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# THE Peninsula Methodist

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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

WILMINGTON, DEL., JANUARY 25, 1890.

VOLUME XVI.  
NUMBER 4.

"They rest from their Labors."

Rev. Joseph Mason, an honored member of the Philadelphia Conference of the M. E. Church, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, at his home in Ocean Grove, N. J., last Saturday, Jan. 18th, after a brief illness from the prevailing influenza at the ripe age of 75 years.

Born and reared in Philadelphia, he was converted in his youth, and was admitted on trial in the Philadelphia Conference, at its session in Asbury, Wilmington, Del., April 4-12th, 1838, Bishop Elijah Hedding presiding. His first appointment was Dover circuit, as junior preacher with Rev. Eliphalet Reed. This circuit then included 826 white and 434 colored members; while the entire Conference, extending from the Pokono mountains in Northern Pennsylvania, to Cape Charles, Virginia, and from the Susquehanna on the West to the Delaware on the East, had only 30,541 members, but 2,000 more than the present membership of the *Peninsula* portion of that territory.

There were but four districts,—North and South Philadelphia, Chesapeake and Delaware, Dover circuit being on Chesapeake district, with David Daily, presiding elder.

In 1840, when the Wilmington district first appears, the Conference met in Union, Philadelphia, Bishop Beverly Waugh presiding, Bro. Mason was ordained Deacon, and returned for the second year, to Kent circuit, with Levi Storks as preacher in charge, and Henry White presiding elder. The previous year, Rev. J. L. Houston had been his senior colleague.

The next two years, he was stationed in Reading, Pa.; being ordained Elder by the same bishop, at the conference session held in Asbury, Wilmington, Apr. 6-14, 1842.

The itinerant labors, of this faithful and devoted servant of God, extended over nearly fifty-two years, during all of which, he stood in the effective ranks, without an interruption, except a single year of rest from 1882 to 1883, until he finally retired in 1884. Of the forty-five years of his active ministry, twenty-two were given to pastorates in the city of Philadelphia, and ten to pastorates on the *Peninsula*. Five years he served the churches in Read-

ing, Easton, and Columbia in Pennsylvania, and eight years, he served as presiding elder.

1843-'45, Brother Mason served our church in Port Deposit; 1845-'47, Smyrna, then first set apart as a separate station; 1854-'55, St. Paul's, Wilmington; 1855-'57, Asbury, Wil.; and 1861-65, he was presiding elder of Wilmington district; thus making fourteen years of ministerial labor within the bounds of this Conference.

Bro. Mason was one of the most affably dignified Christian gentlemen, we have known, a preacher of fine taste, and pleasing address, who preached the word faithfully and effectively; a brother, honored and beloved among his brethren, as a man of God, and an able minister of Christ.

The last two years he has resided in his neat cottage at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, finding the religious associations of the place specially congenial and the salubrious atmosphere favorable to his health. His ministerial brethren showed their appreciation, by electing him vice-president of their meeting; and he had been announced to preach, the Sabbath succeeding his summons to the upper sanctuary. A widow, a son, and two daughters survive, to mourn, with a large number of friends, the final departure of this good man. We mingle our tears with theirs, and extend our sympathies, as we bid our brother farewell, till we meet in the morning of that day, which shall never be followed by night.

### Is it Wise?

We are sorry to see a letter by Bishop Fitzgerald, published in *The Voice*, making most sweeping allegations against the New Associate Justice, against President Harrison, and against the United States Senate. Even *The Voice*, a professedly party organ, has seldom, if ever, used language of severer or more reckless denunciation. Alluding to Vice-President Morton's connection with "The Shorchum" liquor license, the Bishop says, "his case pales into whiteness, when compared to that of the President, who nominated for Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Hon. David J. Brewer, famous as the *anti Prohibition Judge*." As to the Senators, the Bishop charges,

that "in order that they might forestall all protests, the senators rushed to the confirmation with a haste that never can be justified, and that betokens a subserviency to the same power that is appalling." Will the Bishop state what is the usual time taken by the Senate in confirming such nominations?

The whole tenor of the Bishop's letter is to make the impression, that the President, Mr. Brewer, and the Senate are the willing tools of the Rumpocrats, who are charged with a deliberate scheme to capture the Supreme Court; and yet as a fact, the six senators from from Kansas, North Dakota, and Maine were among the fifty-two, who voted for the confirmation of Judge Brewer.

We think it is not only unwise, but highly reprehensible, for any one, especially for a minister in Dr. Fitzgerald's relation to the Church, to appear before the public, in such an intemperate philippic, aspering so bitterly, the character and motives of the most prominent officers of our government. If the good Bishop were put upon his proof, we think he would find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to make out his case.

### A Silver Anniversary.

Grace M. E. Church, this city, Rev. Jacob Todd, D. D., pastor, will hold an eight days Jubileeservice, next week, in celebration of the completion of twenty-five years of its history, as a church organization.

We give an outline of the exercises: Sunday, Jan. 26th, preaching at 10.30 A. M., by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D. L.L. D.; at 7.30 P. M., by Rev. W. L. S. Murray, Ph. D.

Monday, 27th, 7.30 p. m., Historical meeting, C. F. Rudolph, presiding. "Inception of Grace M. E. Church," a paper by J. Taylor Gause; History of Grace M. E. Church, a paper by W. H. Billany.

Tuesday 28th, 7.30 p. m., Finances and Missions, W. Hastings presiding. "Financial History of Grace M. E. Church, a paper by Z. James Belt, "History of Grace Sunday-school Union and Missions," a paper by Francis W. Heisler.

Wednesday, 29th, 7.30 p. m., Woman's Work, Mrs. George W. Sparks

presiding. "Woman's Work in Grace M. E. Church," a paper by Mrs. H. F. Pickels; Social Reunion.

Thursday 30th, 7.30 p. m., Young People's Work, W. E. Hawkins presiding. "Young People's Societies of Grace M. E. Church," a paper by Miss Sarah R. Weldin; The Future of Grace M. E. Church, a paper by Miss Mary J. Wheeler.

Friday, 31st, 7.30 p. m., In Memoriam, C. W. Weldin presiding. "Memoirs", by Job H. Jackson; Love-feast, Rev. Charles Hill in charge.

Sunday, Feb. 2d, 10.30 a. m., preaching by Rev. Geo. R. Crooks, D.D. 2 p. m., Sunday school; 7.30 p. m., preaching by Rev. J. Richard Boyle, D. D.

Monday, 3d, 7.30 p. m., Sunday-school meeting, W. H. Curry presiding. "History of Grace M. E. Church Sunday school," a paper by H. C. Conrad, Esq.; addresses by E. Baldwin Springer, Rev. W. W. Cookman, Rev. Jacob Todd, D. D., W. H. Billany, C. W. Weldin, and W. Hastings.

The Jubilee closes with the schools singing, "By the grace of God we'll meet," and with doxology and benediction.

The address of Bishop Foss and Drs. McCabe and King, found on our third page, is stimulating reading; the facts and figures and appeal should be deeply pondered, by every Christian who sincerely prays, "Thy kingdom come." It will be well to preserve the address, for future reference. If every one of our churches will make an honest effort, to raise their contribution to missions, to an average of \$1 per member, cannot this average be reached for the whole Conference?

Don't forget the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," next Thursday, Jan. 30th. Dr. Payne makes some excellent suggestions on page 6.

On page 2 of this issue, will be found part of an article on "Sunday-school teaching," which we publish by request of the County Convention before which it was read by Rev. R. Irving Watkins, its author, who is one of our excellent young brethren, now closing his first year as pastor of Kingswood M. E. Church, this city.

## "Sunday-School Teaching."

That there is need, of an improvement in the Sunday School teaching of the present day, is beyond dispute. To one entering the average Sunday School, and closely observing the qualifications of the teachers, and the methods employed in teaching there is a marked lack of a something, better felt than expressed.

I think all are agreed in saying that there is no more important officer in the Church than the efficient Sunday School teacher. His is an

"Important work! young souls to win.  
And turn the rising race,  
From the deceitful paths of sin.  
To seek redeeming grace."

1. The first requisite I would mention for improving the quality of teaching is that every Sunday School teacher understand the sacredness of his calling.

It is a difficult matter to overestimate the Sunday School teacher's call. He looks into the faces of his scholars, having a preacher's theme for his subject, and a parent's work in training the young minds committed to his care.

Teachers in our secular school are ambassadors of God, whose duty it is to tell and enforce the truths of God in nature, science, literature, and art; teachers in our Sunday-schools are ambassadors of God, having a more important lesson to teach—one of grace—which deals, not with time alone, but enters into the realms of eternity, and makes for everlasting weal or woe.

The one leads us through the vestibules of nature: the other enters with us the portals of the spiritual world, and brings us face to face with God.

In one, then, who has taken upon himself the duty of teaching in the Sunday School there should be found certain elements of fitness for the work. To be merely pleasant, agreeable, and good is not enough. A Sunday School teacher must be more than these; he must be awake and thoroughly alive "on all sides and all through."

Improve the quality of the teacher and you necessarily improve the quality of the teaching.

Personal piety, a knowledge of the truth to be taught, and an understanding of the principle involved in teaching, are requisites for improving the quality of a Sunday School teacher. His highest aim, as Bishop Vincent aptly puts it is: "conversion, spiritual culture, and the formation of character."

Teachers are watched and measured by the children. Many of them are fully competent to do this. They soon find out how they compare with the teachers in their day schools, and if perchance, the Sunday School teacher suffers by the contrast, his influence is

lessened, and the truth he represents suffers loss.

To sit, posing as a statue of saintliness and purity, may be well enough for a cemetery, but in a Sunday School activity and energy are needed.

2. Again an improvement may be made by a judicious selection of teachers. All teachers are not teachers in the true sense of the term. "True teaching," says Dr. Welch, "not only guides the efforts of the pupil in acquiring knowledge, but incites the kind of efforts that contribute to his intellectual strength."

How many of our teachers are equal to this task? Let the echoes answer. What is the measure of fitness in the selection of teachers in the average Sunday School? Almost none. The responsibility is mostly left with the Superintendent; the election by a Sunday School Board, or otherwise is perfunctory.

"Natural fitness, intellectual preparation, and personal earnestness" are little regarded; the mere whim of the pastor or superintendent to enlist the sympathies of the persons selected is often the only motive which leads to an appointment as a teacher.

What examinations are required of those who teach? None. How long think you this would be suffered in our secular schools? What pledges are asked of prospective teachers? None. What questions are asked to show that the teachers are in harmony with the doctrines of their various churches? Again the same answer is given none. How many pastors know what kind of theology is being taught the rising generation in our Sunday Schools? Comparatively few.

We would be astounded if we knew some of the teachings imbibed by our scholars. Is church membership made a test, or does, even, personal piety enter into the account? Too often these are relegated to the shades.

How many are removed from office because of inefficiency, lack of attendance &c? Comparatively few. Yet these things measure largely the quality of the teaching. These defects require a speedy remedy, if we would improve in our teaching. Trumbull says: "Sunday School teachers should be selected for their important work, not taken at hap-hazard, nor merely as they prefer their services, but selected with care by the church or its duly appointed representative. If, indeed it be said that, in a given community, there is a lack of teaching material, and that the Sunday School must take the best that offers, it will still be clear that even there here is a duty of selecting "the best that offers," rather than the worst. Every Sunday School must have some standard of fitness for its teachers; if, indeed, it be no

higher a standard than that of a good moral character and of an intelligent belief in the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. The standard being recognized, the teachers should be selected accordingly."

There should be the same, if not more safeguards put upon the choosing and reception of teachers in our Sunday Schools, as there are in the selection of teachers in our daily schools.

Let me offer a few suggestions along this line, culled for the most part from Bishop Vincent's "Modern Sunday School." Let there be a judicious Committee in every church, composed of the Pastor, Superintendent, and several of the best informed and godly members, who should select from the candidates for teachers those best fitted for the work. Let some standards be made; certain qualifications demanded; courses of study laid out; examinations held; and let them be received as teachers at a public meeting in the Sunday School, where stress is laid upon the important work to be done by those assuming this solemn relation.

This requires work and application on the part of the Committee, and teachers. In it much self-possession is needed especially on the part of the teacher, but this is just what is required in controlling a Sunday School class. Some such method would doubtless increase the efficiency of our teaching.

To be concluded.

The pastor of a church in this city stated recently to his congregation that one of their brethren was out of work and provisions, were needed both for himself and his family. A volunteer giving party was agreed to, and a collection was taken up. When the donation party's offering was made up it embraced a barrel of flour, bags of flour and a great variety of provisions. After the evening meeting they adjourned to their brothers home, when he and his family, warmed by their generosity, most heartily enjoyed the fellowship of their presence. More than ever before, he and his family realized it meant much to them, to have membership in Scott M. E. Church. They also gave him an overcoat and hat on Xmas morning.—*Daily Republican*.

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning." "Indade, an' Oi am, sor. It's a family thrait, Oi do be thinkin'." "Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?" "Me feyther, is it? Faix, an' he roises that early that ef he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin up in the mornin'."—*Richmond Dispatch*.

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## Address of the General Missionary Committee.

To the Ministers, Members and Friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church: The General Missionary Committee, after sixteen business sittings, in Kansas City, Mo., extending from Nov. 13th to Nov. 30th, it being the first meeting under the order of the General Conference held outside of the city of New York, has done its work carefully and prayerfully, and closed its sessions, and reported the result of its deliberations to the Church through the press.

The session was unusually fruitful in its harvest of missionary inspiration; its business meetings being largely attended by ministers and laymen from several states; and its scores of Sabbath and week evening public gatherings, in different churches, and in many towns and cities, were crowded, enthusiastic and liberal.

The following figures will repay careful and repeated study; they show the increase in the income of the Missionary Society since 1884:

Years.	Totals.	Increase.
1884	\$ 731,125 86	\$
1885	826 828 36	95,702 50
1886	992,128 47	165,300 11
1887	1,044,795 81	52,667 44
1888	1,000,581 24	
1889	1,130,137 80	129,556 56

Totals	\$5,725,597 64	\$443,226 61
Decrease in		
1884	20 344 04	
1888	44,214 67*	64,558 71

Increase in the six years	\$378,667 90
Total for 1884-1887	3,594,878 60
Total for 1888 and 1889	2,130,719 04
Am't rec'd in six years	\$5,725,597 64
Income in 1889	\$1,130,137 80
" 1884	731,125 86

Increase in income for 1889 over that of 1884	\$399,011 94
Increase for 1889 over that of 1888	\$129,556 56

After mature deliberation and extended discussion, the amount appropriated for the ensuing year was fixed at the same figures as last year, viz:

For Foreign Missions	\$566,139
For Domestic Missions	459,970
For Debt, \$74,200; Contingent Fund, \$25,000; Incidental Fund, \$31,691; Office Expenses, \$25,000; Missionary information, \$10,000; Miscellaneous, \$8,000	173,891

Total \$1,200,000

Your General Committee did not think it advisable to increase the appropriations, until the Church reaches twelve hundred thousand dollars in its annual contributions.

We congratulate the Church upon its noble advance in collections during the last year. The entire reported amount contributed for Missions during the last fiscal year is as follows: Through the Missionary So-

ciety of the Church,	\$1,130,137 80
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society	226,496 15
Woman's Home Missionary Society	77,534 31
Bishop Taylor's Transit and Building Fund	44 000 00
Total	\$1,478,168 26

The reports from both home and foreign fields are most encouraging, while more fields attract us than we can possibly enter. "All the world" is now virtually open for the preaching of the Gospel. Jesus said: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things."

The Church holds the keys of the Kingdom of Christ for the human race and must open the everlasting gates. The Church is the depository of Christ's truth and grace and must give them to those redeemed by His death. Indifference is denial of Christ. The commissioned Church, in sight of the perishing world, must be baptized by the Holy Ghost. The ever increasing obligation is upon the Church at all times to carry the Gospel speedily to all men; but just now the trumpet call of a momentous crisis smites our ears. Opportunity, ability and responsibility make the present a pivot, with success or failure facing each other, and waiting for the determining force to be applied.

"When Jesus ascended up on high, and led captivity captive," he "gave gifts unto men." "When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, he shall testify of me, and ye also shall bear witness." We exhort you to work earnestly together with the office work of the Holy Spirit, which is more and more extensively and intelligently recognized in religious effort among Christians as the sole dependence of the Church for effective work. This reliance on the third Person of the blessed Trinity has given tone, and character, and potency to religious experience, and heroism and endurance to religious zeal. It has inspired a multitude of believers with a more vivid sense of personal responsibility, and has multiplied their practical efficiency. It is the motive power back of missionary efforts in the sacrifice of self and of substance.

The largest Protestant denomination, numerically, in our nation, ought to be the largest in the invoice of the resources it furnishes the Master for His work of conquest. Obedience to Christ by the Church bearing His name is the only security of its life. Disobedience or neglect destroys its life and crucifies the Son of God afresh. The mission of the Church is a world-wide mission.

Universality is the theory, the purpose, the command of the Gospel.

We earnestly suggest culture in systematic beneficence, because of its salutary effect upon the giver. Intelligent conscientious giving, will be large giving in the aggregate, and will furnish regular and reliable resources upon which to base both estimates and appropriations. Cannot every giver to our treasury add something to his usual contribution this year?

Adequate sources of information from all our Mission fields will be found in the publications authorized by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society:—"The Gospel in All Lands" and "World Wide Missions," and in the official Church papers. These Missionary messengers ought to go to every home represented in our Church membership and congregation.

We exhort you not only to enlarged consecration of your means to the cause of Christian missions, but we bespeak your earnest daily prayers for the work and the workers in every field, both home and foreign.

C. D. FOSS,  
C. C. McCABE,  
J. M. KING,  
Committee.

\*Less than \$4,000 of this was a decrease in collections.

The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer.—Scripture.

It discourages a young mustache to be called down.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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## To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

## Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

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## Correspondence.

## When Shall the Text be Announced.

Preachers say, by their usual practice, "only at the commencement of the sermon." This answer may be questioned. By experience I have found, that when I know the theme, there is a meaning, a point in the preliminary services, which they have not, when I am ignorant of it. Any ordinary hymn or chapter in the Bible can be used appropriately, for many themes; and an intelligent listener, knowing that these preliminary exercises have reference to the preacher's subject, takes up first one subject, and then another, while in bewilderment he awaits the announcement totally unprepared for its reception. Were the preacher, on rising to announce his first hymn, preface it by announcing his text, they would intelligently enjoy the hymns, the prayer, and reading of the Word, and would be in sympathy with his thoughts, at the very commencement of the sermon, instead of having the preacher, as now, to take up one-fourth of his time in preparing the hearer for the theme.

ALBERT COWGILL.

Dover, Del.

## Doing vs. Becoming.

BY REV. T. O. AYRES.

Not long since, I spent a Sabbath in Philadelphia, and attended Arch street Methodist Episcopal Church, where I had my mind and heart filled and thrilled with two gospel sermons, preached by the pastor, Dr. J. A. M. Chapman. The morning sermon was from the text found in Luke, 4: 18: The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are misled." The sermon was a masterly presentation of Christian liberty. Among the excellent points made were the following: the slaves of the cup tell us, they will not sign away their liberty, but they have already given up, their liberty to say no; the highest liberty is Christian liberty; when Christ sets us free, we are free indeed; the christian's liberty is the power he has, to say no.

But my purpose in writing, is to tell of a point that was made in the evening sermon from Luke 19: 13: "And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, occupy till I come;" and that point was, that when the Master comes to reckon with us, his question will not be, what have we done, but what have we become. "Many will

say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have we cast out devils, and in thy name, done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them. I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity." They had done much, but become nothing that was saving in its character.

Would it not be well, in the midst of our doing, to have a care as to what we are becoming? selfish doing results in selfish becoming. The conclusion is easily reached, that the "wonderful works," even the casting out of devils, was all done for a selfish purpose. Those fellows wanted to get place and position, and did their work with a view to their election; and when the time came, they were quick to tell of what they had done, and urge it as a reason why they should get in." We have done these things in thy name; we stood up for thee; now it is our right to share in the division of spoils. Open unto us." Their doing had unfitted them for the society of the pure. It was not what they had done, but what they had become.

Two men went up in the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee; and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself; God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week. I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." It is not what we are doing, but what we are becoming. The doing of the Pharisee had resulted in his becoming a dictator to God; the doing of the publican resulted in his going down to his house justified. Just what the publican did, is not reported. So we have nothing to write on the "roll of honor." It was the Pharisee, who had no blocks. All the publican had was "a broken and contrite heart," and God did not despise it. When the Pharisee reached the judgement, he was all blank. Had the publican done anything; yea doubtless; but his record was on high.

Dr. Chapman told us, in substance, that when we meet our Lord, the question will not be what have we done; but what have we become.

## From Milton, Del.

EDITOR PENINSULA METHODIST.—A word again for the White Ribboners of our town.

The Crusade anniversary was duly celebrated, with an earnest temperance sermon

in the morning, by the pastor, T. R. Cramer, and prayer, readings from *Union Signal*, and songs, in the evening. The church was filled with an attentive audience at both services.

We are endeavoring to sow the seed of temperance. The Loyal Temperance Legion is progressing fairly, we are hoping for good things from our boys and girls.

At the regular monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U., last Monday, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted;

Whereas, Efforts are now being made by the hotel keepers of our town, to obtain signers to their application for license for the sale of liquor, therefore

Resolved, 1. That we enter our protest against the sale of liquor in our town and that we will do all in our power to prevent it

2. That a committee be appointed to circulate a remonstrance against such sale; and that the remonstrance be presented to every citizen, male and female, in the town.

3. That the pastors of our churches be requested to appoint Sunday, Feb. 2, as Temperance day, and preach or lecture at least once that day, upon the subject of Temperance.

4. That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be sent to the pastors of our churches.

S. JENNIE CREAMER, Pres. W. C. T. U.  
SUSIE B. CONNOR, Sec.

Several men in our town, who are trying to break away from the slavery of drink came to our meeting, and signed the pledge. The pastor of the M. E. Church, gave some very severe thrusts at intemperance, in his Sunday morning sermon. Extra services are now in progress in his church, with bright prospects for good results.

S. J. C.

## From a Sophomore.

MR. EDITOR.—In looking over the interesting columns of your valuable paper, I seldom see any communications from Dickinson College. You and your readers, will be glad, I am sure, to know we are still living and progressing finely; though at present, in the midst of a few disadvantages.

By reason of improvements made by President Reed, we are now relieved of such inconveniences, as transporting coal, carrying water, etc.; all these having been done away with, by the introduction of steam heat, and hydrants into the buildings.

Of the Dickinson students, we have heard it said, "they are the best, the most polite and truly gentlemanly, to be found in any college of the country. We have them from almost every state in the Union, coming to this institution to be instructed by its talented professors. Among those now in attendance, there are some, who, either on account of their lack of wit, or want of instruction, render themselves the butt of ridicule. Not long since, a young prep was noticed observing very closely the *Jacob Tome Scientific Building*. When asked why he was gazing so intently upon that structure, he re-

plied, "I never saw Jacob's tomb before." Of course we have great consideration for him, when we find out he is a Delawarean.

Because this youth made such a mess of this inscription it must not be regarded as casting any reflection on the other students, from the Diamond State, who are doing good work, and stand well in their classes; for we can say without hesitation, the brightest and best students of the sophomore class are from that State.

When we consider how easily the advantages of education can be acquired, we are at a loss to account for their neglect. Surely the youth of today, living in this progressive age, and in the sunlight of the nineteenth century, cannot say, he has not time to be educated. In order to gain the pinnacle of fame, and secure from their fellows their confidence and approval, men must keep abreast of the times, and bare their arm to fight for supremacy. The coming decade will not be retarded by the snail pace of an imbecile few. We cannot now spare the time it took, fifty years ago, to make the journey from Baltimore to New York. We can't afford to pay one dollar and a half now for a daily newspaper. There are discoveries and inventions to be made, exploits to be achieved, and a thousand devices for human needs to be supplied: so that disaster is almost inevitable to the young aspirant for success, whose name is not inscribed on a diploma, or who has not made himself a master in some department of science or art.

Dickinson has had ushered into her classic halls, some boys, who have not given much promise before they left home but have developed grandly here. Some of the young men educated here have had mountain-like discouragements to overcome, but though poor, they have not been turned away from the college doors on account of this. If they are eligible, Dickinson takes them in, and instructs them, as she would the richest; gives them her seal of honor, and then sends them out into the world, with a thorough preparation for their life work, and with a definite purpose. In this way she is doing grandly for her young men, and for the state; furnishing capable candidates for Congress and State offices; and supplying college presidents and professors editors, lawyers, and ministers,

For the sake of such advantages, will not the young man of average ability and moderate means, make a sacrifice of some pleasant indulgences, and youthful vanities? Will he not banish from his mind the thought, of being content with what he already knows, and strike out into the wide and deep sea of knowledge, in order that he may gather a rich freight of wisdom and honor? Let

us young men seize every opportunity for self improvement, so that we may secure a successful manhood, and when the evening of life draws to its close, having done the work assigned us, we can calmly retire from the stage of action, with the blessed consciousness, that we have not lived in vain.

Dickinson College, Jan. 18, '90.

#### The Clay Man.

The first man, was of the earth, earthy. He is called Adam, or red earth. The Douay translation says he was made of *slime*; the King James' says, he was made of *dust*; both true, we presume; as "red earth" may be "dust," and wet dust may be "slime," and stiff slime may be mortar, and red clay mortar may be moulded into form, human form. Say it was, and we have Adam the red clay man, with two holes in the end of his nose.

God breathed into those holes, and that breath went all through that clay man, and made hollows, tubes, and cells; and bone and skin grew around these openings; and stomach, intestines, veins, lungs, liver, spleen, heart, and kidneys, all took form, as the breath of God went through the clay man: and joints came to joints, bones to bones; the clay became warm; the lungs filled, the heart throbbed, and the red current flowed, sight came into the eyes, taste to the mouth, feeling to the body, hearing to the ears, hair grew on the head, and the clay man became a living animal.

Then God breathed divine life into that living animal, and he became "a living soul." Man is a *live* animal, with a divine soul in it. When God's breath went into the clay, it, the clay, became flesh, and when God's breath goes out of the flesh, it goes back to clay.

When man, with all his passions and powers, is in complete subjection to the soul, and the soul in full obedience to God, then the man can say, "for to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain." But how can it be gain to die? The short answer is, that to die in such a state, is for the soul to escape possible ruin by reason of its contact with the body.

WHO WROTE IT?

#### W. H. M. S.

The Conference Board of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Wilmington Conference met in *Fletcher Hall*, Thursday afternoon January 16th, at which arrangements were made for the anniversary to be held in Milford, Del., Friday afternoon March 29th. Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing will be the speaker on that occasion.

It was also decided to hold the annual meeting of the society, on Thursday March 13th, in Grace Church, Wilmington. Mrs. Emma Weldin, Mrs. Maria Floyd, and Mrs. Josephine Campbell, were appointed to arrange programme for an all day meeting at that time. The committee on Luncheon is as follows: Grace, Miss Sarah Weldin; St. Paul's, Mrs. Rebecca Morrow; Asbury, Mrs. Stout; Scott, Mrs. Mark Pearce; Brandywine, Mrs. Harris.

A mass-meeting will be held in the evening, at which Gen'l Clinton, B. Fisk, of wide reputation, will make an address on Home Missions. This meeting promises to be one of unusual interest; and we earnestly solicit the hearty co-operation of our various auxiliaries, and the sympathy and presence of our ministers in and near the city.

C. C. BROWNE,  
Pres. of Ex. Board.

#### W. C. T. U. Notes.

The Newark "W." and "Y." held a meeting in the M. E. Church, the evening of Dec. 31, in commemoration of the sixteenth anniversary of the "Women's Crusade." The President of the "W.," Mrs. Dr. L. M. Whistler, presided, and with the congregation read the Crusade Psalm. Mrs. Mary B. Donnell read "The Leader's Story," and Mrs. Dr. Butler, "The Women's Crusade," by Miss Willard. Revs. J. L. Valandingham, N. M. Browne, Neil McLoel, and George J. Porter, made addresses. A duet, "The White Ribbon Host," A quartette, "Arm for the Battle," and a Chorus, "Fall into line," interspersed the services the meeting closing with the grand old hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears."

The evening of Dec. 23rd, the anniversary day, was observed by the Wyoming Union. Rev. L. Greene had charge of the meeting, held in the M. E. Church, of which he is pastor. Ladies of the Union contributed to the interest of the occasion, by reading selections from the Crusade number of *The Union Signal*, and the kind pastor commended the work of the W. C. T. U.

The Dover "W." observed the day, in an interesting manner. Short addresses were made; Crusade Reminiscences read; and the history of the Lower Union given by one of the members.

The Smyrna Union held a meeting in the reading room, the afternoon of Crusade Day. All present heartily engaged in the service, and we trust an inspiration was given each one, for the "new occasions" of the future.

#### WHITE RIBBON.

Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, has been made the victim of an outrageous forgery. A newspaper writer, having got from him a note on the practice of smoking by ministers, inserted at the end, just before the signature, "For myself, I find material help from a cigar when engrossed in study." Dr. Storrs remarks: "I do not see how any man, either in public life or private, is to be secure from the most wanton inventions of lolly or of malice, if a practice of this sort is to pass unrebuked."

Bishop Warren will start for Europe, the latter part of February, or the beginning of the following month. He will spend all summer in Europe; starting in with the Bulgarian mission, April 2.

Rev. Dr. Hulburd, pastor of Spring Garden street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, received a Christmas present of \$1,000.

Bishop Foster will deliver six lectures before the Ohio Wesleyan University, upon the Merrick foundation. The subject of these lectures will be, "The philosophy of experimental religion."

The *Michigan* says,—"Bishop Fowler may be sick, and all that, but he is stirring round, out on the Pacific coast, just like a well man."

Also "Bishop Newman is preparing a lecture on the 'War of races.' It will have points."

And again, "Bishop Vincent's *Methodist Review* article on 'The itinerant club,' has called out about 16,000 amens. Several came from this particular sanctum."

Pimples, boils and other humors are liable to appear when the blood gets heated. To cure them take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Marriages.

YOUNG—GRAY.—In Parksley M. E. parsonage, Jan. 8th, 1890, by Rev. H. S. Dulaay, Geo. T. Young and McCartie E. Gray.

CURTIS—HINMAN.—Near Parksley, Va., Jan. 12th, 1890, by Rev. H. S. Dulaay, Robert S. Curtis and Mary E. Hinman.

MYERS—CLOUD.—In the Asbury M. E. parsonage, 222 Walnut street, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14, 1890, by the Rev. J. D. C. Hanna, Nelson B. Myers, of Allegheny City, Penn., and Mary L. Cloud, of Wilmington, Del.

LARIMORE—TUBBS.—At the residence of Mrs. Bowen, 212 Poplar street, this city, Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, 1890 by Rev. J. D. C. Hanna, Frank Larimore and Mollie J. Tubbs, both of Wilmington.

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Which Wins,  
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Aunt Lois,  
A Piece of Silver,  
Ned's Search,  
Will Foster of the Ferry,  
Mary's Patience Bank,  
Three Months in Egypt,  
Bessie Brown,

The Old Barracks,  
The Middletons,  
Eleanor Willoughby's Self,  
Gold and Gilt,  
Organ Grinder,  
The Newell Boys,  
The Sunny Path,  
Bernice, the Farmer's Daughter,  
Little Meg's Children,  
Faith White's Letter Book,  
Mildred Gwynne,  
Mrs. Fielding's Household,  
Up to Fifteen and Only Me,  
Peter, the Apprentice,  
The Viking Heir,  
Froggy's Little Brother,  
Ruth Chenery,  
Mark Steadman,  
Climbing the Mountains,  
Heart's Delight,  
The Artist's Son,  
Gathered Sheaves,  
Hasty Hannah,  
Forty Acres,  
Faithful Ruth.

## J. MILLER THOMAS,

604 MARKET STREET,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

## The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JAN. 26th, 1890  
Luke 2: 8-20.

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

### JOY OVER THE CHILD JESUS.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." (Luke 2: 14).

8. *In the same country*—the region round Bethlehem; "the fields where Ruth, the Saviour's ancestress, had gleaned, sick at heart, amid the alien corn; and David, the despised and youngest son of a numerous family, had followed the ewes great with young" (Farrar). *Shepherds*—probably devout and simple men, waiting like Simeon for the "consolation of Israel," and engaged in their proper occupation. Says Elliott: "The statement in the Mishna, that the sheep intended for sacrifice in the Temple, were pastured in the fields of Bethlehem, may perhaps, in part, explain the faith and devotion of the shepherds." *Keeping watch by night*.—Neither the year, nor the day of the year, of Christ's birth can be determined. Whedon infers from the severity of the Syrian winters, and the uncertainty of tradition, that the "nativity" did not occur on the evening of December 25. Farrar believes that it occurred "in the winter wild," but that "neither the day nor the month can be fixed." Schaff objects to the argument drawn from the climate, and claims that between the middle of December and the middle of February an interval of several weeks of dry weather occurs, and that the period of Christmas is often the loveliest in the whole year. He finds, too, "a poetical and symbolical fitness" in the selection of the 25th day of December. "At that season the longest night gives way to the returning sun on his triumphant march, just as Christ appeared in the darkest night of sin and error, as the true Light of the world."

9. *The angel* (R. V., "an angel")—Angels appear also at the Temptation, at Gethsemane, and at the Resurrection. *Came upon them* (R. V., stood by them)—not a vision, but an actual appearance. *The glory of the Lord*—the Shekinah, or radiant cloud which betokened the Divine presence. Exod. 24: 16; Num. 14: 10. *Sore—exceedingly*. The phrase, literally translated, reads: "feared a great fear"—"the usual effect," says Schaff, "of angelic appearances, enhanced in this case by the supernatural brightness;" and, adds Abbott, "by the universal consciousness of sin."

10. *Fear not* (R. V., "Be not afraid").—Their terror must first be calmed, and their minds assured, before the angel's message can be delivered. *For*—expressing reason. *Good Tidings*—the modern English for the Saxon word "Gospel," or good-spell. *All people* (R. V., "all the people")—not merely the Jewish nation, but all mankind. "The spiritual darkness, which had covered the earth for four thousand years, was about to be rolled away. The way to pardon and peace with God was about to be thrown open to all mankind. The head of Satan was about to be bruised. Liberty was about to be proclaimed to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind. The mighty truth was about to be proclaimed, that God could be just, and yet, for Christ's sake, justify the ungodly. Salvation was

no longer to be seen through types and figures, but openly and face to face. The knowledge of God was no longer to be confined to the Jews, but to be offered to the whole Gentile world. The days of heathendom were numbered. If this was not 'good tidings' there never were tidings that deserved that name" (Ryle).

11. *Unto you*.—See Isa. 9: 6. *Born*.—The "Word was made flesh." *City of David*—Bethlehem, the birthplace of David. This birth at Jerusalem was the fulfillment of a prediction uttered seven hundred years before; see Micah 5: 2. *This day*—after 4,000 years waiting. *Saviour*—same in meaning as Jesus; "never used by Matthew or Mark, only once by John (4: 42), often by Paul in his later Epistles, five times in 2 Peter" (Wordsworth). *Christ*—"the Anointed," or the Messiah. *The Lord*.—This title, which is the same as that used in verse 9, indicates that Christ is the Jehovah.

"Says Schaff, in his comment on the words, 'Christ the Lord'; 'This is the only place where these words come together in this form. The first means 'the Messiah', and could not be otherwise understood; the second has already been used twice (verse 9) of God, and is the word used in the Septuagint to translate the Hebrew 'Jehovah.' We therefore understand the angelic message, this first Gospel statement of the Person of Christ, to mean that the child born in Bethlehem as a Saviour, was the promised Messiah, Jehovah."

12. *A sign*—"the sign." One was needed and one was granted: 1, a babe; 2, humbly wrapped, not richly dressed. 3, lowly cradled—a manger, not a palace. *Swaddling clothes*—mere wraps, not garments. *Manger*—feeding trough for cattle, usually built of stones and mortar, in the shape of a box. The "sign" would include the unusual sight, of a child lying in a manger.

"It is common to find two sides of the one room, where the native farmer resides with his cattle, fitted up with these mangers, and the remainder of the room elevated about two feet higher, for the accommodation of the family. The word 'house,' used by Matthew (2: 11) does not ranch favor the idea held by many that the birth took place in a cave. Yet as this idea is as old as the middle of the second century, it is entitled to profound respect" (Thomson).

13. *A Multitude of the Heavenly Host*—a concourse of angels. The homage of angels was to be rendered to Christ. See Heb. 1: 6. The expression, "host of heaven" is also applied to the sun, moon and stars. *Praising God*.—Praise is the natural speech of angels, but now they had a new and special reason for its utterance.

"It is not clear whether these clauses were sung as a continuous strain, or whether they were heard in single floating fragments, or whether by alternate responses. The last would give them the character of the Hebrew choral service; so they would be truly an angel choir in the gallery of the firmament" (Whedon).

14. *In the highest*—either "in the highest strains," or "in the highest heavens," or high; "the highest praise, for the highest subject, to the highest Person, in the highest place" (Gray). *Peace*.—"He is our peace," reconciling man to God, earth to heaven, and destroying the enmity excited by sin. *Good will*.—The gift of Christ is man. The R. V., rendering of this passage is: "On earth peace among men, in whom He is well pleased."

"Poetry is truly Christian, just to the extent that it is an echo to this first Christian hymn. Angel's show their sympathy in man's salvation, and utter their highest praises to God, when they sing of the Saviour, Christ the Lord. The personal dignity of the Redeemer, is supported by this Gloria in Excelsis, while Christ's work in bringing peace on earth upholds the truthfulness of this story of the angel's song at His birth" (Schaff).

15. *Let us go now*—at once. They believed what had been told them. *Even unto Bethlehem*—as far as Bethlehem. The town is located on an eastern spur of the central mountain range of Judah, about six miles south of Jerusalem. The meaning of the word is, "House of Bread." The present population of the town is about 5,000.

"Those that left their beds to tend their flocks, left their flocks to inquire after their Saviour. No earthly thing is too dear to be forsaken for Christ. If we suffer any worldly occasion to stay us from Bethlehem we care more for our sheep than our souls" (Bishop Hall).

16. *Came with haste*—the eagerness of faith. *Found*—just as it had been told them. They that seek, find. *Mary and Joseph*.—Her name properly stands first.

17. *They made known*.—The shepherds were the first witnesses, the earliest evangelists. It is well-nigh impossible, for one who has found the Saviour, not to tell of it. The shepherd hearers were probably Bethlehemites, who lived in the vicinity of the khan.

18. *Wondered*.—Never did they have a better reason for wonder. The only thing to complain of is that their emotion ended with wonder, and did not lead to worship and service.

19. *Mary kept all these things*—treasured up every incident and saying. *Pondered them*—weighed them; revolved them. She was not garrulous; she heard and said little, but thought much. Schleiermacher, looking at the after life of Mary and her relations with Christ, is of the opinion that even she had to pass through the same struggle of faith, the same manifold doubts which characterize ordinary believers.

"Mary appears here, as in chap. 1: 29 and 2: 51, richly adorned with that incorruptible ornament, which an apostle describes (1 Pet. 3: 4) as the highest adorning of woman. Heart, mind and memory, are here all combined in the service of faith" (Van Oosterzee).

20. *Returned*—to their flocks and duty. *Glorifying and praising God*.—Their devout reception of the glad tidings shows the worthiness of their selection.

### Prayer for Colleges.

The Board of Education has sent to the chief officers of all our Methodist schools, a circular letter, relating to the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," with a view of securing a general observance of the day, in such a manner as will inaugurate a revival in every school in Methodism. The circular suggests, that the entire day be devoted to religious exercises of a revival character, to be followed by special religious meetings daily, and a vigorous effort on the part of Faculty and students to secure a general revival of Bible religion. To aid in promoting so desirable a

work, we venture to make a few suggestions to the Methodist public.

Let attention be called to this important subject, and public prayer be offered to this end, by every minister and in every pulpit throughout our entire Methodism. Let the subject be given a prominent place in the regular weekly prayer meeting, or any other meeting that may be held during the week in which the "Day of Prayer for Colleges" occurs. Let earnest prayer also be offered in every Methodist home, for blessings on the special services in our schools, and let parents and others, who have children or friends in these schools, write a tender, earnest, prayer-saturated letter to the absent loved ones, urging them to immediate consecration to Christ, or renewed fidelity to former vows.

The importance of securing a deep and genuine religious awakening and revival in our literary institutions, cannot be expressed in words. Nothing else would so help to promote every object which the Church seeks; nothing else would send such a thrill of new enthusiasm through every part of our cherished Methodism, and give its activities such efficiency and success. Let the whole Church unite in prayer and sympathetic co-operation, to make Thursday, the 30th day of January, a great and gracious day in every school of Methodism and in every other seat of learning throughout our land.

C. H. PAYNE.

Cor. Sec'y. Board of Education.  
New York, Jan. 15, 1890.

### How Long to Sleep.

Up to the fifteenth year, most young people require ten hours, and until the twentieth year nine hours. After that age, every one finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep, if the brain is to develop to its fullest extent, and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life cut short at an early age.—*Christian at Work.*

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affliction caused or promoted by impure or law state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

## Temperance.

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

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

### THE MADDENING BOWL.

S. Z. B.

Oh! put away the maddening bowl;  
I hate its poisonous breath,  
A fiery serpent lurketh there,  
An arrow tipped with death.

It sears the conscience, fires the brain,  
Blots out all human love;  
It leads the soul, through sin and shame,  
In death's dark paths to rove.

It fills the eyes with lurid light,  
And banishes control;  
Drowns every pure and holy thought,  
Degrades the godlike soul.

It leads its victims, through a path  
Of darkness and of gloom,  
Where no bright ray of mercy lights  
The pathway to the tomb.

It fills the sacred shrine of home  
With darkness and despair;  
And woe and woe go hand in hand,  
And find a lodgment there.

The father, once so kind and true,  
Becomes a maniac wild,  
The terror of his wretched home,  
Reckless of wife or child.

Oh! earth's most fearful sorrows meet  
In that inebriate cup,  
And yet with rash and desperate haste,  
He drinks the poison up.

And mercy spreads her balmy wings,  
No earthly power can save;  
And soon, alas! the manly form  
Has filled a drunkard's grave.

Then put away the maddening bowl;  
I hate its poisonous breath;  
A fiery serpent lurketh there,  
An arrow tipped with death.  
—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Great excitement attended the recent vote on the Scott act in Fredericton, New Brunswick. No effort to win had been spared by either side. The W. C. T. U. was active in the work. An appeal to women was published in every available newspaper. A petition to wives and mothers, praying them to use their influence with voters in favor of the act, resulted in another petition from 1,130 women to the 749 voters of the city, urging them to sustain the Scott act. The result was a larger majority in favor of prohibition, than any election since the first. This is the fourth repulse of the liquorites in ten years, and there is great jubilation over a victory that shows the success of prohibitory law, and indicates that it has come to stay.—*National W. C. T. U. Bulletin.*

The right of the state, to foist upon its citizens a school system, without consulting their religious convictions on the one hand and their rights as citizens on the other, is one that must be rejected totally, always denied, and thoroughly pounded, as long as it asserts itself. The province of the

state in education can be respected, for it is well defined by competent jurists. Its assumption of the right to tax a powerful minority, to support a school system which it will not use, must be resisted. No taxation without representation. Catholics will not have the public school. Therefore the state must allow them their own system. And the day must come, when the parochial school shall draw its support entirely from the state.—*Catholic Review.*

North Dakota's rigid prohibition bill was signed by Governor Miller, December 19, and will go into effect July 1, 1890.

The *American Agriculturist*, with the laudable object of stimulating American farmers to show what could be done by careful culture and the use of different fertilizers to increase their crops, offered a series of prizes, the highest being \$500, for the best yields on one full acre of wheat, oats, corn, and potatoes. The first prize for oats was for a crop of nearly 135 bushels in Orleans county, New York. The first prize for potatoes has been awarded to Charles B. Coy, of Aroostook county, Maine. The yield was 738½ bushels of Dakota Red potatoes on a fraction less than an acre. The next highest yield was 670 bushels, grown in Yates county, New York; and the third 537½ bushels grown in Aroostook county. An account of these extraordinary crops, and of the methods of securing them, will be given in the January number of the *Agriculturist*.

THE 'CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE' makes this point: "The question is often asked, why religious books and newspapers cannot be published and sold as cheap as vile novels and vicious newspaper? An exchange answers this inquiry in two statements: First, the cost of production depends chiefly on the number of copies, and as carriage literature is purchased in larger quantities, its publishers have the advantage and second, Christian literature is published on Christian principles by paying living prices for labor and material and excluding low advertisements, from which vast sums might be realized. Garbage and refuse and ashes are always cheap. We usually pay liberally to get them carried away. Those who feed on them are in a bad case.

*Zion's Herald* makes this significant reflection: "The minister who lamented that his people knew so little comparatively of the thought and work of the denomination, was obliged to confess, when interrogated, that he had never made any earnest and persistent effort to put a denominational paper into the families connected with his church."

### Dr. Simms' Blood Purifier.

The Great Blood Cure, for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. We refer to the Rev. J. E. Kidney, late of the Wilmington Conference, now of the Pittsburg, who had suffered long from impure or mucified blood, causing pimples, boils, ulcers, etc. Three bottles cured him soundly; he has gained thirty pounds. It is splendid for weak and sore eyes, especially where there is scrofulous sympathy. With our Eye Cure applied to the eyes the eyes will speedily get better. For scrofula, sores, tired feelings, general aches, weak feelings, itchy diseases, etc \$1. Prepared by Dr. J. Simms & Son, Wilmington, Del. Philadelphia depot, Smith Kleine & Co., Arch street. Sold by dealers in medicines.

### Quarterly Conference Ap- pointments.

#### WILMINGTON DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

	QUAR. CON.		PREACHING.	
	JAN.	FEB.	JAN.	FEB.
Wesley,	27	7	26	3
Newport,	25	7	26	10.30
Marshallton,	1	7	2	10.30
Ebenezer,	3	1	2	2
Christiana,	1	1	2	7.32
Red Lion,	8	2	9	10.30
New Castle,	10	7.30	9	10.30
Summit,	10	7.30	9	7
Kirkwood,	10	7.30	9	2
Del. City,	15	7.30	16	10.32
Port Penn,	15	10	16	20
St. Georges,	15	2	16	7.30
Asbury,	22	7.30	23	10.30
St. Paul's,	24	7.30	23	7.30
Swedish Mission,	25	7.30	23	3
Kingswood,	26	7.30	23	10.30
Cookman,				

W. L. S. MURRAY, P. E.

#### DOVER DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

Charge.	Date.	S. Service.	Quar. Conf.
	JAN		
Bridgeville,	24 26	10	F. 9
Greenwood,	25 26	3	S. 10
	FEB.		
Seaford,	2	10	F. 7
Dec. 31			
Cannon,	1 2	2 7	S. 10
Milford,	9 10	10	M. 7
Ellendale,	8 9	2	S. 2
Lincoln,	9 10	7	M. 9
Georgetown,	15 16	7	F. 7
Harbeson,	15 16	2	S. 10
Millsborough,	15 16	7	S. 2
Lewes,	21 23	10	F. 7
Nassau,	22 23	2	S. 10
Milton,	23 24	7	M. 7
	MARCH		
Dover,	2	10	Th. 7
Camden,	1 2	3 7	S. 10

JOHN A. B. WILSON, P. E.

#### SALISBURY DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

CHARGES.	QUAR. CON.	QUAR. MEETING.
	JAN. 1890.	
Cape Charles,	27 10	26 10
Reid's Wharf,	29 3	26 10
	FEB.	
Parkley,	3 3	2 7
Onancock,	1 3	2 10
Hallwood,	8 3	9 10
New Church,	8 10	9 7
Barren Creek,	11 3	9 10
Sharptown,	12 7	9 10
Bethel,	13 10	9 10
Laurel,	14 7	16 10
Concord,	15 3	16 10
Annamessex,	20 3	23 10
Asbury,	19 7	23 10
Crisfield,	20 7	23 7
Delmar,	22 10	23 10
Quantico,	25 3	3 MAR. 2 10
Fruitland,	26 3	2 10
	MAR.	
Salisbury,	3 7	2 10
Smith's Is.	6 3	2 10
Tangier Is.	5 7	2 10
Holland's Is.	4 3	2 10

T. O. AYRES, P. E.

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REFERENCES:

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In last week's issue, was a well written critique by W. J. Jones, Esq., a prominent member of the legal profession, suggested by an article from the pen of Dr. Jacob Todd, which appeared in the Sunday-school Journal for last December. We hope it will not be overlooked, but be carefully read, with the special result desired by the writer.

### Wilmington District Epworth League Convention.

Notwithstanding "la grippe" is so prevalent, the convention of the district league was a pronounced success. January 9th was the time, and Scott M. E. Church, the place. There were six district officers present, and forty-three delegates from the following fifteen charges, Scott, Newark, Union, Brandywine, Newport, Elkton, Zion, Silverbrook, Kingswood, Cookman, St. Paul's, Mt. Salem, Madeley, Stanton, and Christiana, while delegates had been appointed from Delaware City, Claymont, Asbury, and Mt. Pleasant, who could not attend.

The president, Rev. Vaughan S. Collins, reported there were now nine organized chapters of the league on the district, seven having been organized in the past eleven weeks. The reports from the local chapters were very encouraging, all showing continued growth in numbers and in the spiritual work of the church. The report from Newark, by Prof. H. S. Goldey, was especially encouraging.

The absence of Dr. Hubbard, of New Castle, was much regretted, as the convention was thus deprived of a spicy paper upon a most important subject, "How can we most profitably use the Bible?" During the day the following subjects were under discussion: "To what extent should women engage in the public services of the church?" a paper by Miss Irene Hepbron, of Scott; "The religious work of the Epworth League," an address by Rev. Adam Stangle, of Union; "The social work of the Epworth League," a paper by Everett Jones of Union; "Literary work of the League," a paper by Miss Milbourn of Brandywine; "Denominationalism versus Sectarianism," a paper by Rev. W. L. S. Murray, presiding elder of the district; "Finance department of the Epworth League," address by A. V. Hysore of Union; "The relation of the Sunday-school and Epworth League to the Church and to each other," a paper by Joseph Pyle of St. Paul's. Each of these, except the last, was followed by a discussion, in which several of the delegates took part.

In addition to these, Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, corresponding secretary of the Sunday

School Union and Tract Society, of the M. E. Church, was present and gave two masterful addresses; one on "The Epworth League," and the other, "The Ideal Young Christian."

A new constitution, to accord with the constitution adopted by the General Conference District Convention at Knoxville, was adopted, so that now, Wilmington District is fully in line with the League movement.

The committee on entertainment was as good as its word, and so many homes were provided, that the trouble was to find delegates to fill the homes and eat the good things prepared for them. All agreed that we had "a grand time;" and, although we had commenced at 9 A. M., and continued in session with no break, but bare time for meals, when at 10 P. M. the benediction was pronounced, the delegates and members of the League were loathe to separate, and gathering in little groups, lingered chatting, until the extinguished lights warned them they must go.

The following resolutions unanimously adopted by a rising vote, tell what the delegates thought.

*Resolved*, That we extend our thanks to our president, for his untiring zeal in making the convention a success; to Dr. Hurlbut, for his instructive and encouraging addresses; to our presiding elder, for recommending and working in favor of the Epworth League; to the members, who have prepared such excellent papers; to the "committee on entertainment," who have so handsomely decorated the church; to the trustees who have given us the use of the church; to the Sunday school and association who have allowed us to use their singing books; to the friends who have so kindly and hospitably entertained our delegates and friends; to the choir and musicians, for their excellent music; to Miss Florence Irons for her fidelity in acting as secretary.

*Resolved* That we recommend the Epworth League as the best society for our young Methodists."

### Wilmington District.

Quarterly conference at Union, Wilmington, was attended by a good many of the church members, who listened to the well prepared reports, with interest and profit.

One hundred and fifty pastoral visits were reported, and Isaac Woodrow, class-leader, stated that he had made seventy-two visits to members of his class. The pastor has used his standing committees to great advantage; their reports on benevolences up to date, being ahead of any previous year. For next year, members of committees were all selected from the membership, outside of the official board. Officers of the Epworth League were approved by the quarterly conference.

### NEWARK.

The pastor stated in his report, "we reach this point, with a degree of satisfaction that we have passed the crisis." Prof. H. S. Goldey, principal of the Wilmington Commercial College, reported the Sunday-school "in an unusually flourishing condition."

The Epworth League is doing a fine work. It began with a prayer-meeting Sunday evenings; at first, seven were present, and fifteen at the second; now the lecture room is well filled. Saturday night, there was a very interesting debate on "Woman's Suffrage," between four young men, with which all were delightfully entertained.

The love-feast was one of unusual tenderness and power, Sunday morning, seven joined the church; five by certificate, and two on probation; the pastor's son being among the number.

Bro. Browne well deserves the compliment, given him by this quarterly conference, in a unanimous invitation to continue as pastor another year.

Sunday afternoon I preached at Stanton, and at 7.30 p. m., in Newport, where two persons bowed for prayer, and two arose, in their places, asking prayers. The pastor's heart was very much encouraged, and the members full of interest. Quarterly conference for Stanton and Newport has not yet been held.

Cherry Hill and Union have their church property in fine condition, having spent \$2,766 on it, during the present year. In the meeting at Union thirteen professed faith in Christ, twelve of whom joined the Church. The revival services at Cherry Hill have been greatly interfered with, by "la grippe." One hundred and seventy-five pastoral visits were reported for the quarter, six hundred and ninety for this year, fourteen hundred and forty-six for the four years, necessitating a travel of eight thousand two hundred and thirty miles.

### RISEING SUN.

The man, who is the most successful worker in the Sunday-school, other things being equal, is the most efficient man in the church, said the pastor.

Book Concern Day was observed, and the centennial pamphlet distributed to all present, showing the history and progress of the Concern, for one hundred years. Such wide awake efforts have made the church at this place, a perfect hive of industry, loyal to every interest of Methodism.

Sermons have been preached on the benevolences, and an evening given to each cause. The temperance report was especially fine, and on motion the committee was requested to publish the same in the local papers.

There is a scrap of history written at the dedication of the church, which reads as follows: "The Methodists of this place have a church large enough to hold all the Methodists of this community, now and forever." Concerning this the pastor says, if all the members of the church and Sunday-school should assemble at the same time, there would scarcely be room for the prophet.

W. L. S. MURRAY.

### From Crapo, Md.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS: As you want some news from here, I send you a few clippings from our county papers, showing what we have been doing through the holidays.

While you have your Epworth Leagues in Wilmington, we are not behind you; in fact we've had one organized here since, last July, with Dr. E. R. Burneston, president, and Miss Fanny Insley, secretary.

In addition to the 132 probationers, previously received, three joined the 12th inst.

All our churches will soon have organs. When the question was asked, at one of them, "who will perform, if we get one?" a young man replied, "we will educate some of the boys and girls for that purpose."

Miss Florence Burke, my niece, is here at present, giving music lessons, so that we are supplied for the present.

I am heartily in sympathy, with the offer you made in the PENINSULA METHODIST some time ago, and will do all I can to further your plans.

Bro. Richard Insley and myself will start to night by steamer, for Baltimore, Annapolis, and Washington, to be away one week.

We have had with us a year of floods, which have delayed us in our new church enterprise, but the way is opening; and though we haven't much means here, we hope the Lord will put it into the hearts of some of the friends of Methodism elsewhere, to come to our assistance. If any of my friends in Wilmington are willing to help I will gladly receive anything they may give.

Yours truly,

A. BURKE.

Jan. 30th, 1890.

The following letter, which we lay before our readers, with great pleasure speaks for itself. ED.

REV. T. S. THOMAS,

*My dear brother.*—Enclosed, please find some circulars, descriptive of our recently organized "Peking University."

Last Christmas, a lady engaged in Chinese Mission work on the Pacific coast, wrote a postal card, which read as follows: "Please send me some circulars respecting the Peking University. I am deeply interested in the project, and hope to be able to send a little money for it before long."

The evening mail of the same day, on which that Christmas card was received, brought a letter from the same lady, enclosing a check of \$150, for the Peking University from herself and sister. "Realizing," as she says, "the urgency of the call for an educational work of a high order among that ancient people, and believing, as Dr. Abel Stevens has expressed it, that great days are at hand for China, I longed for the privilege of doing something for that school, and, as Christmas was approaching, I decided to send an offering for the work."

Kindly inform the readers of the PENINSULA METHODIST of the above incident, and also state, that circulars, explanatory of this most promising and influential educational enterprise of Methodism in the "land of Sinim," will be mailed gratuitously to all applying to the address of the undersigned.

With best regards, I remain

Yours fraternally,

MARCUS L. TAFT.

480 Clifton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



## Conference News.

ZION CIRCUIT, E. H. Hynson, pastor. A host of friends, representing the M. E. Church in Zion, Md., paid a surprise visit to the parsonage, Saturday evening the 11th inst.; the ostensible object being, the Ladies' Aid Society meeting. A little time however, served to transact the business of the Society, while the large gathering and numerous articles brought, and left with the pastor's family, proved a "Preacher's Aid," in a very material sense. Mrs. Hynson was remembered in a neat sum enclosed in an envelope, and the daughter, Miss Arie, received a fine dress, as an expression of appreciation, for her services as organist in Sunday-school and church.

The pastor and family will long remember this happy occasion, and the kind words and deeds of a people, among whom they have resided so pleasantly for nearly two years.

CHESTER-BETHEL.—Our revival is still in progress. There have been 94 conversions to date.

Mr. A. W. Holt, preached for us, Sunday the 5th, morning and night; also Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. His sermons were good and helpful, and he made many friends here. "La grippe" and rain reduced the congregations, so that he did not have a fair chance and comparatively little could be accomplished.

Mrs. Maggie Forwood, wife of Miller Forwood, died, Monday, the 6th. Though her death was sudden and unexpected, it was peaceful. She was a member of Bethel.

Fraternally,  
A. P. PRETTYMAN.

CHARLESTOWN CIRCUIT, T. B. Hunter, pastor.—Revival continues at Principio, with increasing interest. Fifteen have professed saving faith in Christ, and eleven penitents are still seeking The Holy Spirit is working mightily in this community; and not only the young, but those of riper years are hearing and obeying his call.

The Lord has blessed us with good weather, so that we have had three weeks of uninterrupted meetings; and almost nightly, our hearts have been gladdened by the conversion of precious souls, or by fresh recruits from the ranks of Satan; there were four new ones last Sunday night.  
Jan. 20, 1890.

SALISBURY DISTRICT: Our foothold at Barren Creek is secure at last, as the church is dedicated and paid for. We have our new church at Powellville partly under roof. Bro. John T. Winbrow is the father of this enterprise. Bro. Johnson, at Gumboro, is getting material out for remodeling the Church.

T. O. AYRES, P. E.

Wm. M. Singerly, proprietor of the Philadelphia Record, has bought a farm, about two miles from Elkton, Md., on the Blue Ball road, from the Rev. Vaughan Smith, of Wilmington, who purchased it while he was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Elkton. The 112 acres acquired by this purchase, will be added to his stock farm. The Smith farm is improved by a substantial brick dwelling. The price paid for it is understood to be \$5,000.—*Centreville Record.*

The Berlin M. E. Church has asked the Rev. C. T. Wyatt, to continue as pastor for another year. Mr. Wyatt is one of Caroline's promising young men, and the request for his return is quite a compliment to him.—*Free Press.*

Revival services at the M. E. Church have been well attended, throughout the week. Rev. Dr. Hubbard, and Evangelist John R. Thorpe, are calling on every family in the city, who attend the Methodist Church, and having a short season of prayer with them. Several have been converted during the week.—*New Castle Times.*

Rev. Alfred Smith, pastor of Zion M. E. Church, Cambridge, Md., has received invitations, to the churches in Middletown, Del., Easton, Md., and to remain in Cambridge.—*Courier.*

### From Laurel, Del.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS: Last Saturday evening, many of the members and friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Laurel, made their annual visit to the parsonage, bringing with them, as they always do here, many substantial tokens of the kind regard and appreciation they feel, for their pastor and his family. It added not a little to the pleasure of the visitors, that they stole a march on the Domine and his wife, and gave them a complete surprise. We want to assure them of our gratitude, with our prayers, that the Lord may abundantly bless them spiritually and temporally.

On account of the prevalence of the influenza, or la grippe, I found it necessary to suspend our extra meeting services; almost every family in town having been visited by it; but happily no case here has proved fatal.

Yours truly,  
J. OWEN SYPHERD.

NEW CASTLE: A large congregation was present at the M. E. Church, last Sunday morning. After an interesting talk by the pastor, and evangelist John R. Thorp, 12 persons, converts of the present revival, joined the Church on probation. Seven others were taken into full membership. In the evening an immense audience was present. Every available seat being occupied, and 100 or more persons standing in the aisles and vestibule. A number were unable to gain admission even into the latter. Rev. Dr. Hubbard preached an eloquent sermon. After the sermon, the regular revival service was held.

The will of Daniel Hearu, deceased, of Laurel, Del., has been admitted to probate. His estate is estimated to be worth \$75,000. He leaves legacies, amounting from \$12,000 to \$15,000, to parties named, and the remainder of the estate to Daniel Fooks, the executor. He bequeathed a parsonage to the M. E. Church in Laurel.

PORT PENN.—A number of our church people spent a very pleasant evening, Friday, the 17th inst, at the house of Miss Lizzie Bloemer, about three quarters of a mile from the village. Several hours were spent in social converse, and in playing games. After partaking of refreshments, the party returned to their homes, wishing Miss Lizzie many more pleasant birthday anniversaries.

Arrangements are being made for two or three lectures, to be given in the M. E. Church, before Conference. Professor Her-

man Roe, of Smyrna, Del., will deliver the first, in the near future. His subject will be "Here we are again, signs of the times, past and present." Bro. Roe is both a teacher and a preacher, of no little ability. At present he is filling the pulpit of the M. E. Church in Easton.

Benjamin Collins, the first convert in the M. E. Church, under Bro. McKinsey's ministry here, died of consumption, to-day at noon, in the home of his sister, Mrs. Samuel Dyer.

CORRESPONDENT.

DELAWARE CITY.—Our protracted meetings began three weeks ago. Since then, they have grown into revival meetings. The church is greatly quickened, and, thus far, there have been thirteen conversions.

The influenza seemed to be against us, at first; no material to work with, or to work on. I'm not complaining, however, for this disease is not the worst enemy, the church has. I'd rather run a protracted meeting during the excitement of "La Grippe," than during that of a political campaign.

Many of our Conference brethren take pleasure, in reporting donations received from their parishioners. It affords us equal pleasure, to say that we have donations here almost every day. I have heard of laborers being employed, at a certain sum of money per year, "and found." My people are very careful, not only to attend to the promised salary, but also, to see that their preacher is "found."

PILCHARD.

### Letter from near Georgetown, Del.

BRO. THOMAS.—I beg a place in your paper, for a few lines, as I think Bro. Galoway has not had as much praise as is his due, for his work on Concord charge.

We were nearly dead, when he came to us with the love of God in his soul, and he has got new life into the old members and is having a good revival all over the charge. I have had the pleasure of visiting four of his churches, since he came to the circuit and found them all so full that there was not standing room left.

I have been attending the meeting at Asbury, where he is having a gloriously good meeting; with over 50 converts; and it is still going on. Last Sunday night, 25 penitents were at the altar; some of them old persons with their heads blossoming for the grave, earnestly seeking Christ. The vilest sinners are coming to Christ. I wish the whole Conference would pray for Bro. Galoway, that he may have good health, and be able to hold out, till every sinner on the charge is converted. May God bless him!

J. C. S.

Mrs. Mary B. Ingraham, 203 Franklin avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, has invented, and prepared what she calls the Lucy Hayes Flag Drill, which is unique, inspiring and popular. It is full of patriotic fire and good moral lessons, and is commended by Hon. John Wanamaker, Bishop Vincent, and many others. Single copies 10 cents. The origin of the Stars and Strips is given and it ends with the solo and chorus, "Star Sprangled Banner." The States and Territories are represented, and the drill is beautiful, and the songs good.

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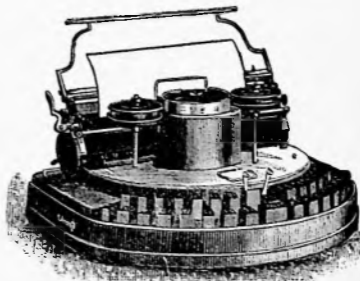
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OUR SERIAL STORY  
Blanch Montague,  
OR  
WHY WAS IT?  
By CAUGHEY.

## CHAPTER IV—A SURPRISE.

Horace Montague hastened to bear to the young stranger in the police station, the news of his complete vindication, and then hastily bidding him adieu, he left Sea Bluff, on the noon train, for Rockwell, where a matter of business demanded his presence.

Scarcely had he left the cell, when the sheriff entered, and told his prisoner that, he was at liberty to go where he pleased. As Walter reached the street, he found crowds of people in great excitement; scores and hundreds pressing against each other, in their efforts to get near him.

How he was able to get to the Sea-View Cottage that day, was a marvel indeed, but after an hour of pushing and jostling, he managed to elbow his way to the door, where he was cordially welcomed by his kind hostess.

He found his valise in his room, to which it had been returned by the detectives, after Robert Harding's confession.

His toilet was soon made, and descending to the dining-room, he found a sumptuous dinner awaiting him. Having scarcely touched the meager breakfast that had been brought to him at the station-house, and the excitement of the morning having subsided, he found good health, and a strong constitution asserting themselves in a keen appetite.

After dinner he retired to his room, and slept till three o'clock; after this he wrote a long letter to his mother, recounting the events of the preceding night, and the adventure of the young stranger, who had refused to reveal his name, or place of residence. This was so ingeniously written, that his mother never suspected, it was her son who was the hero of the Sea-side tragedy.

When he went to the post office, an hour later, to mail his letter, he received one from his mother, informing him that his aunt was worse, and asking him to return to Oakington at once. This he felt quite willing to do, but as the Northern Express did not leave Sea Bluff until six o'clock, he folded the letter, and placing it in his pocket, strolled away, in the direction of the beach. The clouds that all the morning had hung so black and threatening over the earth, had disappeared at noon, and the afternoon was bright and warm.

He found hundreds of people on the shore, and in the water. As he looked

upon this animated scene, he felt a strong desire to join the bathers, but it was now half past four o'clock, and he must leave Sea Bluff at six; so repressing this desire, he contented himself with watching the people.

He had been sitting for some time, beneath the shade of his umbrella, when some one passed near him. I say *some one*. It is true that scores had passed to and fro about him, but this was a presence that he felt, rather than saw. A strange sensation thrilled him, and he instinctively looked up to see the cause of his unwonted perturbation. For a moment he was overcome with astonishment; then he passed his hand mechanically across his forehead, as if trying to clear away a mist. Was he dreaming or not? For a while he could scarcely tell. He soon recovered himself however and found that he was not only wide awake, but that before him, and within a few feet of him, was standing the loveliest being he had ever beheld.

She was a young girl, nearing her eighteenth birth-day, tall and stately, and of an exquisitely graceful contour. Her face was perfect in its outline, her nose, small and straight, her hair, flowing unconfined, in rich profusion, to her waist, was that of indescribable *light, golden* hue, that is seen but seldom in a life time. Her large, fine eyes, half hidden by their long lashes, were black and lustrous. Her finely arched eye-brows were full, and beautiful, as no penciling could delineate.

Such was the fascinating maiden, standing before Walter Melvin, upon whom he now looked for the first time, and as he looked, the same strange thrill he had before experienced came into his heart.

She had paused in her walk, and was watching a gentleman, apparently about forty years of age, who was approaching her from the water. As he came up to her laughing, he handed her his bathing hat, and plunged again into the waves. He was an expert swimmer, and seemed quite at home in the water.

The young girl watched with evident interest, every movement of the handsome bather; the proud, happy light in her dark eyes, revealing the secret of her love for him. For an instant, Walter was sensible of a painful feeling, as he recognized this fact, and a shadow came over his brow; but a moment after, he was laughing as he said to himself: "the idea of my feeling jealous of that man, because this beautiful young girl loves him, when I do not even know her. Come, Walter Melvin, are you, the son of a soldier, to be thus cowardly? Because the Sun is beautiful, will you look at it until you are blind? No, I will be a man, and

worthy of the love of the best mother on earth."

With this resolve, he rose and began to walk away, but had gone only a few steps, when he stopped. It seemed as if some strong spell made it impossible for him to go further.

Turning about, he retraced his steps, intending to resume his seat on the sand; but when he reached that spot, he felt himself impelled toward the young girl, and taking a position very near her, the shade from his umbrella completely sheltered her from the afternoon sun.

As there were scores of persons around them, he had no fear she would suspect his act, to be other than accidental; and he was right in his calculation, for the young stranger enjoyed the cool shade, without a thought that the possessor of the umbrella had a care for any one but himself.

As he stood there, a happy feeling stole over Walter, prompting a strong desire, that he might always be near one, whose presence filled his heart with emotions of joy he had never known before.

"It cannot be wrong," he said to himself, "for me to admire this beautiful girl, even though she be the betrothed or the wife of another man. Surely one may look upon such an exquisite work of nature as they would upon a beautiful flower in the garden of another, with no desire to injure it, or to rob the owner of his right to its possessions."

What other absurd and *unsafe* notions would have entered into his head and heart, could he have stood there longer, no one can tell, but his musings were soon cut short, for the handsome bather had emerged from the water and was walking toward the young girl. As he came up, flushed with the exertion he had made in battling with the waves, she handed him his hat, and, with a bird-like voice, laughingly said: "Why, papa, you have had a regular spree this afternoon."

Had the stranger knocked Walter down, he would scarcely have been more astonished. He staggered back a few paces; and looking at the man before him, said to himself:

"Her father, then she is not his wife; and it is not likely, she is the wife of any one.

The revelation was a wonderful surprise. Until this time, he had looked upon her as many a time, on a bright, on a bright summer night he had looked at a beautiful star, that he knew could never be brought nearer to him, but now, as he turned his gaze once more upon her, she seemed to him a star indeed, but one that was created to light an earthly home, and hope whispered possible that home might be his.

While these fancies were flitting through his brain, the father and

daughter walked up the sloping sand to Surf avenue and were lost to view amid the multitude of bath-houses, that stretched for several squares along the shore side of the town.

Walter ——— could hardly resist the impulse to follow them and learn if possible, who they were; but the instincts of a gentleman were strong within him and he resolutely refused to move in that direction.

When he left Sea Bluff that evening, he carried in his heart, an image which he knew he could never forget.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

## Fun for the Whole Family.

The game of bean-bag is one of the few games which can be played and enjoyed by all the members of a family from "grandpa and grandma" down to the little folks. The bags and boards necessary are inexpensive and easily made. Directions for making the board are as follows: Take a perfectly smooth strong board 22 inches wide and 36 inches long, and cut a hole 7 inches square, equally distant from one end and the two sides (the distance will be 7½ inches). Make an inclined plane of this board by supporting the end near the hole with a board 22 inches long and 11 inches wide, standing on edge, thus making the width of this board the height of the inclined plane (11 inches). Join them by means of hinges.

Ten bags, each six by eight inches, are made of strong cloth (canton flannel of different bright colors is nice, though ticking or heavy gingham answers the purpose) and nearly filled with beans. (Corn may be used if more plentiful than beans). The bags must be sewed carefully and all ends of thread securely fastened. They should be all of about the same weight, except "Jumbo," the eleventh bag, which should be eight by eleven inches, and nearly double the weight.

The game is played by standing at a distance of fifteen feet or more from the board, and throwing the bags, one by one, into the hole. Each of the ten small bags thrown into the hole scores 10, each one resting on the board scores 5, and each one thrown clear off the board counts minus 10. "Jumbo" thrown into the hole counts 20, on the board 10, off the board minus 20. To determine what the bags resting partly on the board and partly on the floor shall count, lift the board gently after all the bags have been thrown. If they remain on the board they count 5 each but each one that slides off counts minus 10.

The highest score possible is 120. In a large company, it is exciting and interesting to "choose sides."—*Rural New Yorker*.

## I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

I dare not idle stand,  
While upon every hand,  
The whitening fields declare the harvest  
near;

A gleaner I would be,  
Gathering, dear Lord, for Thee,  
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,  
While on the shifting sand  
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet;  
Beneath some shell's rough side  
The tinted pearl may hide,  
And I with precious gifts my Lord may  
meet.

I dare not idle stand,  
While over all the land,  
Poor, wandering souls need humble help  
like mine.

Brighter than brightest gem  
In monarch's diadem,  
Each soul in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,  
But at my Lord's command,  
Labor for Him throughout my life's short  
day;

Evening will come at last,  
Day's labor all be past,  
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

—Presbyterian.

## John Bunyan and the Bishop.

The far-famed author of "Pilgrim's Progress," was pastor of a Baptist congregation at Bedford, in which circuit he traveled many miles weekly to preach. In his itinerant excursions he oftentimes met the bishop of Peterborough riding in his carriage, whose coachman was a Dissenter, and at times heard Bunyan preach. The man of the whip had made such representations of his wonderful talents as excited the prelate's curiosity; he therefore gave orders to his coachman to stay the carriage and inform him when he next met, which soon happened, when the bishop thus addressed the Non-conformist from the carriage window:

"Mr. Bunyan, I understand you are very clever at interpreting passages of Scripture. What do you think St. Paul meant when he said to Timothy, 'The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring it with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments?'"

"Why, my lord," said Bunyan, "the passage is simple enough. Paul was a traveling preacher; Timothy was a primitive bishop. In those days it was customary for bishops to wait on traveling preachers; Paul therefore, instructs him to look after his baggage, and bring it with him when he comes. Times are altered since then. Now, bishops ride and traveling preachers walk!"

The venerable prelate threw himself back in the carriage, and cried, "Humph!" and shouted out, "Drive on, coachman." — *Rev. Henry Siviter in Wesley Banner.*

Dr. Cuyler says many truthful things, but he never said anything truer than this: "A boy seldom grows up a sceptic who has seen genuine, Christly religion at his own fireside."

## The World's Acceptance of Us.

Goethe says, "The world accepts every person for what he gives himself out to be."

At first flash we are inclined to challenge this statement. But the fact is we "give ourselves out" in a great many ways we neither intend nor suspect. One's carriage, movements, expression of face, attitudes, voice, the choice and fit of our clothes and habits, our friends and companions—all are but a net work of "loped and windowed raggedness" through which he that runs may get a glimpse of our real character, and know more in certain ways about us than we know about ourselves.

A dog always knows when you are afraid of him. You march past him with an air of bravado. What slink of your eye, or untoward wrinkling of your clothes, or unconscious quickening of your motion, gave out to the dog that your heart was being dissolved within you? There was something that told it; and the dog knew it. A horse knows instantly when the hand of a master holds the reins; and little children know whom to trust and whom to suspect, whom to obey and whom to defy.

You enter a street-car, and the man opposite who gives you a casual glance settles very definitely some things you never suspected in yourself. There is a fine line of superciliousness in your face, especially when the car goes past a low quarter, there is a slight toss of your head when you gather back your skirts from the washer woman with the dirty baby; there was hardly a hair-breadth of motion, but it told direction as plainly as if it had been two miles. You pose before yourself and your world as a benevolent person. You assist at the Cash-girls' Fair and the Children's Fresh-Air Fund, and dress Christmas dolls, and you love your neighbor as yourself in many ways which you could mention, but you "give yourself out to be" something quite different from your ideal self by a turn of the lip or a tone of the voice—a word spoken, or a word omitted.

A lady makes herself a slave to an elegant wardrobe—and she looks like what she subjects herself to; she conveys some definite impression of the supremacy of clothes and the subordination of herself. She can never have the subtle air of distinction which a woman has who does not think of clothes, who can look right without spending great and constant thought upon her garments.

So in a thousand ways the impression we really make is exactly opposite to the impression we designed to make.

Probably the great German was not far from the truth when he said, "The world accepts every person for what he gives himself out to be." — *Wide Awake.*

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## Youth's Department

### Mary and the Domine.

A Sabbath in May, a peaceful country Sabbath, a day of glad rest and peace to both body and soul. "Domine," said Mrs. Earnest, "there will be many out to service to-day. This morning seems like a special benediction, a fitting time to glorify God."

"I hope it may prove so, dear," he said.

Domine Earnest stood by the open window, lost in thought. The manuscript of his sermon had been carefully studied, and as carefully laid away. "Our Domine is a smart man," the people were wont to remark; he does not talk to us on paper, but from his heart." And the simple-hearted people did not know of the pains and thought these same sermons cost the preacher.

"Are you ready, dear?" he said, as Mrs. Earnest paused to attend to some little household duty.

Domine Earnest was a tall man, slightly bent, with broad, open brow, and gray eyes so full of expression, that you never beheld them twice alike. To little Mrs. Earnest, he seemed beautiful indeed, and to many another in the village church he was held up as a model of goodness.

"What troubles you, dear," she said, as he walked silently by her side.

"It is our regular Sabbath to collect for domestic missions, and I shall speak from the text, 'Beginning at Jerusalem.' You know the past year has been a trying one, and many of the willing ones have not the means to give. A few, I regret to say, have means but lack grace, and I can expect but little from them. Our church will not meet her requirements; the Board writes and urges me to press the matter home to my people; 'Train them to give conscientiously, as to the Lord.'"

Mrs. Earnest laid her hand on her husband's arm. "Domine," she said, "do your best, and leave the rest to God."

Dear little Mrs. Earnest had not been a help meet all these years, without learning that there is no happiness like the joy of being helpful. And as Domine Earnest lifted his hat to welcome a passing breeze, it was to thank God for the true and loyal woman that walked by his side.

The little church was filled. Off in one of the corner pews sat a girl, so small, as first to escape notice. The child worked in a neighboring factory, and her face looked strangely old, this beautiful spring morning. How attentive she sat, how she listened to the beautiful anthem. Her little head she bowed devoutly, and no one wondered, as the child was among Christ's professed followers.

"Beginning at Jerusalem." Domine Earnest never spoke better than on that Sabbath morning. His eloquent words found lodgment in many hearts. More than one laboring man who thought he couldn't spare anything for the purpose, slipped, unobserved, into the contribution-box, a piece of shining silver and the purse-strings of many who could, but would not, yielded before the earnest entreaty of his words. When the box passed to little Mary Eliot, it found her empty-handed, but with a face of quiet determination and eyes brimming over with tears.

"Domine," said the child after service, "may I call at the parsonage tomorrow evening?" "Yes, my dear," was his kind reply; and as Domine Earnest walked with a glad heart home from service beside his wife, he thought of little Mary Eliot, wondering what he could do for her. He knew that her weak hands supported, in part, a delicate mother, and the thought entered his heart that perhaps by "Beginning at Jerusalem," he should relieve in part the burden of this Christian girl.

"Is the Domine in?" said Mary, the following evening.

"Yes, dear, and waiting for you," said Mrs. Earnest, as she took the girl kindly by the hand.

"Domine," said the child, "I want you to take this from me, for a 'Beginning at Jerusalem,' and she slipped a dollar into his hand. The Domine's eyes filled, and his voice trembled with emotion. "But, my child, can you spare it?" he said.

"I have been a whole year saving it, just a penny now and then, and I had not meant to give it just yet, but I don't want to wait any longer. I want to help my dear Lord—'Beginning at Jerusalem.'"

"Let us praise his name." And kneeling there, with the child close beside him, Domine Earnest thanked God, for the grace he had bestowed upon his own.

"Mary," he said, "you have preached your pastor a sermon to-day, he will never forget. My child, I cannot say God did not expect this gift from you." —*Sallie V. Du Bois, in Christian Intelligencer.*

### Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Philadelphia.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Wednesday, Jan. 8, was combined with the special services generally held in the Week of Prayer. After the opening devotional exercises, Mrs. Wheeler, the President, read the programme which was used by the Societies in England this week, so that all should follow the same train of thought in the meetings.

"Praise for doors of opportunity

opened, blessings vouchsafed, and funds provided" were beautifully presented by Mrs. Wheeler.

Mrs. Omstead, Sec. of the Wyoming Conference Branch, spoke of the great evils of Mohammedanism, as the worst of all forms of heathenism, and gave a touching picture of the young child-widow, deprived of the love and protection of home and parents.

One of the interesting incidents, related by Mrs. Rev. T. C. Murphy was that of a young Hindoo husband and his wife, who were called to a missionary work 300 miles in the country, where they would suffer great persecution for Christ's sake. When the painful question was to be decided by the widowed mother, after a short struggle showing she fully appreciated the sacrifice made, with tears streaming down her face, she answered, "Sahib, the Saviour came down from heaven, to give himself for me, why should I not give my daughter for his work?"

Another incident was that of a young Japanese woman, who came from the lower orders of society, who, being converted to Christianity, is a wonderful evidence of the transforming grace of God in the heart, giving her whole time to evangelistic work. Mr. Correll says, she is one of the most eloquent speakers he ever heard in this country, or Japan.

Mrs. Dr. Vernon followed with interesting and encouraging words. Mrs. J. F. Keen spoke of the blessedness of giving, and of the earnest consecrated women anxiously waiting to be sent to the mission field.

Mrs. Bishop Foss was present, and warmly welcomed into the Society, as treasurer of the Philadelphia Branch The New Year's Thank offering was given to the Nurse's Training-school at Foo Chow, China.

It was decided to hold the next annual meeting of the Philadelphia Branch, in Trinity Church Philadelphia.

Our hearts were filled with courage and hope, as we left this most interesting meeting.

"The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears."

### Memorial.

At a meeting of the executive committee, Delaware W. C. T. U., held in Wilmington, Jan. 9th, 1890, the following resolutions were adopted:

(1). In the death of Mrs. Anna H. Martindale, for seven years president of this State organization, the W. C. T. U., loses one of its pioneer workers, whose zeal, and service so untiringly and cheerfully given without thought of self, is most lovingly remembered.

(2). We miss from our ranks a loved friend and co-worker, and while we rejoice for her, in gaining the haven of heavenly rest, our heart-felt

sympathy is with the family so bereaved, as are our prayers for sustaining grace in this, their hour of need.

(3). A sketch of her life shall be sent to the "Union Signal," for publication.

(4). These resolutions shall be sent to the family, and spread upon our minutes, and a copy forwarded to the PENINSULA METHODIST for publication.

MARGARET S. HILLIS, pres.  
MARY L. COX, cor. sec'y.  
JENNIE C. S. PRICE, sec'y.

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### These all died in Faith.

It is not often that the Church of Christ in a small community is called to pass through such an experience as was the lot of the M. E. Church, in Lewes, Del., during the past summer. Three of our oldest, truest, and most faithful brethren, whose lives, through four score years had been patterns of integrity, and devotion to the cause of righteousness and truth, burden bearers in the Church of God for half a century, passed to their eternal rest and reward, within the space of ten days.

William West, Sr., was born April 13th, 1805, and died July 13th 1889. In early life, he consecrated himself to God, and united with the M. E. Church in this town, continuing in faithful membership for about sixty years.

June 8th, 1828, he was married in Philadelphia by Jacob Gruber to Miss Ruth Duffel, of Gloucester county, N. J. He was a pilot, and continued in active service, from manhood until old age incapacitated him for its responsibilities. On the last occasion of his piloting a ship up the bay, he reached Philadelphia safely, and in good time. On asking the consent of the captain to take the ship down again, on her return, the reply was, "No, Mr. West, I can't consent to that. You have brought her up, all right, and in good time; but you are too old a man, to bear such a responsibility; and I do not feel that I would be doing right to the owners of so valuable a ship and cargo, to consent for so old a man to have charge of her." Bro. West made no complaint, but told his friends, that "it set him to thinking." On returning home he said to his wife, "I guess I'll not pilot anymore;" telling her of the circumstance, he added, "I guess he may be right." Thus gracefully he yielded up his profession, and consented to be esteemed an old man.

His faith in God, and love for the ways and services of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, kept him sweet in old age, until with growing infirmities, he brightly and hopefully talked of, and looked forward to his heavenly home, eager for its fellowship, but willing to await the Divine pleasure.

On his deathbed, he witnessed to the all-sufficiency of the salvation of Jesus, and peacefully yielded his soul at the call of the last messenger.

George Chambers was born in Denmark, March 27th, 1810, and died in Lewes, July 15th, 1889, only two days after the death of his old friend and brother, William West. He entered upon the experiences of a seaman's life at a very early age; and when but nineteen years old, he escaped from the Danish ship on which he was an apprentice, while in the port of Messina, Sicily; and ingratiating himself in the esteem of the steward of an Amer-

ican ship, about to sail from that port, he embarked as a "stow-away," for the United States.

In 1832, while engaged in work upon the Breakwater, then in process of erection, he visited Lewistown, and became so pleased with its location and people, that he made it his home. One of the first places visited was the old Methodist Church. Here he found a type of service and experience entirely new to him, but such as seemed to answer a craving of soul which he had long felt. Soon after, at a camp meeting held not far away, he witnessed the triumphant rejoicings of the newly saved, and exclaimed, "That is what I want." In 1836, he was converted, under a large tree, on Main street, while returning home from a revival meeting, where he had been penitently seeking God; and he shouted aloud the praises of God, in the street.

At once he united with the Church, and remained for fifty-three years, one of her most devoted, happy, and useful members.

His practical ability, as well as his devotion was soon recognized; and as far back as the oldest available records of the charge, in 1852, he was holding the offices of leader and steward, and soon after was elected a trustee.

In all these offices, which he held, until death brought his exaltation, he was the constant, faithful, and self-sacrificing servant of the Church, as the visible representative of the Lord Jesus Christ. No one of her faithful servants, more willingly and constantly carried her burdens, and toiled and sacrificed, as well as prayed for her welfare, than did George Chambers. His full record will never be written on earth, but it is on high; and he has already entered upon the inheritance thus won.

His experience, at life's close, was in keeping with the fidelity of his service through these years. He who has wrought faithfully through the long hours of the day, has no misgivings when the shadows of evening fall, and the signal is given that closes the working time. George Chambers looked into the face of death with a glad smile of welcome, as at the coming of a loved friend.

In one of the paroxysms of physical agony, which so nearly filled all the hours of the last two or three days of his conscious life, he thought the last moment had come; and turning to his son, who was in close and faithful attendance upon him, he said, while a glad smile wreathed his whole face with brightness, "Good-bye, Will, I'm going." The last morning of his life, he said to his pastor who sat by him, "I'm on board the old ship, and I'll soon make the port." Soon after, he exclaimed,

as one of these paroxysms of agony passed,

"If this be death, I soon shall be  
From every pain and sorrow free,  
I shall the King of Glory see!  
All is well! all is well! Hallelujah."

Thus, this victor in the army of the Lord Jesus passed to his rest and crown.

Woolsey W. Hudson, was born May 8th, 1808, and died in Lewes, July 23, 1889. He was converted at a camp-meeting in 1826, and joined the church, at a school house near White's Chapel Sussex county. In 1839 William Spry, of precious memory, gave him license to exhort, and for half a century, he served the Church in this office, receiving annually the renewal of his license, and so worthily and faithfully did he exercise the duties of his office, that he reflected a constant lustre upon the name *exhorter*. He is remembered and quoted as a *model exhorter*, whose burning love for Christ and souls would urge him, week after week, over weary miles of tramping, to meet the little flock in the school house, or in the chapel, on local days, to tell of a Saviour's love, to encourage the hearts of the believing, and plead with sinners to be reconciled with God.

His faithful life was followed by a calm and peaceful eventide, when with the voice of song and prayer shut out, by reason of constantly increasing deafness, the chambers of his soul were kept full of the music of holy memories, and constant communings with God, such as would often cause him to break the silence around, with shouts of praise to God for his wonderful goodness and love.

Through the valley of protracted suffering, he passed down to the river of death, waving his hand in token of triumph, as the welcome of the heavenly throng reached the ears so long closed to the voices of earth.

He rests from his labors, and his works follow him, in the growing faith and love of those who knew him, and in the "eternal weight of glory," which is the prize of those who have overcome.

### Example.

Said a brother in class-meeting, not long since, "Since my conversion, I have been somewhat troubled about the tobacco habit; but have been waiting for the Lord to convict me of the sin of it. Yesterday, one of the boys in my Sunday-school class, whom I had been teaching not to use tobacco, came in the mill, and asked me for a chew of tobacco. I did not know what to say, or think. I must give it up. I have not used any since."

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### Notice.

To the Friends and Patrons of Self-supporting Missions: Anderson Fowler, being unable to act as Treasurer for the Africa Fund of Bishop William Taylor, Bro Richard Grant, 181 Hudson street, New York has consented to continue to execute his trust as Treasurer of both South America and Africa until other arrangements are perfected. Contributors will please specify with donations, to what Mission Fund their funds are to be applied. Fowler Bros., London, will continue to act as bankers at Liverpool, England, as heretofore, for Bishop William Taylor's Missions; and Rev. Stephen Merritt, 210 Eighth avenue, New York, as Corresponding secretary for Africa. This announcement is in accord with instructions, this day received from the Bishop. The needs of the work will make heavy calls on the treasury, during the next few months. Will the friends of the Mission help all they can? ROSS TAYLOR.  
SOUTH EVANSTON, ILL., Jan. 2, 1890.

The evil of bribery often begins in the home circle and in the nursery. Parents should never bribe their children. Teach them to do that which is right, because it is right, and not because of the penny or the orange you will give them,—*Talmage*.

Indignant physician: "Man what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him." Druggist: Vell, what vas der matter mit you? Last week, I sent your odder patient der right berscription, and dot killed him. How can somebody please sooch a man."—*Springfield Republican*.

As I get older our Church papers grow more interesting and important to me, in every way. How any Methodist can get his consent, to do without his Church paper is as inexplicable to me as that any decent man can stay in a Church he does not help to support.—*A. G. Haygood*.

In ten years, the number of Churches in connection with the Southern Presbyterian Assembly, has increased from 1,892 to 2,321. This is at the rate of one church for every eight days, during that time. The number of members has increased from 116,755 to 161,742, or at the rate of about ninety persons, for every Sabbath.

### B. & O. R. R.—Western Tickets.

The B. & O. R. R., offers the following inducements to purchasers of Western tickets. Cheaper rates, faster time, fewer changes, than any competing line. No extra fare for fast time. Pullmans finest sleeping and parlor cars on all trains.  
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## HAVE FAITH IN CHRIST.

THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE  
PREACHES IN LONDON.

Paul and Silas and the Philippian Earthquake—No One Is Safe—All Must Trust the Lord if They Would Be Saved—How to Do It.

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city today, taking for his text Acts xvi, 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He said:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, today, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in a nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?" It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? O, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of that Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob, and groan, and blasphemy, and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls fall with a terrific crash. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and feeling suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hoppers on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer; answer memorable all through earth and heaven: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

## EVERY ONE IN DANGER.

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caraccas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has

been building up a large fortune his bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and an unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurried the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes, and prospects, and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come in together—"the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character; but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable this morning, when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea, that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of his hair, and they describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. Christ did not tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. "Suffer little children to come unto me." That was addressed to the Pharisees; not to the children. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. Such eyes, such cheeks, such a chin, such hair,

such physical condition and appearance—why, it must have been comely—why, it must have been comely—why, it must have been comely. I pletely captivating and winsome. I suppose a look at him was just to love him. O! how attractive his manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. O! there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Take away these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosy?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

## TERRIBLE AS WELL AS GENTLE.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before him. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the Sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Caesars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all the ages. O! he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy, or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross. You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve, and muscle, and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they shake his left foot to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. O, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, he was to die. He must die. His life for my life. His life for your life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and had struck her husband an anger she slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of

a stranger thing. Christ, who lived for God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies. O, such a Christ as that—so loving, so self sacrificing—can you not trust him?

## HOW TO TRUST JESUS.

I think there are many under the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands in this assemblage is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house give you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. You go home today. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe; I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart?

I will illustrate the difference. You are in your house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries: "No hope! we are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside or the captain? Who shall it be? You "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there, and dies. Now, you ficed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and with ing faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul.

THE BRIDGE OF THE ROCK OF AGES.  
You often go across a bridge you

know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. O, was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. He has sworn he will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, farther than that—it means a peaceful death.

**CHRIST TAKES AWAY THE FEAR OF DEATH.**

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand, and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home, and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I get, the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way

is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation today are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth, and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

**TO BE SAVED.**

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness. Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all your hardships, and bereavements, and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your quietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "O, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you today to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? O, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, fed by his love and warmed by his grace for three score years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon him whom, having not seen, you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lambs reclining on the sun lit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar, and crash, and boom of battle, but amid his dis-banded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm while he looks down into her face and says:

Behold thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair."

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New Troubles. "It's too bad that the Bloffets are moving out of the neighborhood, isn't it?" "Too bad! Why, Bloffet was a terrible nuisance with his cornet." "Yes, but now that he is leaving the rents will go up."—*Time*

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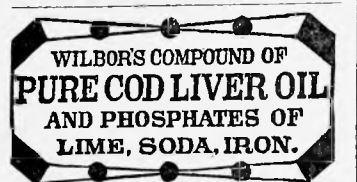
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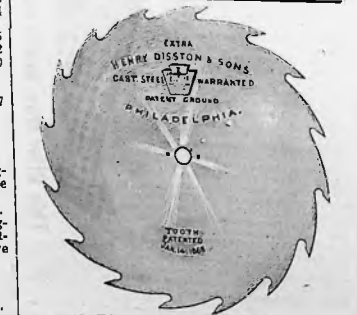
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