day, and the children were kept out of the room.

As the early twilight began to gather, Elsie slipped noiselessly up to the bed where the dear mother lay pale and exhausted. She drew her little daughter down to kiss her and whispered, faintly, "Go into my closet, darling, and get an apple."

Now apples were very scarce this year and the children were only allowed to have one a day, from the closet chest. There was nothing that Elsie liked half so well as an apple, and while her mother was speaking the tempter whispered, "She didn't ask whether you had had one; you needn't say anything about it, that won't be a story." But, after an instant's hesitation, the little girl felt that it would be a silent lie, and then she said, "I've had my apple to-day, mamma."

The sick mother saw the hesitation, the quick flush, the look of resolution, and knew just what a struggle it had been, and what a victory. A sweet, bright look came to her suffering face, as she pressed the Elsie's hand, whispering faintly, "Dear child—dear Elsie—that was right—and makes mother so happy."

The next morning, very early, Elsie roused up in her little bed, and looked out of the nursery window. A deep snow had fallen during the night and covered everything with its beautiful whiteness. Elsie uttered an exclamation of pleasure, but it was checked by the sound of sobbing in the room, and, standing up in her bed, she saw her father and the elder children clinging together at the hearth-stone, weeping bitterly. They had not observed, and, with a sudden pang at her heart, she slipped out of bed, and ran, in her little bare feet, to the mother's room. It was empty and desolate, and the child stood, shivering and bewildered, until her father came, and, wrapping her in a great warm shawl, carried her down to the parlor.

There, on a white-draped couch, lay the precious mother as cold and white and still as the beautiful snow outside, but wearing, it seemed to Elsie, the same glad, bright look that had come to her face the evening before.

With a burst of tears the child threw herself upon the quiet form, crying aloud, "O mother mother, mother! I'm so glad I told you the truth; it was my last chance.—*Congregationalist*."

Will It Be Interesting?

That was the question a nine-year-old, with child-like innocence of the conventionalities of adult etiquette, put to the minister's wife touching her husband's sermon on the coming Sunday. "What is he going to preach about? Will it be interesting?"

It was the half-inspired prophesying of a child. Like all impressive questions, it has a haunting quality of universality. Who shall say how many millions of children, hearing the sonorous summons from myriads of steeples next Sunday morning, would not find the words alluded to the precise equivalent of their secret nusing? Whether or not it ought so to be, childhood's first challenge to the pulpit is, Is it interesting?

That, too, is his first challenge to his educator. The challenge is taken to heart, and grammar, geography, arithmetic and history are nowadays made engaging as never before. A few days ago the writer heard an eight-year-old boy spiritedly telling a playmate the story of General Jackson's victory at New Orleans, and dwelling with patriotic gusto on the statistics. The Germans have learned the secret of using dear old Robinson Crusoe as a text-book.

Satan, hard-hearted enough not to shrink from the enterprise of ruining everlastingly the soul of a child, long ago learned his advantage in appealing to juvenile curiosity. He knows it is enough to promise new sensations and new knowledge with the eating of forbidden fruit.

There are reasons for suspecting that the half-hour's address from the pulpit on the fathomless important things of revelation is not always engaging to that part of the congregation not yet in their teens. A little boy of the writer's acquaintance, after making his first visit to church, said to his mother: "Mamma, when we go to church, we have to keep still; but the minister can holler all he's a mind to—can't he?" The Rev. Dr. Vincent has told us that his little son had a similar want of appreciation of public worship as a monk-like rule of silence; for, on being asked, one Sunday evening, what blessing of the holy day he felt most thankful for, he replied: "For the short sermon of the Drew student."

The child has not learned the adult's art of appearing interested when he is not. Nor has he the adult's trained ability to fix his attention on a matter that is not engaging. Interest is the only lamp that lures him out into the shadowy fields of unknown truth.

It is not easy to find for the main truth of every sermon the parable of illustration which will fascinate and awe the youngest portion of the congregation; but the effort to find it is worth while. The pillars of the church in the next generation are the restless boys and girls who are wandering now if there will be anything in next Sunday's discourse that they can understand. The late Dr. Stephen H. Tyng lived long enough to see no less than fifty of the little boys looking up wistfully into his face on Sunday mornings enter the ministry of the gospel. So eminent a clergyman as Bishop Foster yielded to the truth heard in church at twelve years of age. That was the age of the Child from Nazareth, whose eager and thoughtful face Hofman has depicted so wonderfully.—*Prof. Marcus D. Buell, Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

"Elective Presiding Eldership."

Brother Jones in his article in the Peninsula Methodist on Oct. 22nd, gives us a medley, on electing Presiding Elders lay delegation in annual conferences, and ecclesiastical despotism in the M. E. Church. One would suppose on reading this article, that the polity of the M. E. Church had its birth during the dark ages, and that it was not in keeping with the spirit of a more advanced civilization; in fact, he states "that while nations advance in civilization, etc." "the M. E. Church in particular should be more in harmony with the progress of the age, etc." Wherein has the M. E. Church been behind the spirit of the age? Certainly not on any moral question that has ever presented itself to the church. Look at her record on slavery temperance; in all these issues she was the pioneer, nor has she been wanting in interest for Education, having always been its strong friend, not behind the age in the spirit of charity. But what of her "ecclesiastical freedom?" Her Bishop-ridden clergy, and priest-ridden laity. The inference is that the M. E. Church is the twin-sister of the Church of Rome in her "despotic character," and the time has come for the church to assert her "ecclesiastical independence," that the poor down-trodden laymen should come forth and demand an admission into the annual conferences, where they would represent nothing, for there is nothing to represent, as an annual conference is not a legislative body, but simply an assembly where the preacher makes a report of his work, and his moral and official character is passed upon by his brethren, and he receives work for another year. When has a layman been excluded from the session of an annual conference? True he has no legal right to vote; but what is there to be voted upon; he represents no church work, he might vote on the passage of character. The door is open to him to arrest the character of any preacher. We vote on the admission of candidates into the conference but laymen already have had a voice in recommending them. We vote on the reports but they are only suggestions, nothing binding. The bishop ridden preacher, chafes under the yoke of despotism; he groans for the "righteous laws of perfect liberty." The way from under the yoke of despots, the road to "ecclesiastical independence," is to give the church an elective Presiding Eldership. Would the simple fact, that the preacher had a voice in the formation of the Bishop's cabinet help him to submit more gracefully to a disappointment, in the way of an appointment? Would this answer all questions? Would it keep a church from feeling that it had been badly treated by the appointing power? The shifting of the responsibility from the Bishop to the Presiding Elder, to our mind, would tend to cripple the Presiding Elder's influence on the district, and create a feeling of distrust in the minds of the preachers and laymen, better let the Bishop be the "scape goat" for all mistakes. How would an Elective Presiding Eldership remove the assumed despotism or "absolute authority" from the appointing power? Make the Presiding Elder the "legal adviser," that is, make the appointment to work, depend on the vote of a majority of the Presiding Elders in the cabinet, with no veto power in the hands of the Bishop. What need then of Bishops, if they are simply to be figure heads in the cabinet? The only power the Bishops have is in the cabinet. To come down to the more democratic idea, and to have "the highest power of self-government," would be to do away with the Episcopacy, and each annual conference elect its own presiding officer from its own body. So long as the church holds the Bishops responsible for the work of the church at large, he must have the absolute power to select his own advisers, the men who are to represent him in the work. The Presiding Elders are the "Bishops

eyes," and he must do the selecting. This is why Joshua Soule refused to be consecrated. He was not willing to be held responsible for some one else's mistakes. The fact that the Bishops are held responsible leads them to be careful in the selection of the men for the office of Presiding Elder, and mistakes that have been in the selection of Presiding Elders have been where the Bishops have lent their ears to the voice of the district, or conference. Some of us know the methods that are used to bring a candidate before the Bishops. While the Bishop maybe a stranger personally to the conference he is assigned to preside over, he is no stranger to the work. This is a part of his duty to familiarize himself with the work of the church. The office itself implies his general superintendence. The Bishops have every facility to become acquainted with the work of the conferences they are to preside over; they have the printed minutes of each annual conference, with the record that every man has made in addition to the information that he receives from the Presiding Elders, and from other sources. They have nothing else to do, but to devote all their time to this special work.

If we are to have an elective Presiding Eldership, let us have it without any restrictions. The plan suggested the Bishops to nominate, is no improvement on the present method. It is a device for a bishop. If we are going to run the church on this true democratic plan and have "perfect liberty," let the appointing power keep hands off, and when we remodel the Bishop's cabinet, let us put in laymen into the cabinet, for they have as much interest at stake as the preachers. Then will that glorious day of "ecclesiastical independence" dawn upon the M. E. Church. What if Messrs. Emory and Waugh did recommend the plan of elective Presiding Eldership in 1824. In after years, when elected to the Episcopacy, they never brought it before the General Conference in their official addresses to the church, and when their position would have given more weight to their recommendation than it had in 1824. The power and success of Episcopal Methodism lies in its strong "central authority." Let us keep our Episcopacy as it is. Compare the record of Episcopal Methodism with the churches that are run on the true democratic idea of government. Our motto is, no tampering with the power of the Episcopacy.

WARTHMAN.

Wedding Anniversary.

Friday evening, Oct. 28th, Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Kemp celebrated their silver wedding in the M. E. Parsonage, Chestertown, Md. At 8 o'clock many of the members and friends of the church called on the pastor and his lady, bearing with them a handsome and elaborately carved silver tea service of eight pieces. In the centre of the waiter is the following inscription: "Presented to Rev. John D. Kemp and wife on the 25th anniversary of their Marriage, by the Congregation of the M. E. Church at Chestertown, Md. Oct. 28, 1887. The presentation was made through Rev. Jno. France, P. E. in a neat address. Brother France had also the pleasure of presenting to this happy pair a purse of twenty silver dollars, as a token of love from a few of his ministerial brethren. These gifts were gratefully accepted in a graceful response by the pastor. Other presents were received from friends in Rising Sun, Port Deposit, Baltimore, Jersey City, and other places.

Poems written for the occasion, were read; congratulations extended, refreshments served, and after a session of delightful Christian converse, the company separated, leaving with the pastor and his wife their best wishes, that they might live in health to celebrate their golden wedding.

The following poetic effusion formed a pleasant contribution to the interest

and joy of this auspicious anniversary.

All hail! to the twain who have been one so long!
 May the rest of their life be a ceaseless song,
 The better half still well kept,
 And the bearded half exempt,
 From every Caudle attempt,
 His ways and his habits of life to improve
 By kind curtain-lectures of querulous love.

Nine thousand one hundred and thirty-one days
 Of carnal bliss, in two different ways;
 First in early married-life,
 With high aspirations rife,
 'Mid the Laws struggle and strife;
 But thanks be to God! for the most of the time,
 In preaching the Gospel, serene and sublime.

May the blessed Word preached e'er cheer
 the loved pair,
 And greatly prevail through their labor and prayer,
 And may it please God that they
 Both may live to work away
 Till they celebrate the day
 Of their Golden Wedding, twenty-five years
 hence;
 Joy to them both, here and hereafter immense.

BY REV. J. T. VAN BURKALOW.

TWENTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two,
 Her hand and heart were pledged to you;
 These five and twenty years, which move
 Now past, have served to clearly prove
 The aptness of Charles Wesley's word,
 (For which you hourly praise the Lord,
 "Wisdom to silver we prefer.")
 Were all the silver in the land,
 Placed free and ready to your hand;
 And richer metal heaped beside,
 One glance upon your priceless bride,
 Would cause you, rapturous, to exclaim,
 Of her who shares your name and fame,
 All "gold is dress compared to her."
 Hark! singing with united voice,
 "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice!"
 Your blended tones the ether fill
 O'er Keutish plains and Cecil hills;
 Two younger voices join the strain,
 And add the thrilling, sweet refrain:
 "God bless the day that made them one;
 He distant that, when sets their sun!"
 From Susquehanna's rocky bed,
 To where the storm King leaves his tread
 Upon Henlopen's glistening sand,
 This day the grip of friendly hand
 Oft multiplied, would glad essay
 A greeting, wide as bay to bay.
 For twenty years, and five, they say,
 The "heat and burden of the day,"
 Together you have duly shared;
 (A happy pair, by Heaven paired!)
 And sung, as hand in hand you go,
 "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"
 Now, loud from many a hill and glen
 Respond your hosts of friends "Amen!!!"
 But none of any class or sort,
 So heartfelt, true, as that from "Port."
 Joy, oceans of it, to the bride,
 Delight of daughters—husbands pride!
 Best wishes to you—happy groom:
 More joy—if, for more there's room!
 This silver day is dimming fast;
 And when the Golden shall have passed:
 The Diamond be of things that were:
 No wish, your start for heaven, defer:
 Then—ope the pearls of the Beula land,
 And you—together—hand in hand,
 Hear His "Well done!", oh, sweet reward;
 And dwell "forever with the Lord,"

L. A. C. GERRY.

Port Deposit.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

To sail the sea of wedded life
 Amid its sunshine and its storm;
 And find love's anchor 'mid the strife,
 Hold fast and keep us safe from harm,
 For twenty-five long years;
 Encourages the youthful heart
 To launch his bark and spread his sail!
 With faithful mate to do her part,
 He need not fear the stoutest gale,
 While Hymen's pilot steers.

Our muse, awak'd from slumber sound,
 By Bro. Kemp's kind *billetdoux*;
 Indites these lines, upon the ground
 Of Christian friendship, pure and true,
 Unbroken through the years;
 And tenders to those loving hearts
 Entwined by Hymen's silken cords,
 And safe beyond the tempter's darts
 His fervent prayers and loving words
 To cheer their future years.

The pilot who has steered their bark,
 Is skilled upon life's treacherous sea,
 And never fails, though storms be dark,
 To keep the good ship trim and free,
 Obedient to His grip;
 And now, with "snowy sails" all full'd
 They anchor off a quiet port,
 And entertain, from all the world,
 Their many friends, with a report
 Of their adventurous trip.

We wish them many happy years
 Of sailing o'er this pleasant sea,
 With eyes kept free from sorrow's tears,
 And Heaven's own prosperity,
 To shine upon their heads.
 And when their evening sun declines,
 May golden radiance fringe the sky,
 And, mingling with its fire confines,
 Amid its splendors, sleep and lie
 On Heaven's roseate beds.

PROF. JNO. G. ROBINSON,
 Baltimore, Md.

Nine young Norwegian missionaries who have been studying at the mission school at Stavanger for six years, and also having medical training, are about to leave for fields in Africa and Madagascar.—*The Golden Rule.*

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

All communications intended for publication to be addressed to the PENINSULA METHODIST, Wilmington, Del. Those designed for any particular number must be in hand, the longer ones by Saturday, and the news items not later than Tuesday morning.

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Entered at the post-office, at Wilmington, Del., as second-class matter.

Peninsula Methodist for 1888.

ALL new subscribers are offered the PENINSULA METHODIST from the time of their subscription, to January, 1889, for the price of one year. Those subscribing at once will get two months free.

Just So,

"The brethren did not think how the thing looked. Nor did they mean to be irreverent, when they sat in the pulpit and talked all through the singing of the opening hymn. If they had thought a moment, they would have admitted that the singing is a part of the worship of the hour, that it is for the pulpit as well as the pew, and that it would be much more solemn for the pulpit to postpone its social visiting till some more appropriate time."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Ritualistic worship has an elaborate programme for the participation of the congregation. Our simpler forms seem to allow the officiating minister to do all the worshipping that is done, and to let the congregation play the role of spectators. When the preacher fails to worship, and occupies himself with something else, the question "naturally arises," what has become of the worship? Hymn books, and Bibles ought to be an essential part of church furniture; and every one should use them in the service; at least reading the hymns if not able to sing, and following the scripture reading, if they are not read responsively. We fear too little is often made of what is sometimes so unhappily termed the introductory service. Introductory to what? Of course, to the sermon; but would not that sermon be far more effectively introduced, by the earnest devotions of a worshipping congregation, impressively expressed in a general participation in song, and reading, and prayer?

If the closing part of worship, the doxology and benediction, is to be done "decently and in order," the adjustment of outside wrappings had better be deferred till afterward.

Eleven sisters of charity have formally applied for certificates to teach in the public schools of Pittsburg. They want to be assigned to duty in the school where Father McLighe has recently been appointed principal. Strange enough!—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Why not? If a teacher of any faith is true to his moral convictions, he will not fail to care for the morals of his pupils. And what standard of morals is there in a Christian land, but the Bible? Must our public school teachers be irreligious, immoral, non-believers in the Bible? As we take it, such schools would indeed be Godless. On the contrary, let an intelligent faith in the Bible and a love for its high-toned morality, as evinced in an upright life, be a prime, if not an essential condition of eligibility for such a position, and the question of sectarian perversion can be safely relegated, as a question of practical administration. Of course,

Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, will do all they can to impress their own personality upon the character of their pupils; and so ought all other teachers, if worthy of the trust. It is impossible to eliminate this element of personal influence from the work of a teacher, and we may as well take it into account in disposing of this question of public schools.

A correspondent says he is praying fervently for a class-meeting revival. Glad to hear it. We suppose the brother means a revival that will lift both leaders and members clear out of the ruts in the recital of their experiences. Such a revival is surely needed. A stereotyped class-meeting is a poor thing—a very poor thing—but it is better than none at all.

Dr. Potts, of the *Michigan*, is about right. Experience fresh, full, and independent with coals from the altar is attractive, as well as stimulating. If the leader be aglow, his members will be apt to feel the heat. Believers seldom willingly absent themselves from means of grace from which they are conscious of receiving such benefit. But the obligation to attend merely to be reported present, and to spend an hour in listening to stereotyped platitudes of so-called testimony and exhortation, does not press with much weight upon an intelligent conscience. Let the class-meeting be made attractive to such as would be earnest and working Christians, and positively helpful to those who attend, and there will be little danger of its falling into desuetude. As in the pulpit, so in the class-room, much depends upon brain and unction.

During the Pittsburg Conference, Bishop Hurst said that the day was not far distant, when the laymen would be found in our annual conferences; and in substance added, that the church would be greatly benefited, if the members had more to say than at present.—*Ex.*

We fling our colors to the breeze, in favor of the suggestion of our *Peninsula* Bishop. Let each charge have its lay as well as its clerical representation in the Annual Conference; then let the Conference elect by ballot, the ministers who shall be the advisory board to assist the Bishop in fixing the appointments. Of course, the composition of the Delegated Quadrennial Conference will be conformed to such a change, and the ministry and laity will be accorded equal representation.

India begins to call quite loudly for a resident bishop. She wishes to be considered one of the districts, where one of our chief ministers shall reside for, at least, a quadrennium at a time. This would save these world-wide, rapid journeys, and secure a much more thorough supervision of the missionary work. So says *Zion's Herald*. The call may be a loud one, dear *Herald*, but it is not unanimous—far from it. It would be well to bear the fact in mind.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Unanimity is desirable so far as possible. But our brother from Michigan will not fail to bear in mind, the correlative fact, that the dissent is "not unanimous—far from it." Better decide the question on its merits. Sometimes, even our brethren in these missions may not know what is best for the cause, and sometimes, it may be, there are there as well as at home, personal complications affecting individual judgment. Our "Missionary Bishop for Africa" has done nobly well. If we can't find another William Taylor, we may find some men of his spirit and devotion equal to the Episcopal supervision of India, or Japan and China for a Quadrennium. Such arrangements might still further "limit" the jurisdiction of our home bishops, introduce an additional factor in the management of our missionary affairs, and obviate the necessity of so frequent tours around the world, upon the part of our superintendents; but the advantages to the church in these distant lands from the presence and service of a resident bishop, we think would far outweigh even such objections. Every thing that promises to aid in the development in these missions of a spirit of self reliance, and loyal independence, should receive the sanction of the church

at home; and we can think of nothing that would be more likely to foster such a spirit than to give them a resident bishop of the right type.

More Help for the Bishop.

Our brethren of Port Deposit, Md., have invited Rev. J. P. Otis to become their pastor at the end of his term in Elkton, Md. Bro. Otis will close a successful pastorate of three years in his present charge, at the next session of the Conference; and we are informed, has accepted the invitation to Port Deposit, subject, of course, to the pleasure of the Bishop presiding, whose duty it is, to "fix the appointments."

If all the charges would make selections, and the selected preachers concur how wonderfully simplified would cabinet labor become! Of course, it must be understood, that no two churches fall in love with the same parson.

The *Michigan Christian Advocate*, to which we are indebted for so many good things, is authority for the following; the typos certainly made a hit, "building more wisely than they knew."

"An amusing typographical blunder was perpetrated at Carson, Nev., recently. Bro. VanDeventer, of our church sent to the *Tribune* his theme for the following Sunday's discourse, "Receipt for the cure of hoodlumism." This appeared in print as, "Receipt for the cure of rheumatism," and it had the effect of crowding the church with people, many of whom had not attended worship for a quarter of a century, and a considerable number of whom were stiffened, more or less, with rheumatism."

Gurnet's Garden, and The New Boy at Southeatt, two stories by Mrs. Mary R. Baldwin, Phillips & Hunt, N. Y., J. Miller Thomas, Wilmington, Del., 282 pages, price \$1.

These are two very interesting stories, illustrating "the struggle of higher spiritual forces with the conditions of sin and sorrow as they are found in every day life."

Gurnet's Garden very touchingly delineates the trials and reward of a life of unselfish devotion to the relief of the needy and the comfort of the sorrowing. The new boy in a similar style, pictures boy life at school, as developing good and evil traits of character, and the power of forbearance and kindness to win the wayward to right paths, and noble aspirations. The book is of a healthy moral tone, and must hold the interest of the reader to its close.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE; two volumes; one of the sixty three Fall Conferences, and eleven missions of 1886, and the other of the forty six Spring Conferences and two missions of 1887, Phillips and Hunt, N. Y., J. Miller Thomas, Wilmington, Del., price, \$1 per volume. We have here the record of the year's work throughout our Church so far as it can be given in statistics, with obituary sketches of two hundred and eight of the itinerant brotherhood who "fell on sleep" during the year. These "minutes" are indispensable for reference, to those who wish to keep posted in the facts of our church progress. We are glad to see, that the commission in the Discipline in the list of "Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church," is supplied in the "Minutes," by including the name of William Taylor, Missionary Bishop for Africa; although for the quieting of any possible official nervousness on the part of any body, a line is drawn by the printer between our missionary bishops' name, and the names of our bishops who are not missionary. But when we come to the Plan of Episcopal visitation, "by order of the Board of Bishops," and signed by their Secretary, behold "there is no difference"; Liberia Conference is assigned to the Episcopal supervision of Bishop Taylor just as Baltimore is assigned to that of Bishop Bowman, or Louisiana

to that of Bishop Merrill; and on pages 18 and 118, Spring Conferences, we find spread out the proceedings and reports of the Liberia Conference, Bishop Taylor, presiding, just the same as though one of his brother bishops, not a missionary bishop had presided. Wonder if any bishop had presided. Wonder if the Book Committee ever looked into the General Minutes; if they had they could hardly have failed to find out that William Taylor was "an effective bishop." Had they been as sagacious as the Book Agents and their printers, they might have "estimated" for all the effective bishops, and just have drawn a line between what they intended for the missionary bishop, and what they intended for bishops that were not missionary, so that there could not possibly be any compromising of dignity; and the missionary bishop's money might have been kept separate from what was to be given to the other bishops just to show that there was a difference, and we really had two kinds of bishops in our church.

THE LIFE, LABORS, AND SERMONS OF REV. CHARLES PITMAN, D. D., by C. A. MALMSBURY, large Octavo, 352 pages, published for the Author at 1018 Arch St., Philadelphia, on sale at the Methodist Book Store, J. Miller Thomas Wilmington, Del. The volume is dedicated "to the Preachers of the Philadelphia, New Jersey, Newark and Wilmington Conferences" through whose respective territories Dr. Pitman's labors were distributed. A very interesting episode in his life that occurred in Delaware, was given in the *Peninsula Methodist* of Oct. 22nd.

Mr. Pitman was born in Burlington Co. New Jersey, Jan. 9, 1794. His parents were pious and active workers, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and when their son was left fatherless at the tender age of six, the widowed mother devoted herself with assiduous care to his religious training. He was converted in his sixteenth year and licensed to preach five years later. In the spring of 1818, Mr. Pitman was received on trial in the Philadelphia Annual Conference, Bishops George and Roberts presiding, and appointed to Trenton Ct. with George Banghart as preacher in charge. His next appointment was Bergen circuit, in the north western part of the same state including twenty-two preaching places, and four hundred and eighty-two white members and eighteen colored; the same territory at the present time forming one entire conference district, and portions of three others. The itinerant of seventy years ago was literally a circuit rider. At the Conference held in Smyrna in 1820 Mr. Pitman was ordained deacon, and in the next year he was ordained elder, under the missionary rule; Bishop George officiating in each case. After eight years in the pastorate, he was made Presiding Elder of West Jersey District, when but thirty years of age. At the end of four years, he was transferred to the East Jersey District, and after three years in this field was appointed in 1833 to Union Church Philadelphia, and under his supervision was erected the neat and spacious house of worship on 4th St. below Arch, that was so long the scene of religious assemblies and grand revivals, but within a few years has not been used for such purposes. At the end of his term in 1835, he was appointed with E. S. Janes, (afterwards Bishop) financial agent for Dickinson College, which had been recently transferred to Trustees representing the Philadelphia and Baltimore Conferences of the M. E. Church. As a result of the labors of their Agents some \$45,000 were secured in cash and subscriptions. During the next two years, 1836 and '38 Mr. Pitman was pastor of St. George's Phila. and had a most wonderful revival. Within three months, it was estimated that from twelve to thirteen hundred conversions took place; out of which seven hundred and fifty joined St. George's, and fifty-three became ministers of the Gospel," one

of these being Rev. Wm. P. Corbitt, who still survives as an active, vigorous and successful herald of salvation. In 1839 Mr. Pitman was transferred to the New Jersey Conference which had been organized two years before. In 1841 he was elected by the New York Conference Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society to complete the unexpired term of Dr. Bangs, and in 1844-48, he was elected to the same office by the General Conference. After nearly two years of effective service in this most responsible position, Mr. Pitman was obliged to retire by reason of failing health, and Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D. was selected to succeed him. Dr. Pitman lingered until January 14, 1854 when the weary wheels of life stood still. This outline of the life and labors of Dr. Pitman will show how worthy they are of historic record. Mr. Malmsbury has done a good work in this Memorial volume, and its perusal will be an inspiration to all the servants of our King to increased zeal and devotion in his service. The volume has a steel plate portrait of Dr. Pitman as a frontispiece, and closes with seventeen sketches of his sermons.

Our Book Table.

BEAUTY CROWNED, or the story of Esther, the Jewish maiden, by Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, Ph. D. D., Phillips & Hunt, N. Y., J. Miller Thomas, Wilmington, Del. 264 pages; price 90 cts. The author of this illustrated Bible story is a member of the American Oriental Society, the Society of Biblical Archaeology of London, etc. The romantic story of the beautiful Hadassah, the orphan niece of Mordecai the Jew, is graphically re-produced with striking illustrations from coterminous history, as furnished by Herodotus and other ancient authorities, and from modern archaeological research. Of his text, the author says, "it is altogether a magnificent piece of writing, which never fails to fascinate the reader." "The deliverance of the people of God, from the fury of Haman, the Agagite, should be mentioned with the earlier deliverance from Egyptian bondage." "The story touches history at so many points, and the references to laws and customs; many of them undesigned, are so numerous, that it were easy to detect a mistake, if the writer were not true to facts." The classical and oriental illustrations demonstrate the truthfulness of the account in its minutest items; while occasion is taken to moralize on temperance, home life, and other matters of practical interest as suggested by the narrative. Dr. Fradenburgh has invested the Book of Esther with a new charm.

YOUNG KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS, a Handbook of principles, facts, and illustrations for Young People who are seeking to win the Golden Crown of Pure and Noble Character, by Daniel Wise, D. D. Phillips and Hunt, N. Y.; J. Miller Thomas, Wilmington, Del., 270 pages, price 90 cts. So pure is the character of this venerable author, so facile his pen, so marvelous his skill in illustrating the truth and so ample his intelligence, that to all who know him, his name is an all-sufficient endorsement of what he writes, in advance of personal inspection. Says Dr. Pierce of *Zion's Herald*, "We know of no American writers, save perhaps Dr. Todd, the Abbots, and Dr. Newton, who can be compared with him, in his facility for happy and attractive illustration. The works of neither of these eminent ministers have had such extraordinary circulation as the "Path of Life," and the "Counselors" by Dr. Wise. Two hundred thousand copies of these admirable books, have been circulated, and they are as interesting now to the young people to-day as they were to their parents." This last volume is equal to the best of its predecessors, and should be placed in every Sunday School Library in the land, and be read in every Christian home. It is just the book to place in the hand of the young disciple. D. Wise, it will be remembered, has been selected to edit the *Methodist Review*, in place of the lamented Dr. Daniel Curry.

The November **WIDE AWAKE** is enriched with several papers connecting so closely with some of the most delightful things in literature that both young and old will always keep this number of the magazine. First comes Mrs. Fremont's account of several visits with Hans Anderson in Copenhagen, entitled "Hans Anderson at Home," and full of the most unique incident and gossip. Closely related, too, to the world's literature is the closing paper of Margaret Sidney's series, "Concord; Her Highways and Byways" abounding as it does with incident and reference concerning the Immortals. A fourth tempting article, "A Pleasant Author," is about the delightful books for girls written by the English author, Annie Keary. Edward B. Payne tells a funny Boston story, entitled "Baked Beans" and "Brown Bread," which has three of Kemble's imitable "darker" pictures. "Some Famous Pets," by Miss Lewis, relates to "Pets in Artist Life," and has a dozen or so delicious pictures. The poems are entirely readable.

Serial stories, "My Uncle Flommond," by Sidney Laska, and "Those Cousins of Mabel's," by Mrs. John Sherwood, open in the next (Dec.) number.

WIDE AWAKE is \$2.40 a year. D. Lottrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass., or this office.

A Pretty Courtesy.

In 1861 a lady passing a season in Washington was very anxious to get General Scott's autograph. He was very busy, and she found her task very difficult. One day the happy thought struck her that her pretty little ten-year-old daughter might be able in this case to do what she herself could not. So she sent the charming little girl to the general's office with the autograph album. The orderly told her that she could not see the busy general. She would not be denied. She would wait, she said. At the end of half an hour the orderly took her request to the adjutant. The latter admitted her, but told her that she could not possibly see the general. She said she must. At last the adjutant showed her the door leading to General Scott's office and told her she could go in if she dared. Taking him at his word she marched right in. This is her description of the call, given at the time: "I was afraid at first when he looked up, but as soon as he saw it was only me he said, right pleasantly, 'Well, little girl, what do you want? and I told him my ma wanted him to write his name in her book; and he looked sharp at me and then smiled a little bit and shook hands with me and asked me who my ma was, and I told him; and I told him my pa was in the army and ma was all alone with me, and then he just kissed my cheek and wrote in ma's book, and said 'good morning' to me and I came out, and nobody didn't hurt me at all'. This is what he wrote: "Treason is the greatest crime."—*Winfield Scott.*

A Touching Story.

About Prince Vittorio Emanuele of Italy and Queen Margherita a pretty story has been going the rounds of foreign gazettes. The Prince is now about seventeen. He observed one day (half a dozen years ago) a very choice string of coral beads in a Roman jeweler's window. "My mother likes coral!" he exclaimed, "and I shall buy those for my mother," he said; and so saying he entered the shop to ask the price. On hearing the sum, he said: "I have not so much money at present, but I will buy five corals to day. You keep the rest for me, and as often as I have saved some money I will send it to you, and you will send to me as many of the remaining corals as the money will buy." The bargain was concluded; two years elapsed before the Prince had the pleasure of presenting his mother with the necklace. The Queen, on hearing the circumstances of the purchase, was very much affected (as she might well be), and said to her son: "I will never cease to wear this, my Vittorio, for it will always remind me of your tender love for me"; and, as a fact, it is never absent from her person, no matter what her toilet.—*Ex.*

What shall be done in regard to those who make a hobby of holiness, while, in their lives, the spirit of it is conspicuously absent? Their evil influence has deterred many from even looking into the subject. But sensible people will refuse to be thus hindered in the pursuit of what God sets forth as the great privilege of His children; otherwise we might for the same reason reject Christianity itself. We have a ready answer to those who speak against the religion of Christ because of the inconsistency of those who profess it. Such persons are inconsistent, not because they have religion, but because they lack it. Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue; and religion must be excellent, or it would not be worth imitating. So the fact that there are men who think they can glorify themselves by a profession of entire sanctification, shows the excellence of the grace they assume to possess. Let us who see the blemishes in their life exhibit in contrast an unblemished life ourselves. The way to prove that a stick is crooked is to put a straight one beside it.—*Methodist Times.*

While the Church of Christ has been gathering in not more than three million of converts from the heathen world the natural increase of that world has been twenty millions! Must not a tremendous advance be made somewhere along our lines of work?—*The Message.*

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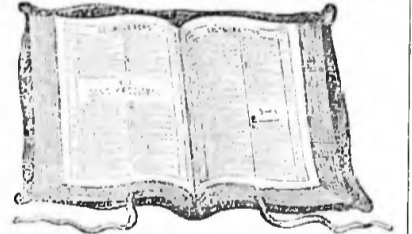
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