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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
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TRANSPLANTED.

BY REV. F. C. BAKER.

When we see the dark death angel
Come and pluck the tender flower,
We had hoped to see in blossom,
Ere it reached its opening hour;

How our hearts are anguish riven,
And we cannot understand
Why the treasure God given,
Should be taken from our hand,

Till we hear the voice of Jesus:
"Suffer them to come to Me,
And forbid them not, for of such
Will My heavenly kingdom be."

"And I want the fairest blossoms
That earth's garden can afford,
Ere the blight of sin has spoilt them,
For the garden of the Lord.

"There transplanted at My bidding,
Watched and nurtured 'neath My care,
They shall grow and bloom, and blossom—
Earth can yield no flower so fair.

"Brighter than the white-robed angels,
Purer than the blood-washed throng,
Who have passed through sin's pollution,
And have joined the ransomed song.

"These that I have plucked in childhood,
Called to Me, and made My own,
They are heaven's eternal pillars,
Built on God's foundation stone."

Then He looks with love's compassion
On the hearts bereaved and torn,
Waiting to give consolation,
And to comfort all who mourn.

Stricken soul, look up to Jesus,
Seek His face in earnest prayer,
Heaven's the home to which He calls you;
Set your heart's affections there!

By and by a glad reunion,
Ours again they then shall be;
In the arms of love to hold them,
Through a long eternity.

—Zion's Herald.

Norwich, Conn.

Snow Hill District, 1861—1865.

No. 78.

BY REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.

I think it was in 1864, that the name of Jacob Todd appeared among the appointments on Snow Hill District. He was set down as junior preacher on Bridgeville Circuit, and as his fame had already become extensive, both as a preacher and platform speaker, the people of that charge were greatly elated, Gov. Cannon especially, with their exceptionally good fortune. The reason he failed to come, to a very considerable extent, was not understood, or at least appreciated. He had yielded to the persuasions of many friends, in and outside of the conference, to suspend pastoral work for a while, and go to college. So fully did we concur in the arrangement, that it was determined to keep his name regularly on the list with the understanding that his appointments should be merely nominal, and so it stood at Bridgeville, while I procured the best supply possible as a colleague that year for Rev. Abram Freed.

I presume Dr. Todd, now of Grace Church, Wilmington, has not forgotten this early claim we had upon him; for he has come twice, most willingly into association with the Peninsula work, and workers, as a member of the Wilmington Conference, and most probably, about this time a year hence, may be talked of as an available representative, to send to General Conference of '88.

I am just here reminded of an incident in connection with this genial brother, which I am tempted to relate. He had been preaching somewhere in Bucks County, when the Philadelphia preachers and Churches heard of his remarkable promise, and that he was pronounced by his rural audiences to be a 'big gun.' So when the Annual Conference assembled in the city, and the Sabbath appointments had to be arranged for and published, he was announced

at Tabernacle of which the late Rev. P. Coombe was then pastor. This caused a flurry. It became difficult to persuade many other young preachers to accept an appointment—all wanted to hear this new star in the ecclesiastical firmament.

I was stopping that Conference in the neighborhood of Tabernacle, and having preached at some distant point in the morning, concluded to remain at home and rest during the evening. Everybody else, however, at the house started early to secure seats and hear the celebrity. After a while I grew lonesome, and prompted by curiosity, I followed the crowd.

A crowd it was, sure enough. The church was packed and vestibule full. With some difficulty I managed to get inside and seeing no vacant seat, I walked slowly up the aisle towards the pulpit. People were in a buzz of conversation, and turning their eyes towards the door with every movement heard in that direction.

Sitting down beside one of the fifty or more preachers who were in the house, I inquired what was the matter.

"The expected preacher hasn't arrived" was the answer, "and Coombe has about given him up."

"Then," said I, "why don't some of you take his place and go on with the service?"

"Won't do any such thing," the brother remarked. "Bro. Coombe assumed the responsibility, and now let him officiate himself. There he goes asking one after another to take the pulpit, and he has tried us all, and for once he is stumped."

"It seems a pity," I replied "that with so much of the talent of the Conference present, nobody will volunteer. It is a grand chance."

"Would you volunteer," inquired he, "if you were asked?"

"Why certainly I would. I never saw a finer opportunity than this."

I think the brother gave Bro. Coombe a wink, for he was at my side in an instant, desperately saying, "Wallace, I am glad to see you. Come up with me into the pulpit. Not one of these fellows will do even that much."

I got up quickly, and followed the pastor. The movement seemed to relieve an intolerable tension of suspense, and I accepted the invitation to conduct the services. Noticing the brothers Halstead, and a number of other dignitaries and strangers sitting within the altar railing, I proposed my plan of action to Bro. Coombe—to open in short metre, preach ten or fifteen minutes, and then make Sammy Halstead exhort.

We let loose in singing two verses of the "first hymn." There was a grand choir in the gallery, and all the preachers joined with a will. So did the congregation. The prayer was of about sixty seconds duration, and without a pause for any preliminaries or apologies, I dashed right into a warm subject, telling Bro. Halstead to be ready to give the invitation, for, said I, "there may be a dozen souls saved here to-night."

I somehow felt that God would help, and I knew that I had the sympathy of every member of Conference present. There was no danger of failure under such circumstances. "Amen," were frequent, and the exhortation melted all hearts. True to his usual custom, Bro. H. after some anecdotes about dying saints, and his own hopes of heaven,

asked all who wanted to be made happy in Jesus to come forward. The altar, in five minutes was crowded from end to end. There were ten nice looking young men, most of them now prominent Methodists, among the seekers, and the meeting soon became noisy. I can still remember the singing, the prayers, the grateful surprise of old Christian people, the shining faces of the Bros. Halstead, and the generalship of Bro. Coombe, during that night of sweeping power; for, singular as it may seem, there were ten or twelve happily converted.

When I elbowed my way toward the door at 10 o'clock, the crowd were yet lingering there, impressed by this remarkable turn of affairs.

It was whispered about that Bro. Todd was all this time somewhere in the congregation; but, while later acquaintance with him might lead me to believe he was droll enough to relish such an unprecedented joke, I think he did not come at all. His sturdy independence, even at that early period in his career, suggesting that nobody should have taken the liberty to announce him, without the courtesy of a little previous consultation.

After the reading of the Journal next morning in the Conference, Bro. Coombe started to his feet, on a "question of privilege." He related the case of his disappointment the previous evening, reflected somewhat in his brusque way, on the preacher who failed him, and those who squarely refused to help him in the emergency, until, as he said, one brother coming in consented, and the Lord blessed the effort in starting a much needed revival?

Bishop James immediately remarked that this was very much like what the Lord always did, and while the brother who failed to be on hand, may have had some good reason for his absence, he took it upon himself publicly, to thank the preacher who had such conviction of duty and privilege, as to fill the breach under such circumstances.

This was glory enough thrust upon me for one occasion; but I think and hope it conveyed a lesson. Some may have thought and said I was too forward, and others, when they discovered how poorly I was prepared, in comparison with what they themselves might have said or done, probably wished they had embraced the chance.

I have referred in these reminiscences to a few cases almost similar to the above, in which, sustaining the character of a preacher, I never could refuse any call when service was demanded, and in every instance with comfortable results.

Ecclesiastical Amusements and Money-Making.

BY REV. E. P. MARVIN.

As the Church is now drifting, careful and conscientious parents may soon have to withdraw their children from its society to keep them from dancing, theatre going, card-playing, and other corruptions. In the Holy Spirit, and with trumpet tone, we utter our solemn declaration and testimony, that this new ecclesiastical dispensation of frolicking and mirth, is absolutely contrary to the truth and spirit of our holy religion, corrupting to the Church, ruinous to the world, and offensive to God. We are purchased, separated, and sent into the world for Christian work, and not play.

When we magnify the spirit of play and amusement to please our young people, we make them "lovers of pleasures," but not "lovers of God."

Study such Scriptures as Ezekiel 33; Acts 23; 1 Thess. 5; Titus 2; and James 4; and learn the serious import of this present probation, in its relation to eternity.

Study the lives of Christ and Paul, and see if you find in them this "spirit of the times" so regnant in many churches. These lax views, this picnic religion, this go-as-you-please life, cannot possibly coincide with the religion of Jesus Christ. Most of these play-people of the Church have no clear, firm, and influential faith, in the creeds to which they have subscribed. They constitute no part of the Church, but are merely a dead weight of baptized worldlings. Professing godliness, and practicing worldliness, they are making more infidels than all our enemies outside of the Church.—Phil. 3, 18, 19. The Gospel demands an earnest life. The doctrine of universal continuance in being, and a conditional salvation is the most solemn and tremendous faith ever conceived. The Gospel presents both the brightest and blackest possible future for humanity—morning and night, love and wrath, punishment everlasting and life eternal. The worldly policy of attracting the world by conformity and fun is of recent origin, but it has been tried long enough, to prove a wretched failure. The vast and formal visible Church scarcely exerts the strength of her little finger, for the world's conversion. She has taken to pleasure, and merely plays at missions, giving her shreds and crumbs, which cost her nothing. The Church in reality has no relative advantage over apostolic times, in the propagation of the Gospel.

Our "modern improvements" are just as available to our enemies as to us. It cost the early churches something, to propagate the Gospel, and it must cost us something. Self-sacrifice and earnest missionary zeal are just as necessary now as then. In life we are to be neither ascetics nor worldlings. We "rejoice in the Lord always," but have fellowship with a suffering Saviour in His great and self-sacrificing mission. We should be earnest and true, even if we sometimes appear blue. We should save many out of the world if we do not always please worldlings. If we sometimes use vinegar instead of molasses, it is because we deal with bad men, and not silly flies.

Our course should be separation, consecration, and concentration. Will the Church, for the sake of God and humanity, own up its folly and forsake it, and come out from the world and be separate, take on a higher type of piety, and give the old Gospel a fair trial, in God's appointed way?—*Christian Witness*.

"If I Join the Church, May I Dance?"

"If I join the Church, have you any objection to my dancing?"

Such was the question of Mary W—, addressed to her pastor, as he was speaking to her about her making a public profession of religion. She was about eighteen years of age, of high social standing, intelligent, cultivated, thoroughly a lady in feeling and manner, and surrounded by all that makes life attractive and pleasant.

Having been hopefully converted, after much thought and prayer, she had deci-

ded to unite with the church of which Mr. A— was the pastor. But before so doing, she asked him, in the conversation alluded to, "If I join the Church, Mr. A—, have you any objection to my dancing? I am very fond of it, and feel very unwilling to give it up. What do you think of it?"

"I will answer your question by another," said her pastor. "Suppose there was a large and fashionable party, or a public ball in town, and you were invited to it. And suppose you had accepted the invitation, and that going at a rather late hour, as you entered the room, you found all engaged in the dance, and that you saw me, your pastor, taking part in it and leading it, what would you think?"

A look of surprise, almost of astonishment passed over her face, as she frankly said: "I should think it very strange, and greatly inconsistent."

"Well" replied Mr. A—, "if dancing is right, and a good thing, why should not I enjoy it as well as you? And if in its influence and tendencies, it is wrong and evil, why should you engage in it or wish it more than I? A minister is but a good man, trying to do good to men. And there are not two standards—one for him and another for the members of his church; not two rules of Christian living—one for you and another for him. If he is to be spiritual, and set a holy example, and to come out from the world and be separate, and shun worldly amusements, why are not you? And if such amusements are right and proper for you, as a follower of the Saviour, why are they not for him? And why should you, or any member of the Church, wish to be or to do, what you would not like to see him be or do?"

She thought a moment seriously, and then said: "It is plain to me now. I will never dance again." And she never did.

Uniting with the Church by a public profession of her faith in Christ, she lived an exemplary, faithful, spiritual Christian, a help to her pastor in every good word and work, and a bright example to all who knew her.

With this brief narrative in view, three thoughts are suggested, for serious and prayerful consideration:

1. As to all worldly amusements, if you have the least doubt as to your conduct—if there is the least conflict between inclination and duty, go in prayer to the Saviour, and ask Him what you ought to do, and then act as you believe he would approve if He were present with you.

2. If there is the least doubt, is it not best to err on the safe side, and rather keep too far from the world, than to go too near to it.

3. Is it not right for you in this, as in all things, to take such a course that, if all were to imitate your example, it would make the church a holy and spiritual and useful church, and give you, personally, the highest and best influence as a devoted and faithful Christian?—*Ex.*

When gospel fire burns low in a preacher's soul, he will be apt to try to make a little blaze of his own in the way of a far-fetched interpretation, a wild speculation, or an irrelevant dispute. When the pentecost flame is hot, sinners get the message of God, and nothing else.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

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.*

A Question for Every Voter.

It appears from the recent annual report of the New York Board of Charities that the number of persons cared for by the charitable and reformatory institutions of this State last year was 63,335. In 1885 the number was 60,394, the increase in a single year being nearly 3,000. The total outlay for 1886 was \$12,027,990.01, an increased cost to the taxpayers of the State over 1885 of \$489,250.15. These figures represent in the aggregate a large amount of individual suffering and destitution. To the taxpayers they represent for the last year a monthly assessment of little over \$1,000,000. There are no statistics to indicate the exact proportions, but it may be safely assumed that fully three-fourths of this suffering and destitution, and that at least \$9,000,000 of the \$12,000,000 expenditure of last year would have been unnecessary but for strong drink. Shall the poor, society and the State continue thus to be impoverished, that an obligarchy of brewers distillers and saloon-keepers may be enriched?—*Northern Advocate.*

Prohibition Enforced.

Desiring to inform himself in regard to the practical workings of the Maine Law, the writer on Saturday night made a tour of the city streets. By using the cars for long distances, he was able to walk deliberately through all the streets on which there was any probability of seeing evidences of traffic in intoxicating liquors. He returned after a walk of more than five miles, having spent two hours and a half in the search, and found only one person perceptibly under the influence of liquor. What other city of 35,000 inhabitants would appear as well on the eve of an exciting election? Monday was the day for the biennial election of Governor, members of the Legislature, Representative to Congress and county officers. During the day all of the ward rooms were visited by the writer, but only two persons were seen who were in the least under the influence of liquor. Neither on Saturday night nor on yesterday was any evidence of the sale of liquor to be seen. Comparing this city with those in which he has resided where traffic is licensed, the writer feels constrained to pronounce the prohibitory law here a success. And yet the cities of Maine are the places in which the greatest difficulty is experienced in enforcing the law. In most of the small towns and country villages the sale of liquor is entirely unknown, and there is neither brewery nor distillery in the State.—*Baltimore Baptist.*

The Recorder of Dublin said recently: "I have for a whole week been trying cases such as no Christian judge ought to have to try—cases of outrage and violence. I marked the evidence in every single case, and every one of them began in the public-house. It is the drink system, and the drink alone that leads to all the crime, and misery, and sorrow." This explains some things connected with the riots at Belfast. The authorities closed the saloons after 13 persons had been killed and 130 wounded.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

The Church, for the most part, has declared herself in opposition to the liquor traffic, and consequently none of her most honored members can be justified in supporting with the ballot what she diametrically opposes by statute.—*The Christian Nation.*

"Topsy, I Declare!"

A doctor, who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for, to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count the pulse. He counted: "One, two, three;" then he got confused, and began again: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, he began again: "One two." "No; he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering; "Topsy, I declare—tipsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep to her bed and take some hot lemonade, to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "Private":—Dear Doctor—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful for the future. Please accept the enclosed fee for your visit (a ten-pound note), and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word of the state in which you found me." The lady, in fact, had been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition.—*Ex.*

Professor Taylor was principal of the high school in Rochester, N. Y., and is a man of eminence in his profession and of unblemished character. He took a stand in opposition to the Casino, which gave disreputable theatrical exhibitions and sold liquors in an adjoining saloon, on Sunday nights, thus exposing thousands of the youth of Rochester to danger, and because he did this the ruin power compassed his overthrow, and he has been put out of a position which he was in every way most fully qualified to fill, and in which his success was beyond anything in the history of the city.—*Western.*

The influence of the liquor interest in politics was the subject of an address by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby recently. One of the strong points made by the speaker was contained in the statement that out of the 12,000 liquor-saloons in New York City, 9,000 were run by foreigners—men who took to that business because they had no other means of earning a livelihood, and who were of the lowest orders of society, and more or less leagued to crime. It was recommended that those interested in fighting the liquor traffic, who constituted two-thirds of the voters in New York, should disregard national politics when selecting municipal officers.

The following is from the Marion (Kan.) Record.

The success of Prohibition in Kansas is the marvel of the century—the wonder of the age. When one thinks of the countless saloons that only a few years ago dotted and disgraced the state, and reflects that these places of "business" were fortified by millions of money and entrenched in the appetites of nearly if not quite half the people and that the customs of ages had made them legal and respectable, and then reflect upon the fact that nearly all these dens have been closed within a few brief years—it seems like a dream.

Last Saturday was the first Saturday under prohibition in Mitchell. Said a colored man late in the evening to the writer: "You notice that there are no drunken Negroes in town to-day? I heard a little girl say: 'My papa couldn't spend his dollar for whiskey this morning, and he bought me a dress.'" One jug has been seen. That was brought from Albany by a prohibitionist. It was empty and had no stopper. A lady sent it to Camilla for syrup.—*Camilla (Ga.) Clarion.*

Youth's Department.

A Good Long Sleep.

(The following account of two little boys who went to sleep one Winter and did not wake up until the next Spring, we are assured by the writer is strictly true, wonderful as the fact may appear to our young readers. Here is the story.)

Grandpa began by telling Robin and Archie of two boys who went to bed one night in Winter and never got up till the next spring.

Robin—"What a queer story."
Archie—"Who ever heard of such a thing? What did make them sleep so long?"

Grandpa—"I suppose their little limbs were tired with moving, and their tongues with talking, and that small mill—the stomach—that grinds so much bread and meat, needed to rest a long while."

Archie—"But, Grandpa, how queer it was that the children slept so long; do tell us how it was."

Grandpa—"I shan't have time tonight. Wait till to-morrow morning."

Robin—"How can we wait so long?"
Grandpa—"Go to bed and go to sleep as soon as you can; time goes fast in the land of Nod. There's sister Kate coming for you now. Pray the dear Lord our souls to keep and to let us see the morning light again."

After the children were in bed and alone they were heard talking. Grandpa listened at the foot of the stairs.

"I wonder if those boys didn't starve to death in that long sleep?" said little five-year-old Robin.

"Why, no," replied the senior of half-past six. "Didn't Grandpa say they both got up in the Spring?"

"Don't you suppose they were a great deal bigger when they got up than when they went to bed?" said the former.

"I guess they were; people must grow in their sleep. I know the squashes and beans grow at night," said the sage Archie.

"But, Bob, do let's stop talking, so we can get to the land of Nod and get back again, and hear all about that strange story."

Grandpa was just putting the snowy foam over his face when he heard the feet of his little ponies hurrying to his door. They were too impatient to wait till the shaving was done, so the kind old gentleman, to please his darlings, cleared away a little of the snow about his lips, and took the children on his knees.

"Now for the story," said he. "Once upon a time two little boys went to bed on the last day and got up the first day of Spring. Yesterday was the last day of Winter. The two little boys are Archie and Robin Dale."

Then the children laughed and shouted, and kissed Grandpa over and over. They got some of the white froth on their rosy cheeks, but they didn't care. They got some, too, on grandpa's beautiful bald head, but he didn't care.—*Orphan's Friend.*

How He Worked.

Several years ago a little boy lived in Brooklyn, who was very fond of music. His mother, a wise woman, decided that he should have every advantage for the study of music that it was in her power to give him. She worked and saved to pay the best teacher. Years passed away and the little boy became a big boy, who loved his piano next to his self-sacrificing mother. Means were found to send the boy to Europe to study, where he worked to improve every opportunity. The boy returned a young man, and recently he played for the first time in public in the city where he grew up. In the audience were many people who knew of the struggles of both the mother and son, and it was a delight to

listen to the music, that was the result of those years of toil and study. In the audience was the mother, happy in seeing her dreams and hopes realized. At the close of the concert the leader presented the mother with the baton he used in leading the orchestra.

It is quite certain that the mother of this young man did not have to urge him to practice. This conversation, it is probable, was never heard in that home:

"Paul, come, it is time for you to practice."

"No; it wants five minutes of the time."

Then fifteen minutes later:
"Paul, go at once to the piano. I shall listen to see that you keep time and practice all the time."

"I think it's awfully mean to make a fellow practice all the whole time, boo—hoo—ooo."

If he had practice in this spirit he would never have stood before the music lovers of two big cities, conscious of a power and a gift that would enable him to repay to the fullest the love and sacrifice of his mother, and give hours of happiness to thousands.—*Anon.*

The Missing Five Cents.

Holding out his hand for the change, John's employer said: "Well, my boy, did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir," said John; "and here is the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two change, and there's only seventeen according to my count."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money?"

"No, sir. I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right."

"Then perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change?"

But John shook his head. "No, sir; I counted that, too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving a store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm. "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat-sleeve?"

John looked down quickly, and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I was certain I had it when I started from the store to return."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—two important things for an errand-boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking farther."

At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said, in a low voice: "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; "and if you had done it, you would have lost the situation, that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over so small a sum as five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."—*Pansy.*

Parents who are in the habit of constantly scolding their children, may read with profit the following words of Dr. Cnyler:

"One sentence of honest praise bestowed at the right time is worth a whole volley of scolding. The sun understands how to raise plants and to open flowers at this time of the year—he just smiles on them, and kisses them with warm

rays, and they begin to grow and unfold. A storm of scolding that sets in in the morning and lasts till night, has about as good effect on childhood graces as a hail storm has on your plants."

An Hour and a Half at "Draw."

As the Senior class was to be graduated this week, there was held, in the chapel of the Seminary, a communion service, instead of the usual Wednesday morning preaching. The occasion was one of great interest; making no doubt an indelible impression upon both faculty and students.

The service opened with a hymn by the school; reading of Scripture and prayer by Rev. Mr. McCowan, pastor of the M. E. Church of Madison. President Buttz then made an appropriate address, speaking of the wonderful power of the cross, the central figure in the life of Christ, and as such, the central figure in his religion. It is the source of power, and by it, all men are to be drawn to Him. It was the way to his ascension, and by it sinners find the way to heaven. It is the power which holds the Christian world together. At the Lord's Supper we all went as one family. Some of us today commune together for the last time; yet, wherever we may go, whenever we eat this bread, and drink of this cup, the emblems of His body and blood, we shall feel that we are one family in Christ Jesus.

Dr. Miley followed with the liturgical part of the service.

The first two tables consisted of the Middle and Junior classes, leaving the last for the Senior class, that they might commune together.

It was an impressive scene; this class of twenty eight or thirty young men, bowing at the communion table, in commemoration of the death of Him, whose gospel they are to proclaim to dying men, the last time probably, that most of them shall ever commune together on earth. The Lord revealed his presence, and every soul was filled to overflowing. Men wept for joy in each other's arms; their hearts were indeed temples of the Holy Ghost. Thank God for such experiences.

The meeting was specially impressive from the presence of Dr. Strong, who for several months has been confined to his bed by serious illness. During the latter part of last year and the first of this, he was very low, and his family and friends were very apprehensive of the result; but God in his providence, in answer to earnest prayer, has seen fit to partially restore him to strength; and it was a joy to meet him again in chapel.

After communion, he addressed the school in a few select words, with the same old pathetic tone of voice.

"I have been," he said, "very near the border-land. I felt that my friends were praying for me; and I was resigned to the will of God. Brethren, I would not have turned my hand, either to go or stay. I have many dear ties here; but I have just as dear ones in heaven; and then Jesus is there." Addressing the Senior class, he said, "What shall I ask for you? Shall I ask ambition? Yes, ambition—ambition to be like Jesus; ambition for souls; ambition to take the world for Christ. Shall I ask for you eloquence? Yes, eloquence—eloquence which springs from a heart filled with the love of God; a heart consecrated to the work of saving men. But above all, I would ask for you, the best gift, that jewel from heaven's casket, the gift of the Holy Spirit. I ask for you His presence all through your lives."

The Doctor then offered a fervent prayer, invoking, with an overflowing heart, heaven's choicest blessings upon the class, and committing them to the care of Him, who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground, without his notice.

The service concluded with singing. "Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love."

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

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

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Extraordinary Offer.

ALL, FOR ONLY \$2.—One year's subscription to the PENINSULA METHODIST and a copy of Rev. R. W. Todd's new book, "Methodism of the Peninsula," or Dr. Wallace's "Parson of the Island," for \$2, to new subscribers and to all old subscribers, who renew their subscriptions for 1887; in each case the cash must accompany the order.

Baltimore Conference. Concluded.

Monday morning Rev. Dr. Henry M. Harmon produced a slight sensation by offering a resolution recommending that the Revised Version of the Scriptures be adopted for use in our churches, schools and homes. After a characteristic speech by the Professor, his resolution was referred to a committee, who afterwards reported that no such change was at present desirable. Almost the entire morning session Wednesday, was occupied in an animated debate upon the question of supplementing insufficient salaries; the report of the committee being finally adopted with a few slight modifications. The salient points of the plan are, (1), An estimate by the Board of Stewards of the amount needed to secure for each pastor at least \$700, besides house rent, if married, and \$400 if single, and its apportionment among the several charges. (2), A special collection in May or June, to which each pastor pledges a contribution of at least one per cent of his own salary, with the further pledge to bring up to the Conference, the entire amount apportioned to his charge. (3), The beneficiaries of this fund are to relinquish their claims upon the worn out preachers' collections, and the Preachers' Aid Society are to appropriate some \$2500, to this sustentation fund.

The report of the Committee on Education, adopted by the Conference, has this reference to Dickinson College:

At Dickinson College the attendance of students will fully average with that of last year. They are a class of young men mature in years, and for the most part, of earnest purpose. A large proportion of these are church members and earnest religious workers. The preparatory school has a larger attendance than usual, and a large proportion of the college students is secured from this school. They can generally be fitted for admittance into this college at a less expense and in a shorter time than in academies having a general course. The principal is an experienced man and scholar, specially adapted to the work. Fifty thousand dollars have been expended this year, in thoroughly renovating the building known as the South College for the preparatory school. The college and societies libraries aggregate 30,000 volumes, and have been removed into Bosler Hall. The library hall furnishes accommodation for 100,000 volumes, and has 850 sittings for commencement, and other college exer-

cises. In the adoption of this report, the Baltimore Conference pledges its continued support, and its endeavor to persuade our young men to take advantage of the ample facilities offered by the college. We heartily commend the administration of Dr. J. A. McCauley, manifested in the material growth of the college, and his wisdom as an educator; and recommend the appointment of three laymen and three ministers as a visiting committee.

President McCauley made a neat and forceful address, in admirable taste, indicating briefly what had already been accomplished, and expressing unwavering faith in a successful future for the College, despite all the evil machinations of her enemies.

We were most favorably impressed with the manifestations of respectful and hearty brotherly consideration among the brethren.

The proposal to reduce ministerial representation in the General Conference, was disapproved by a vote of 123 to 13.

A resolution was adopted, requesting the Bishops to appoint Wednesday instead of Thursday for the meeting of Conference.

The session closed Thursday afternoon, the 10th inst.

"Bishops" and "Missionary Bishops."

A "Catechism" of ten questions, comes to us from our Mission Rooms, prepared by the veteran Secretary, Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D., as his "contribution to a right understanding of the grave points involved," in the discussion of the above topic.

We give the salient points, with our own comments.

1. Is a "Bishop" identical with a "Missionary Bishop?" Dr. Reid answers "no," and gives six reasons. As no one, so far as we are aware, asserts the contrary, our good friend's ammunition is wasted on a man of straw. How can two Bishops, however full-fledged, be identical, when one is "limited" in his jurisdiction and the other is not.

2. "Are not their powers identical?" In his reply, Dr. Reid concedes all we claim—the identity of their prerogatives. He says, "within his appointed field, the powers of the Missionary Bishop are identical with those of the other Bishops." The Doctor adds, "out of his field, he has no episcopal authority or prerogative whatever;" this is just as true of the "other Bishops." Upon the catechist's own showing, then, the only difference is one of jurisdiction; Bishop Taylor, in official prerogatives, is identical with the other Bishops, but as to the field in which he may exercise them, he is limited to a part of the church, while they have no such restrictions. Only this, and nothing more.

3. Dr. Reid next essays a delicate task, viz. to identify the appointment of Bishops Burns and Roberts, with that of Bishop Taylor. He asks, "does not the office, now held by Bishop Taylor, differ from that formerly held by Bishops Burns and Roberts?" and answers "no." To this we agree; provided it is admitted, that the General Conference has the same constitutional authority to elect a Bishop by proxy, that it has, to elect one by its own vote. Undoubtedly the office of Missionary Bishop, as provided for in the Modified Rule, is the same, whoever may be the incumbent, or however it may be filled; but in the manner of their appointments, these white and sable brethren stand in broadest contrast. (1) Bishop Taylor was elected by the General Conference, precisely as the other Bishops were; Bishops Burns and Roberts, by one Annual Conference (the Liberia), under the direction of the Bishop in charge, and with the assistance of the Missionary Secretary." We raise no question of validity, further than to say, that such a claim on the Doctor's part, involves the validity of similar action in the case of any other Bishop. All

that is needed, is for the General Conference to insert in paragraph 162 of the Discipline, after the words "Missionary Bishop," the words, "or a General Superintendent." This is not one of the Restrictive Rules; and there is equal authority for the one, as for the other. (2) The Doctor is right again in saying, that the matter of consecration has nothing to do with the question of prerogative; nor, we may add, has any unauthorized modification of the Disciplinary Form. But it must not be forgotten, that Bishop Taylor was consecrated with the other Bishops, by order of the General Conference, precisely as they were, in every respect, except that certain qualifying words were interpolated into the prayer of consecration. (3) The peculiar provisions made in 1856, in the case of Bishop Burns, and revived in 1864, in that of Bishop Roberts, have not been revived since, and have no relevancy to the case of Bishop Taylor, in whose election, the Conference of 1884 took a new departure, to which there is no parallel in the history of our church, and imposed upon him no restriction whatever, other than a territorial limitation of his jurisdiction.

4. Dr. Reid expatiates eloquently, under his fourth question, upon Bishop Taylor's "eminence," "the diocesan privilege attached to his episcopate," his "wide and peculiar mission field," and the importance of letting him devote "his wonderful energies exclusively to the Dark Continent," for "Africa's redemption." He even goes so far as to call the peculiar honors worn by the other Bishops, "empty honors, compared with those he at present wears, and will wear forever." All this is ornate, and very complimentary to our Missionary Bishop; but what has it to do with the question of his constitutional rights, as a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church? His recognition, as the peer of the other Bishops, may prove an important factor, in facilitating his great work for the evangelization of Africa's "benighted millions."

5. "Is Bishop Taylor * * * to be governed by the laws hitherto in force in respect to Missionary Bishops?" We are astonished at Dr. Reid's wriggling on this point; and can only account for it by the necessities of a desperate case. Will the venerable Secretary tell us in what volume we may find, not "the laws, hitherto in force," but those *now* in force, if not in the Discipline of 1884?

No man breathes, more loyal to all righteous laws, civil or ecclesiastical, than William Taylor. What he and his friends repudiate, is the solecism of holding him bound by the defunct legislation, enacted for a specific case more than thirty years ago, and "revived" for a similar case, eight years after, but never "revived" again, though the General Conference has held five sessions in the twenty years since then. What Dr. Reid styles the "reviviscence" of the action of 1856, lasted as long as the particular case, for which it was revived, but no longer; and the provisions enacted, respecting Bishops Burns and Roberts, have no more application to Bishop Taylor, than have those which were enacted to restrain Dr. Coke, almost a hundred years ago.

The eighth and ninth questions, relating wholly to the matter of administrative authority in the Missionary Society over Missions and missionaries, are not germane to the subject under consideration, which is not, whether Bishop Taylor should or should not be under the control of that Society, but is he a Bishop, or is he a nondescript official with some episcopal powers.

10. "Is not the Missionary Society opposed to self-supporting Missions?" Dr. Reid answers "no." This avowal, if candid, means what Bishop Taylor has always maintained in pushing his own principles of self-support, viz., that there is no necessary conflict between his plans, and the regular and successful methods

of the Missionary Society. We cordially accept Dr. Reid's closing exhortation, "Help to save the world—do it any way—only do it."

In conclusion, we would express the hope, that no further attempts be made to disparage Bishop Taylor, either as to his official rank, or his peculiar methods; but rather let us all honor him, as one of the Bishops of the church, cheer him and his band of self-sacrificing missionaries, with our prayers, our commendation, and our financial aid, in whatever way they are willing to receive it; as well as our other brethren, who with like devotion, are so earnestly pressing forward into heathen darkness, with the torch of gospel light. At the same time let us not fail to give the Million for Missions.

As a remarkable coincidence, we note the fact, that in the same city, at the same time, in the same official duty, were two Bishops of the same name, presiding over Annual Conferences of their respective churches; Thomas Bowman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Thomas Bowman of the Evangelical Association.

Rev. Liston H. Pearce, a popular young pastor of the Baltimore Conference, was granted the relation of Supernumerary, in order that he might accept an invitation to serve St. John's Independent Methodist Church, of Baltimore. This is the church of which, our venerable friend and valued correspondent, Rev. Dr. A. Webster was so long the beloved pastor, and which Rev. Mr. McAllister, the late Rev. Dr. Guard's son-in-law, has served for several years past. There sometimes seems sufficient reason to bend our rules, if not to break them.

Death of Another Minister.

Rev. William J. O'Neill, pastor of Church Hill Circuit, died Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., after a protracted illness from typhoid pneumonia. Brother O'Neill was a native of Ireland, and came to this country in his youth. He joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1859, but exercised his ministry entirely on the Peninsula, except some three years during the Rebellion, when he served as chaplain of the 118th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. He leaves a widow and five children.

Mr. Johnson Simpers, the oldest citizen of North East, Md., died at his home in that village, Tuesday morning last, in the 95th year of his age. He was born less than ten years after the acknowledgment of our National Independence, and was a young man of twenty-three when Bishop Asbury died. His parents John and Margaret Simpers were among the earliest Methodists in this neighborhood. He was twice married, and leaves a widow, three sons, and a number of grand children, and great grandchildren. He was converted in early youth, and was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for some four score years. The writer conversed with him a few days before death, and found him intelligent, trustful, and patiently resigned. When asked if he did not desire to depart, he replied that he was trying to remember what John said, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." In him were fulfilled the Psalmist's words, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season."

The eloquent Brooklyn preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, who has so long filled so large a place in public attention, was stricken with apoplexy, Friday morning, the 4th inst., and died Thursday following at 9.30 a. m., in the 74th year of his age.

Mr. Beecher was the eighth child of the celebrated Dr. Lyman Beecher, and a brother to the distinguished authoress,

Harriet Beecher Stowe. Had he lived till next June, he would have completed the fortieth year of his pastorate of Plymouth Church.

Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, the distinguished historian of Methodism is now in India travelling with a friend.

Every One Take Notice!!

No complimentary resolutions published in this paper without charge, except by request of the Annual Conference, a District Association, or Preachers' Meeting. *This rule we have not relaxed heretofore and cannot hereafter.* This rule is made because we do not have the room to spare unless we encroach on our advertising space, and also because of the great number of such resolutions. All resolutions, however, will be published, provided the official bodies comply with our terms. As before said, we shall be glad to note the facts and give a digest of the resolutions themselves without charge. To be printed in full they must be paid for at the rate of ten cents per line.

Rev. W. W. Royall, of the M. E. Church South, Cambridge, Md., writes to the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, a sprightly letter, from which we make some extracts.

"Having come on during the big snow just after New Year, my first impressions of Cambridge were connected with ice, snow and jingling sleigh-bells. But the coldness was all in the weather. These dear, warm-hearted people took me right into their hearts and got deeply into mine. The attendance on the preached word has been increasingly good. Class-meetings and prayer-meetings have been marked with flashes of old-fashioned Methodist fire. The parsonage is stocked with supplies, and the preacher's heart cheered by kind words from people and press.

A close survey of our financial situation gives ground for hope that "deliverance will come." I find that the prospects are good for my being able to make quite \$1,000 for this church by my lectures on China. I expect to canvass and lecture from one end of this district to the other. I hope that in very many places I shall be able to secure generous gifts, and also to make something respectable by a lecture. As to the merits of the lecture, people differ. A good lady in Norfolk thought it, though mirthful, not too sinful to have been held "up stairs." But on the other hand, I hear of some Churchmen who class it among the luxuries of life, and one to be eschewed during Lent! Meantime I have made some hundreds by it, for various causes, and have consecrated it for the present, to the service of Grace church, Cambridge.

I have entered cheerfully and hopefully upon the task of freeing our beautiful church, and this noble people from the heavy burden of debt, that now oppresses them. A good feeling prevails. We are gaining caste, I think, among all classes here. The true and tried friends of Southern Methodism are looking hopefully up. We look to the Virginia Conference for sympathy, prayer, and substantial aid. Our people here are doing their very utmost, and for such, I feel bold to ask the aid of every lover of Southern Methodism. Our church building is solid and handsome. It is of granite, as are both the Northern Methodist and the Episcopal churches here, and it ought to last for centuries. We cannot let it go! The whole district would feel the shock, and our cause on this Peninsula would get a backset, from which it would slowly recover, if at all.

Mr. George Muller, who has been visiting Australia, at the latest accounts was in China, having spent two weeks in Shanghai, where he addressed large and attentive audiences, three times each week, and twice on Sundays. After visiting the river ports he expected to go to Japan.

Missionary.

A Million for Missions.
FOR 1887.

BY COLLECTIONS ONLY.

Almost every day some pastor or layman writes to us for information which he can get for himself by reading the Report which, at considerable expense, is published every year and sent to all the preachers. Our correspondence is very large. "Time is money" in the Missionary office. Please do not ask questions of the Secretaries when you have the answer at hand. Study the Report line by line.

LOOK AT THE STRAWS.

The Rev. M. L. Smyser, of Chambersburg, Pa., writes: "Every body thought we had reached the limit last year, but we went \$60 beyond it. Our collection was \$870. Dr. Upham was with us and preached magnificently. People all delighted with him."

Trinity Church, Jersey City, the Rev. John Atkinson, pastor, held its position of last year with a collection of \$1,200, which is \$3 per member. This is a noble collection.

Waynesburg, Pa., Central Pennsylvania Conference, B. H. Mosser, pastor, makes a gain of \$75 over last year. Collection, \$270.

The Rev. D. S. Monroe, of Bellefontaine, Pa., writes: "We passed the Million line last Sunday, and \$75 beyond. Our collection will be \$500. I told you Bellefontaine would do her duty."

Last Sabbath 45d Street Methodist Episcopal Church, N. Y., Jas. S. Chadwick, pastor, held its Missionary anniversary. Dr. Butler was present and preached the sermon. The collection for the year from Sunday-school and congregation will amount to over \$1,000. One pleasant feature of the collection, among many others, was the report of the class called the King's Daughters, Miss Cecelia M. Tibbets, teacher. It was a surprise to the entire congregation. This class held a fair for Missions, and made \$110 for the blessed cause. Well done.

The following comes from the President of Ohio Wesleyan University: "The Million-dollar line by Collections Only is sure to win. The tide of benevolence in the Church is rising because the intelligence and consecration of the Church are increasing. We have had a glorious revival, with over a hundred conversions, and a great quickening of the students."

Trinity Church, N. Y., Merritt Hubbard, pastor, goes \$200 beyond the Million-line. The Sabbath-school is yet to be heard from.

Central Church, Newark, after raising for all purposes in three years about \$45,000, crosses the Million-line with a collection of \$700. Henry Spellmeyer is pastor. If any church in the United States might plead extraordinary efforts for its own welfare as a reason why the Missionary collection should not be advanced it is Central Church, Newark.

The Missionary Steamer.

The cost of the steamer *Annie Taylor*, etc., designed to navigate the Upper Congo and its tributaries in the interest of self-supporting missions under Bishop Taylor, has not yet been entirely contributed. By the last computation there appeared to be in different hands between sixteen and twenty thousand dollars. By this time it is probable the amount approximates closely to \$20,000, which is the lowest estimated cost of the craft. But it must be remembered that at least ten thousand dollars more will be required to transport the vessel to the

Upper Congo, and there to reconstruct and place her in seaworthy condition upon those largely unexplored inland waterways. But the money is coming and will come, for God has charge of enterprise and will draw upon His stewards until the debt is paid. "God is faithful," and discharges promptly His self-assumed obligations whether spiritual or monetary. And what He does by His agents, He does Himself. But as the time is near at hand when the vessel must be started from England in order to meet Bishop Taylor at the date appointed, it will be necessary for those who have it in their heart to give, to do it promptly. It will also be necessary for those who can, to take more than one share. Put me down for twenty-five shares—\$25.00. A. LOWREY.

—*Christian Standard.*

How to Make a Good Wife.

Be attentive and courteous to her. Be cheerful when you enter your house. Don't be afraid to praise the neat room and bright fire. Don't be afraid to praise her mending, and her skill in fashioning and making. Don't fail to give her words of approbation whenever you can conscientiously approve. Never deceive her. Be ever true to her. Let your conduct be such that she will be proud of you. Be so upright that she will be happy in teaching your children to honor you. Don't sit silent all the evening absorbed in reading your book or newspaper. Give your family some of your attention. Tell them the amusing things that have brightened your day's labor. Speak kindly to the children. Play and talk with them a few moments after supper. Interest yourself in your wife's employment. Encourage her when she is down-hearted. Be glad with her when she is happy. Let her know by words and actions that she is appreciated, and you make her happier in the walks by your side. Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which would be so grateful to her loving heart from your lips. Share with her your good fortune as unselfishly as you do your ill. Let her walk by your side, your honored companion, your strong hand helping her over the rough places, and sustaining her when wearied lest she faint.—*Sci.*

False Consecration.

There is a good deal of it. Consecration in sentiment, in feeling, with no real, strong purpose for the soul of it. Can we think that *all* who sing those beautiful hymns of self-surrender,

"Take my life, and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,"

or,
"My body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to thee,"

really meant it, meant it with a resolve so deep that the life henceforth is based on new lines?

It is said in the year 1471 Louis XI. executed a solemn deed of ownership, by which he conveyed to the Virgin Mary the whole country of Boulogne in France; but he reserved for himself, for his own use, all the revenues thereof. The wily prince deluded himself, with the idea that he had done a generous and pious thing toward the Virgin, when, in fact, he had done nothing at all. There are many good people deluded with the idea that they have given all to God, when, in fact, they have given nothing.—*Christian Standard.*

THE money continues to come in steadily for Bishop TAYLOR'S missionary steamer, or "Bishop TAYLOR'S gunboat," as one contributor facetiously called it. A week ago there had been received over \$15,000, besides which \$4,500 was given the Bishop in England. Ten thousand more will be needed to equip the vessel fully and this will soon be secured.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

The great majority of the people of Kansas, who favor the home as against

the saloon, are satisfied that under our prohibitory law there is not only less drunkenness and crime, but public sentiment in favor of temperance grows more rapidly than under a license law.—*W. G. Allison, Probate Judge of Allen county, Iola, Kan.*

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| Western Express | 9 30 a m. |
| Philadelphia Accommodation, | 11 44 a m. |
| Cincinnati Limited, | 3 15 p m. |
| Philadelphia Accommodation, | 6 10 p m. |
| Philadelphia Accommodation, | 6 30 p m. |
| Phi. delphia Accommodation, | 9 00 p m. |
| Chicago Limited, | 12 03 a m. |
| Local freight with passenger coaches attached leaves Delaware Avenue station daily, except Sunday, at 1 57 p m. arrives in Philadelphia at 3 55 p m. Stops at all stations. | |
| WEST BOUND. | |
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| Arrive Chicago 11 10 next morning. This train does not take Baltimore passengers. | |
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Quart Bottles, per doz. \$10.00
Pint " " 6.00
Half Pint " " 2.75

Mistaken Preaching.

The New York correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate is understood to be Rev. Dr. George Lansing Taylor, who spent part of last Summer at Ocean Grove, and gathered here the material for a general onslaught on the preachers and their preaching, especially during camp-meeting. Most of us thought last season's sermons were exceptionally good, and such a cyclone of incisive criticism as we find in the following extract from the paper above mentioned, will be, to say the least, a surprise to many of our readers.—Ocean Grove Record.

I have never heard here or elsewhere, so much mistaken preaching as this year. It seems as though half the preachers had become panic struck at the amount of learned skepticism in the current thought of the times, and every man felt himself called to confute skepticism in his camp-meeting sermon; sometimes, apparently, just to show that he understands it, and can refute it, though, of course, such are least of all competent to do so. But these stripling Davids exploiting themselves before the people, in some seven-foot Saul's armor, are, if they could only see it so, simply ridiculous. They kill no Goliaths. They only succeed in wasting unutterably precious hours, and killing the edifying value of the meetings for thousands of hungry souls. One such zealous brother here, an author of sense and talent, too, made the sorry blunder of spending about twenty precious minutes in proving, with well known second-hand arguments, the actual historical existence of such a personage as Jesus Christ. When he had finished that effort, he said, 'Now, if you are ready to admit this point, we will pass on,' etc. Whereupon one solid country squire-looking man in the congregation was overheard to say to his neighbor, with a nudge and growl of suppressed savageness in his tone, 'I never doubted it, did you?' 'No,' replied the other, with a drawing slide of bored weariness in his tone.

Another one of the nouveaux celebres made up the first half hour of his sermon out of his lecture on Mohammedanism—of which he only knows by reading—while a learned European scholar sat on the platform angrily noting down long passages given verbatim (as he told me) from Draper's 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' and other standard authors, with no credit given to one author quoted. He took an hour and a quarter or more, and filled up the balance with a repetition of what he had preached here once before. One fervent brother, from the West, I believe, took Paul's 'The mystery of iniquity doth already work,' and, without a glimmer of comprehension of what Paul meant, and what John wrote so much against in his old age, the rising heresies of Gnosticism and other early errors, he got an exhortation out of it which had the two cardinal points of earnestness and brevity, and thus left a chance for Dr. Stokes so to exhort after it as that there was an excellent altar meeting, and several conversions.

"One brother of some note, spent an hour of powerful effort in a grand review, and furbishing up of the Christian armor of Ephesians 6, but never once drew the sword of the 'Spirit' on his hearers. He told them finely what a mighty sword it was, i. e., he flourished it, and let them see its flash in the air, but he never went at them with it, and drove its edge into their conscience. Alas! How much time have I seen wasted at several camp meetings this year, by men of ability, too, who have preached about the Gospel, instead of preaching the Gospel."

The One Needed Thing.

The saw-mill is a very old fashioned one. It has an up and down saw, and the wheel that used to move it was driven by the stream that used to flow

through the mill race. The saw is still there. The mill seems to lack no machinery. A log, pushed up against the saw, is still on the carriage-way, and the work of sawing has progressed a foot or two. But for three years no progress has been made. The mill-race is dry; the wheel motionless. The machinery is rusty, and the timbers rotting. No oiling or repairs will make it move. The one needed thing is power. Are there not churches like this dead mill? The machinery may be all perfect; but the first necessity is power. The best machinery will fail unless there is power to move it. The power is the Holy Spirit. Only his reviving and renewing influence can move the machinery of a dead church, or impart life to a dead soul. Let us first of all, seek power from on high.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

It is Curious Who Give.

"It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood, he's put down \$2; his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown, she's put down \$5; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile, but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives.

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we got home from church, the day pledges were taken for contributions to Foreign Missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items, to find the aggregate. He went on:—"There's Maria Hill, she put down \$5; she teaches in the North District, and don't have but \$20 a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience, the time she joined the church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where He works, you'll generally see the fruit is giving. And there's John Baker; he's put down one dollar, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunning \$4. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that cripple hand, but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's song while he's at work. C. Williams, \$10. Good for him. He said the other night at prayer-meeting, that he'd been reading the Bible more than usual. Maybe he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful, and didn't want to be in his company."—Advance.

What is the reason the daily newspaper does not publish the virtues of men and women as well as their crimes? Why should it not be regarded as a matter of legitimate "news" that George Brown had decided to become a better man or that John Smith had joined the Church? If Brown had gone on a terrible spree, or if Smith had been sent up for thirty days, we should be told all about it. Why is it regarded as an evidence of journalistic enterprise to point in boldest type and under flaming head-lines the mean and cowardly act of some unscrupulous villian, and record in the briefest possible item and hide away in some obscure corner the noble word or deed of a Christian and reputable citizen? We must supply what the public demands, says the editors. Yes, but who created the thirst for this sensationalism and festering nastiness? The daily newspaper, of course, and it is simply supplying an illegitimate demand created by itself.—Michigan Advocate.

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