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FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.  
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## MINE.

I closely held within my arms  
A jewel rare:  
Never had one so rich and pure  
Engaged my care.  
'Twas my own, my precious jewel,  
God gave it me.  
'Twas mine: who else could care for it  
So tenderly?

But the dear Master came one day  
My gem to take.  
"I cannot let it go," I cried:  
"My heart would break."  
Nay, but the Master comes for it  
To hear above,  
To deck his royal diadem—  
He comes in love.

"But, Master, it is my treasure,  
My jewel rare,  
I'll safely guard and keep it pure,  
And very fair."  
"If thou keep'st my gem," he said,  
"It may be lost:  
The threshold of my home no thief  
Has ever crossed.

"And where the heart's rich treasure is  
The heart will be;  
Your jewel will be safe above,  
Gone before thee."  
The Master said these words, and gazed  
With pitying look,  
While in the early hush of morn  
My gem he took.

Close to my heart, that morn, I held,  
Tears falling fast,  
An empty casket: the bright gem  
Was safe at last.  
Yes, Master, thou may'st keep my own,  
For it is thine;  
Safe in the house not made with hands,  
'Tis thine and mine!

—The Examiner.

## "The Spirits in Prison."

In Jan. 1885, Volume First, No. One of the Methodist Review came to hand. I hastily glanced at the table of contents, and was very much gratified to find a contribution by the editor on a subject of much interest to me. The subject was "Christ preaching to the Spirits in Prison." I read the above named article very carefully twice over, and then laid it aside completely bewildered. Not satisfied with Dr. Curry's interpretation of the passage in question, I fled to Dr. Adam Clark, and to my great astonishment found he had taken substantially the same view. I then turned to Dr. Pope, and lo! he had taken very much the same view; and lastly I fled to Dr. Hodge, and again was disappointed to find him substantially agreeing with the other three distinguished authorities. Notwithstanding all this I was still unsatisfied and was still unshaken in my opinion, as to the true meaning of the passage. Before stating my own view of the passage, I will give those of the distinguished authorities cited above.

Drs. Curry and Clarke state in the outset that it is undoubtedly one of the most difficult passages in the New Testament, and they all agree, that is, Curry, Clarke, Pope and Hodge, that Christ did, in the interval between his death and resurrection, go, in his disembodied spirit, and preach to the spirits in prison, that is the spirits in the spirit world. They make a fight however on the word "preached," (Kerusso). They all agree that he did go and did preach, but deny that the character of the preaching can be determined by the Greek word used, since its first meaning is to proclaim, and in the sixty times that it is used in the New Testament, its meaning must be sought in the context.

Dr. Curry says the preaching may have been a proclamation of his triumph, or it may have been a denunciation of the wicked. Dr. Hodge says "the proclamation may have been either the gospel, (saving or otherwise), or his own triumph or deliverance from sheol." Now the question is, Why make any

such concessions as these? Are we driven by a fair and common sense interpretation to do so? If so, the Catholics really have some ground for their purgatory, and the Swedenborgians some ground for their intermediate state. If it be true, that Christ did go and preach to the spirits in prison, (that is the spirits of the dead), and we can not determine the character of that preaching, then the doctrine of a second probation cannot positively be determined; the concessions make a second probation a probable fact.

But are we driven by a fair and sensible interpretation, to admit, that Christ preached to the spirits in prison at all, after his death? I answer *I think not*. Let us look at the passage critically. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God; being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the spirit. By which also he went and preached to the spirits in prison, which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few that is eight souls were saved by water." I Peter III.—18-20. It distinctly states that Christ preached by his spirit to the spirits in prison. But who were the spirits in prison? Undoubtedly those who were disobedient in the days of Noah. When did he preach to them? Undoubtedly through the mouth of Noah, while the ark was preparing. What is the ground for this interpretation? The fact as stated in verse 20 that as a result of the preaching "eight souls were saved."

The historical fact that eight persons were saved by the ark enables us to determine positively to whom reference is made—eight souls in this passage. If the preaching were to the spirits of the dead antediluvians then why say that as a result of the preaching "eight souls were saved by water?" What then is the meaning of the passage? As I understand it simply this; that Christ went by his spirit during the days of Noah and preached to the spirits who are now in prison. Only this and nothing more. This theory is sensible, it is allowable, it is borne out by the context, it conforms to the Divine history, and the general Biblical doctrine. Why give place to the doctrine of a second probation, when the passage does not necessitate it, nor even allow it? Why extort a meaning which is clearly at variance with the plain teaching of God's word? There is not a single passage in the Bible, that by a fair and sensible interpretation, will allow the doctrine of a second probation. For fear that I may be charged with presumption in venturing to take these great men to task, I will state that I have at my back Dr. Whedon (see Commentary on this passage), McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia, (see "Spirits in Prison"), also Dr. A. Webster's "Studies in the New Testament," page 467. So that I am in good company after all.

Greensboro, Md., Jan. 12, 1886.

Canon Wilberforce said recently that in the United Kingdom were 600,000 families that through drink alone "never knew the meaning of that word of sweetest cadence, home."

Think of a city government affecting to be so decent that it will not allow a drunken man to misbehave after licensing twenty bar-rooms to make men drunk.—*Methodist Advance*.

## Methodism Leavening the Whole.

The recent "Missions" in the Protestant Episcopal Churches in New York city, and in some other parts of our country, following similar meetings in the established church of England, most strikingly attest the strength and extent of the influence of Wesleyan doctrines and methods. Novel and persistent efforts to attract the people, continuous services by night as well as by day, plain, earnest and direct preaching of Scriptural doctrines of experimental religion, faithful and pungent personal appeals to the unconverted to accept immediately the gospel offers of pardon and salvation through repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, the inquiry meeting, the exhortation, conversing with individuals in the pews, and singing "lustily" revival melodies and gospel hymns, are all familiar methods to most Christians of all kinds who approve of revivals. The novelty comes in, when we see our junior sister, so staid, so proper, so conservative, so canonical, and withal so jealous of innovations, entering as heartily into protracted meetings, and extra services, with impromptu prayer, exhortations, songs and personal effort, as any zealous Methodist could; holding inquiry meetings, and special meetings for various classes of sinners—for women by themselves, and for men, and for children. Had the apostolic Wesley returned from his associations with the millions of redeemed spirits in the presence of the blessed Christ, into whose kingdom they had been brought, so largely by his faithful ministry, and had he entered the dignified, wealthy and aristocratic Old Trinity on Broadway, during the progress of the mission, and looked upon the revival services held there day after day, the crowds, the stirring appeals, the moving songs and prayers, he would surely conclude that his societies had taken possession of "the Church." Some twenty odd churches united in these "mission" services which were protracted for ten days, and awakened a deep religious interest throughout the city. Bishop Potter gave his sanction and entered heartily into the movement. We have no intelligence of the permanent results of these extraordinary meetings; but are hopeful that our sister church shall reap a large harvest of genuine converts, and that its spirituality will be greatly increased. We hail with unfeigned pleasure every honest effort to save sinners, to damage Satan's kingdom, and spread the knowledge of the Gospel. May a Pentecostal Baptism of the Holy Spirit fall upon all the churches, and speed the day of Christ's triumph, when "the knowledge of the glory of God shall cover the earth as the waters fill the sea."

## "Use Hospitality One to Another Without Grudging."

In a letter from Ohio in an exchange, we find the following:

"The spirit of hospitality has not died out of the Church within our bounds, as is evident from the fact that at the last session of the Conference there were invitations from six different places to hold the next session."

This is peculiarly refreshing. It sometimes seems to us an inexplicable mystery how some good Christian people in our cities greet country friends with the

utmost cordiality, making all manner of kind inquiries, and expressing great pleasure in meeting, and never say as much as wont you take a meal with us? or wont you take a night in our home? We have known some such who have received all possible attentions in the homes of these friends, and yet seem to be wholly insensible to any obligation to reciprocate. Of course there are hotels in the city, and there were hotels also in the country, but where is the hospitality? It seems in danger of becoming at least in some places one of the "lost arts."

## In The Power of the Holy Ghost.

In the latest issue of that valuable monthly, *The Missionary Herald*, the necessity of the Holy Ghost is forcibly urged in these words: We regret to see that the British Evangelical Alliance, in the list of topics put forth for the week of Prayer, has again ignored the one object had in view by those who originally proposed this observance. As a matter of history it is unquestionable that those who at the first invited the Christian world to set apart the week, had no thought of asking their fellow believers to unite in general supplications for all sorts and conditions of men. They had before their minds one specific need, a need felt by Christ's devoted servants in all parts of the world, that the power of the Holy Ghost should be given to accompany the preached word. The one object for supplication which they set before themselves and others was "that God would now pour out his spirit upon all flesh, so that all the ends of the earth might see his salvation."

It is time that this, our greatest need, should become the all absorbing topic. The Holy Ghost alone can implant enlarged views of Christ's work; the breadth of the divine command to carry the Gospel to the ends of the whole earth, is revealed only by the Spirit; an abiding concern for the heathen world is given to us only by Him; the knowledge that this world belongs to Christ is revealed to us thus, and the adaptation of the Gospel to our sinful race is shown in the same manner.

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," is a promise that God waits to fulfill. O that Zion may every-where claim the ample endowment now!

MANY preachers dwell on the frontiers of religious truth, dim and disputed regions, unmarked by power, wealth and progress. The great leading cardinal facts of revelation must be iterated and re-iterated, stated and re-stated, impressed and re-impressed in every form and manner, made vivid, real and impressive—heart, conscience, judgment must be furnished and re-furnished with these doctrinal facts. Hymns, prayers, sermons should be charged with them till they fill and flood and possess every element of our spiritual nature. Give us the facts of revelation, let them come on fire from the faith of the preacher, and they will fructify in the hearer and bear fruit to eternal life. Many Christians have a taste for this same frontier life, and a dreary life it is, destitute of true joy and barren of every solid comfort. They should press into the centers of life and spiritual experience.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate*.

He is able; He is willing; He is ready. Settle these three things in your heart. Go over them again and again, putting down doubts, and looking steadily at the Lamb of God. Believe that *he will save you*. This you must do; The woman came, saying, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment *I shall be made whole*." It was this faith that saved her. Not believing she was made whole before she was, which would be believing what was not true; or believing that she was made whole after she was, which would not be faith making her whole, but heaping giving her faith. No, no. It is very simple. Her faith was this: If I touch, I shall be made whole. This she had before she felt any change in herself; it was naked trust in Christ, sheer confidence in his virtue, and power and love. It led her to touch, it brought the healing, for it is this firm trust in his saving mercy which the Saviour is pleased to honor.—*William Arthur (Only Believe)*

With many persons the sole test of a preacher's success is the size of his congregation and his ability to hold it. Is this a correct test? Is it not the case that the man who resorts to the most sensational clap-trap, who to win attention, engages in methods which bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest, sensible Christian, is often greeted with larger audiences, Sabbath after Sabbath, than his neighbor, equally able but more plain and practical in the presentation of the truth. If this test were applied to the SAVIOUR, would He not fail of being esteemed a successful preacher? Does not the plain truth lessen the size of a congregation rather than fill it up? We read in one place that many followed no more after Christ because His sayings were too hard for them. Often the really successful preacher may have but a few hearers, but each one is trained and developed in the likeness of God.—*Ex.*

"Our only hope of sustaining and widening the field of Methodism is in the religious and Methodist education of the people that come into our church fold. Unless they read our Church papers and learn what Methodism is doing as well as what it is in its doctrines and polity, they will never render that service to the Church which it has a right to expect at their hands. Brethren for the sake of the people whom you serve, and for the sake of the Church whose ministers you are, persuade the people to take our Church papers and read them. Please push the canvass, and do it now."—*Ex.*

A METHODIST GOVERNER.—The Hon. J. B. Foraker, who was elected this fall, Governor of our State, by the Republican party, is an official member of Walnut Hills, Methodist Episcopal church in Cincinnati. Mrs. Foraker is also a Methodist, and is the daughter of the Hon. H. S. Bundy, who is an ex-Congressman, a local preacher in our church, and was once a member of the General Conference. It has been a long time since Ohio had a Methodist Governor; ex-President Hayes was such, except nominally. The Methodists throughout the world, will be glad to know that the committee of arrangements for the inauguration concluded to dispense with the old time "ball." The chairman of that committee, Mr. W. Y. Miles, and the secretary, Mr. C. D. Friscone, are leading Methodists of Columbus, and both of them have been members of our General Conference.—*Christian Advocate*.

## Temperance.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging and whoe'er 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.

It has long been known that those engaged in the liquor business have no regard for law, and defy it on all possible occasions. No one expected, however, that the thing would be frankly confessed. But it has been. The "Liquor League" of Pennsylvania calls those who inform on its members for violating the laws, "moral lepers." They are "moral lepers," because they attempt to have the laws enforced against lawless saloonkeepers. To break the law is not, in their estimation, an offense; but to inform on the transgressor is a heinous crime. This clearly reveals the moral character of these men and their attitude towards the laws of the country. Why should there be any hesitation whatever in crushing out the business of such a class?—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

The city council of Trenton has passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for minors to enter a saloon within the corporation of that town, the fine to be not less than \$2.50 nor more than \$5. This action of the council has created considerable comment, and a great many condemn it. Some think it is unconstitutional, and talk of testing the matter in the courts.—*Gibson County (Tenn.) Herald*.

O, he is a clever man, and would never have done it but for a little too much drink. And that entitles him to favor. Alas! for such a travesty of justice—such a false, foolish sentiment! Whiskey is no justification for crime. But this sentiment is another argument in favor of prohibition.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate*.

The artesian well in Atlanta now pours forth a steady stream of pure water. Prohibition and artesian water will make Atlanta the greatest city in the South.—*Columbus (Ga.) Sentinel*.

License is a permission given by some competent authority to do that which, if done without that permission, it would be a crime to do.—*Bowler's Law Dictionary*.

Through enforced prohibition society will be able to enforce ten other laws, which the saloon now aids to exist as half-dead letters.—*Northern Advertiser*.

There is a gain in systematic and thorough Bible study; there is a gain in intelligent Bible-reading, topically or by a single book at a time; there is also a gain in the regular daily reading of the Bible, chapter by chapter, in course, throughout the year. This latter reading may, at times, be perfunctory, but it has its practical value even then. Those men who are most familiar with the Bible in all its parts are commonly those who have been in the habit of reading the Bible through, in course, year after year, and who have thereby become gradually familiar with portions of the Bible which they would not have looked up in ordinary topical reading or study. Nor does this formal reading of the Bible interfere with more earnest and thorough occasional Bible-reading. On the contrary, it makes that kind of reading all the more satisfactory when it is undertaken. It is a good thing to read a chapter in the Bible at the close of the day's work, even though its reading be somewhat irksome, and the temptation to sleep be a strong one for the hour. But that should not be one's only way of Bible reading; nor is it likely to be.—*S. S. Times*.

## Youth's Department.

## A CHILD'S TRUST.

A little blind child rested  
In a loving father's arms,  
And her face was calm and happy—  
For she never knew alarms;  
She felt the love so strong and kind  
That girded her about,  
And she nestled to her father's heart  
In trust that could not doubt.

A stranger friend, whose record  
Of words spoken and deeds done  
The father knew, came in, and soon  
He took the little one  
And bore her from her father's arms—  
To rest in his awhile;  
And though they scarcely checked their  
talk,  
They smiled to see her smile.

"Now, Louie, are you frightened?"  
The father asked in fun.  
"You do not know who has you,  
And you're such a little one;  
A great, strange man has taken you,  
Whose face you cannot see;  
Are you not very much afraid  
To be away from me?"

The child her blind eyes lifted,  
And, laughing low, she said,  
With her face turned to her father:  
"I am not at all afraid.  
I do not know who has me,  
But I know you know," and then,  
As the stranger held her closely,  
She only laughed again.

Ah! little child, who cannot see,  
You are less blind than I;  
My head is bowed in mournful shame  
As I hear your wise reply.  
Because I do not see and know,  
I lose my calm repose;  
Oh, may I rest, as you have done,  
In the thought, my Father knows.

—*Marianne Farningham, in Christian World.*

## A Looking-Glass Story.

When Nellie was a little girl, not quite three years old, she was playing quietly, one morning up stairs, all by herself; by chance, she happened to notice a chair standing near the dressing case.

"I'll get upon the chair and see the pretty things," thought Nellie.

It was only the work of a moment for her to climb the chair. But what attracted her attention before the toilet articles, was the looking-glass and the face it reflected. Nellie opened her eyes widely at seeing the little girl before her; and a very pretty little girl it was, too, with beautiful brown curling hair, large blue eyes and rosy cheeks.

Nellie looked closely at the little girl for a few moments, and the little girl looked at Nellie. Then Nellie happened to pucker her mouth a little, and the girl in the glass did the same.

"The little girl is making faces at me," thought Nellie. "I'll make a worse face at her." And Nellie screwed up her little mouth in the most unbecoming manner possible; and the little girl in the glass made as ugly a face back.

But though she tried again and again, Nellie could not compel the girl in the glass to look pleasant by making faces at her; she would always make as ugly a face back at Nellie as Nellie could possibly make at her. "You naughty, bad girl, to keep making faces at me. I am going straight down stairs and will tell my grandmother about you."

So Nellie left the chair and hurried down stairs, running so fast that she fell over the cat that was sleeping near the sitting-room door. But as she was not much hurt, and being very much excited, she picked her little self up and cried, "Oh grandma, there is a naughty, bad girl upstairs making faces at me; do come upstairs, grandma, and scold her good."

"I guess you are mistaken, child," said grandma.

"Oh no, I am not, grandma; do come quick."

So nothing would do but grandma must leave her work, and go upstairs with the importunate child.

"Where is she?" asked grandma as soon as they had reached the room.

"Right here," said Nellie, and she climbed up on the chair before the glass and commenced making faces as before.

"Why, Nellie," said grandma, "it is only yourself. It is only the reflection of your own little face in the glass.

Who made the first face, child, you or the naughty girl?"

"Why, I most forget, grandma; but I guess I did," said Nellie, honestly.

"Well, I guess you did," replied grandma, laughing heartily. "Now, dear, you smile at the little girl and see if she will not smile at you in return."

"Oh, yes, grandma; see, she is smiling. Oh, you sweet little girl!" cried Nellie, perfectly delighted with the pretty face that now smiled so sweetly at her.

Nellie is a woman now, and her dear grandma has long since gone to rest, but she still finds the principle of her looking-glass mistake to run all through her life.

The world is like a looking-glass; frown at it and it will frown back at you; smile at it and it will give you smiles in return.—*Selected.*

## A Wise Mother.

"She will never be brought up as I was, if I live," said a young mother of her little two year old Bessie.

"When I was married, I knew no more about the mysteries of house-keeping than she does now of the school-room. My mother thought if she could give her girls a good education, they could make their way in the world, even under the most adverse circumstances, and if we did not become as proficient as our teachers it was no fault of hers. But she never seemed to think we might need a drill not usually found in schools, so, while we coned lessons, or passed the time playing with dolls, or doing fancy work, she worked in the kitchen, dining room or chambers, or hired a foreign born girl to do the work her own girls ought to have done.

I would willingly give up all that I learned from school-books the last two years of my girlhood, for the ability to make good bread, first-class butter, to cook meats satisfactorily, and potatoes that would come out of the kettle like flake snowballs; and withal, make a little 'go a great way'.

The lack of this knowledge, and the inability to do up fine shirts in a creditable manner, and to keep up repairs in general has caused me more grief, in my three years of house-keeping, than I ever experienced in all my previous life.

"No, little Bessie will not be kept in the school-room all the time year after year; she will spend part of the season in learning to keep house. And if I had no other incentive to learn all there is to be taught about making a home the most delightful place, I would do it for her sake.

Mamma and Bessie will work together, won't we little one?" and the fond mother took the child upon her lap, who was now the little playmate; but would soon be her mother's right hand supporter and companion.

I will also teach her to be interested in reading the general topics of the day, instead of love-sick stories, that are so numerous, attractive and yet so disastrous to a giddy mind.

Will the young mothers, who read this, form the same resolution that Bessie's mother did, and thus save their daughters untold grief? And will those mothers who have daughters going with John, Dick, and Charlie, sons of neighbors, to parties, picnics, and rides, seven times a week, ask themselves whether said daughters are fitted to become the heads of well-ordered households? Remember that the education that can be utilized every day as their necessities require, is that which will fit them to both serve and command.—*Am. Rural Home.*

## "Bell's Bairn."

The old-fashioned Scotch servant has passed away. But seventy-five years ago there could be found in well-to-do Scotch families, men and women who, while occupying a menial position, look-

ed upon service as a trust, and were honored by their employers. He or she was, in fact, "one of the family," and was often treated as a humble friend.

"You and I must part, William," said an angry master to his old man-servant once, when some wilful act had irritated him.

"An' where is your honor going to?" asked the old man, unconscious that he was the dismissed one.

In a delightful Scotch book, "Bits from Blinkbonny," there is a description of Bell, the maid-of-all-work in a minister's family, whose management made the cow, the hens, the garden, and even the pig, important sources of supply in the household economy.

Wee Nellie, the third child, a delicate little thing, called herself "Bell's bairn," and was seldom out of the kitchen, so fond was she of the kind servant, who, pressing the little one to her breast, would croon over it such words of endearment as "wee croodlin' doo," "her ain darling Nellie," and "she was Bell's bairn."

When Nellie was about three years old, she was attacked by scarlet fever. It was a severe attack, and Bell's agony at seeing the little body covered with the scarlet rash, and hearing her labor-ed breathing, was only equalled by that of the mother.

She took the fever-tossed child gently out of the mother's wearied arms. The fitful struggles became less violent, the breathing grew less difficult, and the child, now quieter, half opened her eyes and faintly crooned "Bell."

"Yes, ye're Bell's bairn, ye're Bell's ain bairn," whispered Bell, half-choking with grief. Then seeing the growing softness of the weary face, she rose gently, and laying the wee lamb on the mother's lap, slipped noiselessly to the father's study, and slightly opening the door, said,—

"Please, sir, come here, or the angels will be before you."

The darling recognized "papa," and smiled as she lisped his name, and murmured, "Mamma's wee—wee"—closing her eyes, and, in the act of raising her arm to her throat, it fell powerless.

"Wee Nellie is wee Nellie forever," said Bell, lifting the little body from its mother's lap. "It is well with the child. Come away, man, for a little. I'll put all right."

When the mother returned to the sick-room, after several hours of sleep, all traces of illness had been removed. On the bed all that remained of Nellie in the flesh, dressed and laid out. On her face lay a muslin handkerchief, kept down by a bag of lavender on either side.

As the mother walked to the bed, Bell approached the other side, and slowly folded down the face-cloth. The face was that of a child smiling in sleep.

"Bell," said the mother, "she is beautiful—and she's home. Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and she stooped down to kiss her "lost lamb." Bell quickly folded the face-cloth over the mouth, saying, "On the cheek or the broo, man, no' on the mouth."

On the tombstone was inscribed: "With Christ—Far Better." Bell planted and tended the flowers about the grave. She never put foot on the sod under which Nellie lay, and at every visit would read the epitaph aloud, and then in a cheerful tone say, as if the child had repeated it,—

"Yes, Nellie; yes, Bell's bairn, far better; far, far better."

## Helpful.

A correspondent of the *Ball-Mall Gazette* tells the story of a plump, pretty little orphan of seven, who was one of the steerage passengers in a steamer heavily laden with emigrants for New York. She had not a relative or friend on board, but was sent from some remote district in Sweden to Chicago.

The poor baby made her journey of four thousand miles smiling, happy, finding a friend's face in every one that looked at her. The emigrant women on board cared for her as though each were her mother. Every morning she came on deck freshly bathed and dressed, her pretty hair braided under her puckered hood. The Englishman who observed the universal kindness to the child says, "In all my life I never saw so fine a thing."

A story which is told of some German emigrants might parallel this: Two brothers, one an able-bodied mechanic, the other a slight lad of eighteen, were steerage passengers in one of the large American steamers several years ago. The elder, venturing into some dangerous quarter of the vessel, during a storm, was washed overboard and drowned. He had on his person the little store of money and the tickets belonging to both. The lad, Gottfried, was left absolutely penniless and friendless in the world. The other emigrants contributed of their poor little savings enough to pay his way and support him until he reached a colony in Dakota, to which most of them were bound. He is now one of the most industrious, energetic men in it.

Scarcely a ship-load of emigrants comes across the sea in which there is not shown the same mutual kindness and help. There is something in the act of cutting loose from his old home, and all past associations, which makes a man cling more closely to other men as neighbors and brothers; giving and asking help as never before. It is the best preparation for his life in this country, where he will stand on an equality for mutual help and support with men of every nation under heaven.

Yet after all, are we not all emigrants crossing a wider sea to an unknown country, which we all—the millionaire and pauper, the white and the black, the gentleman and the slave—shall enter together, children of one Father? Shall we not, too, try to help each other on this our one short voyage?—*Youth's Companion*.

"The Rev. J. C. Iglehart, pastor of the Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in Buffalo, preached a sermon on the late William H. Vanderbilt. After describing the various gifts that he made, he says:

"We commend these gifts. But we must remember that the sum total of his great benefactions is only a fraction over one tenth of his income for one year. Do you think that such a pittance pays his obligations to his fellows or his God? After subtracting the expenses of his living there was left from his income last year, without touching a dollar of the principal, enough money to endow eight colleges with \$500,000 each, to build 20 hospitals costing \$100,000 each, to erect 100 churches costing \$10,000 each, and to furnish bread and fuel for 40,000 poor families. In his will he has left a million to benevolence. That seems large to us, but it was small for him. It was only the 1-200th part of his estate; the other \$199,000,000 he left to his family. After providing amply for his posterity he could have left a fund that would have yielded to the causes of education, benevolence, and religion \$3,000,000 a year for a hundred, for a thousand, years to come."

The above is a correct way of stating the case, and none who read *CHRIST'S* words and believe them can be dazzled and deceived by the glitter of the gold. Gold cannot purchase immunity from death or delay proceedings or determine results at that tribunal from which there is no appeal. Alas! that there should be many such in the Christian Church."

To fall out and part company with an entire organization because some individual member of it displeases you, is more like the pettishness of a foolish child than the action of a sensible man or woman

The Sunday School.

Captivity of Judah.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1886.  
2 Kings 25: 1-12

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

[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

GOLDEN TEXT: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion" (Psa. 137: 1).

I. JERUSALEM BESIEGED AND TAKEN (1-4).

1, 2. In the ninth year of his reign.—Zedekiah's. His name had been Mattaniah (gift of Jehovah), but Nebuchadnezzar, on raising him to the throne, had changed it to Zedekiah (justice of Jehovah). He was the youngest son of Josiah. Tenth month, tenth day—the tenth of Thebet, or the 20th of December. Nebuchadnezzar . . . came—his third and last expedition against Jerusalem, to punish the treason of Zedekiah and to execute the Divine judgment upon Judah for persistent sinfulness. He and all his army—including the forces of the vassal kings of his empire. As the mighty army entered the confines of Judah, it was swollen by voluntary recruits from the nations round about—the Ammonites, Moabites, Edomites and others—"who came up to avenge the quarrels of a thousand years." Against Jerusalem.—Says Stanley: "There was a doubt for a moment, at the dividing of the great Babylonian roads, whether the army should proceed against Rabbath of Ammon, or Jerusalem of Judah. The Chaldean king stood at the parting of the ways. He made his arrows of divination bright, he consulted with images, he looked on the sacrifice. All the omens pointed to Jerusalem." Pitched (R. V. "encamped") against it—preparatory to assaulting the walls. He hemmed it in and erected towers for his engines of attack. On this same day (of the above date) Ezekiel, then a captive in distant Babylon, was commissioned to foretell to his fellow-captives the utter destruction of the Holy City. And the city—R. V., "so the city." Unto the eleventh year of King Zedekiah—a year and a half of successful resistance, owing, largely, to the strength of the walls. The writer does not mention the temporary raising of the siege at the approach of the Egyptian army.

3. Famine prevailed (R. V., "was sore") in the city.—It reached the point where there was no bread. "This," says Jamieson, "was a fulfillment of the prophetic denunciations threatened on the apostasy of the chosen people (Lev. 26: 29; Deut. 28: 53-57; Jer. 15: 2; 27: 13; Ezek. 4: 16)." Vivid hints are given to us in the Lamentations and Ezekiel of the awful extent of this visitation. An agonizing cry went up from all quarters of the city. Gaunt figures stalked along the streets, hollow-eyed and fierce for whatever would serve for food. The ties of family and nature were dissolved. Fathers ate the flesh of their sons (Ezek. 5: 10) and mothers devoured their newly-born babes (Lam. 2: 20).

4. And the city was broken up—R. V., "Then a breach was made in the city." They made their irruption into the lower city, according to Jeremiah's account (39: 3-5); and thence made their way into the temple. The names even of these Gentile intruders have been preserved (Jer. 39: 3). They took their stations in the middle court—"a spectacle never before seen in the inviolable sanctuary of Jehovah." The knell of doom had sounded. The work of carnage and rapine began. "The virgin marble of the courts ran red with blood, like a rocky wine-press in the vintage" (Lam. 1: 15). In far-off Babylon the prophet Ezekiel in solemn vision saw "the dawn of the dreadful day." That day—the ninth of Thammuz—has ever since been commemorated in the Jewish Church as a day of fasting and sorrow. Men of war fled by night.—According to Josephus, the breach was effected by midnight. By the way of the gate between the two walls.—The "king's garden," where these walls were located, was, according to Nehemiah, at the pool of Siloam, i. e., at the mouth of the Tyropoeon. Says Jamieson: "A trace of the outermost of these two walls appears to be still extant in the rude pathway which crosses the mouth of the Tyropoeon, on a mound hard by the old mulberry tree which marks the traditional spot of Isaiah's martyrdom." The Chaldeans—in R. V., here and elsewhere, "the Chaldeans." The king went the way toward the plain—R. V., "the king went by the way of the Arabah," the lower valley of the Jordan.

II. THE FATE OF THE KING (5-7).

5. The army . . . pursued . . . overtook.—Josephus says that intelligence of the king's flight was communicated to the Chaldeans by deserters. The royal fugitives and attendants appear to have crossed the Mount of Olives and to have reached the plain of Jericho before they were overtaken. All his army were (R. V., "was") scattered.—He evidently tried to make a stand against his pursuers with the guard that attended him; but the

soldiers were panic-stricken and fled.

6. So (R. V. "then") they took the king—and also his family. Brought him up to—R. V., "carried him up unto." The king of Babylon to Riblah—a city on the northeast frontier of Palestine, in the territory of Hamath, on the great road between Babylon and Judaea. They gave judgment.—In the corresponding passages in Jeremiah (39: 5 and 52: 9) the singular is used: "He (the king of Babylon) gave judgment," etc. slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes—probably by impaling, or some such barbarous method: a terrible sight this, for the father to gaze upon the death-agonies of his own children, and to witness the extinction of his natural hope that a child of his might succeed him; but more terrible must have been the thought that his own treachery had signed their death-warrant. Put out the eyes of Zedekiah.—It was customary, both among the Babylonians and the Persians, to inflict blindness upon princes who had forfeited their right to the throne. The method was either to pass a red-hot copper plate before the eyes and thus dry up the humors, or to thrust the point of a dagger or spear into the eyes. In Zedekiah's case the literal rendering is "they dug out the eyes." Bound him with fetters of brass—R. V., "bound him in fetters." Carried him to Babylon.—Says Keil: "He was carried to Babylon, where, according to Jeremiah (52: 11), he remained in prison until the day of his death; so that he came to Babylon, as Ezekiel (12: 13) had predicted, but did not see the land, and there died." Josephus cites the singularity of his fate as a conclusive proof of the predictive power of the ancient prophets, "as reconciling, in this unexpected manner, the apparent discrepancy between Jeremiah and Ezekiel" (Stanley).

III. THE FATE OF THE CITY (8-12).

8, 9. In the fifth month, on the seventh day—about a month after the capture of the city. Instead of "seventh day," Jeremiah 52: 12 reads "on the tenth day of the month." Nebuzaradan may have started on the seventh and arrived on the tenth; or the burning of the city may have lasted three days, so that the seventh or tenth day might be named, according as the beginning or ending might be taken. Nebuzaradan.—He had not been present at the conquest of the city (Jer. 39: 3). His office—"captain of the guard"—resembled that of the Cherethites and Pelethites under the Israelite monarchs, including among its functions the execution of criminal sentences. Burnt the house of the Lord—mentioned first either because most important or because the fiery judgment began at the house of the Lord. The king's house.—The same site was afterwards occupied by the palace of Herod the Great. And every great man's house—R. V., "even every great house."

10-12. The army . . . brake down the walls—obliterating its defences, and blotting out temporarily its existence as a city. The rest of the people—R. V., "the residue of the people"—those who had escaped former captivities, and endured the horrors of the famine and the siege, and survived the terrible scene of seeing the city they so passionately loved plundered and burned. The fugitives that fell away to the king of Babylon—R. V., "those that fell away, that fell to the king of Babylon;" the deserters that went over to the Chaldean side. With the remnant—R. V., "and the residue," probably of the people who dwelt outside the city. Left of the poor (R. V., "poorest") of the land.—The city was destroyed, but the land was left, and the poorest of the populace were permitted to remain to toil the soil and care for the vineyards. Over these was appointed as governor a friend of Jeremiah—Gedaliah, the grandson of Shaphan, the son of Ahikam. His capital was at Mizpeh.

Misquoting Scripture.

One of our ministers recently took tea at a good sister's house when the following conversation occurred: "I thought your sermon last night was very appropriate," said the lady, "but there was one remark I could not assent to." "What was that?" inquired the preacher "You said that it might be possible for a rich man to be saved; I don't think so. Does not the Bible say 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a cambric needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.'" The minister dissented, but the good sister vigorously contended that she quoted the scriptures correctly. The Bible was produced and the passage read. She was greatly astonished to find that the word cambric was not in it. Certainly where such mistakes are made there is great room for Bible reading.—Baltimore Methodist.

Here and There on Snow Hill District.

REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.  
No. 45.

I cannot close my reminiscences of itinerant life in Virginia, without some references to one of the Camp-meetings we held about the centre of my little circuit. There had been so much disturbance, and sectional strife for a few years previous, that neither the Northern or Southern people had much heart for an occasion of this kind, and the zest with which preparations were entered upon for a full turn out, gave promise of a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

We had invited, and expected several first rate preachers from Baltimore, among whom were Samuel Register of the Church South, G. G. Brooks, Dr. Sargent, and John Poisal. On Saturday afternoon the tents were all occupied; the colored people had an immense semi-circle in the rear of the stand; and our seating capacity was thought sufficient to accommodate several thousand people. Great expectations were entertained for the Sabbath, with its visiting ministers and social intercourse between the two branches of the M. E. Church; for I had secured several of the local preachers, and prominent members of the Church South to join in with us.

The Steamboat from Baltimore, on which the expected brethren were to reach us, was not due at Pungoteague, until Saturday evening, and little or no anxiety was felt, when we had to open the meeting without their presence. They will be here, people said, some time tonight, or early in the morning. The morning dawned and yet no Baltimoreans. We opened the love feast, and had a remarkably free and happy time. As the preaching hour grew on apace, I had scouts out to meet the strangers, and see that they were refreshed, on their arrival.

During the interval between love feast and morning preaching, we held a little council of war. "Where are our preachers?" People just arrived from Pungoteague reported that the steamer went aground on the bar, coming in the previous night, and had not yet landed. Then who shall preach the morning sermon? Of course I was responsible. I tried Bro. Montcalm Oldham of the Church South. He declined. I then appealed to Bro. Lecato. He was a superior sermonizer; but the thing was too appalling. I had one man willing to take the stand, but as he could not preach, as well as he thought he could I avoided him.

"What shall I do?" was the perplexing question. "Preach yourself," was the general verdict. Bro. Lecato had prepared a sermon for the meeting, and I borrowed his sketch, hastily glanced over it, and, after due explanations about our disappointment, started in to do my level best. I could hardly have failed, under the circumstances; the way good people prayed for me, while nobody was in the mood to criticise. I took a full hour, and a full swing, and the word had free course. White and colored responded grandly. Some were unusually moved, and the closing periods were interrupted by people on their feet in the stand and congregation embracing each other, under a mighty baptism of the Spirit.

That was what gave freedom. No eloquence, I suppose, could have drawn in the idlers who crowded the outskirts, like "a shout in the camp," and to have a bench full of mourners, at the morning service was the crown of success. Good old father Dalby moved about, full of fire; and I could see strong men hurriedly feel for their handkerchiefs, as he took hold of their hands, shouting away, and asked them to make a start for heaven. Some hardly cared for the dinner hour. Two of our Baltimore brethren arrived in the midst of this season of grace, and were hugged around by old acquaintances, until they too caught the general joy. It was at this time, as I

have incidentally mentioned before, an old backslider moved off alone, and sat down on a log to weep, and wish he hadn't, as he believed, sold his birthright for the vanities of time. When I was dining that day, I could hear several in an adjoining tent discussing the sermon. "Never heard a better" said one; "didn't think it was in him," said another; he must have come prepared," and a third; "you are all off the track," said a voice I knew, "he borrowed that sermon this very morning of Bro. Lecato." "Yes," said Bro. Lecato, who was also at the table, "he borrowed that sketch of me, but it is now spoiled for my use. I'll never attempt to preach from that text again."

Not one of them—perhaps not one on the ground, attributed the result to the right cause. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

I had a singular experience with a Protestant Episcopal Clergyman, while residing in Locustville. He had come over from Baltimore, in answer to an advertisement, to fill a double capacity,—to teach in a prominent family and to fill the vacant pulpit of the parish church. It was whispered about, that he had been seen drinking on the Steamboat, and was addicted to brandy, although a very learned and clerical looking person. The situation he sought was closed against him. He wandered about in seedy attire, looking for a school, or some means of support. I met him, and brought him to my house. There he gave me his pedigree. He was related to one of the noble families of Ireland, was a graduate of Trinity College Dublin, had taken all degrees attainable. Entered the Church of England, served as curate under the Bishop of Durham. Emigrated to Canada, as chaplain of an English vessel, drifted over to Boston, served a while with Bishop Doane in New Jersey, found himself in Washington, and next in Accomac.

I verified his credentials, obtained for him our village school, kept him in my family until I found a place for him to board, commenced the study of Latin and Greek, availing myself of his fine abilities as an instructor, and thought I had saved him. At my instance he signed the pledge, and for a good while kept sober. He was a real gentleman in breeding, and had mastered all classical learning.

He was taken sick, while I was absent. I hastened to see him, as soon as I returned. He thought he was going to die, and had me overhaul his portmanteau, and papers. Then he asked me to pray with and for him. "At your little family fireside," said he, "while you have read your chapter, and offered a simple prayer to God morning and evening, I have felt strangely. I never learned to pray that way. I never sought to be converted. That is now my soul's sincere wish; after all the ambition of my eventful life is narrowed down to this cold and lonely cot.

He rallied, was succeeding finely with his school, was invited to conduct service and preach in a church near Bell Haven, and when everything was brightest, he sent for a quart of liquor, and soon again reached the level of the gutter. He had to leave the place, and my Latin and Greek have almost gone to seed.

We had a few Universalists on the lower part of the circuit, who had built a very nice church but had then no minister. Riding past with a friend one day, I read a text of Scripture inscribed on a marble tablet over the door, and half in play, said I wished they would invite me to preach in the deserted church, I would take their own favorite

text to disprove their doctrine. He told them about what I had said, and immediately I received the invitation. There was a ripple of sensation in that quiet community. The congregation was the largest ever seen within its walls. The text was 1 Tim. 4: 10, "We trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe."

I opened enthusiastically on universal salvation, a grand glorious fact and possibility through grace, for every soul. Secondly this special salvation. The first provided, the latter, realized in experience by faith. Without this appropriating faith, salvation may be as free as air, as deep and wide as the sea, but men die without a taste of it. I had a fine chance, and improved it, as I think, to the good of all present. Especially my own people, who were present in large numbers, out of curiosity, and concluded their side had scored a victory.

Letter from Easton, Md.

On the evening of Dec. 30th, while our family were spending a few delightful hours with friends of our society, the parsonage was forcibly entered, and on our return, we found the house open, gas burning low, and were seized at the front door by masked figures, who in sepulchral tones demanded entire submission, and quiet, with this assurance, that if we remained quiet and submissive, no harm would be done us. We were placed in the dimly-lighted parlor and locked up; but in a few minutes our bondage ceased, and with gas lights turned on, the house was illuminated, and found to be swarming with friends, who conducted us into the dining-room, where we found the table adorned with a beautiful set of decorated china, (full tea service of 54 pieces) and an exquisite piece of silver-ware. Bro. L. Dodson as spokesman for the company, presented them as a testimonial of the loving regard of the friends gathered. After a grateful response and prayer for the Divine blessing on the dear people, attention was given to a little Christmas feasting music, song and social conversation. On a side table was found a large collection of packages, containing sundry supplies, always needed.

With the next night, "watch night," began our extra meeting, and two services daily have been held, at noon and at 7 p.m. During most of the time the special effort has been directed toward the thorough preparation of the church for work, recognizing the fact that only a thoroughly sanctified church can be a successful nursing mother for the babes in Christ. The results have been glorious. The members by score have surrounded the altar, seeking the blessing of a clean heart, and consecrating themselves to God, as temples for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And now we have a large company of those who are walking in the clear light of God's truth, in fellowship with Jesus, and rejoicing that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth from all sin." The Holy Spirit is working on the hearts of the unsaved. One poor soul, who had drifted and drifted on the sea of doubt and speculation, until he had graduated as a "free-thinker," has been graciously saved and now clothed, and in his right mind, he sits at the feet of Jesus, and magnifies the grace which saves "to the uttermost."

Though all the forces of darkness and sin, are active to oppose us, and to neutralize all our efforts for salvation. We are praying, working and trusting in God for a general victory. All praise to our Redeeming Lord.

Very truly,  
HENRY S. THOMPSON.

The Christian natives of the South Sea Islands prepare their Sunday food on Saturday. Not a fire is lighted, neither flesh nor food is baked, nor a tree is climbed, nor a canoe seen on the water, nor a journey by land undertaken on God's holy day.

Peninsula Methodist

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

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

We welcome Rev. Brother A. Smith to our columns, in his exposition of the disputed passage in reference to "the spirits in prison," and shall be glad to have other brethren "do likewise."

Rev. Bro. A. D. Davis gives a good and significant note on Probationers. Hope other brethren will be able to report similarly gratifying results.

From an exchange we take an interesting item in reference to a Philadelphia centennial.

An interesting incident took place in the home of Calson Hieskell, Esq., an honored member of Trinity M. E. Church, on Christmas Eve. On that evening Mrs. Sarah Eckfeldt, who has long been a member of Brother Hieskell's family, entered upon her one hundredth year. Sister Eckfeldt is one of God's elect. She enjoys an excellent degree of health, her mind is clear and active, and she is found in her place in the sanctuary twice every Sabbath, unless the weather is very stormy, and attends the prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings with great regularity, although her home is at least one mile from the church. She was married in 1808, but has been a widow for many years. Her pastor, Dr. Vernon, and a few friends called to pay their respects to her, and had quite an enjoyable Christmas Eve with the venerable saint. May her one hundredth year be the happiest of her life!

We heartily endorse our contemporary's recommendation of the whipping-post for human brutes, whether behind the bar, or before it, but enter our protest against any license for the deadly drink traffic, high or low.

The Grand Jury of Philadelphia, in making their final presentment to the Court, recommended that, as the majority of the cases brought before them were for assault and battery, and the most of these were for wife-beating, a whipping-post should be established for gentlemen who indulge in this pastime; and that almost all the cases coming before them were the result of the rum traffic, a system of high license should be introduced, so that the thousands of petty grog-shops that do the most of the mischief among the lower classes should be closed. We say amen to whipping the wife-beaters, and suggest that the ranseller whose abominable whisky leads to the act should in all cases share in the wife-beater's punishment. A remedy of that kind would even be more effectual than a high license.

Good News from Baltimore, Md.

"Nine churches of this city past the million-dollar line, with an aggregate collection of \$9,200." We trust every church throughout our Zion will catch the inspiration and press toward the mark for this high calling. Where is the church so poor, as to feel it a financial burden, to contribute to the cause of missions, an average of less than two cents a week, per member? Were this done universally we would run beyond the million line. Which of our Peninsula churches will be the first to lead in this grand advance. Brethren please report progress; it will encourage and stimulate others.

We are deeply grieved to see that the name of George R. Bristol, once a member of the Wilmington Conference, being afterwards of the Louisiana, and of the Newark Conferences, has again been brought before the public in connection with criminal charges. The dispatch we give below, announces the result of his trial on these latest charges. It is sad, not only to see a brother fall, but also to think how many innocent hearts, are wrung with anguish, at the misdoing, which brings too often unmerited reproach upon the cause of Christ itself. Most earnestly should every lover of the blessed Christ, whose mission he declares himself was "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," pray that to this sinner may be given the grace of a genuine repentance.

"Jersey City, N. J. Jan. 15.—At 9 o'clock to-night, after deliberating two hours, the jury in Rev. Mr. Bristol's case brought in a verdict of guilty. Mr. Bristol will be suspended from his ministerial functions until the case comes up before the annual conference, which meets in this city in March.

Many of our readers will remember Rev. John Shields for many years a member of the Phila. Annual Conference, when it overspread the Peninsula. While he is now waiting in retirement the signal for his final release from the scenes of labor to enter upon his eternal reward, he has the pleasure of witnessing the successful labors of his son, in the same blest employ, to which he devoted the best energies of his life. The following is from the Central Pennsylvania Conference correspondent of the Christian Advocate.

"At Watsontown, the work of the pastor D. A. Shields, was crowned last Sunday with glorious victory. He took it into his head two years ago that the audience room ought to be finished. The people said, 'We cannot do it,' and the officials said, 'Ditto.' But the pastor, with indomitable energy and with courage that would not brook defeat, said, 'We must finish our church.' He secured subscriptions for plastering 'by the square yard,' for the pews 'by the linear foot,' for the windows 'so much apiece,' and so on, piecing out and apportioning the work until he had enough money to warrant beginning. Then the people were converted, and the officials were convinced, and the work went on until now it is gloriously finished. The Rev. Silas C. Swallow preached in the morning, and managed the money-getting, with success, of course, and Bishop Fowler preached to the edification and inspiration of the great congregation at night."

The following from the same source will interest and encourage.

The Missionary Convention at Harrisburg, for the district presided over by Rev. W. A. Houck, was attractive in spite of the weather—which was drizzly, stormy, and dismal. The visitors from abroad made a profound impression for their causes. Chaplain McCabe spoke several times, and, despite his overtaxed strength, showed the old fire. Dr. Butler was entertained by his old friend and co-worker in India, Mrs. Brown, the widow of the late Rev. John D. Brown. His speeches were impassioned and

thrilling. Mrs. Chandler gave two or three tender and stirring addresses; her visit awoke new interest in woman's work for women in heathen lands. The work for women in the mission cause at home hinderances to the mission cause at home were admirable. The Rev. J. R. Dun-kerly gave a strong and striking address on the hinderances that oppose the cause in pagan lands, and Dr. Butler followed in the same line effectively. On the second night two mass-meetings were held. Governor Pattison presided over one, and made a ringing and eloquent appeal in behalf of the cause. The Hon. Judge Wilbur F. Sadler, of Carlisle, occupied the chair at the other service, and he also spoke with fervor and force on the missionary spirit of the Christian religion, as one of the secrets of its success. It is a source of gratification to the people of this section of the State that we have men like Governor Pattison and Judge Sadler, who can be called upon to serve on occasions like the one I have described: incorruptible in their integrity, noble in their ideals of character, spotless in their daily lives, devoted to their Church, and yet in the highest and best sense devoted to their duties as officers and servants of the people. Governor Pattison has just been selected by the ministers of Harrisburg to preside over one of the union services to be held in that city during the week of prayer.

An Aged Angel of the Churches.

We find in an Illinois letter in the Advocate the following reference to one of the oldest, and at one time one of the ablest of Methodist Itinerants—one of those select and favored few who bear fruit in old age.

"The canvass for our Church periodicals has, I think, been more thorough this fall than usual, and, in spite of the 'hard times,' our church literature will not suffer. A day or two ago I visited that old patriarch, Dr. Peter Akers, and found him reading the late Advocate, and enjoying its contents. Although 96 years old he re-subscribed for the New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Advocates and Zion's Herald. When he reads these as much as he has inclination, he gives them to a Sunday-school of colored folks, and thus keeps them moving on their errand of good."

Interesting Historic Note from Bishop Taylor's Wife.

"After five or six years' travel with Bishop Taylor in the United States, we passed into Canada, and on April 4, 1862, spent the night at George Heck's four miles west of Prescott, Canada West. We were shown the grave of their 'grandmother,' Barbara Heck, who lies buried in a grove of pines nearby, and such as wish may still have the opportunity of erecting a more enduring monument to her memory than the simple slab of stone that marks the spot. She 'had expressed a wish to die suddenly. She often read her Bible on her knees, and while thus engaged was silently spirited away.' I was shown the well-worn Bible she loved so much, and my informant, Mr. George Heck, requested me to select and take any chapter I desired. I chose from the old Book the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians—Paul's sermon on the resurrection—to which they appended the following:

"I hereby certify that this is a leaf from the Bible of my grandmother, Barbara Heck, in which she was reading when she suddenly died, in the month of August, 1803." Atancho, Cal. —Christian Advocate.

A Horror of Oxygen.

If pastors and sextons would take particular notice of the following item, and see that the vestries of their churches are thoroughly ventilated, we are certain there would be fewer dull meetings and that more life and oxygen in the air would stimulate spiritual life and activity. None the less do we all need it in

our homes and everywhere. Hydrophobia is our word to express an insane horror of fresh water; we ought to have a word to express the much more common horror of fresh air. Oxygen is as essential to good blood as is food; and it is freely given, but we carefully shut it out. He wraps the world in air, and wonderful are his contrivances for keeping it always in motion. He sends the fresh air in from the ocean; he sweeps it across the plains and the hills; he fills it with freshness from the snow-clad mountains, and the verdure-clad meadows; he bids it find its way to our lungs, to take the death out which every moment we exhale, and put new life in, which he means that every moment we should inhale; it comes knocking for admission at every door and window of our houses; and we put up double windows, and weather-strips, and build a roaring fire in an air-tight stove, and set lamp and fire to burning up all the little oxygen we admit, and grumble at our draughty house, it, in spite of all our efforts, some of the life and health gets in through crack and crevice. Men and women who would turn with disgust from dirty water will take into their system dirty air without a thought of repugnance. There is no pool so filthy with green scum on top and mud beneath, as the atmosphere of every smoking-car, some public halls, many school-houses, and some churches.—Christian Union.

The Revival Needed.

To the Christian Advocate: Throughout the churches is the cry "Revive thy work, O Lord," Pastors and people are asking what ought to be done to gain the desired blessing.

If a revival means a spasm of religious activity, a spiritual warmth sufficient to keep from freezing in winter and which will not be a burden in summer, then engage the peculiar assistance always at hand to develop this peculiar kind of revival. If we desire a revival that brings more of God into the soul and world, it can be developed by seeking to supply three great needs of individual and home life.

We need more secret prayer—to talk with God, open our hearts before him, to stay in the Divine presence until, upon our unfolded nature shall rest that benediction which satisfies, comforts, and helps to make the whole problem of life easier of solution. Waiting in secret before the Father is the initial source of every true revival. We need an increased devotion in the study of the Bible. In thousands of so-called Christian homes it lies unread, except in an emergency. Instead of making it a lamp and guide to the soul, we simply allow it a place among the curios of the home.

We condemn the membership of the Roman Catholic Church because they blindly follow the teaching of priest and Pope. But from our churches go forth thousands who never turn the pages of the Word to see if the preacher has delivered God's message. We need to search the Scriptures, which alone can direct our feet and satisfy the soul.

We need a renewal of family altars. Much of the fire and life once found in individual churches has been lost by allowing the family devotions to slumber and die.

We need that the Divine presence may touch the high-priest of every home until every altar shall be rebuilt, the sacrifice renewed, and the incense of a pure devotion ascend unto God.

Through these mediums God will send life and salvation. So intimate is the union between home, Church, and world that God's presence in the home and in world.

We need such a revival, and then the Church will assume a normal life and the ingathering of souls be constant. F. G. HOWELL.

A very sensible way for a woman to make a living is told by the Christian

Union: "The lady mentioned was reared in a luxurious home, surrounded by ample wealth; and endowed with all the refinement and culture which wealth and the best society can afford. Nature had happily endowed her with that which wealth cannot afford; namely, common sense; and she availed herself of her advantage to go to a cooking-school and become a mistress in the culinary art. Misfortune befalling the family has thrown her upon her own resources, with one or more dependent upon her. Instead of falling into the long line of applicants for school-teachers' positions, or burdening the mails with children's stories and poems, to be rejected by cold-hearted editors, she has called her cooking skill into requisition. She has quietly let it be known among her oldtime friends that she will serve them in their kitchens on occasion. When any one of the circle in whose parlor she once was and still might be a social ornament desires to give a specially nice dinner or tea, they send for her. She brings her cooking wrapper in a little hand bag, takes charge of the kitchen as the pilot does of a steamship on entering port, relieves the mistress of all care, anxiety, and concern, and sends up a charming meal, such as a less cultivated cook could not provide. She is in such great demand that her prices have already doubled. Why is not this an excellent example to be followed by any one who possesses equal capacity and equal common sense?"—Church and Home.

The Kingdom of the Ages.

In the great mosque of Damascus, on the upper beam of an ancient portal, may still be traced, in Greek letters, the inscription:

"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is the kingdom of all the ages, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

For twelve hundred years have Moslem worshippers gathered beneath that motto, sculptured in old time when the building was a Christian church. And still the inscription calmly looks down upon them, as awaiting its time to be fulfilled, when the banner of the Crescent shall float no more. My brethren that motto, to the eye of faith, still gleams from every temple of false worship, from every palace of imperial pride, from every monument of man's ambition. "Thou art the King of Glory O Christ! And thy most royal proclamation was made when the shadow of Calvary was gathering darkly about thee; and to thy disciples, and to listening Greeks, and to scornful Jews, and to thy church of all time, thou didst say; 'Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out; and I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself.'"—S. G. Green, D. D.

This is too well told, and too characteristic not to quote it here and now. The Troy Press vouches for it:

Dr. McCosh is celebrated for egotism, and the best of it is he is never conscious of it. He has a broad Scotch accent, and the habit of gnawing at the joint of his thumb when busily thinking. Some years ago he was lecturing before the Senior Class in Princeton College. He had been discussing Leibnitz's view of the reason of evil, to the effect that mankind was put upon the earth because there was less evil here than elsewhere. One of the Seniors inquired, "Well, Doctor, why was evil introduced into the world?" "Ah!" said the Doctor, holding up both hands, "ye have asked the hardest question in all feculosophy. Plato tried it, and he failed; Kant attempted it and made bad work of it; Leibnitz tried it and he begged the whole question as I've been tellin' ye, and I confess" (gnawing at his thumb knuckle)—"I confess I don't know—what—to make of it myself."

No one will enjoy reading this more than Dr. McCosh himself.—Christian at Work.

Conference News.

Wilmington District.—REV. CHAS. HILL, P. E., WILMINGTON, DEL. Miss Jennie F. Willing, of Chicago, addressed large audiences at Grace and Scott M. E. churches. Last Sunday she spoke in the interests of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

A correspondent from Delaware City, writes: For the past two weeks our pastor, the Rev. J. H. Willey, has been preaching soul-stirring sermons to intelligent and appreciative audiences. His efforts are being crowned with success. A glorious revival is now in progress. Over fifty souls have presented themselves at the altar, and nearly all have been converted. Several remarkable cases among them, and one especially, of a man who has been serving the Devil nearly sixty years, who has been soundly converted. The good work is still going on, and in our next we hope to give you a still more encouraging account.

The official members of Newark, Del., charge, at the 4th quarterly conference held the 11th inst., unanimously adopted very complimentary resolutions, in reference to their pastor, Rev. T. H. Haynes, and commending him to the church to whom he may be appointed at the next session of Conference.

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

Revival services began in Hillsboro M. E. church, Jan. 3d. The attendance and interest has been good. If the severe weather does not interfere, we are anticipating a good time.

Rev. Geo. E. Wood, a graduate of Washington College, who has been recommended for admission into the Wilmington Conference, has been appointed by Presiding Elder France, to assist Rev. I. D. Johnson on Appoquinimink circuit. Mr. Johnson is in feeble health, and it is hoped that by being thus relieved of much of the duties of the charge, that he will recover his health.—Smyrna Times.

Christmas brought two notations to the Marydel parsonage, and some handsome presents. The brethren met in the quarterly conference, decided to build a parsonage in the spring. When this is done, Marydel circuit will be complete.

Rock Hall charge, G. S. Conaway, pastor, writes: Revival services commenced at Rock Hall on the last night of the Old Year. The meeting still continues with increasing interest, the attendance being large. Up to the present date, seven have been converted, leaving seven still seeking. The meeting last Sunday night was very interesting and profitable. But while we report such good news from the church, there are other things that we might mention that do not appear so good. The Bay opposite and the Chester River out of which nearly all our people earn their living, is frozen over, leaving business at a stand still, and making the prospect very gloomy for the preacher, especially as Conference is drawing so near. Business here has been very dull. We have to-day, been saddened by the news of the loss of a vessel belonging to one of our stewards, Bro. John Coleman, it having sunk in the Bay, with about 800 bushels of oysters, the ice having cut her through, while the vessel was being towed to Baltimore. The loss will be at least \$1200.00. Bro. Coleman has the sympathy of the entire community.

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

The Revival services going on in the Lewis M. E. church, are increasing in interest. Last week several penitents were at the altar and some converted, and a general reviving up among the older members.

The Harmony M. E. church, which has been closed for three weeks past, while repairs were being made, was re-opened last Sunday. The repairs amounted to about \$200, and consisted of kalsomining, new stoves and chandeliers, and repainting.

Hurlocks charge, G. F. Hopkins, pastor, writes: Our special meetings closed on Tuesday night the 12th inst., and I want to review the good work: 73 have professed regeneration, but 4 of these are renewals from last year's work, and perhaps 10 or 12 from years gone by. Four homes have been made happy in the conversion of husband and wife, 11 in the conversion of husband or wife, and many more in the return of sons and daughters. About 60 have joined the church on probation, and more to follow. Praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy.

Leipsic charge, J. Carroll, pastor, writes: There were thirty-six conversions at Raymond's church.

Our extra meeting which commenced here

on the 3d inst., has become very interesting. Quite a number have been converted, and the church greatly revived.

We have received many substantial tokens of regard from our people, among which was a well filled purse from the members of Little Creek.

Protracted meeting is in progress at Milton M. E. church, with seekers of salvation at the altar nightly. Already, seven persons have been converted. Much interest prevails in the large congregations. Dr. Underwood has attended 3 funerals in 5 days. Last Sunday afternoon the church was crowded to repletion, many being unable to gain admission. At the funeral of Wm. W. Warren, the late steward of the ill-fated schooner, "Mary G. Farr," the pastor preached a very solemn sermon from Jer. 12: 5; "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

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

The M. E. church of Pocomoke City, which has been undergoing repairs for some months past, will be dedicated to-morrow, the 24th inst. Bishop Harris, D. D., L. L. D., and Rev. J. B. Quigg, of Smyrna, Del., will officiate.

The Sunday-school Christmas festival was a complete success at Princess Anne M. E. church, and every body much pleased with the entertainment.

The Union Methodist Episcopal church of Cape Charles City, Va., will be dedicated (D. V.,) Jan. 24th, 1886, by Rev. J. D. C. Hanna.

A correspondent writes: The work of the Lord on Bethel circuit, has prospered this year. For the first time in the history of Mt. Zion Sunday-school, it has been continued during the winter months. Our congregations have been large and uniform. The class meetings are well attended, not by all the members of the church, but by a larger per cent. of the membership than formerly.

A words meeting was held at Bladesville, attended, with very encouraging results.

The protracted meeting at Mt. Zion, was a very precious season. The members were greatly revived, and several were added to the church.

We began a meeting on Jan. 3d, in Bethel. The Lord of Hosts is with us. Nine have been converted and eight added to the church. The end is not yet we hope. The membership is enthused for the work, and are quitting themselves like men.

Pocomoke circuit, E. H. Derriekson, pastor, writes: The revival meeting at Cokesbury has been closed on account of the weather. On the last night of the meeting, there were three conversions, making thirty-two. We have had sixty conversions since Conference. Cokesbury is in a thriving condition, having about ninety members and probationers. Curtis Chapel is also in a good condition, having at present between sixty and seventy members and probationers. Our good people at this place see their need of a new church building, and the question of building a more commodious house of worship during the present year, is being agitated. Our friends at this place made up a nice donation in cash and other valuable articles. This donation was greatly appreciated by the pastor. I have received many tokens of regard and affection from the friends of this entire charge during all my pastorate, and if I do not return for the third year, I shall always have a large place in my heart for the kind people of this circuit.

Evangelical Alliance and Prohibition.

Among the forward steps in the temperance reform, one of the most encouraging at present, is the position taken for prohibition by the Evangelical Alliance. In arranging topics for the Week of Prayer, the subject of temperance was thus recognized among those for January 8. Prayer for the abolition of the traffic in slaves, opium and intoxicating drinks, and all other immoral trades and practices. The traffic in intoxicating drinks is thus placed before the Christian world in its true light as an immoral trade. If there can only be extended and prominent notice taken of this topic, it means a great deal in our land. As a general thing, praying for a thing leads to positive convictions in regard to it. What is greatly needed to-day is the decided opinion among Christian people everywhere, that the liquor traffic is a positive evil in all its direct results, and the ally of almost every other form of evil.

The bringing of the subject to the people through the plan of the Week of Prayer, is one of the wisest methods of systematic temperance work.

"Opening Up Our Churches."

MR. EDITOR: Some of us who were on the spot, remember well the love-feast in Onancock church, to which Dr. Wallace alludes, in his letter in your issue of the 9th inst. Rev. T. L. Tomkinson had been appointed at the conference of that year, (1864), to "follow the Union standard and open our churches," which had fallen into the hands of the Southern Methodists; and some of them were occupied by ministers styling themselves "Independent Methodists." For two years he "held the fort," amid such trials and dangers, persecutions and social ostracism, as few of the ministers had known who had labored in this field before. He took his bride to the old moss-grown Onancock parsonage; and only the proximity of the military headquarters, with a squad of Union soldiers within call, gave them a moderate sense of security. He stood between two fires. The negroes were not slow to claim their real or supposed privileges, and not only filled the galleries, but insisted now, that the "North preacher" had come, upon their right to come into the body of the several churches. Notably was this true at Garrison's, where one hot August Sunday, the preacher in charge with one layman, reasoned for two hours, under the trees adjoining the church, with a score or more of colored people, persuading them for the sake of peace and prosperity to keep to the galleries. On the other hand, the great bulk of otherwise good and true Methodists fell away from the church, because it had a minister from the Philadelphia Conference, and was thus allied to the Union cause. A faithful few stood by him through it all; and in the fall of '64 a remarkable revival occurred at Ayres' Chapel, four miles distant from Onancock, which resulted in the building up of a strong membership at each of these appointments. Among the accessions of this year appear the names of Rev. Adam Stengle and Dr. Geo. D. Watson.

No doubt the young man whom Presiding Elder Wallace sent down into this uninviting mission-field could a "tale unfold" of this time that "tried men's souls." While recognizing the fact that the Dr. writes of personal experience, we think it is but just that due credit be given to those who did the actual work of "opening up our churches" in Accomac, Va.

O. W. K.

PERSONAL.

Rev. J. E. Kidney, of Hillsboro circuit, received New Year's day, a nice gold watch chain, a present from Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Diggins, of Queen Anne.

Miss Mamie E. Kidney, eldest daughter of Rev. J. E. Kidney, received the premium for attendance and deportment in Hillsboro Academy, during the past quarter, in way of a nicely bound gilt edged volume of Lucile, by Owen Meredith. Miss Mamie is only 12 years old.

Many friends of the late Rev. James Hargis will read with interest the following notice of his son, who succeeds Rev. James Morrow in the charge of Asbury, West Philadelphia:

"Rev. J. H. Hargis has been placed in charge of Asbury, until the session of the Conference in March. He entered upon his duties last Sabbath, and was cordially greeted by the people."

The Ohio correspondent of the Advocate, thus writes of probationers and evangelists:

"Last year about fourteen hundred of the ten thousand accessions on probation in our Conference, were at meetings held under the special direction of evangelists. It is not probable that these same churches will seek the services of evangelists this winter. The increase of nearly 3,000 members is encouraging, and yet it looks as though there ought to have been a larger per cent. received from probation. There is evidently a fault somewhere."

These notes from the same source will be found both interesting and suggestive reading:

We have 160 charges, and as many pastors. There are eight presiding elders, nearly all of whom are in the prime of life. The rule of the Bishops not to continue the same man in this office without an interval is very satisfactory. Perhaps there is no Conference where there is more equality among brethren. No one man seems to tower above all the rest. The material out of which to make presiding elders is abundant, and the supply will never be exhausted. The same may be said of delegates to the General Conference. No one can predict with any certainty who will be elected, except that it seems to be a foregone conclusion, that the venerable Dr. J. M. Trimble has a life lease on the office. He was secretary of the Conference for about a quarter, if not a third, of a century. His brethren have honored him by an election to 11 consecutive General Conferences, which, I believe, cannot be said of any other man living or dead. For about 60 years he has

been on the effective list. For several years past his appointment has been that of Financial Agent of the Ohio Wesleyan University, of whose board of trustees he has long been president. Indeed, he is one of the fathers of that noble institution. It is said that he has further shown his love for this child by donating to her \$40,000. The Doctor has a very warm place in the hearts of his brethren, because of the interest he has manifested in this temporal welfare. About 25 years ago, he organized the Preachers' Mutual Relief Society, donating \$1,000 himself, and soliciting other valuable sums. During all of these years he has been the treasurer of the Society, serving without compensation, and has never lost a dollar by a bad investment. The funds of the Society now amount to about \$50,000, the interest of which, together with the annuities of the members, more than pays each married superannuate \$100, and each Conference widow, whose husband was a member, \$50, per year. The membership of this Conference is 47,019, having had an increase last year of nearly 3,000. The increase in the missionary collections over the preceding year, was \$1,194. The average salary of our pastors, including house rent, or rental value of parsonage, was a little over \$800. The highest salary paid was \$2,500. The estimated value of the 531 churches and 116 parsonages is \$1,528,965. There was paid last year on building and improving churches and parsonages, and on indebtedness on church property, \$135,194. Considering the general depression in business, the failure of crops in our agricultural districts, the strike of nearly one year's duration in the mining regions, and the recent floods in the Ohio Valley, we feel like thanking God that so much has been done under the circumstances.

ITEMS.

An interesting temperance revival, under Messrs. Maybee and English, is in progress in this city. The meetings have been held in the various churches in this city, and are now held in the Institute Hall, in order to accommodate the large and increasing audiences.

The Minutes of the last session of the Wilmington Conference shows Hillsboro circuit to be \$41 deficient in pastor's salary for last year. It is due the circuit to state that, all three of the churches composing Hillsboro circuit, as she now stands, paid their pastor in full. The \$41 deficiency was at Wye appointment, now a separate charge.

The State of Ohio imposes a fine of \$100 upon every person who clips the hair from the body of a horse.

The losses by fire in 1885 in the United States and Canada, are estimated at \$94,200,000, or fifteen millions less than for 1884.

Prince Bismarck is the first Protestant that has ever received the decoration of the order of Christ. The badge is worth £600.

A little boy, the son of a "Friend," about six years old, after sitting like the rest of the congregation in silence, all being afraid to speak first, got up on the seat, and, folding his arms over his breast, said, distinctly: "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left."—E.

The crown of patience cannot be received where there has been no suffering. If thou refusest to suffer, thou refusest to be crowned; but if thou wish to be crowned, thou must fight unavailingly and suffer patiently. Without labor none can obtain rest, and without contending there can be no conquest.—Thomas a Kempis.

"I will try just as hard as ever I can," said Robert, as he sat down the third time to a very hard lesson. And he mastered it. That is the way all hard lessons must be mastered.—E.

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist church of Canada, very encouraging reports of the work in Japan were presented. The work of the Bible-women was especially commended as resulting in the salvation of souls. The President of the Society urged the necessity of sending out a third missionary to Japan to teach English. The language question always and everywhere pushes itself to the front, and English is winning its way to a certain supremacy in that island empire.—Evangelical Messenger.

Bishop Fowler, who sailed for England, December 23d, whence he will go to South America, will carry in his invisible luggage, many kind wishes and fervent prayers for his health, safety and happy return. The Bishop will conclude his work of mission inspection, and return to England in time for the London May anniversaries. Thence he hopes to return to New York in July.

Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman says that while General Grant was in India, on his trip around the world, he one day quietly said to his wife, "I shall hereafter decline the social glass." The general, Dr. Newman adds, was an abstainer from this time to his dying day. In the sick-room he was requested to take stimulants, and he wrote the following note to Dr. Newman:

"Alcoholic stimulants are not good for me. I can feel it is bad. Port wine simply heats me, and leaves me worse than before.

U. S. GRANT.

July 1st, 1885.

Mr. Geo. W. Childs gave to each boy in one of the largest Sunday-schools in Philadelphia, an order for \$10 worth of clothing as a Christmas present.

MARRIAGES.

MARSHALL—CONNELLY.—On Jan. 6th 1886, in the M. E. Church in Bethel, by the Rev. A. T. Melvin, Capt. John A. Marshall and Miss Addie J., daughter of the Rev. John H. Connelly.

COLAWAY—HEARN.—On Jan. 13th 1886 by Rev. A. T. Melvin, at the residence of the bride's father, J. T. Hearn, Wm. B. Colaway and Miss Annie E. Hearn.

BOYLES—McKEE.—On Jan. 6th, 1886, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. E. E. White, Joseph G. Boyles and Helen T. McKee, both of Kent Co., Del.

FRAZIER—STEELE.—At Thomas' M. E. Chapel, on Wednesday evening Jan. 6th, 1886, by Rev. A. S. Mowbray, Calvin R. Frazier and Miss Rachel Steele, both of Kent Co., Del.

Quarterly Conference Appointments.

Table with columns for location, date, and number of members. Includes entries for Scott, St. Paul's, Union, Newport, Asbury, St. Georges, Delaware City, Port Deposit, Rowlandville, Zion, Rising Sun, Red Lion, New Castle.

CHAS. HILL, P. E.

Table with columns for location, date, and number of members. Includes entries for Queenstown, Kent Island, Wye, Hillsboro, Kings Creek, Greensboro, Easton, Trappe, Oxford, St. Michaels, Talbot, Royal Oak, Middletown, Odessa.

J. FRANCE, P. E.

Table with columns for location, date, and number of members. Includes entries for Ellendale, Lincolnton, Magnolia, Felton, Millshore, Georgetown, Milton, Lewes, Nassau, Milford, Frederica, Houston, Harrington.

A. W. MILBY, P. E.

Table with columns for location, date, Sab. Ser., and other statistics. Includes entries for Chincoteague, Asbury, Crisfield, St. Peter's, Smith's Island, Tangier Island, Holland's Island, Fairmount, Westover, Deal's Island, Somerset, Onancock, Accomac, Cape Charles, Annamessux, Pocomoke City, Pocomoke Circuit, Princess Anne, Mt. Vernon, Tyaskin.

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J. A. McCAULEY, D. D. President.

The Weekly Truce.

It is related of Edmund Burke, with what displeasure he once listened to the sermon of a celebrated dissenting preacher. The latter launched bravely out on the troubled sea of politics, and his sermon assumed the characteristics of a manifesto on behalf of the French Revolution. The great politician in the pew gradually grew more and more restless, until at length he could sit no longer, and walking up and down the large pew he was in, said: "Surely we can have one day's truce amidst the animosities of the week." Great allowance must be made for this statesman's constitutional irritability; and it must be remembered that a sensitive topic the Revolution was to his mind. But after all allowance, we think that Burke was right, and that one day should be kept free from all the animosities of the week for the contemplation of calmer subjects. The statesman and the lawyer do not want on the Sabbath to go over again in detail their weeks' wrangles. They then want change of topic—refreshment, rest, elevation.

We, at the present time, have need to remember this need of the weekly truce. We are now every day flooded with political controversy. By this time, also, the original things have all been said. There is little freshness left in the miles of speeches we have to read. Recrimination is now the strongest feature in our oratory. "You are another," is a condensed epitome of scores of speeches. The mind of the reader, by the time Saturday night comes, is instinctively turning to the prospect of a day of truce, when a journey will be taken to fresh fields and pastures new. To thousands of minds and hearts; the one day in the week on which its animosity may be forgotten, is becoming an increasingly welcome oasis. As life becomes more hurried, as its wheels move faster, as its political controversies become more bitter and uncompromising, so much the more prized is that one truce which comes to the weary mind and heart every Sabbath.

Now, therefore, is the preacher's opportunity. Let him not be afraid to bring the most inspiring visions before his congregation. Men are longing for such. They are longing on the Sabbath to grasp large and far-reaching moral principles; to have their consciences braced and illuminated; to have a vision of the kingdom which is co-existent with, and yet independent of all transitory, earthly causes; to have a renewed sense of their Heavenly Father's mercy, and grace in Jesus Christ. Let the preacher remember this lingering on the part of weary minds, and he will then bring stimulus with him and grace, even if he do not bring genius or learning.

There is a danger now in some quarters of an extreme reaction from the old style of things. There was a time in the history of even the Methodist pulpit when its dignity was so much before its eyes that it could not come down very often to earthly things, or use too freely homely language. In those days too many sermons were devoted to the description of the other world, and were too little concerned with the everyday needs of the present one. Now, however, there is a danger of the other extreme. There is now a danger of the sermon being too frequently a hashed-up resume, with applications, of the week's events. There is with some the possibility of renewing the week's animosities to the irritation of many hungry hearers who are tired of them. If the old extreme was bad and too soporific, the present one is too irritating and not soothing enough.

In saying this we do not wish to be misunderstood. We only advocate moderation and tact. We are believers in life sermons, which are in close contact with the world around. We believe in the use of illustrations from daily life, and a happy reference to events that have happened lately. We plead for

the use of homely language and a simple style. We would have our preachers speak upon important social questions, and denounce palpable immoralities and injustice. In short, we plead for a Christianity in the pulpit and in the pew, abreast of the times we live in. We can have all this, we are assured, without in the least robbing the Sabbath of that character which Burke claimed for it, as a truce amid the animosities of the week.—Irish Christian Advocate.

The Sun Never Sets in Our Country.

Webster's eloquent description of the British empire is very readable; but we doubt whether it is generally realized that we, too, have a dominion on which the sun never sets. It will hardly be believed, perhaps, without an examination of the maps, that San Francisco, instead of being the west line of this dominion, is only about midway between our eastern and western limits; and yet it is a fact that the farthest Aleutian island as acquired in our purchase of Russian America, is as far to the west of that city as Eastport, Maine, is to the east of it. Between the north-west limit of Washington Territory and the southern limit of Alaska, there is a break of a few degrees; but, with the slightest deduction, our territory extends through 196 degrees of longitude, or 17 degrees more than half way round the globe. Hence, when the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle, on the confines of Behring's sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of the state is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood-chopper of Maine is beginning to wake the forest echoes with the stirring music of his ax.—Religious Telescope.

A Singing Pilgrim.

Philip Phillips is an example of a man with his whole heart in his art. The story of his remarkable career is as interesting as a romance. He has sung his way around the world. One day he was in Rome. A ragged organ-grinder was playing a tune on a barrel organ. Mr. Phillips was astonished to hear that it was one of the melodies that he himself had composed. He asked the organ-grinder where he had purchased the organ. He answered that he had got it from Bern, Switzerland. Mr. Phillips visited Bern and hunted up the organ dealer, who told him that he had heard the song at a religious meeting. It was one of those melodies that whistle themselves, and the organ maker at once put it into a barrel organ. He ground two or three organs that had several of Mr. Phillips' tunes in them, and Mr. Phillips himself has a music box which plays nine of his melodies. I relate this incident as showing how widely his music is sung. Mr. Phillips was born a musician, but he was called into prominence by a little incident that proves how great reputations are quickly created by some trivial occurrence.

Mr. Phillips began singing solos when a mere boy, in the choir in the little church in Chautauqua county, attended by the Phillips family. The choir broke down in singing

"When I can read my title clear," and the minister called upon Master Phillips to sing the hymn. Mr. Phillips then taught singing school and peddled melodeons. In Fredonia, N. Y., during a revival of religion, the young man began his first service of song. He was the pioneer in that new and refreshing departure from the formal, old-fashioned sacred singing. Many eminent disciples, like Bliss and Sankey, have followed in his footsteps. The good man, with music in his heart, went South during the war, ministering and singing to sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital,

under the auspices of that grand organization the Christian Commission. One day Mr. Phillips found in a Cleveland newspaper a stirring poem, of which the following is the first stanza:

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet;  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchor'd yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away.

It was set to music by a Cleveland publishing house and entitled Your Mission, and Mr. Phillips sang it as only he can sing it. The anniversary of the Christian Commission was celebrated in Washington in 1865, not long prior to the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Phillips sang Your Mission during the evening with such grand effect that President Lincoln asked Hon. William H. Seward, the presiding officer, to have the song repeated; and the request was granted. Poor Lincoln! It was the last time on earth that he was to hear the sweet voice of the singer who had so charmed him, and when after Lincoln's death, the incident was related, there came to Mr. Phillips from all sections of the country calls to come and sing Your Mission to large audiences. Mr. Phillips suddenly found himself famous, and that he was more than able to keep up his suddenly acquired reputation has been proved for more than twenty years.—Haver de Grace Republican.

Ministers' Sons.

The sneering proverb which maligns ministers' sons is shown to be false by De Condolle, a French scientist and skeptic. He gives lists of eminent scientists and scholars who were the sons of pastors—Agassiz, Berzelius, Boerhaave, Dabke, Euler, Linnaeus, Olbers. Among historians and philosophers, he names Hallam, Hobbes, Emerson, Simond, and others. Says the Springfield Republican:

A glance through any biographical dictionary reveals scores, if not hundreds, of children and grandchildren of clergymen in every range of literature, science and philosophy.

The disposition of sons to follow the callings of their fathers makes divinity conspicuously hereditary in such world-wide known theological luminaries and pulpiters as Jonathan Edwards, Archbishop Whately, Robert Hall, Lightfoot, the Wesleys, Lowth, Stillingfleet, the Beechers and Spurgeons—a list that might be multiplied indefinitely, to which every reader will add from personal knowledge.

How many poets have been the fruit of clerical matrimony!—Young, Cowper, Thomson, Coleridge, Montgomery, Herber, Tennyson, Lowell, and many others of note.

Look at the clerical contributions to intellectual philosophy in such distinguished sons as Dugald Stewart, Cudworth, Reid, Brown, Boyle, Abercrombie and Bentham.

Literature has a wide field for ministers' sons to cultivate, as is evidenced by Swift, Lockhart, Macaulay, Sterne, Hazlitt, Thackeray, Bancroft, Emerson, Holmes, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, and a hundred others.

To architecture this class contributed Sir Christopher Wren; to art, Sir Joshua Reynolds; to heroism, Lord Nelson.

The daughters of the clergy may not be overlooked—Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Barbauld, Jane Taylor, Elizabeth Carter, the Brontes and Mrs. Stowe.

How many sons of ministers have become eminent in civil life!—Henry Clay, Burr, the Everetts, down to our last Presidents, Arthur and Cleveland.

We are prepared for Monsieur De Condolle's figures, and for his assertion that "the sons of clerical families have actually surpassed during two hundred years, in their contributions to the roll of eminent scientists, the similar contributions of any other class of families, not excepting those that belong to the directly scientific professions—physicians, surgeons and chemists."

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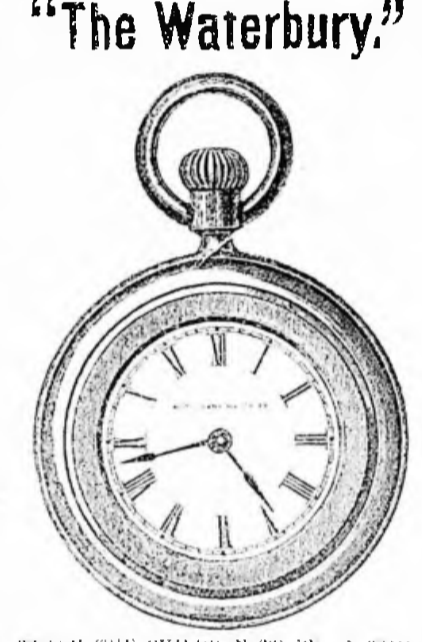
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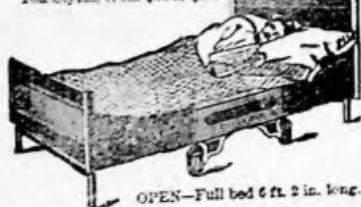
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