

THE PENINSULA METHODIST

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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

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Dividing Charges—Weakening the Work.

There are unmistakable indications of very deep and general dissatisfaction in portions of our Conference territory, with the administration that has prevailed on some districts, for a few years past by which small and feeble charges have been multiplied, though utterly incapable of giving more than a most meagre support. In some cases, a slight relief is temporarily afforded, by an appropriation of missionary moneys, or an occasional box of supplies sent from abroad.

We invite a full and free statement of facts on the part of those who are interested, lay or clerical. The PENINSULA METHODIST is always open to any of our people who may feel that the church is suffering from official mismanagement, and desire to express their judgment in the case. Only let the criticisms be fair and candid, expressed with due respect for the party criticised, and without offensive personalities. We wish to aid in diffusing the light of truth, and the cultivation of an intelligent brotherly-kindness, according to the Gospel standard.

A letter has just come to hand from an excellent sister, widow of a deceased minister, remonstrating almost pitiously, against this "cutting up of circuits," to make small and weak appointments. This sister appeals to us, as it seems to her, there is so little opportunity for redress, in the fact that the officers who do this subdividing, are the ones who have the bishop's ears and urges us to write upon the subject, in the hope that in this way, the facts come fairly before the bishop presiding.

Let us have the facts well in, and sure that Bishop Fowler shall see them.

Immunity of Presiding Elders.

An article with this heading, has come to our office, which we should be glad to publish; but as no name is signed, we cannot violate our rule, to publish no communication, unless we have the name of the writer. Of course the writer may appear under an assumed name, but the editor must have his real name. This rule is invariable, and we believe, universal with first class periodicals.

Our brother, Rev. T. N. Given, pastor of Mt. Lebanon and Newark, we are sorry to learn, has been recently bereaved of his excellent mother, who died in Camden, N. J., Sunday the 12th ult., in the 56th year of her age after an illness of some two weeks. She was a devout Christian, noted for her piety and usefulness.

We tender our brother, and all the bereaved, our deep sympathies in this affliction. "One less on earth," how sad! "One more in heaven," how comforting, the thought of the perfecting family circle, beyond the casualties of time!

Brandywine Chapel.

The opening services will be held next Thursday evening, Feb. 13th. Many prominent persons, friends of the enterprise, are expected. Interesting and attractive exercises will be held. Speakers will be announced in the city papers.

Special revival services will be held in the chapel; beginning Sunday evening, the 16th inst.

Recruits for Bishop Taylor.

Thursday, Jan. 30th, two ladies sailed from the port of New York, on the City of Chicago, to reinforce Bishop Taylor's missions in Liberia. One of these ladies is Miss E. Kate Orr, daughter of Presiding Elder J. T. Orr, of the Illinois Conference, and the other Miss Mary O'Neill, of Fifth Avenue Church Pittsburg, Pa.

Farewell services were held in Mrs. Osborn's Missionary Training School Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday, Jan. 26. In this school Miss Orr had been a pupil.

An Appalling Calamity.

Early Monday morning, the residence of Hon. Mr. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, was utterly destroyed by fire. The Secretary narrowly escaped with his life; but his wife and one of his daughters lost their lives; the former from injuries sustained in her attempt to escape, and the latter by suffocation.

This sad casualty, coming so soon after the death of the Solicitor General and that of Mr. Walker Blaine, the secretary's eldest son, and while the body of his daughter, Mrs. Coippinger

is awaiting burial, has thrown a pall of deepest gloom over the President and his Cabinet, and has awakened sympathy for the afflicted ones, throughout the country. One of the house servants also, we are sorry to learn, was a victim of the devouring flames.

Under the Starry Canopy.

The following lines came to us, as a postscript to Bishop Taylor's interesting letter, "Progress in Africa," published in our last week's issue, but was inadvertently omitted.

"Arrived safely in this place. Have been sleeping every night on deck. After sleeping under shelter, for so many weeks, it was delightful to have the moon smile on me, and almost hear the storm say, There he is."

WM. TAYLOR.

Sierra Leone, Dec. 18, 1889.

Re-Opening.

Our enterprising and indefatigable young friend, Rev. G. W. Bounds, of Taylor's Island circuit, has another church ready for re-dedication. "Old Bethesda," if we mistake not the name has been transformed from a literal sheep fold into a figurative one, and in its *renaissance* it is to bear the name "Hargis Memorial," in honor of one of the most faithful and successful Methodist preachers of "ye olden times," the Rev. James Hargis, who bestowed the labors of his life on the lower Peninsula.

Re-opening exercises will be held, (D. V.) to-morrow, Feb. 9th. Rev. James Hopburn Hargis, of the Philadelphia Conference, son of the gentleman after whom the chapel is named, and the editor of the PENINSULA METHODIST are to officiate on the occasion.

Reflections

EDITOR PENINSULA METHODIST. DEAR BRO.—In alluding to your *incog* correspondent you have unwittingly led your readers to suppose that he was not among the younger contributors to your paper. Surely, the word "Sire" although indicative of sex-does, not of necessity denote age. And of the word "venerable" it may be said though often applied to persons and things with the badge of years to

crowns them, yet even youth may possess the marks of excellence that make it worthy of the praise intended. Hence a word in cautiously used may be misleading. But turning away to other points, it is not too much to say, that the columns of your paper teem weekly with statements in the form of facts, opinions, and thoughts, embracing the work of Evangelism, and questions of political and business economy, of social ethics, of literature and of divinity.

It may be said however without further praise, and surely without disparagement that the conclusion of the whole matter is not always reached. And it may sometimes be the case—as was said of a certain work by the author himself, it was "the conclusion in which nothing is concluded," but after all, where will be found a Journal of the kind that makes a better showing? Its readers are kept posted in things both new and old, and it is an interesting point that while due attention is given to new orders introduced by the march of progress, the old orders are not set aside. This perhaps is due in no small degree to the editor, who still retains, with his whitened locks the dew of his youth, which the censorship of this pen might pronounce "venerable both from merit and from years."

While proper mention is made of the *club*, the *lyceum*, and the *league* of more recent origin, the class meeting and prayer meeting are not ignored, but receive at least occasional and emphatic advocacy, worthy a Methodist journal. So let it be! And let the things, both new and old be in harmony. Let every new departure be an edition of the old. It is certainly in the line of progress, to supercede the skins of animals and the bark of trees by the modern paper fabrics, but let the ciphers and signatures remain. Polish and reconstruct, as much as the wisdom and taste of the age may suggest, but let all new structures be, "according to the pattern showed thee in the mount." SIRE.

A Christian life on earth solves partly, a Christian life in heaven solves completely, the problem of perpetual youth.—*Maclaren*.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

There is a word which, murmured low
By humblest child of human woe,
Soars swiftest to the Eternal ear,
And angels hush their harps, to hear—
"For Jesus' sake."

It is the one true countersign
That passes every guard divine;
The golden key that, borne from far,
The inner temple can unbar—
"For Jesus' sake."

All precious things in earth or heaven
The Father to the Son hath given,
And we, through holy gates of prayer,
May enter in and freely share—
"For Jesus' sake."

Though weary cares oppress our years,
And sorrow fills our cup with tears,
The hope that angels cannot know,
The peace of God is ours below—
"For Jesus' sake."

Oh, let us then that watchword take,
And bear life's cross "for Jesus' sake;"
And when we lay our burden down,
Be ours the victory and the crown—
"For Jesus' sake."

—Francis H. Mace, in *Congregationalist*.

Why Pray?

One says: "But wherefore pray?
Does not the Infinite one know all our
wants?" Aye, truly; but he who
does not feel his need accepts no aid,
and he who demands not the value of
a gift receives that gift in vain, and he
who lacks faith is not drawn toward
his benefactor by any favor. There
must be not only knowledge of our
need with God, but there must be the
sense of need also in us and faith toward
God for its supply.

It is this sense of need, and this desire
of going out confidently toward
God for its supply, that, spoken or un-
spoken, is the true prayer; and it is in
this that is found the exact measure of
the soul's receptivity—its capacity to
receive blessing. Thus it is that amid
the same surroundings one advances
into hope and life and joy, and another
goes into darkness and fear and
death. God offers to both alike, but
only the soul that bears the spirit of
prayer is open to receive any good;
and let us remember that our highest
good is not in any material gift or
temporal pleasure, but in the fruit
which these may bear in the final test
of character.

The highest good is God. You give
your child gifts; he receives without
thankfulness, and neither faith nor
love is fostered. The gift is lost so far
as regards its nobler end, for it is your
self you seek to impart. It is in love
and faith that moral fruit is borne.
Your child has received it like a beast,
and not like a moral being. It is him-
self God would impart to us, and he
only receives as a moral being, and at-
tains moral good who, as he receives of
God, receives God himself. — J. E.
Godbey, in *South Western Methodist*.

Stanley's Latest Discoveries.

Aside from his rescue of Enin
Pasha, we know that Stanley has ac-

complished four remarkable things in
his latest journey through the heart of
the dark continent from the Atlantic
to the Indian Ocean. In the first
place, he has followed throughout
most of its course the most important
northern affluent of the great Congo
waterway—the Aruwimi, whose upper
waters had been hitherto untraversed.
His route, moreover, to the stations
occupied by Emin Pasha on the Al-
bert Nyanza, compelled him to pene-
trate the most extensive forest which
exists upon the earth; a forest which,
according to the explorer's calculations
stretches 400 miles in length by 400
miles in breadth, or, in other words,
covers the immense area of 160,000
square miles. It was also, his good
fortune to discover, south of Albert
Nyanza, another huge fresh-water re-
servoir, the Albert Edward Nyanza,
which, being placed at a greater alti-
tude than the former, and connected
with it by a natural conduit, must be
regarded as the true fountain head of
the historic Nile. Nor did Stanley's
contributions to our knowledge of
African topography end here. His
homeward route to the coast of Zanzibar
compelling him to traverse the
Victoria Nyanza, he found that the
magnitude of this vast island basin
had been much underrated, and that
its superficiality was, in fact, larger than
the preceding estimates by six thou-
sand square miles; or, in other words,
by an area nearly equal to that of the
state of Massachusetts. — *Methodist*.

Catholic opposition to the confirma-
tion of General Morgan as Indian Com-
missioner, and of Dr. Daniel Dor-
chester as Superintendent of Indian
Schools, has been so bitter and deter-
mined, that the nominations have
"hung fire" for a considerable time.
General Morgan has been accused by
Father Stephen, director of the Catho-
lic Board of Missions, of having dis-
criminated against Catholics, by dis-
charging an undue number of Catholic
teachers from the government schools.
The facts are that General Morgan
and Dr. Dorchester have discharged
many teachers for *incompetence*, and
because they were not needed. More
of these were Catholics, simply because
more incompetent ones were Catholics.
Their religion had nothing to do with
it, but their unfitness had. This was
right. If these gentlemen do their
duty they will not be dictated to by
priests. This interference of Catholics
is becoming intolerable. We are glad
that, despite these influences, the Sen-
ate committee on Indian Affairs has
reported favorably on these appoint-
ments. Let Catholic priests keep
hands off our government schools. —
Evangelical Messenger.

The leading of a prayer-meeting is
a Christian task which calls for thor-
ough preparation, and which should
be entered upon with a deep sense of
its importance. To spend ten minutes
selecting at random a few hymns and
a passage of Scripture is not the kind
of preparation which issues happily.
When we remember that the success
of a prayer-service not seldom turns
upon the impulse given by the leader,
his responsibility becomes all the more
evident. Your maturest thought, your
warmest Christian feeling, are demand-
ed when you stand up to lead the
thought and devotions of your fellow-
believers. — *Congregationalist*.

In former times the class-meeting
was an agency of immense power in
the Methodist Churches, and it still is
wherever it is efficiently maintained;
but in many places it has almost fallen
into disuse or is only attended by a
few. The Bishops of the Methodist
Episcopal Church have undertaken to
re-establish it wherever it has ceased to
exist, and to give it new life and vigor
wherever it still continues. In the
system of Methodist agencies for ag-
gressive work the class-meeting un-
doubtedly stands next in importance
to itinerant preaching of the gospel. —
Presbyterian Banner.

A lady tells us that she heard a
colored preacher say: "De fo' part of
de house will please sit down; fo' de
hind part cannot see de fo' part if de
fo' part persist in standing befo' de
hind part, to de utah obelusion of de
hind part by de fo' part."

The size of a revival is not always
shown by the number of additions. It
may be indicated by the number of
subtractions. One of the best revivals
we ever knew reduced the membership
of the church nearly twenty per cent.
See? — *Michigan Christian Advocate*.

How long was Mr. Wesley in
America? He sailed for Savannah
October 21, 1735, and reached his des-
tination February 5, 1736. Return-
ing, he left Savannah, December 2,
1737, and landed at Deal, England,
February 1, 1738. His actual resi-
dence in this country was therefore
something less than two years. — *Nash-
ville Christian Advocate*.

To live well in the quiet routine of
life, to fill a little space because God
wills it, to go on cheerfully with a
petty round of little duties, little avoca-
tions, to smile for the joys of others
when the heart is aching—who does
this, his works will follow him. He
may not be a hero, but he is one of
God's heroes. — *Farrar*.

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1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.
2. Dancing will lead me into very close contact with pernicious company; and evil communication corrupts good manners.
3. Dancing would require me to use and permit freedom with the other sex, of which I should be heartily ashamed, and which I believe to be wrong.
4. My parents and friends would be anxious about me if I were out late, keeping company with they knew not whom.
5. Ministers and good people generally disapprove of dancing, and I think it is not safe to set myself up against them. If a thing be even looked upon as doubtful, I wish to be on the safe side.
6. Dancing has a bad name, and I mean to study things that are pure and lovely and of good report.
7. Dancing is generally accompanied with drinking, and I see drinking produces most of the evils of the present time.
8. I am told that drinking is a very great temptation and snare to young men, and I do not wish to have any thing to do with leading them astray.
9. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer, and I mean to do nothing to estrange me from my God and Saviour.—*Central Baptist.*

The following story should be an incentive and encouragement to parents, not only to instill scripture truths into the minds of their little children, but also to teach them to memorize the word of God, and explain to them its meaning so as to make it practical.

Walter Nind Lacy, not yet five years old, was with his parents in Epworth Cottage, Ku Liang, China, for two weeks. While there he learned several passages of scripture which were painted on the wall. One of these was:

"Perfect love casteth out fear."

His parents explained it to him, and, to make it simple, told him if he loved God with all his heart, he would not be afraid, for he would know God would take care of him. He had always been very timid about going in the dark.

A few evenings since he had occasion to go up stairs into a dark room, and was there quite a while. When he came down, he came to his mother and said, "Mamma, perfect love casteth out fear."

Is not the memorizing of the word of God too much neglected in our homes and Sabbath schools? Let us make our children familiar with it every day, in the nursery and around

the family altar; so shall it be a light unto their feet and a lamp unto their paths.—*Sel.*

There are some preachers who think that to keep abreast of the age, it is necessary to accept, more or less, the ever-changing and strange notions that are constantly being evolved from the brains of those who assume to be "leaders of thought." This is the fatal hand that has shorn many a pulpit Samson of his locks, and made him an easy victim of the Philistines. It is far more important to keep abreast of the Bible than to keep pace with the so-called "higher criticism." The man who takes the Bible as the Book of God, and walks with the unquestioning faith in the path it points out, will not go far astray, his own skeptical neighbors being judges. The preacher who gets his inspiration from critics, and doubters will neither grow himself nor feed the flock. To doubt is to be weak. Faith is the demand of the hour.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Statistics are accounted dry. But occasionally they have life in them. Here are some of that sort. In 1790, when our first census was taken, only one thirtieth of the population of the United States lived in cities of 8,000 or over; in 1800, one twenty-fifth; 1810 and 1820, one twentieth; 1830, one sixteenth; 1840, one twelfth; 1850 one eighth; 1860, one sixth; 1870, one fifth; 1880, twenty-two and one-half per cent, or nearly one-fourth. From 1790 to 1880 the whole population increased twelve-fold, and the city population eighty-six fold. The population of our country is now estimated at 65,000,000, of whom about 14,000,000, or nearly one fourth, reside in cities, and of this number about one-fifth are young men. If, as has been estimated, only five per cent of our young men are actual church members only fifteen per cent attend church with any regularity, and that twenty-five per cent is the limit of those who ever go to church, three-fourths of our young men, or 22,000,000 never go to church at all. Think this exhibit over some fine day when you have a little time.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Slow, but a Winner.

Rev. Dr. William Carey, who was the originator of the Baptist missionary society of England, and the great pioneer of mission work in India, was born in obscurity. His father was a poor man, and could afford him but little assistance. At an early age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and even after he was licensed to preach, in consequence of his poverty, he continued to work at his trade. Notwithstanding the difficulties which surrounded him, he was diligent in the improve-

ment of his mind, and embraced every opportunity which presented itself for the acquirement of useful knowledge.

When he first proposed his plans to his father in reference to his great missionary work, he replied:

William, are you mad?" And ministers and Christian people replied to his proposition; "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, then might this be."

His discouragement in first entering upon his work in India were appalling. When he found himself without a roof to cover his head, without bread for his sickly wife and four children, he made up his mind to build a hut in the wilderness, and live as did the natives around him. "There are many serpents and tigers, but Christ has said that his followers shall take up serpents," said the undaunted man.

God did not call him to this sacrifice but to others which required wonderful courage and persistence, before he achieved his final success, which has made him famous the world over.

What was the secret that enabled the shoemaker's apprentice to become one of the most distinguished men of the age? What brilliant gift raised him from an obscure position to one of honor and fame, as the author of grammars and dictionaries, translations of the Bible and other works. He either translated or assisted in the completion of twenty seven versions of the scriptures, requiring a knowledge of as many languages or dialects.

He betrays the secret. In giving an estimate of his own character, he speaks of himself with Christian humility, but with full consciousness of results he has been permitted to achieve. While not laying claims to brilliant gifts of genius, he says: "I can plod—I can persevere."

He does not say, as we see so often nowadays, "I could always manage to get along, and keep up with my class in some way, without much study; I could jump at the meaning of my lesson, or, I can catch up a trade without years of hard labor;" but, "I can persevere."

Plodding boys, hold up your heads! You may seem to be left behind in the race by your so-called "smart" companions. Plod on. "Your progress may beslow, but do not be discouraged." Remember, the race is not always to the swift."—*Churchman.*

The bamboo-tree does not blossom until it attains its thirtieth year, when it produces seed profusely, and then dies. It is said that a famine was prevented in India in 1812 by the sudden flowering of the bamboo-trees, where 50,000 people resorted to the jungles to gather the seed for food.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

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Correspondence.

From Galestown, Md.

DEAR BROTHER.—I am requested to send the following notice for publication in the PENINSULA METHODIST:

Rev. Joseph H. Bell died at his home in this place, Monday, Jan. 27th, in the seventy-second year of his age.

He was of English parentage; his father having emigrated to this country, from the Island of Bermuda, and settled near Galestown, where his family was reared, and where he himself spent most of his life.

Converted in early life, he at once joined the M. E. Church, and became active in church work; the local church honoring him with every official position open to her members; and he honoring their confidence and love by his fidelity to every work committed to him. During the last twenty five years, he has served the church faithfully as a local preacher; having received deacon's orders at the hands of Bishop W. L. Harris at the conference in Wilmington, in 1884.

Bro. Bell was a man of strong will, great decision of character, and uncompromising in his advocacy of the right as he saw it. As a preacher, he possessed more than ordinary ability, as those who had the privilege of listening to him, can testify.

Another worthy trait of character, was his promptness. His appointments in the plan of the circuit were always filled, and he regarded it as a religious duty, to begin the service precisely on time.

A few weeks before his death, though in much weakness, he preached for Bro. Derickson at Sharptown, and his life-long friends at that place, speak of the sermon as the best they ever heard from him. His text was, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

In his last sickness he was patient and uncomplaining, and entered the valley of the shadows with the tread of a conqueror. Today our brother is "with the Lord," another trophy of his Saviour's redeeming grace. Earth is poorer, but heaven is richer. There is weeping in Galestown, but rejoicing in the saint's home.

Respectfully yours,
G. L. HARDESTY.

Feb. 3d, 1890.

KENTON, DEL.—The last revival in this charge was closed, Tuesday evening, Jan. 28th; our pastor, being most worked down, having been in revival work since September. Besides this, many of the members were confined at home with "la grippe," severe colds, etc.

The new parsonage is nearing completion, and hopes are entertained, that it will be ready for occupancy by the first of April.

Mr. W. H. Moore, one of our enterprising merchants, has his new dwelling completed and his family are moving in.

The W. C. T. U., still lives, and in their quiet way, are doing what they can for "God and Home and Native Land." A Loyal Legion has been organized, and an entertainment has been held for it, with good results. That its banner may float in purity, until every child in Kenton, shall be enclosed within its folds, is the prayer of the writer.

Friday evening, Jan. 31st, the members and friends of Central, one of the churches of this charge, thinking a good pounding might prove beneficial to their pastor, proceeded in a body to the parsonage, and took the family completely by surprise;

forthwith they began pounding him, which he patiently endured without a word of remonstrance, until they had pounded to their hearts' content. Then he suffered himself to be led to the table, where he did justice to the good things so bountifully provided. The evening was delightfully spent in social converse, enlivened with sweet music. After all had been served with refreshments, Bro. W. Willis stepped forth, and in a neat little speech explained the cause of this pounding; to which the pastor replied in a few appropriate words. Bro. Mason, the class leader, then led in prayer, and all joined in singing, "God be with you till we meet again." With kindly adieus, these friends departed, leaving their pastor to reflect upon this new evidence of the warm place he holds in so many hearts.

A MEMBER.

Feb. 4th, 1890.

Clayton Del.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—Successful revival services have been in progress at St. Paul's M. E. Church, for three weeks and over.

At the beginning of the meeting, the pastor, Rev. R. K. Stephenson was afflicted with "La Grippe," but his wonted health was soon restored, and with his usual zeal and energy he resumed his work.

Sixty-one souls were converted; fifty five have joined the church on probation, and one by letter, making the present membership more than one hundred.

Many of the converts are grown persons and heads of families; a number of Sunday School scholars have been gathered in; and one convert was a man 73 years of age; thus showing that the grace of God is sufficient for all ages.

Preparatory meetings are held every evening before service, to which Christians and any who are anxious to be saved, are invited.

Bro. Stephenson spends the greater part of the day in making pastoral visits, mostly in the interest of the revival and much fruit has been gathered from this work; not one of the members seeming to lag but all trying to hold up the hands of the pastor.

The seating capacity of our church has been taxed several times; but last Sunday week in the evening, the place was packed to overflowing, and many were unable to gain admittance. This would suggest that the borders be enlarged, but financial prudence whispers not yet; money is too hard to get, just now.

This is the third revival on the circuit during the year; the net result of all being about two hundred and twenty conversions; and yet the pastor says, "more souls for Jesus," and with him, the members of St. Paul pray for the conversion of many more; thus the meetings will probably continue, until none are willing to present themselves at the altar.

Members of sister churches have heartily aided in our meetings and have already reaped a partial reward, no doubt they will reap a reward which is eternal.

The Sunday School has also been helped; the largest attendance reaching one hundred and forty-one, out of a membership of two hundred.

Let the good work go on!

The first wedding that has ever taken place in this church, was solemnized, Wednesday afternoon, Jan 29th; John W. Houston and Emma Pratt, both of near Blackiston's being the contracting parties.

The church was beautifully decorated with potted plants in front of the altar, and an arch in front of the altar rail.

While the organist, Miss Lou. Moffit played a beautiful wedding march, the ushers, Geo. Thomas of Blackiston's and Wesley Moffit of Millington, preceded the bridal couple to the altar who took their places beneath the arch. The ring ceremony was used, and two were soon made one by the pastor, R. K. Stephenson.

At the close of the service, Aubrey Vandever, on behalf of the congregation, presented the bride and groom with a family Bible; this being the first couple married in the church.

After receiving congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Houston took carriage to the depot and thence started on their wedding tour.

Y. Z.

Feb. 3, 1890.

Conference Academy Notes

At a public meeting of the Scott Literary Society, Saturday evening, Jan. 25th, Professors Todd and Mohler gave, with the stereopticon, an interesting and instructive lecture on the historic buildings of classic times. The views were fine, and with the lecture did much to animate the study of the classics.

Prof. Mohler has just added to his home-made apparatus, a polariscope, which very well serves the purposes of illustration.

The last period of Friday afternoon is filled out, in addition to the spelling, with an analysis of the question for debate the following night, in the Scott Literary Society.

Five additional ladies have entered as boarders, since the opening of the winter term.

The class in book-keeping is in charge of Mr. Howard C. Maloney, a practical book-keeper of Dover. Mr. Maloney is a graduate of Eastman Business College, and a former student in advanced standing of the Conference Academy.

For the first time since 1875, there are no ladies in the graduating class.

For the current month, the essays of the Senior class are to be translations from the classics; of the Middle class, studies of historical characters. In preparation for the latter themes, the students are required to read a standard biography, and, if the character permits it, a speech or a state paper.

The class in English Literature is studying "King Lear," under the direction of Miss E. R. Potter.

Rev. George W. Todd, has been appointed to the teachership of Grammar, Rhetoric, and English Literature, recently made vacant by the resignation of Miss E. Clothilde Potter. Miss Potter has made an excellent record as a teacher in the Academy, but has been compelled to retire on account of impaired health. Rev. Mr. Todd, a son of the Rev. R. W. Todd, is a former student of the Academy, and a graduate of Drew Theological Seminary. He enters on his duties, April 1.

Six of our ministerial students are aided by the Board of Education. One of the positions, as working student, is now vacant.

From Roxanna.

BRO. THOMAS:—Not having taken a single day's vacation from my charge this conference year, I started out last week to spend a few evenings with some of my brethren in their revival work.

Monday and Tuesday nights I spent with Bro. Dawson at Millsboro, and found him conducting interesting services, and living cosily in his nice new parsonage, which is nearly paid for.

Wednesday night I spent with my Georgetown friends, and found Bro. Kemp engaged in his meeting. There were six penitents at the altar, four of whom professed conversion. The attendance was good and considerable interest manifested in the meeting.

From Thursday to Monday I spent with Bro. Gallaway on Concord Circuit. He is having the most powerful and widespread revival that has ever been at Asbury. Sixty have united with the church; many more have been converted; and the altar is nightly crowded with penitents; while revival fires are ablaze in every one of his fine churches, and souls are being converted at nearly every service he holds.

It is wonderful, what an influence for good this man of God is wielding among this people. I would rather have this talent or gift for soul-saving, than to sit upon a throne. His people are very anxious to have him returned as their pastor another year. During my stay with Bro. Gallaway, I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and baptized over fifty; about one half of them being adults. Notwithstanding it was a week of hard work, I greatly enjoyed my visits.

A. D. DAVIS.

Feb. 4, 1890.

CHARLESTOWN CIRCUIT, T. B. Hunter, pastor.—Interest in our meetings at Principio continues unabated. Last week was the best of all; there being conversions and new penitents every night, except one. Tuesday night, three precious souls were converted after the benediction had been pronounced; making four that evening. It was "a time long to be remembered," as God's children with hearts filled to overflowing, rejoiced before Him; though the meetings from the first have been usually characterized by quiet but deep feeling.

The Lord has greatly blessed and helped our beloved pastor, in the plain and faithful declaration of the Word. He has preached every night, except two, during the five weeks the meeting has been in progress.

G.

The Fellowship of His Sufferings.

"That I may know him," said the great-hearted apostle, "and the fellowship of his sufferings"—as in very partnership with him. The spirit of martyr-heroism pulsates in such words. However unintelligible they may be to the selfish heart, they express a great ambition, worthy to inspire every minister of Christ. They are in line with many other words of the same apostle, as, for example, when he bids Timothy "endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ;" or, as when he says, and startles us by saying, "I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church."

We can not do real and lasting good in the world, without knowing the fellowship which Paul desired to know—not theoretically, but by participation. I once heard Charles Vance tell what a woman in the slums said to a Christian minister: "I tell you what it is," she said, "if you want to do us real good, it is of no use to come and preach to us now and then; you must take a house in the court here, and live among us." She touched a deep principle. It will not do to lean down from some serene and painless altitude; we must come down and identify ourselves in brotherhood with those whom we would help, and in some real sense, "bear their sickness and carry their sorrows." That is one of love's mysteries.

God does not promise to let us know the use he is making of us. Sometimes he does show it; but he has made no promise. The right thing for us is to leave ourselves confidently in his hands, and let him use us as he will. This is better than mapping out a career by ourselves. If I believe in a divine plan for my life, I can resign myself to a divine guidance and disposal; just as Abraham, hearing God's voice and following God's beckoning, went forth, not knowing whither he went. Life will thus be not self-directed but God ordered, and so the best of use will be made of it.

The man in the lighthouse has his commission, and does his duty; but he knows not at the time, of what service his light is, what treasure-laden ships it guides or warns, and what lives it saves. Does he therefore call himself useless, and pronounce the lighthouse a failure? Let us be content, to live and labor under the personal guidance of God, in the unfaltering confidence, that he knows what use to make of us. "Who is among you, that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the

name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

What does all this lead up to? Something like this—that we learn to enter more and more deeply into the holy sorrow of Christ over sinning men; that we accept the pain that comes in this way; that we let it penetrate and search our hearts; that we allow no defeat to becloud the sweet heavens of faith and hope; that we simply do God's bidding as Christian ministers; that behind all our words there be sincerity of heart; that we believe in the Holy Ghost; that we proclaim the "everlasting gospel" in its fullness, addressing man's full nature; that we neither fear man's blame nor covet man's applause; that our preaching be a manifesting of the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God, as if we were to say, "That which I received of the Lord I have delivered unto you."—*Rev. James Culross, D. D.*

PERSONAL.

Rev. C. C. McLean, late of St. Augustine Florida, by the appointment of Bishop Merrill, has temporarily taken charge of the M. E. Church, at Scranton, Pa., left vacant in the autumn by the transfer of Rev. J. E. Price to St. James' Church, New York.

Rev. T. P. Sanford, a full-blooded negro, who was born a slave in Virginia, has been appointed the pastor of a Baptist Church, in England.

Ex Senator Harrison H. Riddleberger died at his residence in Woodstock, Va., on Friday morning Jan. 25.

Rev. William Helm, of the Oregon Conference, is now in his ninetieth year, and his mental faculties are well preserved. His life companion, who was born in 1808, and who walked by his side for sixty-five years, died at Portland, Oregon, Jan. 2.

Hon. Samuel J. Randall, who has been quite sick for some time, was baptized last Sunday and united with the Metropolitan Presbyterian Church. His wife is a member of that church. Mr. R. is more cheerful and hopeful of recovery than he has been for many months.

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

How much Mr. Randall must regret his long delay in identifying himself with the church! While it is true in reference to doing right, "better late, than never", it is also pre-eminently wise, never to be late in the discharge of duty.

The 73d anniversary of the American Colonization Society was held in the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., January 19, Rev. Dr. Hamlin, pastor, presiding. Professor Edward W. Blyden, a negro from Liberia, in an address, spoke of Liberia as the garden spot of Western Africa, and said that the negroes who had gone from America were exerting a great influence there.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, states that ten of the largest and strongest churches of that city last year spent \$19,000 for church music, and gave \$6,000 for foreign missions.

"I recall," said Dr. Lyman Abbot at the New England dinner here, an old cartoon in the *Harvard Lampoon*, which depicted two ladies, looking at a mile-stone near Boston, which was marked: '1 m. from Boston.' One of the ladies remarked to her companion, 'What a noble epitaph—'1 m. from Boston.'—*Philadelphia Record*

The Methodist Protestant church built and dedicated sixty new churches last year.

Twelve Presbyteries, representing 499 ministers and 80,347 communicants, have voted against the revision of the confession of faith. Thirty-three, presbyteries, representing 1,198 ministers and 170,889 communicants, have voted for it.

German Methodists have seven churches in New York, eleven in Chicago, five in Cincinnati, five in Milwaukee, four in Buffalo, four in St. Louis, four in Brooklyn, three in Philadelphia and two in Detroit.

The pews in Talmage's prospective tabernacle rented for \$18,000 the other evening.

Store silver which is seldom used in unbleached canton-flannel bags; never in flannel or worsted.

Marriages.

WILEY—PHILLIPS.—At the bride's home near Dover, Del., Jan. 15th, 1890, by Rev. W. W. Sharp, John H. Wiley and Mollie B. Phillips.

MOORE—HAZEL.—At the bride's home near Kenton, Del., Jan. 15th 1890, by Rev. W. W. Sharp, Henry D. Moore and Anna Hazel.

ELLIS—MESSICK.—Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1890, in the M. E. Church in Laurel, Del., by Rev. J. Owen Sypherd, James T. Ellis of Millsboro, Del., and Emma Messick of Laurel, Del.

BFNETT—NICHOLS.—In the M. E. Church, in Sharptown, Md., Jan. 29, 1890, by Rev. E. H. Derrickson, John R. Bennett and Naomi Nichols.

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The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, FEB. 9th 1890. Luke 2: 40-52.

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

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF JESUS.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature; and in favor with God and man" (Luke 2: 52).

40. The child grew—passed through the usual stages of bodily development, from childhood to youth, etc. The same thing is said of John (chap. 1: 80). Waxed—increased. In spirit—an interpolation taken from chap. 1: 90, and rejected by the R. V. The words "waxed strong" refer, therefore, to physical vigor. Filled with wisdom.—Recognize the difference between learning and wisdom. To be well informed, to accumulate facts of science or history, does not necessarily make a man wise. The "wisdom" of Jesus did not come from the schools. Prayer, the Scriptures, the book of nature, incessant communion with the Life divine—these constituted His nurture and "filled Him with wisdom." The grace of God.—The divine favor rested manifestly and increasingly upon Him.

41. His parents went—were accustomed to go. Three times a year adult males were required to present themselves before the Lord, in the Temple (Exodus 34: 23). Females were not required either by law or custom to attend. Says Farrar: "Mary, in pious remembrance of the rule recommended by Hillel, accompanied her husband every year." Passover—celebrated about the time of our April; lasted seven days originally, but the eighth—"the great day of the feast"—had been added; called also "the feast of unleavened bread" (Mark 14: 1); commemorated the passover of the Hebrew houses at the smiting of the first-born in Egypt, was attended by immense multitudes who "might be counted by tens of thousands."

42. Twelve years old—the age at which a Hebrew boy became "a son of the law," and assumed its responsibilities. At this age, too, he was graduated from the treatment of a child; he could not be sold as a slave by his parents; he was required to learn a trade; he could be presented in the synagogue; he could wear the phylacteries; he could finish the Mishna, and begin the study of the Talmud. "At this age, according to Jewish legend Moses left the house of Pharaoh's daughter; Samuel heard the Voice which summoned him to the prophetic office; Solomon gave the judgment which first revealed his possession of wisdom; and Josiah first dreamed of his great reform. Nay, more, according to one Rabbinical treatise, up to this age a boy only possessed the nephesh, or animal life; but henceforth he began to ac-

quire the ruach, or spirit, which, if his life were virtuous, would develop, at the age of twenty, into the nishama, or reasonable soul" (Farrar).

43. Fulfilled the days—the passover week. Jesus tarried behind.—The reason for this lingering is given farther on. He was spending his time with the wise men—the doctors of the law—apparently so engaged that He overlooked the termination of the festival. Knew not of it.—They supposed He was in the caravan, and would find them in the progress of the journey. He was so docile, and wise, and mature that no anxiety would be felt about Him. Then too, His present age was about equal to that of eight-
een or twenty with us—an age when He could be trusted to take care of Himself.

44. Went a day's journey—usually from eighteen to twenty miles. The first day's journey was commonly much shorter. Hacket is of the opinion that the halt for the first day was made at the eastern foot of the Mount of Olives, not more than two hours' ride from Jerusalem, so as to avoid camping in the hostile region south of Jericho. Freeman follows the old tradition which makes their first halt at El Bireh, eight or ten miles north of the holy city. Kinsfolk and acquaintance—who formed part of the caravan.

45. 46 They turned back, seeking Him—on the way. Farrar draws a vivid picture of the perilous political condition of the country at this time, which he thinks would greatly augment the alarm of Joseph and Mary. After three days—either three full days in seeking, or, which is more probable they took a day in going, a day in seeking, and a day in returning. It is strange they did not seek Him at once in the Temple. Temple—in one of the porches, where the rabbi instructed the people. Sitting in the midst of the doctors.—Pupils often stood, but Paul speaks of being brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. Elliott says: "The older students sat on a low bench; the younger on the ground, literally at the feet of their instructor." Schaff says: "The custom in the East is for scholars to sit cross-legged on the floor." Both hearing them, and asking them questions—the usual behavior of a learner. Jesus was not playing rabbi, as the language seems to imply.

47. Were astonished (R. V., "amazed") at His understanding.—Doubtless He showed a wonderful insight into the spiritual meaning of the Law—so profound for a child of His years as to excite their amazement. His answers.—Judging from His answer to His mother shortly after, these "answers" must have indicated a rare degree of wisdom and spiritual fervor. It was a kind of Bible class; and many teachers will agree with a learned rabbi, who says: "I have learned much from the rabbis, my teachers; I have learned more from the rabbis, my colleagues; but from my scholars I have learned most of all" (Peloubet).

48. They were amazed (R. V., "astonished").—His parents were awe struck at finding Him in "so august a presence." "Perhaps the incessant contact of daily life had blunted the sense of His awful origin" (Farrar). His mother.—She was, naturally the more alarmed and distressed of the two. Why hast Thou thus dealt with us?—Her mother heart had been so pained at the long and hitherto fruitless search, that the tone of reproach which pervades this question, seems justifiable. Thy father.—Publicly, Joseph bore this relation. Mary had not yet, in all probability, revealed to her son, the mystery of His birth. Sorrowing.—"The pain we suffer is of necessity proportioned to the love we bear" (Augustine). "Not merely was this the only possible manner in which Mary could publicly speak to her son of Joseph, but also an indisputable proof of the wisdom with which she brought up the Child; a wisdom which taught her to say nothing yet to Him of the mystery of His birth, and which had faith enough to wait until His own consciousness should be fully and clearly awakened to the fact of His being the Son of God. The more surprising, therefore, must His answer have seemed to His mother, as containing a hint, intelligible to her alone, that He already knew who His father was" (Van Oosterzee).

49. How is it that ye sought me?—That is, why did ye not come here at once? Where else should I be found except in My Father's house? Wist ye not?—Did ye not know? My Father's business.—"My Father" contrasts with the words "thy father" in Mary's question. "This is that 'must' so often used by our Lord of His appointed and undertaken course" (Alford). "He delicately recalls to them the fading memory of all that they did know, in that 'I must,' He lays down the sacred law of self sacrifice by which He was to walk, even unto the death of the cross" (Farrar). The R. V., translates "my Father's business," "my Father's house;" literally, the rendering is, "in the things of My Father."

50. They understood not—did not fully comprehend Him; therefore He did not derive this saying from them. "No wonder they did not understand. In these days, men, after all the light from Christ's life's; after all the evidences of His power in the Christian centuries, fail to understand this saying of His respecting His own person (Schaff)."

51, 52. Went down with them—left the Temple and its wisdom behind Him, to tread the lowly, secluded walks of filial obedience. His mother kept all these sayings—No further mention is made of Joseph, who probably died before our Lord's public ministry began. Increased in wisdom—even though plying the humble trade of a carpenter in an obscure country village; but His was "the wisdom that cometh down from above." In stature—or "age." He ripened, physically and mentally, with His advancing years. "It was during this time that much of the great work of the second Adam was done. The growing-up through infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, from grace to grace, holiness to holiness, in subjection, self-denial, and love, without one polluting touch of sin, this it is, which, consummated by the three years of active ministry, by the passion, and by the cross, constituted the obedience of one man," by which many were made righteous (Alford)

How to have large Congregations on Week Day Evenings.

BY S. LANE.

After trying various methods to draw in a good attendance to week-night church service, I have on every charge, found the following plan pre-eminently successful. I announce an hour service, to consist of three parts of about equal length, namely: first, after a brief opening prayer, a lively song-service; second, after a short Scripture lesson, voluntary experiences interspersed with brief spiritual songs and prayers; third, a short, carefully prepared, animated, practical sermon, doxology, benediction, and old fashioned Methodist Episcopal hand shaking. Even in small villages and country places we have averaged, in July and August, over half a Sabbath congregation. People have various tastes and needs, and thus we suit all, and do not overload even the one-talent measures, nor the young and infirm. Try it.—Western Christian Advocate.

How to Get Rid of a Cold.

It may not be as widely known as it deserves to be, that twenty grains of salicylic acid, given in liq. ammon. acet. three or four times a day, will so far control a common cold that the aching of the brow, eyelids, etc., will cease in a few hours, while the sneezing and running from the nose will also abate and will disappear in a few days, and, more fortunate still, the cold will pass off and not finish up, as is customary, with a cough.—British Medical Journal.

Rejoice Always.

A doctor who was strolling through the woods near Jacksonville, Fla., came upon a negro who was sitting upon the fence singing. "You seem to be happy, old man," said he. "Well, sah, I ain't got nothin' to 'plain er-bout." "Do you know that yellow fever is raging all around you?" "Oughter know it, sah, when I dun buried my wife yestidy." "Then, how can you sit around here and sing?" "Dis yere is God's worl', ain't it?" "I suppose so." "An' I b'longs ter God, doan' I?" "Yes." "Well, if the Lawd puts it in my heart to sing, I doan' see why I oughter keep my mouf shet." "Are you not afraid of taking the fever?" "What's de use'n bein' erfruid? Ef he Lawd wants me ter take it, I will; an' if he doan' I ain't, dats all; an' sides dat, I ain't gwine ter take it no quicker ef I sings. I lay ef you go 'round dat town now, you'll fin' mos' o' de folks whuts got de feeber didn't sing er tall."

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.

What is Drunkenness.

This question has occupied some of the best minds of our country for a number of years. It has been treated morally, socially, and politically. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, scientists and preachers have expressed their opinions concerning it; laws for and against it have been enacted by different legislative bodies expressive of their opinions in relation to it. It is most emphatically the question of these times. There are many answers given; we will consider three.

First—"It is the abuse of one of the leading industries of the country by weak minded citizens." They say there are millions of dollars invested in the manufacture of strong drink, and thousands of men employed in the business; thus it builds up the country. The fallacy of the answer is so apparent, that none but those whose minds have been weakened by strong drink will believe it.

Second—Drunkenness is a crime. The Courts of Justice of the United States hold to this opinion. Every day we read of some one fined for being drunk. If drunkenness is not a crime, then the Courts of Justice of the United States, are engaged in a vast system of oppression the like of which was never known, for they are taking money daily, as fines from the drunkard, when his wife and children are starving. If it is a crime, then they stand impeached in the judgment of every honest citizen for granting license to spread and perpetuate crime.

Third—"It is a disease, and hereditary at that." This is the most subtle answer of all, because so many good workers are searching for an antidote with which to effect a cure. Then we are always ready to sympathize with the sick if the disease is inherent, but we do not always extend our help to the criminal. Which answer is correct? "To the word and testimonies." Let God's Word answer. The first sentence pronounced by God on the drunkard after the Egyptian bondage is recorded in Deut. xxi: 20-21: "He is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die; so shalt thou put evil from among you." If drunkenness is a disease, then God sentences a man to death, by stoning for being sick. If for drunkenness, why not for

other diseases—leprosy or fever. This is the only disease which is punished with physical death. But this is not all; the gates of heaven are shut against him. "For no drunkard can enter heaven"—banished from God and the glory of his presence for being inherently sick. Is not that predestination with vengeance, beginning before birth, suffering through life in this world, and continuing through eternity?

This theory of heredity is put with such positiveness, as though every person must see that this is the answer. I am not sure that the advocates of this theory are willing to meet the results of their reasoning. Here is a drunkard, has been since he was a boy; he signs a temperance pledge and keeps it. By what power was he cured? I saw a man drunk come to seek the salvation of his soul; he was converted and never was drunk any more. The religion of Christ always cures drunkness. Why does it not cure other diseases? The answer is plain. Drunkenness is a crime against God and man to be punished by the law.

J. B. CHYNNOWETH.

—California Christian Advocate.

In eternity it will be a terrible thing for many a man to meet his own prayers. Their very language will condemn him, for he knew his duty, and he did it not. Those fervent prayers, which the good man labored to make effectual, will be "shining ones" in white raiment to conduct their author into the banqueting-house of the Great King. But the falsehoods uttered at the throne of grace will live again as tormenting scorpions in the day of the Lord's appearing. "Be not rash with thy mouth, nor let the heart be hasty to utter anything before God," is an objection that forbids more than irreverence in prayer. It forbids us, by implication, to ask for that which we do not sincerely desire. Above all, it forbids the asking from God those blessings which we are hindering by our neglect, or thwarting by our selfishness and unbelief.—Domestic Journal.

Daily Prayer.

An aged minister once gave some advice to a young Christian. It was this: "Never neglect, never forget, secret daily prayer. It is here that the Christian always loses ground. Neglect this, and you cannot fail to grow cold and indifferent. Never let a day pass over your head without earnest prayer."

The good old man is dead, but the words he uttered may serve as a warning to more than one, especially to the young. Never neglect prayer. Are you busy? Do you excuse yourself because you are so hurried every day?

Remember who gives you time. Are you well and strong? Thank God for health. Are you sick? Surely your heart must frame petitions to Him who holds life and death in His hand. Are you exposed to temptations? There is no safeguard like prayer. Have you neglected this duty? Take up again the broken threads. Have you never begun? "Life is short and time is fleeting." Do not neglect secret prayer.—Methodist Magazine.

Jesus is no longer local; we cannot, need not, be carried to him; our cry of helplessness will reach his ear wherever offered.

Dr. Simms' Blood Purifier.

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Quarterly Conference Ap-
pointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.				
	QUAR. CON.	PREACHING.		
	FEB.			
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.	
	FEB.			
Seaford,	9 10	10	M.	7
Milford,	8 9	2	S.	2
Ellendale,	9 10	7	M.	9
Lincoln,	15 16	7	F.	7
Georgetown,	15 16	2	S.	10
Harbeson,	15 16	7	S.	2
Millsborough,	21 23	10	F.	7
Lewew,	22 23	2	S.	10
Nassau,	23 24	7	M.	7
Milton,				
	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.		
	FEB.			
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 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

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Grace Jubilee. Concluded.

Thursday, evening, Jan. 30th, was devoted to "Young People's Work," W. E. Hawkins, presiding. After scripture reading by Rev. A. T. Scott, and prayer by Dr. Jacob Todd, and some choice music, Miss Sarah R. Weldin read a paper on "Young People's Societies of Grace M. E. Church," showing great activity and wisely directed zeal among the young people of this church. "Grace Brotherhood," an association for literary culture, and religious work, was formed in 1866. During the second pastorate of Rev. W. J. Stevenson, D. D., a society was formed for giving social entertainments, with the pastor as president, and H. C. Downard as secretary. The *Musicals*, which were occasionally given, no doubt led to the organization of the "Sunday school Orchestra," which was formed in 1886, with ten members, Dr. J. M. Curtis, leader.

"Grace Gleaners," auxiliary to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, was formed in April 1883, twenty girls, from ten to sixteen, meeting together for this purpose, at the suggestion of Mrs. E. B. Stevens. Since Sept. 1883, this society has provided for the religious instruction of a Japanese girl in the mission school in Tokio, who, in memory of the generous care of her friends, bears the name, "Grace Wilmington". In these six years, they

have raised \$847; all for foreign missions.

A young people's "Class," formed in 1883, Dr. J. R. Boyle, pastor, is continued under Dr. Todd. The same year, a "Young Men's League," for church work was formed, with twenty members, and has proved one of the most successful. In 1887, it was merged in the "Christian Endeavor," which subsequently became the "Young People's Christian Association of Grace Church."

A junior sewing circle was formed, in aid of the ladies "Parsonage Fund," and in 1887, had earned \$65 toward this enterprise.

A circle of "King's Daughters," was organized last October.

The task of vaticination was assigned to Miss Mary J. Wheeler, who read a paper on "The Future of Grace M. E. Church," emphasizing the thought that as our present heritage is the result of the self-sacrificing devotion and faithful toil of those who began this enterprise in the vigor and glow of their youth, so will the future of Grace church depend upon the zeal and fidelity of its present youth. "As heirs of the past, we hold what we have, as a sacred trust for the generations to come.

Both these ladies, Miss Weldin and Miss Wheeler, acquitted themselves most creditably, both in the writing and reading of their excellent papers.

Friday evening, Jan. 31st, was occupied with memorial services, followed by a love feast, C. Wesley Weldin presiding over the former, and Rev. Chas. Hill, as a former presiding elder, over the latter.

After prayer by Rev. Charles Hill, scripture reading by Rev. J. B. Quigg and an anthem, "Sleep thy last sleep," by the choir, Job H. Jackson, Esq., read a paper in reference to the deceased members of the church. Of the eleven persons present at the first meeting, Nov. 17, 1864, only six survive; of the nine original trustees, six have died; and, of the original members, two thirds have ceased their earthly labors.

Bishop Simpson who laid the corner stone and dedicated the church, Bishop Ames who dedicated the chapel, Bishops Scott and James who took part in the dedication, and pastors, Cookman and Matlack, have passed from labor to their eternal reward. Among those whose names were recalled with special interest, were the following; Thomas Dixon, the architect; Samuel Harlan, "a liberal friend of the infant church;" Edward Sargeant, who did the lettering; Dr. George Pepper Norris, George W. Sparks, and Samuel M. Harrington, original trustees; Delaplaine McDaniel, and Jethro J. McCullough, who "lived beautiful and useful lives"; Daniel M. Bates, "whose beautiful life closed

with a triumphant death;" R Emmet Robinson, "the sunshine of whose life will long be remembered in Grace;" Susan A. Robinson, "who stepped into the beyond saying, "All is peace, all is peace;" Susan S. Butler, "who never wearied in the performance of duty;" Edward Moore, abundant in labors, "more than conqueror"; and Rev. H. H. Davis, pastor of Epworth, "whose memory will remain fresh in many hearts."

An old-fashioned love feast followed, including distribution of bread and water, and the relation of personal experiences.

Letters were read from Drs. Joseph E. Smith St. Paul, Minn., and George W. Miller, Kansas City, Mo., former pastors of Grace, expressing their regret at not being able to attend the anniversary, and complimenting the church on its grand history.

The exercises closed with the doxology, and the benediction by Dr. J. Richards Boyle.

Dr. George R. Cooks, of Drew Seminary, pastor of St. Paul's this city, from 1855 to 1857, preached an excellent sermon, Sunday morning, Feb. 2; and Dr. J. Richards Boyle, of Park Avenue, New York, pastor of Grace from 1883 to 1886, preached in the evening; after one hour's most delightful song service.

Monday evening, the long and most effective series of services closed, with an elaborate Sunday school programme, which did great credit to the scholars of Grace, and was highly enjoyed by an immense audience, crowding the spacious room to its utmost capacity; many persons standing in the aisles nearly three hours.

The beautiful and artistic programmes which received such high encomiums, and were so eagerly sought for as souvenirs of the happy occasion, were printed at the office of the PENINSULA METHODIST.

Besides the Grace schools, there were those of Epworth and Madely, the two prosperous off shoots of the parent stem. Wm. H. Curry, superintendent of Grace presided, and Rev. John White superintendent of Epworth, offered prayer.

A most admirable historic sketch of Grace Sunday-schools, was read by H. C. Conrad, Esq.; and brief addresses were made by E. Baldwin Springer, a scholar, by W. H. Billany, C. Wesley Weldin, Dr. Todd, and Rev. William W. Cookman of the Philadelphia Conference, whose father, the late Alfred Cookman, was pastor of Grace from 1868 to 1871, when his son William was a member of the Sunday-school.

The singing of the schools and by the choir, was a most enjoyable feature of the celebration.

An interesting incident of this Jubilee service was the fact, that one of the Sunday school scholars, who joined the church on probation, at the first Sunday service, after Bishop Foss' sermon, was the daughter of the late Geo. W. Sparks, to whose assiduous attention to daily details in the erection of this magnificent structure, is to be attributed, more than to any other man, the faithful carrying out of all plans as to quality of material, and style of finish.

If from his home on high, this devoted servant of the Church was permitted to look down upon that scene, we fancy his happy heart felt a new thrill of joy, as he saw his daughter offering, herself as a candidate for membership in the church he loved and served so well.

Our Methodist Protestant brethren, of Kent Island circuit, have recently repaired their church in Winchester, Queen Anne's county, Md.

Revs. J. E. T. Ewell and T. O. Crouse preached on the occasion of its re-opening, and Rev. J. A. Arters, pastor of our own church in Church Hill, was present morning and evening, and took part in the exercises. In his report, Bro. Ewell acknowledges the courtesies received at Bro. Arters' hand. "He very kindly," says he, "tead-ered the use of his church at that place, during the repairing of ours, which was thankfully accepted." The church was rededicated free of debt.

The Avenue M. E. Church of Milford, J. H. Willey, Ph. D. pastor, has begun to make arrangements for Conference. A committee of ladies has been appointed to make a preliminary canvas of the town, to locate the visiting clergymen.

At the First Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, the Lord's Supper was celebrated Jan. 26th, and 24 new members were received; 12 by letter from other churches, and 12 by profession. During George M. Hickman's pastorate of 16 months, 108 additions have been made to the membership; 70 by profession and 38 by letter. Of these, 61 were heads of families and 8 were children. The membership of the sabbath school has increased about 125.

Wilmington District Notes.

Rev. T. C. Smoot was recommended by his quarterly conference to the Wilmington Annual Conference, for local deacons orders.

Pastor reported forty-one converts on his charge, and 310 pastoral visits.

Wm. Bratton, a steward and trustee in Christiana M. E. Church, died Jan. 24th, 1890.

The eighty second anniversary of Salem M. E. Church, was appropriately observed.

One hundred and thirty dollars have been paid on the parsonage at Christiana.

Bros. Price and Dodd were invited to return.

The "laboring man" who frequents the bar-room and lutes the church needs something besides new political and business codes to make him prosperous and happy. New laws won't do much for him until he becomes a new man.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Conference News.

Evangelists.

Since my life began, I have lived in an atmosphere of prejudice, and not the least of all has been that against evangelists.

Fearing my inability to endure the strain of revival work at this time, I invited Jno. R. Thorp to assist me. He was with me three weeks, and now I like evangelists. Bro. Thorp is just about what I thought such people were not; and is not just about what I thought they were. So I commend Bro. Thorp to our churches, feeling assured that he will do only good, and a good deal of it.

I think it is a mistake for him to have no regular wages. To depend on passing the basket is about as pernicious, as it is unenumerative, unless coached by the evangelist. I passed no hat, but gave him \$1.50 a day in cash, and what else in presents, myself and the people chose to give.

E. L. HUBBARD.

P. S. The revival continues. There have been 75 conversions, of whom 7 are married men, 11 are married women, 14 are youths, 2 are children, and 39 are single adults. 65 have joined our church, with others to follow; one has gone to the Presbyterian church, 2 to the Baptist church, 1 to the Methodist church in Delaware City, 1 to Bridgeville, and one over in Md.

E. L. H.

New Castle, Del., Feb. 3d. 1890.

That Surprise.

MR. EDITOR:

There was a fine social gathering at the M. E. Parsonage, in Greensboro, Md., Tuesday night, January 28th. While I was absent at the class meeting, friends took possession of the premises, and sent a message by a marriagable young gentleman and lady, that the pastor was needed at home, possibly to marry a couple. We hurriedly wended our way thitherward, when we opened the door we were surprised to find the room filled with persons of cheerful countenances, and who had come to show their appreciation of and good will to their pastor and his family. We discovered bags of flour, packages of coffee, sugar, fruit, apples, pork, hams, sausages, etc., etc., in large quantities, and some dry goods; with a cup and saucer, as a for-get-me-not; oil, so that our lamps may be trimmed and burning; potatoes, enough to satisfy an Irishman of the genuine stamp; for all which we desire to offer, through you, our hearty thanks to the donors, and to assure them of our prayers, that God's blessing may rest upon them.

Greensboro, Md., Respectfully Yours,
Jan. 29th, 1890. S. J. MORRIS.

The new chapel, Brandywine charge is about completed, and is said to be one of the finest chapels in the city, Gothic in style, with pediment windows in the roof. The ceiling, which is very high, is lined with hard wood and finished in oil; making the room very light, and with the neat and pretty cathedral glass windows, producing a very striking effect.

The annual report of our Sunday school, shows good work done. About \$900 were raised by the school during the year. Only two of our five hundred and fifty scholars have died in the same time. Average attendance is about three hundred and forty scholars per Sunday, and this fills the room to its utmost capacity; so we are

anxiously waiting, to move into our new building. It will be a memorable "moving day" to the Sunday-school.

A sociable, or church reunion, will be held, Thursday evening, Feb. 13. The ladies of this chapter of Epworth League will see, that refreshments are furnished to visitors. All are invited.

Sunday, March 9th, is the date of our Missionary anniversary.

We are much pleased with the new style of the PENINSULA METHODIST.

F.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—Our friends here are good at surprising their preacher. Wednesday eve, 29th ultimo, without giving any previous intimation in any way, almost our entire congregation at Bethel came suddenly upon us at the parsonage, bringing along with them many substantial expressions of their esteem. Taking possession at once, the ladies arranged the tables, loading them with refreshments, and soon all were invited to partake and were amply served, leaving an abundance of sweet things for the pastor and his wife, besides bringing supplies sufficient to last for months to come of flour, hams, chickens, lard, canned fruit, chow chow, jelly, sugar, coffee, tea, butter, eggs, potatoes etc., etc. They also presented Mrs. G. with a nice sum of money.

We were never so completely surprised; first in the time of their coming; second in the number that came; third, in the abundance of their donations. This is not the whole story. Our pet horse was not forgotten. Four wagon loads of nice timothy hay had already been sent, and there was more yet to follow, corn besides. This is what our Bethel congregation has done for the comfort of their pastor this Conference year. They have our most sincere thanks, and shall share our most fervent prayers.

S. T. GARDNER.

Pivot Bridge Parsonage, Feb. 3, 1890.

Our extra meeting at Sharptown, though feeling the effects of influenza yet, is becoming more interesting. We have, at present, twelve earnest penitents at the altar, seeking salvation, and the signs indicate "More to follow."

H.

We are now in the fourth week of revival services in Marydel. The work progressed slowly at first, with some conversions, but now the people are becoming awakened, and there is quite an interest. Our church, last evening, was filled to overflowing, and seven were at the altar. The converted and those seeking, range from fourteen years to fifty and sixty. The outlook is very favorable.

G. S. CONAWAY.

PREACHERS' MEETING in Fletcher Hall, Monday Feb. 3d. In the absence of President D. H. Corkran, L. E. Barrett, was chosen president pro tem. Devotions were led by J. L. Houston. After a report from Chester-Bethel, the order of the day was taken up, and Rev. A. P. Prettyman delivered a discourse on the words, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," Rom. 12-1. Bros. A. T. Scott, and T. C. Snoot, served as critics; and comments were offered by Bros. Jacob Todd, J. L. Houston, H. W. Ewing, and W. W. Campbell.

Curators reported for Monday, Feb. 10th, a paper on "Second Probation" by Rev. S.

T. Gardner. Adjourned, with benediction by Bro. W. W. Campbell.

R. IRVING WATKINS, Sec.

Milford, Feb. 4, 1890.

MR. EDITOR.—Owing to prevailing sickness in our midst, extending to our pastor's family, the extra services in our church, usually commencing with the New Year, were delayed, until the middle of January. Now, every indication points to a successful meeting, and we hope that many souls will be fully persuaded to taste of the "living waters."

Arrangements are nearly completed for entertaining conference visitors, and we hope the session may be profitable to people and preachers.

That we may become personally acquainted with the editor of the PENINSULA METHODIST, is the wish of those who read with pleasure its interesting and helpful contents, as it pays its weekly visit to our town.

MEMBER.

Rev. Alfred Smith will in March next, complete his fourth year, as pastor of Zion M. E. Church, this city, and will then leave and go to Middletown, Del; having within the last few days decided to accept the call to that place. At the last quarterly conference of his church here, he was asked unanimously to return for the fifth year; and it was generally understood by his congregation, that he would do so. Since then, however, he received invitations from both Easton and Middletown. Easton he could not accept, because they insisted on his coming at once, as they are without a pastor. Middletown asked for him last March, and renewed the invitation so strongly again this year, that Mr. Smith felt he could not well decline it, and so notified his official members at the close of service last Sunday night. The congregation at Zion greatly regret the turn matters have taken. Their pastor has done a good work for them and the church, and they desired him to remain with them the full limit, of five years. Middletown is a beautiful and prosperous town, and ranks among the best appointments in the Wilmington conference. The church there will find in Mr. Smith an earnest, faithful and devoted worker.—Dorchester Era.

WILLIAMSBURG, MD.—The young people of this town held a dramatical and musical entertainment, on the evenings of Feb. 4 and 5; proceeds for to go towards furnishing the M. E. Church, which is nearing completion, and which will be one of the handsomest in upper Dorchester, a credit both to the village and community.

Rev. Robert Watt, now closing the second year of his pastorate in Snow Hill, Md has been invited, to succeed Rev. Alfred Smith, as pastor of our church in Cambridge.

The Dorchester Era of last Saturday says, "The official board of Zion M. E. Church at a meeting held last Wednesday evening, decided upon Rev. Robert Watt, of Snow Hill, as first choice for pastor, to succeed Rev. Mr. Smith next month. Several of the board opposed asking for any one; preferring to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the presiding elder.

Do not be induced to take some other preparation when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's, which is peculiar.

Rev. R. C. Jones has been very successful in his extra meetings. About forty persons have been converted and the meetings are likely to continue several weeks longer.—Clayton Coll

Come In.

And buy one of our heavy Overcoats, and by so doing you will get a good bargain and we will be happy to reduce our stock just that much. We are closing them out; don't intend to carry one if we can help it. And yet it would pay us well to carry many of them. Our object is to let them go, put the money into something else.

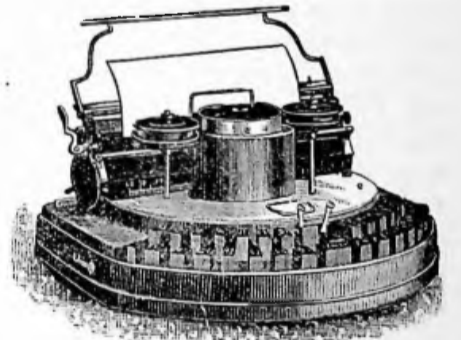
For the Boys, as well, we have some handsome suits and over coats. We had to put in a new lot this week, but they were bought way off in price. Out of season, you know.

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OUR SERIAL STORY
Blanch Montague,OR
WHY WAS IT?

By CAUGHEY.

CHAPTER VI—"ASHES TO ASHES, DUST
TO DUST."

As Walter Melvin sat in the comfortable coach of the northern mail train that night, speeding through the darkness toward Oakington, his mind was a prey to the liveliest imagination and fancy. He tried to think of his mother, his beautiful mother, who had ever been dearer to him than all else in the world; of his poor aunt, in her extreme illness; and of Mr. Colton, who now so much needed the sympathy and comfort of some strong manly heart; but strive as he would to fix his thought on these persons, there would come before him a vision, as of some distant land, some fairy scene of waves sparkling in the sunlight, and of a white hard strand shining like the floor of some great court, while upon "that shining shore," stood a being so beautiful, that she seemed to belong to another and a brighter world.

He tried to think of the scenes of the morning, and of the night before his arrest, the police court, the inquest, and all the terrible experiences through which he had passed, but it was impossible: for all the past seemed absorbed in the scenes of the afternoon.

At last, weary with his efforts, he abandoned the attempt; and settling himself more cosily in his seat, he gave himself up to the fancies of the hour, allowing his imagination to run riot.

He mused, and dreamed, and thought, and lived a decade in an hour, and in that decade, saw the triumph of his ambition, and the realization of his highest hopes. He saw himself advancing step by step, until he was President of the first National Bank at Hathway; and the owner of large shares of Bank Mining, and Railway stocks. He wandered in fancy over the farms he had purchased, looked upon the ships he had built, and estimated the marine trade he controlled. He saw his already comfortable fortune continually increasing, while he made liberal expenditures, in building school houses, endowing colleges, and founding hospitals, and other charitable institutions.

Again he found himself superintending the erection of a beautiful home on the elevated bank of a beautiful river. Soon the building was completed, the grounds laid out; the whole forming a scene of rare magnificence and beauty.

In this beautiful home he saw himself lounging, in the elegant library

reading the evening papers; and in a large easy chair, half hidden by the rich lace and velvet curtains that draped the window, sat his mother, looking the embodiment of matronly happiness.

On the floor before him, was a beautiful child, with large black eyes and golden hair; while bending over him, in all the wealth of her glorious womanhood, stood the beauty of the beach, now the queen of his home, and the light of his life, his own dear wife.

What other fancies would have come into his mind, what magnificent air castles, he might have built that night, could his reverie have continued unbroken, no one can tell; but the shrill whistle of the engine and cry of the conductor, as he called out "Oakington," aroused him; and he was forced to come back to the world of reality, of which he had been for the time, almost wholly unconscious.

With an effort worthy of his manly character, he strove to banish the entrancing vision from his thoughts, and devote himself to those who so much needed his presence and help.

On reaching Oakington Hall, Mr. Colton's home, he found his aunt very ill, and learned from her physician, that she would most probably not survive till the morning. The relapse, into which she had fallen, had utterly prostrated her; and it was plain to see not only that she could not recover, but that the end must come in a few hours.

It was now eight o'clock in the evening, and she had been unconscious since noon.

Mr. Colton, her husband, stricken as an oak by the lightning's lance, summoned all his resolution to resist the tide of grief that threatened to bear him down its strong current, to the deep ocean of despair.

Nothing could be done for the dying woman, but patiently to watch beside her couch, for any sign of returning consciousness.

Dr. Melville remained with the patient until the last. He was a Christian, and his sympathetic heart was deeply touched at their grief; his manly tears flowing freely, as he talked with them of the Great Physician, who could bind up the broken heart, soothe the troubled spirit, and cool the fierce fever of unrest.

Those, who listened to his words of comfort that night, never forgot them; and when, in after years, they recalled this scene, many a kind word was spoken of him as the man, who brought the best skill to minister to bodily necessities, into that chamber of death, and also the "Water of Life" for refreshing the spirits of those who were smitten by the blighting simoon of sorrow.

"An hour before midnight, as Dr. Melville sat by the bed, holding his patient's hand, and endeavoring to count the almost imperceptible pulse, he said gravely, and reverently, "The end is near, take your farewell, and let us bow together, and ask God to help us bear this dispensation of His providence."

In silence broken only by the deep, half smothered sobs of Mr. Colton, and Mrs. Melvin, the company, one by one, bent over the still form of the dying woman, and pressed a last farewell kiss on the lips, that would never again breathe their names in this world; then every head was bowed, and every soul uplifted to the throne of the Great Eternal, for grace and strength.

No one attempted to lead the devotion, or give direction to the petitions of their burdened hearts; but each one appealed directly to Him, whose tears fell in sympathetic sorrow, with the bereaved sisters of Lazarus.

After a few minutes of silent prayer, Dr. Melville's voice was heard in low and solemn tones, "O God of a tried and tempted David; O God, of a bereaved and suffering Job, be thou our God! O, Jesus, of human sympathies; O Jesus of Almighty power, take us by the hand, and lead us very near thyself! Amen!" Then lifting his head without rising from his knees, he sang tenderly the words of faith and hope,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The prayer and the song were like balm to these hearts bruised. The Rock of Ages had indeed become a refuge in this sad hour, and through the darkness and gloom of bereavement each heart was able to see by faith, the Man of Galilee coming to them, over the rough waters, and to hear above the wild roar of the tempest of sorrow, the voice that had stilled the raging Geneseret, the voice that had stilled the sea, "peace be still," and to the distressed disciples, "Lo, it is I, be not afraid."

Thus were they prepared for the final stroke, as Dr. Melville said, "It is all over. The weary body is at rest. The ransomed spirit has been borne on Angel's wings 'over the sea of death, into the celestial city,' to be 'forever with the Lord.'"

It was after midnight when the kind doctor left that home, over which the shadow of death had fallen, into which the light of Bethlehem's Star had poured its sacred rays. Dark indeed was the shadow from the wings of that death angel, but the "deepening darkness" only "brightened the glimmering star" of hope in every heart.

Arrangements were made for Mrs. Colton's funeral, to take place the second day after her death; and it was decided the interment should be in the

Holly Grove Cemetery in Harlingsburg.

Walter was prompt and thoughtful in all the duties which the occasion required. Every arrangement was completed with care, and at the appointed time, in company with his mother, and the immediate relatives, he took the Western Express train, which was due at Harlingsburg, at one o'clock.

The first three hours of the trip were unevenful and quite monotonous: but when the train ran into the depot at Valadoran, a number of persons entered the car, and took seats near Walter. Glancing across the aisle to the seat nearly opposite him, that had just been taken by a lady, his eyes fell upon the form of an erect and graceful lady with golden hair. He started, as he recognized in this lady sitting there, within four feet of him, the lovely woman he had seen three days before, on the beach, at Sea Bluff.

(To be continued.)

A Doctor's Dont's.

Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles.

Don't pick the teeth with pins, or any other hard substance.

Don't neglect any opportunity to insure a variety of food.

Don't sleep in a room provided with stationery washstands.

Don't eat or drink hot and cold things immediately in succession.

Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food that may lead to excess.

Don't read, write, or do any delicate work, unless receiving the light from the left side.

Don't direct special mental or physical energies, to more than eight hours work in each day.

Don't neglect to have your dentist examine your teeth, at least every three months.

Don't forget that moral defects are as often the cause, as they are the effects of physical faults.

Don't allow your servants to put meat and any kind of vegetables, into the same compartment of the refrigerator.

Don't delude yourself into the belief that you are an exception as far as sleep is concerned; the normal average of sleep is eight hours.

Don't endeavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity; let it seek its rest in work in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.

Thou hast but little sunshine, but thy long glooms are wisely appointed thee, for perhaps a stretch of summer weather would have made thee as a parched land and a barren wilderness. The Lord knows best, and he has the clouds and the sun at his disposal.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Public Drinking.

The habit of drinking liquor is almost universal among our public offices. A large majority of the members of Congress drink wine or beer, and many of them drink stronger liquors, and a few are drunkards. The restaurant in the Capitol underneath the House of Representatives furnishes liquors of all kinds, to all who order. The Senators have perhaps a larger proportion of men who do not drink, but many of them are fond of wine, and the Senate has not been entirely free from men who drank to excess, and has been at times disgraced by exhibitions of gross drunkenness. Nearly every legislature of the different States has a large drinking contingent, and saloons, either in the Capitols or near by, are found to be almost a necessity.

In the California Capitol, four bars are in operation during the sessions of the legislature, and comparatively few members are abstainers. The great occasions of social life are thought to be very tame without liquor. It is universally used at balls, and fashionable parties, and men and women drink. Many women become drunkards by this means, and divorces are often the result of scandals that grow out of this habit. The President of the United States, in deference to the world wide custom of using liquor at public entertainments, furnishes it to his guests. Thousands of families use liquor constantly, and invariably present it to visitors.

Society, as it is called, is almost unanimously in favor of liquor-drinking. The Roman Catholic Church, as a body, does not condemn the use of liquor "in moderation." Many Episcopal ministers use wine and approve of its use, though the number of abstainers is increasing. A very few Presbyterian ministers and some laymen in that church still use wine, and do not object to its use in public entertainments. President Harrison belongs to this class. We purposely give these facts to show what obstacles are in the way of an immediate victory for the temperance cause. The habits of ages must be conquered. We desire again to affirm our strong conviction of the immense educational advantage of temperance colonies or Prohibition towns under local option laws. They are an unanswerable argument against the use of liquor. Peace, order, prosperity, freedom from crime and pauperism, and good health are the qualities of temperance communities.

In this State we have a number of examples, enough to convince any reasonable man. This process of winning over communities seems to us a most hopeful method. The principle of demanding everything or nothing, is the very opposite of political, moral or

religious wisdom. Our idea is that we must gain the majority or never win the battle. When you are voted out that is the end of it. One thorough temperance town must have a leavening, ballowing effect.

The Third Florida Tour

For Jacksonville, under the personal escort of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, has been announced by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for Tuesday, February 4th. The tourist's train of Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Cars, meals en route in both directions, and a privilege of a two week's sojourn in the South, are included in the \$50 ticket from New York, and \$48 from Philadelphia. Tourists who anticipate availing themselves of this seasonable opportunity, will do well to communicate with the nearest ticket agent, or S. W. F. Draper, 849 Broadway, New York, or W. W. Lord, Jr., 205 Washington Street, Boston, Tourist Agents.

Itineraries can be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office.

Obituaries.

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

Mrs. Lydia Smith was born in Centre Grove, New Jersey, Dec. 17, 1814, and was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in her thirteenth year. In that day, and in that part of the state in which she spent her early life, M. E. churches were sparsely located; and she walked five miles to her church; thus showing her devotion and love of Methodism. With the poet she could sing,

I love thy church O God,
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand
For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

About 1840, she visited Sussex county, Del., and first met Mr. Joseph Smith, to whom she was married, a few years later and with him lived happily for about thirteen years, when he died, leaving her with four small children. Although Mr. Smith was a decided Presbyterian, she adhered to the church of her early choice, and she continued to be one of the most devoted and consistent members of the M. E. Church in Laurel, up to January 12th 1890, when her Heavenly Father said; "It is enough, come up higher," and in a chariot of glory she mounted the skies, to join the church triumphant in Heaven.

Sister Smith was not demonstrative in her religious character; indeed, her general disposition was quiet, naturally diffident, and retiring; but she was as true to her convictions, as the needle is to the pole.

She has gone from us, but in the language of one of her nieces, "we know where to find her." Her influence and life will continue with us. "She being dead, yet speaketh."

It was my pleasure to be her pastor for the last three years, and in all that time, I never heard a word in disparagement of her Christian character; and now that she is gone, the universal testimony is "she was a good Christian woman". She was a true wife, and a loving mother, ever setting before her children an example worthy their emulation. May they follow her, as she followed Christ!

Her ambition was to do good. Always ready for every good word and work. She was a devoted member of the W. C. T. U., doing what she could to slay the ravages of the monster alcohol.

Appropriate funeral services were held in the church by the writer, who used the beautiful passage, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints;" after which her remains were interred in the cemetery adjoining the church.

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A Plucky Boy.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently, he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner, "what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that.

There were a few wisps of hair along the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking them he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands traveled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter?"

"Oh, yes, I can, and I'm growing, please, growing fast; there, see if I can't look over the counter?"

"Yes, by standing on your toes; are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him, he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way around.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir?" was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I am very small of my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocketbook, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and—I—have—not—had—any breakfast, sir." The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast my little fellow," feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the simple answer.

"Humph! Where is your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer *City of Boston*."

"Ah! that's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see," and he puckered up his mouth and looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"He's dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, then he put his pen behind his ear, then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is very small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster give him your name and run home and tell your mother you have got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance. I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir, work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it, mother! I'm took! I'm a cash boy! Don't you know, when they take parcels, the clerks call 'Cash'—well, I'm that. Four dollars a week! and the man said I had real pluck; courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now."

The house was only a little 10x15 room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded; then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, as she took him in her arms, and hugged him, and kissed him; the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness.—*New York Mail*.

The Fire That Kindles Revivals.

The baptism which Christ brought to His infant church was a "baptism of the Holy Spirit and fire." The flame typifies the warming, purifying and life-

giving influence on human hearts. When the Holy Spirit descended upon the assembled company on the day of Pentecost, there was a visible appearance of cloven tongues of flame playing over every brow. Wherever there is a heart or a church that is filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ there is a glow of zeal and heavenly love. The lack of these makes a "cold church;" and what ought to be a heat-imparting furnace to the community becomes an ecclesiastical ice house. The warming up of a cold church is what is commonly known as a revival.

Certain artificial methods are sometimes resorted to, which kindle a blaze like a burning tar barrel; but such spasmodic excitements are apt to end in smoke, and two often in disastrous results up in some souls that are charred into aversion and disgust. A true revival is kindled by the Holy Spirit. But the agents employed are human agents, and the measures employed are similar to those of the early apostles—viz., preaching, prayer and personal efforts to win souls to Christ. That king of American evangelists, Charles G. Finney (afterward president of Oberlin College), used to begin with striving to awaken cold and benumbed Christians before he tried to arouse the impenitent. His sermons were often chain-lightning; they burned into the very core of human hearts, and the glory of Finney's work was that it resulted generally in converted characters and lives. He strove not only to melt human hearts, but, by the divine power imparted through the truth, to mold them into some resemblance to the Lord Jesus Christ. Many of the noblest men and women who led in Christian enterprises and moral reforms were the shining products of Finney's red-hot ministry. The religion he preached was not of the sentimental and sensational sort which luxuriates in the fervors of prayer-meetings and hymn singings, but has no brawn in it to stand the rough weather of every day life. Of that sort there is quite enough and too much. The only revival worth striving for in any congregation or community is a revival of the religion which speaks the truth and keeps its promises, which is as good during the week as on the Sabbath, which sweetens the home and purifies trade and politics from roguery and rottenness, which puts a Bible conscience into every-day life and which consecrates fruits of heart and brain and time and purse and influence. As Professor Drummond well remarks, it is not a larger quantity, but a better quality of religious character that is most needed.

Revivals commonly have small beginnings. Often the seed of fire is in

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a single godly heart that is filled and inspired with the love of Jesus. The pentecostal work began with a prayer meeting in an obscure upper room in Jerusalem. If there had been a daily paper in that city at that time it would not have noticed the little coterie of "fanatics" who met to honor the memory of a crucified Nazarene. But the fire kindled in that sacred chamber soon burst forth over the civilized world.

After eighteen centuries it is burning yet. The seed of the fire which kindled the Reformation was in Luther's big Saxon heart. In our times we have seen equally humble beginnings of revivals which have spread through a whole church, and sometimes from church to church through a whole city. Two young ladies came home from visiting a place in which they had been converted to Christ. They brought the live coals in their hearts, began at once to converse with their unconverted friends, and a work of grace was kindled, which spread through the church to which they belonged. Nearly all the revivals which I have witnessed in the churches under my charge have commenced in one or two individual hearts. The first one began with the faithful talk of a sweet young girl to an impenitent friend. In 1872 Mr. McCody (not yet famous) instituted a series of prayer-meetings and Bible readings in our new mission chapel; but a couple of dozen persons attended them. "This seems slow work," I said to him. "Very true," replied the sagacious brother, "it is slow; but if you want to kindle a fire you collect a handful of sticks, light them with a match and keep blowing until they blaze, then heap on the wood. So I am working here with a handful of Christians, endeavoring to get them to consecrate themselves fully to Jesus, and if they get well warmed with divine love a general revival will come and sinners will be reached and brought in." He was right and his sagacious efforts were followed by a deep and effective work of grace that changed many hearts and lives. Let us never despise the day of small things.

Everything depends upon the kind of fire that is used. Sincere, fervent, Christ-love shed abroad in even one heart, and accompanied by the Holy Spirit is a seed of heavenly flame; then the power is from on high. A lucifer match of mere human effort may start a bon-fire of pine shavings; but as in the case of Elijah at Mount Horeb, "The Lord is not in the fire." Everything like reliance upon any man or measure is fatal. *Co operation with the Holy Spirit* is the one secret of sure success. Religious machinery is always useless unless the "living spirit is within the wheels." That divine Spirit works upon and works with the hum-

blest private Christian as truly as with the most eloquent preacher or the most celebrated evangelist. Don't send for a man; send first for the Master. When Christ comes, the dead are raised to life. God answers honest prayer, and God always blesses honest, unselfish work. This is a truism that is too often forgotten.

Amid all modern inventions there has never been any improvement on the methods used in apostolic times. The "Book of the Acts" is chiefly the record of individual labor (fired with the love of Christ) for and with individual souls. Philip finds his man, Paul finds his man or woman, and then the work spreads in Samaria, Lystra, Philippi, or elsewhere. Christ's best work was *personal*. The danger in our churches is in using phosphorus instead of celestial fire. Another danger is that individual responsibility will be lost sight of, and each church-member will neglect his own duty to souls while waiting for the rest to move. One earnest soul (in a pulpit or out of it) that is emptied of self and saturated with Christ may kindle the souls next and nearest to him. The spiritual flame thus spreads, and a frigid church may soon redden into a strong anthracite glow. Perhaps some brother or sister who reads this article may drop the paper and inquire: "Lord, is it I?" Yes, my friend, it is you, if you will seek a fresh baptism of the power from on high, and then carry your live coal of love to some one who is freezing to death. A single lamp well used is worth more than a torch-light procession on idle parade.—REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D., in *Independent*.

A Man of God.

We have been looking into the life of Henry Martyn. Years after that devoted man lay down and died, on those burning plains over which he journeyed, when he set out on his last travel of 1,300 miles overland, Sir Robert Porter, in passing through Persia, was met by people who asked if he knew the man of God—some one who had made an impression on the people, like as an angel among them. They said, "He came here in the midst of us, sat down encircled by our wise men, and made such remarks on our Koran as cannot be answered. We want to know more about this book, and the religion he left. Another confessed, that for years he had been a secret Christian. "I was convinced," he said, "by a beardless youth, enfeebled by disease, who gave me a book, which has been my constant companion." It was a Persian New Testament, on the fly-leaf of which was written the name of Henry Martyn.

It is refreshing to read these rare instances of spiritual life in power. His work was not more extensive than some of ours. But he was more intensive. But he burned more. He was not more earnest nor more diligent than many of us, but was he not more spiritually alive; had he not more spiritual power? In a word, was he not more a man of God? Hence every stroke told, the edge of his weapon having that keenness which only intimate communion with God can give. Are we men and women of God? Do we live in his atmosphere of faith and love? Do we give ourselves to prayer, continuing steadfast in the same, abounding therein with thanksgiving? If not, why not? Is there no cause? Does not the world need another "Acts of the Apostles?" which, indeed, was not so much the acts of the apostles as the acts of the blessed Spirit of God through the apostles—men of like passions with ourselves. Oh, let us lie low before Him; let us put the lips of our soul to the open fountain. Let us learn how empty we are—how needy. Then let us drink deep and long. Remember, we must be vessels filled with oil if we would be His used vessels. We cry, "Fit me;" but to be fitted for His use we must be filled—filled with the Holy Spirit. If we would burn, we must be on fire. If we would kindle others, we ourselves must be *en flame*. The fiery tongues rested on each of the disciples, before one of them even was ready to speak—then what a conflagration. This is what we want now— hearts and tongues of fire—and then whole neighborhoods, yea, cities, yea continents, yea, the world itself, would be in a blaze.—*Watchman*.

His Way of Putting It.

Dr. Nettleton had come from the evening service in some country town, to his home for the night. The good lady of the house, rather an elderly person, after bustling about to provide her guest with refreshment, said, directly before her daughter, who was in the room:

"Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you would talk to Caroline. She don't care anything about going to meeting nor about the salvation of her soul. I have talked and talked, and got our minister to talk, but it don't seem to do any good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton." Saying which, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned round to the young girl, and said:

"Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline! don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an ad-

dress so unexpected, answered at once:

"Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. Nettleton. "Let's see—how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. Nettleton, "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it! and you're in good health, you say! Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do, to die, without it. I wonder how long it would do for you to wait?"

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. Nettleton, "suppose you say till you are fifty? No, that won't do; I attended a funeral, the other day, of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty? How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I don't think so either; something might happen. Say, now, twenty-five, or even twenty, if we could be sure you would live so long. A year from now; how would that do?"

"I don't know sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and how many young people, as well apparently as you are, do die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off another moment longer. Besides the Bible says: 'Now is the accepted time.' What shall we do? Had we not better kneel right down here, and ask God for mercy through his Son Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, kneeled on the spot. In a day or two, she, by grace, came out, rejoicing in hope.—*St. Louis Presbyterian*.

Giving the Pointer a Point.

Mr. Brown had a "bird dog," a very handsome hunter, and I must tell you how he was spoiled for hunting—it was so funny a circumstance that his master always laughed when he told the story, although he was much vexed to lose so good a game dog. His house-keeper had a parrot given to her; and the first time the dog came into the room where the bird was he stopped and "pointed." The parrot slowly crossed the room came up in front of the dog, looked him square in the eye, and then, after a moment, said, "You're a rascal!" The dog was so much astonished to hear the bird speak, that he dropped his tail between his legs, wheeled about and ran away; and from that day to this he has never been known to "point" at a bird.—*Our Little Men and Women*.

HIS JOURNEY FINISHED.

DR. TALMAGE WRITES OF HIS PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND.

He Considered a Personal Visit to the Historical Spots Necessary in Order to Carry Out His Proposed Literary Work—A Summary of His Experience.

CONSTANTINOPLE, January, 1890.—On leaving America I addressed some words of farewell to my sermonic readers, and now, on my way home, I write this letter of salutation, which will probably reach you about the Monday that will find me on the Atlantic ocean, from which I cannot reach you with the usual sermon. I have completed the journey of inspection for which I came. Others may write a life of Christ without seeing the Holy Land. I did not feel competent for such a work until I had seen with my own eyes the sacred places; and so I left home and church and native country for a most arduous undertaking. I have visited all the scenery connected with our Lord's history. The whole journey has been to me a surprise, an amazement, a grand rapture or a deep solemnity. I have already sent to America my Holy Land observations for my "Life of Christ," and they were written on horseback, on muleback, on camelback, on ship's deck, by dim candle in tent, in mud hovel of Arab village, amid the ruins of old cities, on Mount of Beatitudes, on beach of Genesareth, but it will take twenty years of sermons to tell what I have seen and felt on this journey through Palestine and Syria.

All things have combined to make our tour instructive and advantageous. The Atlantic and Mediterranean and Adriatic and Egean and Dardanelles and Marmora seas have treated us well. Since we left New York we have had but a half day and one night of storm, and that while crossing Mount Hermon. But let only those in robust health attempt to go the length of Palestine and Syria on horseback. I do not think it is because of the unhealth of the climate in Holy Land that so many have sickened and died here or afterward as a result of visiting these lands, but because of the fatigues of travel. The number of miles gives no indication of the exhaustions of the way. A hundred and fifty miles in Palestine and Syria on horseback demand as much physical strength as four hundred miles on horseback in regions of easy journey. Because of the near two months of bright sunlight by day, and bright moonlight or starlight by night, the half day of storm was to us the more memorable. It was about noon of Dec. 18 that the tempest struck us and drenched the mountains. One of the horses falls and we halt amid a blinding rain. It is freezing cold. Fingers and feet like ice. Two hours and three-quarters before encampment. We ride on in silence, longing for the terminus of today's pilgrimage. It is, through the awful inclemency of the weather, the only dangerous day of the journey. Slip and slide and tumble and climb and descend we must, sometimes on the horse and sometimes off, until at last we halt in the hovel of a village, and instead of entering camp for the night we are glad to find this retreat from the storm. It is a house of one story, built out of mud. My room is covered with a roof of goat's hair. A feeble fire mid-floor, but no chimney. It is the best house of the village. Arabs, young and old, stand around in wonderment as to why we come. There is no window in the room, but two little openings, one over the door and the other in the wall, through

which latter opening I occasionally find an Arab face thrust to see how I am progressing. But the door is open, so I have some light. This is an afternoon and night never to be forgotten for its exposures and acquaintance with the hardships of what an Arab considers a luxurious apartment. I sat that night by a fire, the smoke of which, finding no appropriate place of exit, took lodgment in my nostrils and eyes. For the first time in my life I realized that chimneys were a luxury but not a necessity. The only adornments in this room were representations of two tree branches in the mud of the wall, a circle supposed to mean a star, a bottle hung from the ceiling, and about twelve indentations in the wall to be used as mantels for anything that may be placed there. This storm was not a surprise. Through pessimistic prophecies we had expected that at this season we should have rain and snow and hail throughout our journey. For the most part it has been sunshine and tonic atmosphere, and not a moment has our journey been hindered. Gratitude to God is with us the dominant emotion.

Having visited the scenery connected with Christ's life I was glad to close my journey by passing through the apostolic lands and seas. You can hardly imagine our feelings as we came in sight of Damascus, and on the very road where Saul was unhorsed at the flash of the supernal light. We did not want, like him, to be flung to the earth, but we did hope for some great spiritual blessing brighter than any noonday sun, and a new preparation for usefulness. Our long horseback ride was ended, for a carriage met us some miles out and took us to the city. The impression one receives as he rides along the walled gardens of the place are different from those produced by any other city. But we cannot describe our feelings as we entered the city about which we have heard and read so much, the oldest city under the sun, and founded by the grandson of Noah; nor our emotions as we pass through the street called Straight, along which good Ananias went to meet Saul; and by the site of the palace of Naaman the leper, and saw the river Abana, as yesterday we saw Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus that Naaman preferred to wash in rather than the Jordan. Strange and unique Damascus! It is worth while to cross the Atlantic and Europe to see it. Though it has been the place of battle and massacre, and of ancient affluence and splendor as well as it is of present prosperity, to me its chief attraction

arises from the fact that here the scales fell from Paul's eyes, and that chief of apostles here began that mission which will not end until heaven is peopled with ransomed spirits. So also I saw day before yesterday Patmos, where John heard the trumpets and the waves of the sea dashed to his feet, reminding him of the songs of heaven, "like the voice of many waters."

But this letter can only give a hint of the things we mean to tell you about when we get home, where we expect to be before this month is ended. I baptized by immersion in the Jordan an American whom we met, and who desired the solemn ordinance administered to him in the sacred waters. I rolled down from Mount Calvary or "place of a skull" a stone for the corner stone of our new Brooklyn tabernacle. We bathed in the "Dead Sea" and in "Gideon's Fountain," where his three hundred men passed through; and we sailed on Lake Galilee and stood on Mount Zion and Mount Moriah and Mount Hermon, and I saw the place where the shepherds heard the Christmas an-

them the night Christ was born; and have been at Nazareth, and Capernaum, and sat by "Jacob's Well," and saw Tel-el-Kebir of modern battle, and Megiddo of ancient battle, and where the Israelites crossed the desert, and slept at Bethel, where one ladder was let down into Jacob's dream, but the night I slept there the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were the angels of God ascending and descending; and I was on nearly all the fields of Herodic, and Solomonic, and Davidic, and Mosaic, and Naples, and Athens, I took Rome, and Cairo on the way and Alexandria, and the Greek Archipelago, and take the Greek Archipelago, and Constantinople, and Vienna on and Constantine, and Vienna on the way back. What more can God in his goodness grant me in the way of natural scenery, and classic association, and spiritual opportunity? Ah yes! I can think of something gladder than that he can grant me. Safe return to the people of my beloved flock, the field of my work, and the land where my fathers died, and in the dust of whose valleys I pray God I may be buried.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Consult Your Wife.

Two gentlemen were talking about a business enterprise in which, though it involved some pecuniary risk, they were strongly inclined to embark. Finally one of them remarked:

"I must consult my wife before I decide."

"Why?" exclaimed the other, "is she boss?"

"No," was the reply, "neither am I. We are a well-matched team; and we don't drive tandem. My wife is as much interested in the welfare of our family as I, and she has a right to have a voice in the investment of our little property."

There was nothing more than justice in this view of matrimonial obligation especially in the case of poor, or only moderately well-to-do families—and these comprise an overwhelmingly large proportion of the families in this country where a slight increase or diminution in the annual earnings would be felt alike by every member. The wife, who has labored in the home to earn or to save, while the husband has labored in the field, the shop, or the counting-room, is justly a partner in his earnings and savings, and should share in all plans for disposing of their small accumulations, so as to make them more productive if all goes well. —Locomotive Engineer Journal.

Solomon worships God by day; God appears to Solomon by night. The night cannot but be happy, when the day hath been holy * * * Solomon saw more with his eyes shut than ever was invisible * * * The night follows the temper of the day, and the heart so useth to sleep as its wakes. Had not Solomon's thoughts been intent upon wisdom by day, he had not made it his

suit in his dream * * Had not Solomon been wise before, he had not known the worth of wisdom; he had not perferred it in his desires. The dunghill cocks of the world cannot know the price of this pearl. Those that have it know that all other excellencies are but trash and rubbish into it * * Solomon was a great king, and saw that he had power enough; but withal he found that royalty without wisdom was no other than eminent dishonor. There is no trade in life where to there belongs not a peculiar wisdom, without which there is nothing but a tedious unprofitableness—much more to the highest and busiest vocation, the regiment of men.—Bishop Hall.

A Wife's Soft Answer.

"We were married thirty-seven years," said Mr. Gardiner Andrews, and in that time my wife never gave me a cross word. But I shall never forget the first time I chided her. It was on a Sunday morning, when we had been married two years. I found a button off my shirt, and threw it across the room.

"Sew a button on," I said in a brutal voice. She was a good Christian woman, and she got a button and sewed it on.

"And what did she say?" asked a little, bristling woman, with snapping eyes.

"She said, 'Forgive me, husband, I had a great deal to do yesterday and forgot it, but it shall never happen again.'"

"Oh!" said the man fixing his eyes on the picture of his dear wife, "her gentle words almost broke my heart. I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness. She made a different man of me, and the world has been a different place since she died."

There was a silence as he finished speaking, interrupted by a general clearing of the throats, and a confused snuffling, as if we all had had colds, and the little woman's snapping eyes looked suspiciously dim.

The Methodist Times, of London, says the nobility of England would be astonished "if they knew, that Anglicanism is far less wide spread than Methodism! The highest calculations do not give Anglicanism more than 20,000,000 adherents. But Methodism alone has at least 25,000,000. Numbers, of course are not everything, but they are something; and it is a gravely significant something that a religious community which is but of yesterday already outnumbered our ancient Established Church in Great Britain, and especially in those portions of Great Britain to which the future leadership of this planet belongs."

Cannibalism and the Gospel.

A writer in the *Missionary News* relates the following story of the South Sea Evangelization:

"The people of Fiji had, at one time, cooked and eaten thirty people; and it was said that at the next meal they were determined to have some Christians. Just then the king went to the mission-house, something had happened to make him cross before he went, and when he found the missionary was not there he was very angry. The missionary's wife offered him some tea and something to eat. He drank the tea, but flung back the food angrily. At that moment a chief came in and crawled submissively toward the king. The king cried out, 'Split his head with an ax!' Just then the missionary came in, and the man was saved; but the king declared he would kill the next Christian natives he should meet. Two, who were near by, said to each other, 'Heaven is near,' and then they went behind a bush near by to pray for themselves, and for the king, and for their persecutors; but they were not killed. The followers of the king said, 'If you missionaries would go away, these people would be in the oven. You being here prevents our killing them. We came to kill them, but we cannot lift a hand. The Christian's God is too strong for us.'" This was in the middle of the nineteenth century; in this age of progress and enlightenment about which skeptics boast so much; and this is a fair specimen of human progress outside of the light of the Bible. Among the pioneer missionaries to the Fiji Islands was John Calvert, who still lives in 1889. He himself saw on one of those islands, eighty prisoners killed at one time, and roasted and eaten by the savages, the king himself sitting at the banquet and partaking of the horrible feast. But what a change has come. He has lived to see that king converted, cannibalism abolished, and 1250 churches erected on those islands; and has seen the day when out of a total of 113,000 inhabitants 103,000 were gathered on the Lord's day in these houses of prayer. And yet while this work was going on, there were never more than half a dozen white missionaries with their families there at once. The seed sown has multiplied itself, and cannibals have become missionaries and preached salvation to the men they once sought to butcher and devour. This is not human progress, it is divine salvation. It is not reformation, it is regeneration by the Holy Spirit and by that Word of God against which skeptics are fighting so bitterly.—*Armory.*

Holiness in the Home.
Holiness fills the possessor with sa-

cred peace, and diffuses around him kindness and joy. It makes the mother in the home, speak kindly and pleasantly in the kitchen as well as in the parlor—at home as well as abroad in company. There ought to be no heart-aches caused by neglect, or cold, cruel words, coming from those who profess holiness. We ought to be able and willing to help our kindred over the rough places in life, to kiss away the weariness from the invalid in our own home, to smooth back the white locks of the aged ones that tarry with us.

We should be ready to communicate, to give books and fragrant flowers before the eyes and ears are sealed in death, and the white hands clasped over the quiet heart. We ought to make our children gladder and happier in their own home than anywhere else. The love of God does, if we let it, make us speak more gently and lovingly to our husbands and wives than to company, and be as truly polite to each other when at home as when abroad.

O, it means something to live so that our homes may be a paradise on earth, even when flooded with tears! How the memories of such a home come to me—the songs, the prayers, the tears we shared together! The faces that were radiant with love, are now hidden away from me here—but they are shining more gloriously in heaven. Their lives while on earth pointed my soul Christward. I praise the Lord for a straightforward, downright wholehearted holiness living in my childhood home. May we have God walking in the inner temple; then may we go out to win and help others to a holy life!—*Mrs. A. E. Bolton, in Guide to Holiness.*

Close by the side of every virtue there runs a vice that is either its extreme or imitation, so that one is often mistaken for the other, even by its possessor. Hence the apostle's warning: "Let not your good be evil spoken of," "let love be without dissimulation." Does not flattery often appear as love? "Speak the truth in love." Does not sincerity sometimes generate into a disregard for the feelings of others? The "peace that floweth as a river," has been confounded with a natural placidity. Resignation has its distorted resemblance in fatalism. Promptness becomes haste, while procrastination excuses itself under the name of consideration. And there is often but one fatal step between joy and levity.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*

It is estimated that about one-half of the cotton crop is raised by white labor. Before the war it is said that not more than 15 per cent of the cotton was raised by white labor.

"If a minister wishes to gain the affection of the youth on his charge," says a writer in a contemporary, "let him avoid the use of the words 'bub' and 'sissy.' These seem to the boys and girls to be very rude, and will soon destroy all liking for the minister." That writer is correct. He evidently has studied human nature.

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