

# Peninsula Methodist.

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Editor.

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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VOLUME XV,  
NUMBER 20.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.  
SINGLE NOS. 2 CENTS.

## THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[In celebration of the inauguration of George Washington, as the First President of the United States.]

The sword was sheathed: in April's sun  
Lay the green fields by Freedom won;  
And severed sections, weary of debates,  
Joined hands at last, and were, United States.

Oh, City sitting by the Sea!  
How proud the day that dawned on thee,  
When the new era, long desired, began,  
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke,  
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,  
The voiceful streets, the plaudits-echoing  
halls,  
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from  
St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part,  
The strong throb of a nation's heart,  
As his great leader gave, with reverent awe,  
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,  
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;  
In world-wide wonder, listening peoples bent  
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold,  
And hopes deceived all history told,  
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful  
past,

Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,  
The one man equal to his trust,  
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness  
good,  
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,  
Made possible the world's release;  
Tang'd prince and serf, that power is but a  
trust,  
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is  
just;

That Freedom generous is but strong,  
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,  
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,  
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice,  
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;  
A century's sons o'er thee have risen and set,  
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be  
Shall prove his hope was destiny,  
Leaving our flag with all its added stars,  
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars.

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed,  
And trained the new-set plant at first,  
The widening branches of a stately tree,  
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

Begate its broad and sheltering shade,  
Sitting with none to make afraid,  
Were we now silent, through each mighty  
limb,  
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of  
him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie  
Beneath his own Virginian sky.  
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,  
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For ever in the awful strife,  
And dark hours of the nation's life,  
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warn-  
ing word,  
Their father's voice his erring children  
heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought  
In that sharp agony was wrought;  
No partial interest draws its alien line,  
'Tis North and South, the cypress and the  
pine!

One people now all doubt beyond,  
His name shall be our Union-bond;  
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and  
now,  
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;  
Chooser and chosen both are powers,  
Equal in service as in rights: the claim  
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where  
Our banner floats in sun and air,  
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,  
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!  
Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.

## The Heavenly Recognition.

HOWARD HENDERSON, D. D.

In the beautiful tragedy of Ion, by  
Talfourd, as the death-devoted Greek is  
about to meet his fate, his beloved Cle-  
manthe asks, "Shall we meet again?" to  
which he responds: "I have asked that  
question of the hills, that look eternal;  
of the clear streams, that flow forever;  
of the stars, among whose fields of azure

my raised spirits have walked in glory.  
All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy  
living face, I feel there is something in  
the love that mantles through its beauty,  
that cannot wholly perish. We shall  
meet again, Clemanthe." The survival of  
love for the departed, and the desire to  
meet them again, are so strong as to be in  
the nature of an instinct, Said Em-  
erson, "I hold that God, who keeps his  
word with the birds and fishes in all  
their migratory instinct, will keep his  
word with man." Sing's Bryant, in his  
"Ode to a water-fowl":

"He, who from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-  
tain flight;  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright."

We find Socrates, in prospect of death  
by martyrdom, indulging in "the pleas-  
ing hope," of meeting with Orpheus,  
Hesiod, and Homer—of living with the  
Palamedes and others who have unjustly  
suffered martyrdom. Cicero expressed  
delight, at the prospect of association  
with his "dear Cato, in the divine assem-  
bly of departed spirits."

Said Richter, "All love believes in a  
double immortality—in its own, and that  
of the object it loves." We cannot per-  
suade ourselves, that in the hope of re-  
union, God has put a false prophet in  
the soul, or written a forgery on the be-  
reaved heart. Memory is necessary to  
to the preservation of our own identity.  
Recollecting our former selves, we must  
recall those we have loved; and not to  
find, them while affection remains, would  
be to de-paradise heaven itself. The  
Scriptures tell us of the patriarchs being  
"gathered to their people;" of Lazarus  
in Abraham's bosom; of many coming  
from the east and the west, and sitting  
down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob  
in the kingdom of heaven; of the apos-  
tles sitting on thrones judging the tribes  
of Israel; of ministers presenting their  
flocks; of the appearance of Samuel; of  
the confidence of David meeting his  
child again; of Moses and Elias recog-  
nized by the three disciples at the trans-  
figuration; of John's interview with the  
angel of the apocalypse; of his vision of  
the martyrs beneath the throne, and  
their ceaseless cry, "How long?" and of  
the "innumerable company of all na-  
tions, kindreds, peoples, and tongues"  
surrounding the throne of the Lamb.  
There are many authentic instances of  
recognition by the dying, of the depart-  
ed and of waiting convoys of angels.

I was a young preacher, several years  
before I was a father, and when occasion-  
ally called to the funeral service of a  
little child, I would note with mute wonder  
the grief of parents, as they kissed the  
wee thing good-bye. I saw men, whose  
nerves seemed steel, whose eyes were  
strangers to tears as smiles to Stoics,  
broken hearted and bowed down as trees  
beneath the push of cyclones. I saw  
men, who never quailed before the can-  
non's mouth, and who stood firm to meet  
the shock of charging squadrons riding  
down on their thinking ranks, become  
as a reed shaken by the wind, because a  
baby was torn from their embrace and  
borne away in the dark of death. But  
one night, near its noon, I saw the light  
go out of the liquid blue eyes of my  
own cherub child. I saw it languidly  
lift its eyelids, smile as sweetly as a sep-  
aph, and then close those sparkling orbs  
to open them no more on earth. How  
the iron went tearing, like shrapnel  
hurled by a howitzer, through my heart!

It was in time of war, and I at home on  
furlough. Had I read a bulletin, tell-  
ing me that the cause, which in my  
youthful and misguided ardor I had es-  
poused, had been shot down on some  
decisive field, I could not have felt a  
tittle of the sorrow that filled my breast,  
when I realized my first born was dead.

But out of that baptism of grief, I  
emerged a changed man. I no longer  
marveled at parental sorrow. Had  
heaven seemed to me before an idle catch  
word of the pulpit, it would have become  
intensely real. It turned the needle of  
my being, toward the pole-star of im-  
mortality. Never since that crisis hour  
have I failed to share the sorrow of oth-  
ers, in the sacred partnership of sympa-  
thy. I had felt that "touch of nature,  
which makes the whole world kin." Every  
person I have met since, who has  
lost a child, has been invested to me  
with a strange interest. I have thought  
maybe his or her child is a playmate of  
my child on the plaza of heaven, or in  
the nursery of our Father's house. I  
have never since seen a person dying,  
but I have felt like sending some fatherly  
message to my celestial babe. Since  
the first, I have yielded another child  
to the sky. These sweet sprites hold a  
subtle spell over my soul. As spiritual  
magnets they draw me out and upward.  
As Jean Paul says, "Our children who  
die young are like the lambs, which Al-  
pine shepherds bear in their bosom to  
higher, greener pastures, that the flocks  
may follow."

My ascended children are arguments,  
inducing me to hold fast my profession.  
They are among the cloud of witnesses.  
They make my ministry earnest, and my  
sympathy real. Death does more to  
keep religion alive, than all the other  
preachers. "Thanks to the human heart,  
by which we live."

You have heard of how a father had  
left his seasick boy upon a rock, and  
while fishing was struck by a sudden  
squall, bringing in an obscuring mist, so  
that he lost his bearings and drifted aim-  
lessly in the fog. When almost crazed  
with anxiety, a shrill voice came piping  
through the gloom, "Steer this way, fa-  
ther!" He shouted, like a steered, back  
"I hear my boy, and am coming." At  
intervals, these guiding words rang out  
from the rock. What strength they put  
into the arms of the rower; how the  
muscles bulged and the oars bent, as  
they pushed back the resisting wave  
and forwarded the little boat! Presently  
the keel rubbed on the strand, and in  
a moment parent and child were  
locked in each other's embrace. How  
many a parent, tossed on the tide of time  
has heard a sweet voice calling from the  
isles of the blessed, "Steer this way,"  
and heeding the monitor, kept the prow  
of hope toward the golden shore, where  
a child stood watching and waiting?  
"And they heard a great voice from  
heaven, saying unto them, Come up  
hither."

Old Father Shilling said to his little  
grandson, who had inquired as an imper-  
ial cortege wheeled by, whether any of  
his kinsfolk had ever been nobles: "No;  
but our family is flourishing in heaven."  
The entire family, death only can com-  
plete. Death, through Christ, is the  
architect which finishes the temple of  
life, and drops the corner-stone in its fit-  
ting place. Mothers, fathers, brothers,  
sisters, gathering in the immortal home,  
purified of all sin, free from every fault

and flaw, gilded with the glory of a di-  
vine smile, one in love and life forever  
more! "For this cause, I bow my knee  
unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
of whom the whole family in heaven and  
earth is named."

You are in Europe, and weary with  
journeyings, and waiting for a recall  
home. Under the sea flashes the message,  
"Come on the Adriatic." You know no  
one aboard, yet you are not lonely. You  
know that one, among thousands of  
strangers, will be eagerly waiting on the  
pier to welcome you back. When the  
steamer lands, leaping along the gang  
plank, is that loved one, and in a minute  
you are weeping for joy, and smiling  
through your tears, and making love's  
rainbows. Well, on the pier of glory,  
loved ones are waiting, to welcome you  
to their eternal home, and the partner-  
ship of their immortal joys. Then,  
"Stand the storm, it won't be long, we'll  
anchor bye and bye." The old ship of  
Zion has "landed many thousands, and  
she'll land as many more." You need  
not be afraid, for a divine Captain holds  
the helm; and crew and passengers have  
been made "meet for an inheritance with  
the saints in light." Their passports are  
all sealed with the same blood. "Oh,  
won't it be joyful to meet, to part no  
more?" "As we have borne the image  
of the earthly, we shall also bear the im-  
age of the heavenly."

The arch-infidel may be pardoned  
many a cavil for this one sweet sentence:  
"In the gloom of death, faith catches the  
glimmer of a star, and hope hears the  
rustling of wings; for the instinct of im-  
mortality can never die out of the breasts  
of men, so long as the warm lips of sur-  
viving love kiss the cold lips of the  
dead."

When Jesus, having "abolished death,"  
pronounced himself "the resurrection  
and the life," the cannon of eternity sal-  
uted the banner of the cross, and their  
echo, in musical thunder, is still rolling  
along the caverns of the grave. Bye  
and bye, the angels will take the trum-  
pet of omnipotence, and sound the re-  
veille of the resurrection, and the camp  
of the dead will be struck, and the tomb  
be left without a tenant.

Heaven is filling up. Many will be  
saved. Count the short graves, and see  
how many children have reached the  
kingdom. How vast the soul-trophies of  
the cross! How broad "the wideness  
of God's mercy, as the wideness of the  
sea," to all who, obeying reason's light,  
have passed from pagan lands, to where  
the smile of God will disinfect their souls  
of evil, and Christ shall "lead them to  
fountains of living water?" They come  
sailing in from the dark world, as white  
doves fly to their cots when chased by  
storms. The census grows by the immi-  
gration from earth of "a great multitude  
that no man can number." The world  
is exhaling souls into the supernal  
heights, as the sea is giving moisture to  
the clouds; and as the water-carriers of  
the sky treasure every drop to return in  
refreshing showers, to become "flowers  
on land and pearls at sea," so is God  
keeping all the good, for blessings on us  
in the "ages to come."

We are rapidly, as we tread the short-  
ening path, becoming "strangers and pil-  
grims on earth;" but as our time-store  
lessons, how increaseth our treasure of  
friends in heaven! "The city that hath  
foundations" is populous with many fa-  
miliar forms, and once within the gates,

we shall soon feel ourselves at home.  
Not only shall we know our own loved  
ones, but, by some added sense, or sub-  
tle power of spiritual recognition, such  
as enabled Peter, James, and John to  
know Moses and Elias on the mount, we  
shall make the acquaintance of others  
in the congress of the "spirits of just  
men made perfect." We call heaven  
our home, because that is the sweetest  
name we can give it. As death rifles  
our homes here, they seem less home-like  
Mother's arm-chair remains vacant;  
father's staff is in the corner, but no  
bowed form leans on it; the cradle is in  
the loft, but the child is higher up. Par-  
ents and children have gone to heaven;  
and as "home is where the heart is"—  
home is "over there." As the wives and  
daughters of Tyroese fishermen gather  
on the shores of the Adriatic when it is  
swept by storm, to sing cheer-songs to  
husbands and fathers struggling in the  
surf for the shore, and these loved voices  
put fresh strength in their arms to row  
against the billows; so do we sometimes,  
from the evergreen shore, catch the  
sound of "sweet voices, through the tur-  
bulent roar, that we have heard in the  
years gone before," wooing us through  
the breakers of time to the silvery strand  
where our dear ones wait with harp and  
song, to welcome us home.

Far back in colonial times, two sweet-  
tuned bells were shipped from Spain to  
these western shores, to call to the house  
of prayer and praise. In a violent storm  
one was swept overboard, and the other  
was safely landed and swung in the bel-  
fry built to receive it. Whenever the  
bell on land was rung, there came a soft  
murmuring sound out of the sea, like  
the moan imprisoned in a shell; and the  
people said it was a prayer from the lost  
bell, begging for recovery, that it, too,  
might ring from its tower the sum-  
mons to worship. Are not our "fond  
desires" but responses to the loved ones  
on high, "longings" murmuring petitions  
to join them in celestial praises? After  
years, the tradition goes, a bold marine  
diver descended the depths, and lifted  
the lost bell and brought it ashore. Then  
it was transported to its vacant tower,  
and ever after in unison the two bells  
chimed the call to the sanctuary and its  
services. Yet a little while, and from  
the depths of earthly trial, our moaning  
souls will be lifted to join their mates in  
the new Jerusalem—there forever to  
chime the praises of God, in the chapels  
where rejoicing saints and angels sing  
and shout the hymns and hallelujahs of  
the redeemed.—Michigan Christian Ad-  
vocate.

A holy life is made up of a number of  
small things—little words, not eloquent  
speeches or sermons; little deeds, not  
miracles or battles, nor one great heroic  
act of mighty martyrdom, make up the  
true Christian life. The little constant  
sunbeams, not the lightning; the waters  
of Siloam "that go softly," in the meek  
mission of refreshment, not "waters of  
the river, great and many," rushing down  
in noisy torrents, are the true symbols  
of a holy life. The avoidance of little  
evils, little sins, little inconsistencies,  
little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions,  
and imprudencies, little foibles, little in-  
dulgence of the flesh—the avoidance of  
such little things as those, go far to make  
up at least the negative beauty of a holy  
life.—Boyar.

**Youth's Department.**

**Who Made the Most?**  
 "Hurrah for grandfather!" shouted Oscar Ferris, holding up a bright, shining gold piece. "Twenty dollars! just think of it. What did you get, Ned?"  
 "I didn't get but ten."  
 "That's because you are younger than I am. But did he say anything about it, when he gave it to you?"  
 "He said he should want to know, next year how we invested it."  
 "Just what he said to me. It sort of cramps a fellow a little. I wonder if Nan—O there she is! Say, Nan, did you get anything?"  
 "Yes, five gold dollars."  
 "Something like the talents," said Ned laughing.  
 "I should say so. Of course grandfather can't expect you to do much with five dollars. With ten or twenty, now it's different. I tell you what I'd do with them—punch holes through them and wear them for bangles—all the girls do," Oscar said a little loftily.  
 "Yes, I suppose I can," Nan mused, turning over the pieces. "It is so small it is a little like the talents, isn't it?"  
 The year came round, and with it came Grandfather Ferris, with his cane and spectacles, and sharp, kindly eyes back of them.  
 "Children," said he, "I expect you are ready to give an account of the presents I gave you last year; so each may write out a statement of what was done with the money, and hand it to me."  
 The next morning three neatly folded papers were laid by his plate; and that same evening he came to the family sitting-room with them.  
 "Well, Oscar, I see you have here—  
 Purchased second hand bicycle \$20 00  
 Sold " " 40 00  
 Purchased new " " 50 00  
 Won race with new " 15 00  
 On hand, new bicycle and 5 00  
 "Yes, sir," said Oscar, promptly. "I have made thirty-five dollars on the twenty."  
 "You bought Ed Hardy's, at first, I hear."  
 "Yes, sir—just as good as new; but his father failed, and Ed had to dispose of it. I snapped it up the first thing. Jed Hall would have paid more for it, but I held Ed to his bargain."  
 "To whom did you sell it?"  
 "To Rob Trapp. He broke something to his the day before the race, and mine was the only one he could get hold of. 'Twas a capital chance. I was shrewd enough to refuse to lend or hire it out, so he had to buy or give up the race, and he had to pay my price for it."  
 "I see. Shrewd, very shrewd. Won a race, too, with the new one."  
 "Took the first prize over Billy Kemp. He tried hard to get it. You see, he rode Trapp's, and was to have half the prize if he won—wanted to set up some sort of a street stand, I believe; but I spun right away from them all."  
 "Ah!" said Grandfather Ferris, simply, as he turned to Ned's paper; "so you've tried printing, eh?" And he read:  
 For one second-hand press \$5 00  
 type 1 00  
 paper and cards 3 00  
 ink and sundries 1 00  
 Total \$10 00  
 By first gift of cash \$10 00  
 500 cards printed 5 00  
 programmes printed 5 00  
 Total \$20 00  
 Balance on hand, press and \$10 00  
 "Well, you've done a little better, in making out your statement. Mr. May says you do very good work, too—keep things clean, print straight, and spell all right."  
 "I tried to, sir, because I wanted to

build up a paying business in future for myself," Ned replied.  
 "Just so. An eye to self interest, I see. But it's right to do any work well that you undertake."  
 He turned to Nan's paper as he spoke and looked closely at it;  
 For apples and peanuts \$1 00  
 car-fare 1 00  
 worsted 50  
 grapes, oranges, etc., 1 00  
 something to drink 1 50  
 was what he read.  
 "Well, well? quite a little gourmand!" he exclaimed.  
 Nan's face flushed, but she kept silent.  
 "I intended to test your capabilities for using money, children," said their grandfather; and a gold watch was to belong to the one that made the most of it.  
 The boys' eyes sparkled, and Nan's lip quivered.  
 "Most what?" asked Uncle Forth, suddenly laying down his paper.  
 "Most in every way—money and good to every one concerned."  
 "Well, as I happen to know something about Nan's profligacy, I guess I'd better explain."  
 "O, Uncle Forth, please don't!" burst forth from Nan.  
 But he only smiled and laid his hand over her lips.  
 "Grandfather has not been treated fairly. Billy Kemp's street stand was supplied with apples and peanuts with that first dollar, and he has made twenty-five out of it. If he'd won that prize, Oscar, he'd have a splendid start now."  
 Oscar colored, but Uncle Forth went on:  
 "An old lady told me, that a certain little girl gave her one dollar's worth of car-fare tickets, so that her consumptive daughter would not have to walk to her work in bad weather; and so she has not missed a day, or been sick this winter, when she used to have a doctor's bill to pay every spring, and be in danger of losing her place besides, as well as of going into quick consumption by exposure. Then that worsted—Mrs. Bandy, who knits lace to sell, could tell you something about. She started out with fifty cents' worth of material, and now she makes a decent little living off her sales, she tells me."  
 "Well, there's grapes and oranges," growled grandfather, blinking rapidly.  
 "Yes, one dollar's worth for Granny Watt's sick niece, who when the delicacies tempted her appetite so that she soon gained strength, said the first dollar she earned when she got well should help some one else who was in need; and that dollar has paid for a few tools for a poor, lame Swedish boy, who carved some lovely toys for a fair, and every buyer was pledged to pass the money on to some one else in need, who would do the same. And I expect it's going yet. Such things never stop."  
 But he stopped long enough to pat the head which had dropped upon his knee.  
 "Well, Granny Watts didn't drink, did she?"  
 And grandfather picked up the paper again as Uncle Forth paused.  
 "I don't know about the last item," he replied.  
 "No, but drunken Ben Poke did," said Aunt Sue, dropping her crochet work hastily. "I know. Mrs. Poke told me at the temperance meetings last winter, that if she could only afford to keep strong coffee on hand, she believed she could keep her husband from the saloon, and conquer his taste for liquor. Yesterday I met her again, and she stopped me, the tears running down her cheeks. 'O, Miss Forth,' she said, 'I must tell you how Ben has stopped his drink, and we're pickin' up now with his wages; and its all owing to your Nan with her money she give me for coffee, and we both fought the liquor with it,

and I b'lieve Ben's saved.' That's where it went to."  
 Aunt Sue finished by clasping Nan in her arms.  
 "Humph!" Grandfather Ferris finally managed to say, after blowing his nose and wiping his spectacles, and clearing his throat. "A queer investment! Got any receipts for your loans?"  
 "O, grandpa, I didn't lend it!" Nan exclaimed.  
 "Well, if that isn't lending, I haven't understood my Bible," he muttered. "Why didn't you tell where it went to, at first?"  
 "I didn't see where I could make any money with it, and it seemed wrong to let it lie in my purse; but I didn't want any one talking of such things," she answered, with a bright blush.  
 "Well, who has made the most?" asked Grandfather Ferris. "Oscar has the most in trade, money, and shrewdness; Ned has the most useful and profitable knowledge, with his press; but Nan has a mortgage on two business stands, has saved one life perhaps, and a man's manhood, and has contributed to a good many people's happiness."  
 "Hurrah for Nan!" cried Ned.  
 "Who would have thought her talent would have turned out so?" he remarked the next day, as they were critically examining the lovely watch on its satin bed.  
 "Business, boys," said Grandfather Ferris, is a good thing; but one must have a care in all transactions for profit; because selfishness begets greed, and greed, cunning, and cunning dishonesty in many cases. There is no investment that pays so well, after all, as lending to the Lord; and Nan has proved, that, even with one talent, no one need be an unprofitable servant."—Sarah Bierce Scarborough, in *Congregationalist*.  
**Some Explanations.**  
 J. P. OTIS.  
 My note, concerning certain "errors and omissions," which I did not intend should appear quite in the form it did, led to some correspondence, and the result thereof may be of some interest to the readers of the *METHODIST*.  
 1. As to the error in the Plan of Examination, it appears to be due to a misunderstanding, and the correct list of committees is on page 8 of the Minutes.  
 2. As to the apparent omissions, in the answer to Question 1, on page 11, the secretary informs me, that the answer to that question was made as it is, under instruction of the Bishop; the formal transfer of Bros. Sheets, Moore, and Tabler not having then been received.  
 Just on what theory they received, appointments, two of them at least, is not clear in similar circumstances this spring. Mt. Vernon Place, Baltimore, was read off, "to be supplied." However, the formalities have since been complied with, and "all's well that ends well."  
 3. As to the Missionary sermon for next year, Bishop Foster writes me, that he is under the impression an appointment was made, but failed to be voted. He, however, supplies the omission, by re-appointing Bro. W. S. Robinson for next spring, with Bro. W. F. Corkran, as alternate; and they will please take notice accordingly.  
 4. Several have called attention to a discrepancy between the Missionary receipts as reported in statistics No. 1, and those by the treasurer of the Conference Missionary Society; the former being \$23,783, and the latter \$23,779. This is due to the fact, that Harbeson reports \$4 in the statistics, and \$5 in the account of the treasurer; while Crisfield reports \$205 in the statistics, and \$200 in the treasurer's accounts. The former probably added a dollar, after, coming to conference, but failed to put it in the statistics; the latter inadvertently omitting to deduct "expenses," in his statistics (see Minutes page 105). In both cases the figures of the Missionary treasurer, which are really those of the conference treasurer, are correct.  
 5. It has also been noted, that the name of Bro. Ewing improperly appears, in the answers to questions 8 and 9 on page 11. By reference to page 17, Minutes of 1888, it will be seen, that he was ordained a year ago. The error probably arose from the fact, that in his conference studies Bro. Ewing is classed with those who were ordained deacons this year.  
 P. S. Since writing the above, Bro. Gregg's

article in the *METHODIST* of May 4th, has come to hand. It reminds me of the Irishman's gun—that famous weapon was bent, so it could shoot around a corner, while Bro. Gregg's gun shoots two ways at once, knocking over Bro. Jones, and the missionary preachers. I leave Bro. Jones to nurse his own wounds, but I will venture a word for the missionary preachers. That there was no missionary sermon preached this year was not the fault of Bro. Robinson. He was ready, and we know it would not have been a "meagre" affair; but some influence, the nature of which I do not accurately know, exerted a pressure to which he yielded; and Dr. Hiff preached in his stead. The fact is, the missionary sermon is usually put in a corner—perhaps it can't be helped—where its usefulness is greatly impaired, if not destroyed; and sometimes it gets not even a corner.  
 On one occasion I was assigned this duty of preaching the missionary sermon, and when the time came, I found it was in the evening when the conference met to transact the last items of business, and to hear the appointments. Of course I refused to preach. Let us try to give this sermon a fair chance.  
**The Methodist Review.**  
 On our third page, will be found a brief notice of the May issue, of this periodical. Dr. Mendenhall makes good the promise of the preceding numbers, and we are gratified to find a growing interest in the *Review*.  
 The subscription list, we understand, is ahead of all publications of its class, and over 1400 new names have been added, since Dr. Mendenhall has become its editor.  
 The current issue is the best yet. The symposium on the Heathen, by Drs. Terry, Shedd, and King, is of very great interest, and the editor's department, of course, is brilliant, incisive, and suggestive.  
 The *New York Christian Advocate* tells, that Father William C. Gaynor, a priest and six other Roman Catholics were received at one time, into the Tabernacle Methodist Church of Syracuse, N. Y.  
**It is a Curious Fact**  
 That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine, than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifying and enriching the blood, creating an appetite, and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.  
**Quarterly Conference Appointments.**  
 WILMINGTON DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.  

MAY.		
Q. Conf.	Preaching.	
Wesley,	20 7 1/2	19 3
Grace,	17 9	26 10 1/2
Cherry Hill,	27 9	26 3
Newark,	27 3	26 7 1/2
JUNE.		
St. Georges,	1 3	2 10 1/2
Port Penn,	1 10	2 3
Delaware City,	1 7 1/2	2 7 1/2
Swedish Mission,	4 7 1/2	
Newport,	8 7 1/2	9 10 1/2
St. Paul's,	10 7 1/2	9 10 1/2
Asbury,	15 7 1/2	9 10 1/2
Epworth,	15 7 1/2	9 7 1/2

 W. L. S. MURRAY, P. E.  
 EASTON DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.  

MAY.		
Q. Conf.	Preaching.	
Church Hill,	11	12
Queensdown,	18	19
Kent Island,	18	19
Wye & Halls,	19	20
Easton,	24	26
King's Creek,	25	26
Hillsboro,	25	26
Greensboro,	26	27
Oxford,	1	2
Trappe,	2	3
Bay Side,	6	6
St. Michael's,	7	9
Royal Oak & Talbot,	8	9
Middletown,	15	16
Odessa,	15	16
Townsend,	16	17

 J. FRANCE, P. E.  
 DOVER DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.  

MAY.		
Date.	Q. Conf. S. Service	
Potter's Landing,	18 19	S 2 10
Farmington,	17 19	F 2 10
Burrsville,	18 19	S 9 10
Denton,	19 20	M 9 2
Harrington,	26 27	M 9 7
Houston,	25 26	S 10 7
Milford,	24 26	F 7 3
JUNE.		
Greenwood,	May 31	2 F 1 3
Bridgeville,	2	F 7 3
Cannon,	2 3	S 10 7
Seaford,	2 3	S 7 9
Lincoln,	8 9	S 10 11
Ellendale,	7 9	F 2 10
Milton,	7 9	F 8 2
Harbeson,	9 10	M 9 8
Lewes,	9 10	M 7 10
Georgetown,	14 16	F 8 8
Millsboro,	15 17	F 8 10
Nassau,	10 16	M 2 2

 JOHN A. B. WILSON, P. E.

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 12-17-89



Peninsula Methodist

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY J. MILLER THOMAS, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, WILMINGTON, DEL.

OFFICE, 604 MARKET STREET.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three Months, in Advance, 85 Cents. Six Months, 1.50. One Year, 3.00.

Transient advertisements, first insertion, 20 Cents per line; each subsequent insertion, 10 Cents per line.

Liberal arrangements made with persons advertising by the quarter or year.

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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.

All subscribers changing their post-office address should give both the old as well as the new.

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

We will send the PENINSULA METHODIST from now until January 1st, 1890, to new subscribers, for only fifty-five (55) cents. One and two cent stamps taken.

We club the PENINSULA METHODIST with the African News, from now to January 1st, 1890, at \$1.35 for both papers. (Back numbers of the African News furnished.)

"I am the Door."

We transfer to our first page, a tenderly touching discourse by Dr. Howard Henderson, on Heavenly Recognition. It will stir responsive sympathies in many bereaved hearts.

We all feel the force of so attractive anticipations; how sad it is, that so many fail to see the loveliness of Him, whose self-sacrifice makes eternal fruition possible to sinners.

A happy existence after death is the desire of every one who looks beyond the grave; and it is delightful, to think of heaven, to sing and talk of heaven; but without "the hope that maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given to us," all such pleasing anticipations are doomed to inevitable disappointment.

Let us secure recognition as Christ's disciples here, and we shall be sure of future and eternal recognition, as his own elect.

Our Last Lesson.

Among the many impressive thoughts suggested by the incidents of the supper at Bethany, so graphically depicted by three of the gospel historians, and reviewed in last Sunday's lesson, we have been most deeply moved by the startling contrast, between the selfish treachery of one disciple, and the loving devotion of another that counted no sacrifice too costly that could honor her Master.

It does not seem strange, that the loving heart of the gentle Mary, who had "chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her," should prompt to offices of grateful attention to him, who had crowned all other favors, with the restoration of her dead brother to life. Her love and gratitude coveted the privilege, of the costliest sacrifice in his behalf. And highly did the Master appreciate it,—"She hath done what she could," he said, not, as if it were little she could do, but to the utmost of her ability she testified her love.

The house was filled with the fragrant odor; and wheresoever the gospel shall be preached, Mary's memorial shall be a stimulus and example, to like devotion. In what awful contrast looms up the treachery of Judas. Betraying the fatally selfish spirit that reigned within him, by his unseemly faultfinding with a virtue he was too sordid to appreciate, he soon seeks more congenial company and finds it in the plotting Scribes and Pharisees who were thirsting for his Master's blood. As Mary's costly gift filled the house with delicious odors, Judas' betrayal of the Lord, surcharged the region round about, with the sulphurous fumes of perdition.

The enemies of Christ had resolved to put him to death, and had waited long for a favorable opportunity to put their purposes into effect; but they waited in vain, till one of his chosen disciples came to them, and delivered him into their hands.

May we not learn from this, how powerless for harm are the enemies of Christ and his cause, without the co-operation of his friends. All the malice and plotting of his Jewish foes had failed to effect the apprehension of the saintly Nazarene, till Judas came and proffered his assistance.

Had there never been Judases among the Lord's disciples, who can measure the extent of victories, over which our Immanuel would have rejoiced, in the circling centuries? Might not millennial glories have crowned our race ere this, had every disciple been true, and as devoted as Lazarus' sister Mary?

Another Pilgrim Reaches Home.

Friday evening, May 10th, 1889, our venerable and venerated sister, Mrs. Jane Henry, the saintly widow of the saintly Itinerant, Rev. John Henry, passed from the scenes and associations of this mortal life, to be forever with the Lord. For thirty-three years she lingered behind her husband, in the loneliness of widowhood; much of this time a great sufferer, and often apparently moving beneath the shadows of the valley of death, but always in the spirit of perfect resignation, and cheerfully enduring, as seeing him who is invisible.

Her husband, born of pious parents, in Sligo, Ireland, Dec. 15th, 1787, joined the Methodist Society at ten years of age, and was conscious of converting grace, a year later. At sixteen he was appointed class leader, and soon after was licensed to preach. In 1819 he came to this country, and after teaching in Cumberland, Md., a short time, began his life work, as a supply on the Juniata in Pennsylvania, with Robert Cadden and Bazzillai Barry. In 1821, Bishop George sent him to assist Lawrence Lawrenson, on what was known as Wilmington circuit. The next year he was admitted on trial in the Philadelphia Conference, and was sent as junior preacher with Charles Read to Cambridge circuit; Lawrence Lawrenson being presiding elder of Delaware district.

One of brother Henry's Conference class-mates, the venerable Dr. Joseph Holdich, still survives, in age and feebleness extreme, after an itinerant career of sixty seven years. His first ten years in the ministry were spent on the Peninsula. After three years in New Jersey, he returned to his early field, and devoted to it, about one half of his subsequent ministry. In 1854, after thirty-one years of faithful service, he retired with his devoted wife, from the effective ranks. He died June 17, 1856.

As illustrative of the zeal and earnest spirit of these servants of the churches, we recall some incidents of their pastorate over North East circuit. It was in the summer of 1840, when political excitement was at fever heat, over the rival claims of Martin Van Buren and William Henry Harrison, for the suffrages of the people, as candidate for the Presidency. A camp-meeting had been held near

the village, and no little religious interest had been awakened. To conserve this most desirable state of things, Bro. Henry suggested a mid-summer protracted meeting in the church; and though the good brethren regarded it as an unheard of thing, and involving great risk of failure, the pastor carried his point. Most grandly did the Master vindicate the zeal and faith of his servant. A most extensive revival resulted, in which a large number of persons were soundly converted. Among these were twenty or more young people, from seven to seventeen years of age. For their encouragement, training, and instruction, they were placed in the care of the pastor's wife, who welcomed them into her little parlor every week, and by her kindly, gentle, and wise counsels, built them up in the faith.

In this children's class, thus led by sister Henry, were four children of one family, two of whom have been in the itinerant ministry, of the M. E. church for more than thirty-five years, one of whom became the wife of an itinerant, and the fourth, for many years, was an active and highly esteemed official member of the same church.

Most of the other members of that class, have either passed over, to greet their spiritual father, and his saintly wife, their revered class-leader, or are still toiling hard to make the blest shore.

Sister Henry's life was eminently fruitful; the illustration given, we think, is characteristic of her history as a minister's wife, she was a help-meet indeed. In her brain originated the grand conception of a Home for aged and dependent Methodists; and to her belongs the honor of making the incipient movements for embodying this idea in practical work. At her request, the Methodist sisters of the Philadelphia churches were invited by the several pastors, to meet together to consider this subject, and at the first meeting in Trinity church, Mrs. Jane Henry presided.

Other efficient and devoted women took the project upon their hearts and hands; prominent among whom was the wife of our honored and lamented Bishop Simpson, who has so long and so successfully served as president of the Home. The "idea" suggested by this modest, godly widow of an humble itinerant, has developed into an institution, whose property value is estimated at \$200,000, and whose beneficent influence, in affording the comforts of a home, to so many brothers and sisters of our Methodist family who would otherwise be without them, is incalculable. More enduring than granite, is such a memorial.

Sister Henry, while a helpless invalid, did much work for the dear Lord, by writing of her religious experiences, and unfolding the lessons of divine truth in the blessed Word.

She "fell asleep in Jesus," just eight days after she had passed the 77th anniversary of her birth.

Asking attending friends to sing for her, one of the songs of Zion, as she felt the spray from the cold waters of Jordan, she selected that grand lyric of Charles Wesley,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land Where my possessious lie."

With a word of tender farewell, she "was not, for God took her."

One of her children's class, counts it a privilege to pay this imperfect tribute to the memory of one of the purest, truest, and holiest women, he has ever had the honor of being acquainted with. It was his sadly pleasant duty, with other friends, last Monday afternoon, to bear her sacred dust, to its last resting place, between that of her husband and their infant child, in the beautiful cemetery of South Laurel Hill, Philadelphia.

"The memory of the just is blessed." "She hath done what she could."

Our Inside.

If any readers of the PENINSULA METHODIST fail to inspect carefully the columns that are printed on the inside

of our weekly issues, they will miss some of our very best things. Not only do we find there, every week, Chaplain Holway's clear and scholarly exposition of each Sunday-school lesson, unexcelled as such, by any we find elsewhere, choice selections for children, temperance facts and arguments, occasional memorials of departed saints, with miscellaneous excerpts; but occasionally, there are original articles of special interest. This week, we have on page 2, "Some Explanations" in reference to the Minutes, by Rev. J. P. Otis, and an editorial note that seems to have lost its way, not only in respect to date, but to place as well. Our Review notice having been misplaced, we attempted to straighten matters, by a "note" in the same issue; when lo! it is crowded out; and appears a week later. The Review notice, referred to, will be found on "third page" of our issue of May 11.

On page three, of this week's paper, we have an installment of the Pastoral Record, by Presiding Elder Murray, and an article on Conference Academy, by pastor DuHadway.

Dr. Murray reports favorably, on page six, of twenty-five of his pastoral charges.

Dr. Frank L. Vincent, brother of Bishop Vincent of our Church, and a member of the Faculty of Clifton Springs Sanitarium, died May 14th; it is supposed by an accident, while making some chemical experiments.

We deplore this sad event, and assure his brother, the bishop, and all his personal friends, of our deep sympathy. "Verily, there is but a step between thee and death."

W. F. M. S.

The Wilmington and Easton districts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, met in annual session, in the M. E. church, Middletown, Del., Wednesday and Thursday of last week, Mrs. J. R. Phillips, Dist. Sec., presided, Mrs. L. A. Lingo, of Wilmington, was chosen secretary.

Mrs. E. B. Stevens, Conference Secretary, led the devotions in the opening session. Cordial greetings were extended by the President of the Middletown auxiliary, Mrs. M. L. Cox, and Rev. R. H. Adams, which were responded to by Miss Mary Crouch of Wilmington.

The roll call of auxiliaries was answered by twenty societies; most of them giving encouraging reports of their work. Interesting and inspiring papers were read by Mrs. Stengle and Miss Marvel, of Wilmington. Mrs. W. H. Moore gave a review of the twenty years' history of the Society, since its organization in Boston, May 26, 1869. There are now one hundred and sixty missionaries in its field, and nearly two million dollars have been raised and distributed.

The twenty-sixth of April was observed as a thank-offering day, and one hundred dollars were given by the churches in Wilmington.

In behalf of the "Middletown Mite Gatherers;" Mrs. Cox presented \$35, as their thank-offering, and with it, a beautiful quilt, to be sent through Mrs. Stevens to Miss Spencer in Tokio, Japan.

Mrs. J. F. Keen, Secretary of the Philadelphia Branch, was present, and gave much useful information. She delivered an address Wednesday evening.

The meeting which was interesting and enthusiastic, adjourned to meet in Smyrna, a year hence.

The Seventieth Annual Report of the Missionary Society is out, making a stout pamphlet volume of 470 pages, replete with fresh and interesting information, from all our missions at home and abroad.

Fifteen pages are given to the work in Africa, under supervision of Bishop Taylor. "His sojourn in this benighted land," say the Conference Minutes, "has been a great benefit to Africa; and we commend him and his self-supporting missionaries, to the care and keeping of

God the Father, and pray that their lives and health may be precious in his sight."

Encouraging success is reported in nearly every mission.

One of our city papers goes out of its way; to make an insulting fling at ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes. If our cotemporary were as careful, to avoid perpetrating a fraud upon its readers, as it is eager to asperse the name of a distinguished public servant, it would not conceal the fact, that Mr. Hayes' title to the Presidency of the United States, was decided to be valid, by the highest authority in the land. If there was any fraud in the election, the Congress of the United States decided it was not in Mr. Hayes' title.

Never in the history of this country was the result of a Presidential election, determined, with such care, and by such an august tribunal. Not only did the Electoral Commission, chosen by Congress, pass upon the question, but their verdict was afterwards accepted and approved by both houses of Congress. If any one of our Presidents ever had a valid title to that high office, Rutherford B. Hayes had.

Preaching the Gospel.

The highest commission ever given to man is that of preaching the gospel of Christ. The supreme honor of any man is that conferred, when God calls him to proclaim the message of eternal life to the world.

Christ was a prince of preachers. He proclaimed the truths of the kingdom, and by the use of such forms of expression and illustration, that these truths continue to unfold with increasing richness and fullness. We ought to learn constantly new lessons in preaching, from Christ, the world's greatest teacher and preacher. The bishop of Liverpool in one of his sermons recently said: "Preaching consists in telling in simple language, the things of the gospel; and as long as the world stands no instrument can be compared to it for doing good. Christ was sent into the world, as a preacher; Christ commissioned his apostles as preachers; preaching founded Christianity; preaching brought the light of the Reformation into Germany and England; and preaching accomplished the great revival in England. What was wanted now was not more ceremonies and forms, but more simple preaching of the gospel." This is well said, and the Church needs to cherish a higher regard, for the simple preaching of the gospel.

The mission of the preacher is not to prove Christianity, but to preach it. He is not so much to establish the divinity of Christ, or what he thinks of Christ, but to proclaim Christ, just as he is presented in the gospel and human experience. Christianity and Christ are their own proofs and testimonies, if they are once proclaimed to men and understood by them. It is the simple, lucid preaching of the gospel, that is to day renovating the world. "Preach the word."—Religious Telescope.

The Northern Christian Advocate is responsible for the following: "A word about the ethics of writing for the press. There is certainly some consideration due compositors. They are not overpaid, and every piece of poor manuscript makes a difference. An article written so illegibly, as to take twice as long to set up as it ought to take, just doubles the work or divides the earnings. If this is not stark robbery, it is a form of imposition, which touches it very closely. Write plainly, and use paper freely."

On the western coast of Africa, there are over one hundred congregations. In Sierra Leone, fifty thousand civilized Africans worship the God of our fathers. Two thousand miles of sea-coast have been wrested from the slave trade, and the church and school substituted for the slave-pen.



Wilmington District.

Of the forty pastors on Wilmington District, five begin their fourth year, nine, their third, twelve, their second, and fourteen, their first. In the exchanges made at the last Conference, we gave to each district except Easton, and received from all. We rejoice, that all who have gone from us, and all who have come to us, have been gladly received and have made fine impressions.

BRANDYWINE, C. A. Grise, A. M., pastor, expects stain glass windows, soon to take the place of their paper ones; to aid this work, J. T. Mullen lectured, on his tour in Europe. The pastor is giving special attention to his probationers.

MT. LEBANON AND NEWARK UNION, T. N. Given, pastor, have rented and furnished a parsonage, and increased the salary. They expect soon to make extensive repairs at Mt. Lebanon.

MT. PLEASANT & EDGEWOOD, receives pastoral oversight from J. T. Van Burkalow, who is planning aggressive work. His recent sermon before a visiting Order has been highly spoken of.

BIG ELK, T. A. H. O'Brien, pastor, has just closed a very successful revival meeting. Bro. O'Brien was assisted by Rev. John Thorp.

BETHEL & GLASGOW, S. T. Gardner, pastor, send cheering reports, notwithstanding they were very reluctant to part with Bro. Burke.

CHESAPEAKE CITY & MANOR, E. H. Nelson, pastor, not only continue their regular work, but are hoping with good reasons, to have a new church in the near future. Bro. Nelson is seeking help outside; and I bespeak for him a hearing, and a liberal response.

HOCKESSIN & EBENEZER, Julius Dodd, pastor, appointed a committee on building a parsonage, and advanced the salary.

ROWLANDSVILLE & MT. PLEASANT, James Douglas, pastor, regretted to give up Bro. McKinsey, but cheerfully received Bro. Douglas. They are much pleased, and full of hope.

RISEING SUN, welcomed with joy the return of Rev. Isaac Jewell, as their pastor, for the fourth year. The great success of the past three years assures the present year.

PORT DEPOSIT, J. P. Otis, pastor, continues abundant in labors. No church has a stronger hold on her young people nor do I know any church under greater obligation to her young folks. The question here is not, how shall we reach the young, but rather, what shall we do to reach the adults of the community.

MARSHALTON & STANTON, a new charge, formerly associated with Newport has for its pastor, a graduate of the Conference Academy and Drew Theological Seminary, in Rev. T. C. Smoot. They have rented and furnished a parsonage, and fixed his salary at \$500.

MADELEY, was beautifully decorated, to receive Rev. H. W. Ewing, on his return from Conference. Speeches were made by Rev. J. Dumbracco, Rev. Isaac Jewell, the pastor, and the presiding elder. The congregation presented Bro. Ewing with a gold watch, after which refreshments were served. There was the greatest variety in this quarterly conference, of any yet held. The pastor since then, has taken to himself a wife.

HOPEWELL, continues to prosper under the pastorate of Rev. John Jones. Since this church was made a station, there has been a great advance in all church work.

ZION Rev. E. H. Hynson, pastor, is the only charge on the district that continues the old time custom of having a sermon the Saturday morning of quarterly meeting, following it with a lunch, in the church. This latter part is always very enjoyable. The presiding elder is not excused from preaching and holding love feast, the Sunday following.

CHARLESTOWN, Rev. T. B. Hunter, pastor, was the only church of three visited by the presiding elder, Easter Sunday, that had decorations and special

music. The service was well attended, and much appreciated. The pastor begins his third year, with interest and a hopeful outlook.

ELK NECK, gave Rev. D. F. McFaul a reception, which made him and his family feel that they were among friends. Bro. McFaul and the people are looking on the bright side, and taking a hopeful view. Rev. E. H. Miller left many friends on this charge, where he spent two years.

CHESTER & BETHEL, received Rev. E. P. Prettyman and family, with great expectations. We feel sure, they will not be disappointed. The salary was increased. Rev. J. W. Hammersley and family have a warm place in the hearts of this people.

THE SWEDISH MISSION will be supplied for a while by Rev. Konrad R. Hartwig, and an exhorter from Philadelphia. We hope soon to secure a single man, as pastor.

MR. SALEM, W. E. Avery, pastor is pushing the work, with blessed results. Heaters have been placed in Riddle's chapel, and an infant school room, has been fitted up, which greatly delights the little folks.

SILVERBROOK, C. K. Morris, pastor, was lifted to the prominence of a pastoral charge, by the Bishop, at the last session of our Conference. The salary was fixed at \$500. G. Howard Smedley was licensed as a Local Preacher. He has attended the State normal school in Westchester four years, the Friend's School, this city, four years, and for some time past, has been a special student of Rev. W. E. Tomkinson. He was converted at Silverbrook, Sept. 15, 1884, and Silverbrook gives him authority to preach.

NORTH EAST; J. B. Quigg, pastor, begins his third year. Assisted by his daughter, Miss Grace, Brother Quigg has been making special efforts, since Conference, in the interest of the Ladies Hall of the Conference Academy.

CLAYMONT cheerfully received Rev. W. E. Tomkinson, and has heard him gladly. There have been many expressions of appreciation of his services, and of regret that no parsonage could be secured. Rev. J. N. Rawlins, the pastoral supply of this place for years, did a good work.

ERWORTH; Rev. D. H. Corkran, begins his fourth year. Improvements on the church building have been ordered, and the work is expected to be completed by the first of June.

SCOTT; V. S. Collins, pastor, begins his second year, with bright prospects. The work on the parsonage costing about \$1,000, is a great credit to the church, and is much appreciated by the pastor and his family. The Christian Endeavor Society was changed to an Oxford League, and the officers approved by the quarterly conference.

A class for instruction in the catechism has been organized, with an attendance of about sixty. A new feature in this quarterly conference, under the head of any other business, was the report of an auditing committee, which had examined all church accounts and found them correct.

ELKTON is justly proud of having the best parsonage in the district. It cost \$4200. The \$1,000, not provided for, was raised in a very short time, May the 6th, after a statement by Hon. W. J. Jones, in behalf of the trustees. Rev. Charles Hill rejoices, because the pleasure of the Lord is prospering in his hands.

Missionary Society. The receipts for the first five months of the current fiscal year, amount to \$300,470.65; this is an advance of \$72,538.48 over the receipts for the corresponding months of the preceding year. This looks favorable for securing the full \$1,200,000, called for by the General Committee.

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"Best Methods."

Brother Gregg gives my words a meaning, they were not intended to convey; and, after twisting them into a man of straw, proceeds to demolish him.

He says, "to talk about moral reform in these days etc. \* \* \* Moral reform! when the combined forces of the whiskey men, like ravening demons, are ready to destroy our families, etc."

The truth is, my advocacy then was by bullets, as it now is by ballots.

The difficulty with Brother Gregg's logic is, he entirely misapprehends the meaning of the expression, "moral reform," and allows his mind to be biased by some ghost of the past, rather than give careful attention to the meaning of the terms he uses.

I made no kind of allusion to that old hackneyed phrase, "Moral Suasion," which Bro. Gregg evidently confounds with the phrase, "Moral Reform;" but altogether to another idea. I was writing about Constitutional Prohibition, by the people, through the medium of the ballot; and expressed my honest belief, that this great reform could more easily, and sooner be brought about, through one of the existing parties, than by a party, specially organized for that purpose; and so think six sevenths of the bishops of the Church, and a vast majority of her membership.

A "Moral Reform" may be brought about by agitation, prayer, ballots, and sometimes by bullets. Webster defines a Reform to be, "To form again, especially to put in a new and improved condition, to bring from bad to good, the amendment of what is defective, as reform of government, etc."

"Moral Reform" then, is "the forming again" of individuals, communities, and nations, according to the moral principles of righteousness, virtue, and sobriety; this is the moral reform of which I was writing, and which is to be brought about, by the entire prohibition of the liquor-traffic.

If such a glorious transformation would not be a "moral reform in this nation, what would it be?"

His major premise being false, his second assumption must necessarily fail; that is, that my "next best plan," would be high license. He surely knows well enough, that I am opposed on principle, to all license, either high or low, as I have plainly declared in his presence. I am in favor of entire legal prohibition, as the only effectual remedy for this great evil, and the only question has been one of "Methods."

How we can soonest and most effectually secure this great "Moral Reform," is one of the most difficult and most important questions of this generation.

Now, if brother Gregg, can give us a clear and conclusive solution of this great question, he will be placed among the leading benefactors of his countrymen.

I leave brothers Van Burkalow and Robinson, to answer the et cetera.

R. C. JONES.

Lecturer on Art: "Before I sit down, I shall be happy to answer any questions that any of you may wish to ask." Gentleman in audience: "I have enjoyed the lecture much, sir, and have understood it all except a few technical terms. Will you please tell me what you mean by the words perspective, fresco, and mickle-anjelo?" (Lecturer sits down discouraged).—Chicago Tribune.

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