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THE PARSON'S VACATION.

BY LOUIS EISENBEIS.

The old man went to meetin, for the day was bright and fair,
Though his limbs were very totterin, and 'twas hard to travel there;
But he hungered for the gospel, so he trudged the weary way,
On the road so rough and dusty, 'neath the summer's burning ray.

By and by he reached the buildin, to his soul a holy place;
Then he paused, and wiped the sweat drops off his thin and wrinkled face;
But he looked around bewildered, for the old bell did not toll;
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he didn't see a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "what does it mean?"
And he looked this way and that, till it seemed almost a dream;
He had walked the dusty highway, and he breathed a heavy sigh—
Just to go once more to meetin, e're the summons comes to die.

But he saw a little notice, tacked upon the meetin door,
So he limped along to read it, and he read it o'er and o'er;
Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read it o'er again,
Till his limbs began to tremble, and his eyes began to pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made his spirit burn!
"Pastor absent on vacation, church is closed till his return!"
Then he staggered slowly backward, and he sat him down to think,
For his soul was stirred within him, till he thought his heart would sink.

So he mused aloud, and wondered, to himself soliloquised—
"I have lived to almost eighty, and was never so surprised,
As I read that oddest notice, stickin on the meetin' door—
'Pastor off on a vacation'— never heard the like before!

Why, when I first jined the meetin, very many years ago,
Preachers traveled on the circuit, in the heat and through the snow;
If they got their clothes and vittals, (twas but little cash they got,)
They said nothin 'bout vacation, but were happy in their lot.

Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the shepherd leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or provide them food to eat?
So it strikes me very singler, when a man of holy hands,
Thinks he needs to have vacation, and forsakes the tender lambs.

Did St. Paul git such a notion, did a Wesley, or a Knox?
Did they in the heat of summer, turn away their needy flocks?
Did they shut their meetin houses, just to go and lounge about?
Why they knew if they did, Satan certainly would shout.

Do the taverns close their bar rooms, just to take a little rest?
Why 'twould be the height of nonsense, for their trade would be distressed.
Did you ever know it happen, or hear anybody tell,
Satan takin a vacation, shuttin up the doors of hell?

And shall preachers of the gospel, pack their trunks, and go away,
Leavin saints and dyin sinners, git along as best they may;
Are the souls of saints and sinners, valued less than sellin beer?
Or do preachers tire quicker, than the rest of mortals here?

Why it is, I cannot answer, but my feelings, they are stirred;
Here I've dragged my totterin footsteps, for to hear the gospel word,
But the preacher is a travellin, and the meetin house is closed;
I confess it's very tryin, hard indeed to keep composed.

Tell me, when I tread the valley, and go up the shinin height,
Will I hear an angel singing—will I see no gleaming light?
Will the golden harps be silent—will I meet no welcome there?
Why the thought is most distractin, 'twould be more than I could bear.

Tell me! when I reach the city, over on the other shore,
Will I find a little notice, tacked upon the golden door,
Tellin me, mid dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn—
'Jesus absent on vacation—Heaven closed till his return?'"

Westchester, Pa.

Preaching by the Way.

Under this title one of the editors of the *Presbyterian* relates the following incident which occurred on the cars as he travelled, we believe, to attend the funeral of his father in the distant West. Well would it be if all Christians would learn a lesson from it, and let their light shine as was done in this instance.

"No honest effort for Christ is ever lost. A word in season, how good it is! How much of the ministerial office consists in speaking a word in season to him that is weary. Two men, rather peculiarly dressed, sat opposite to us in the car. They were companions, neighbors, or perhaps bore the relation of minister and hearer. They talked by the hour of divine things—indeed, spoke only incidentally of anything else. It was not done to attract attention, for it was in a subdued voice. There was no cant in it, but as two pilgrims on their journey home they were exchanging experiences enlighten and strengthen each other. They had the old faith, and expressed its hopes, helps and consolations with wondrous power. They talked of the life of the soul, of its progress, its hindrances, its nurture and culture, which brought in the whole range of the dealings of God with his children. They agreed that God's providences, some of which must have been pretty hard were fatherly, faithful and corrective. They were talking for themselves only, not knowing that a brother, sorely tried within and without, journeyed with them, who forgot the space over which we were passing in the comfort they were giving to each other.

"A woman sat just back—a Jewish woman, with five little children, fretful and annoying. She was in trouble about the change she had to make ahead. The conductor became weary of her questionings. She broke down into profuse weeping, saying, 'I can bear up no longer,' and in her grief, she exclaimed, 'I cannot get away from the children, and what can I do?'"

"Immediately the strangely clothed messenger of mercy turned and said, 'Sister, what troubles you?' Said she, 'I have just buried my husband, and I have these five helpless children. You see that they are all babies, and I am too poor to go in the sleeper, where I could be free from this care, and I never traveled without my husband. He did all this for me, and helped in the care of the children too. I bothered the conductor until he is cross, and I am so ignorant of the way, and now I have so much trouble I will go crazy.' Taking up the most drowsy of the children, he placed him on the lap of his friend, and taking the baby he began chirping to it like a bird, until the fatherless thing began to call him papa. And then he commenced to comfort the poor heart of this daughter of Israel. He said, 'Give your self no more trouble about the journey. We are going to Fort Wayne and you will have no other change to Chicago, where you say your brother will meet you.' Soon the babe was asleep, and when the conductor came, he said, 'Turn over the back of the set for this poor afflicted woman,' and laying it down he covered it with his blanket. Soon his friend had the other one asleep and the fatherless ones lay feet to feet. He asked her about her husband. He said, had he any hope in his death?' 'O,' said she 'we

are not Christians, we are Jews.' 'Well,' said he, 'had he the hope of Israel?' 'Yes,' said she, 'he longed for the God of his fathers. Said she, 'It seemed strange to hear you say sister. I thought you did not know we were Jews, or you would not have spoken in that kind way. But, sir, I took it to myself for I felt I needed the help of a strong man like you.' I almost wish you were my brother, for I feel so helped. 'I am,' said he; my Master was a brother to all weary and heavy-laden ones. He is your brother, too, if you could believe it.' 'Well,' said she, 'if it makes all who believe it as kind as you, I would be glad to believe it too.' He said, 'Poor afflicted sister, how great your loss. I do not know how you stand it. I lost my oldest daughter, and if it had not been for my belief that my Lord was strengthening me, as one that sticketh closer than a brother, I think it would have killed me.'

"He then said kindly, 'How is it that you Jewish people, so long since his crucifixion, still hold your hostility to one of your own blood? I would think what had been done for the world by Him and what had been done for your suffering people by his followers would make you feel kindly.' 'O,' said she, 'we do, but we cannot believe—we can reverence all that is lovely in the Christian character. We do not dislike Christians. The trouble is they will not like us. The shadows of two thousand years lie between.'

"'Why,' said she, 'I have never in all my life met one like you. They are not all like you. When you called me sister it startled me as if you were going to impose on a helpless woman—it was your kindness after that made me feel secure.' Said he, 'There are multitudes of Christians better than I am, though they may not be so quick to answer to sorrow. I have just left affliction, and grieved hearts are quick to know each other.' Here we parted to enter the 'sleeper' at Pittsburgh, and we never saw these faces of Jew and Gentile again. We were wiser and we hope better possessed with a better idea of the power of Christian kindness than ever before. We knew no more of the strange men, who both instructed us, than a fellow-traveler who had been listening, who said, 'They are Mentonites from the centre of Pennsylvania;' and added this, 'I am not a Christian; but if preachers were all like that man there would not be many sinners left.'"
Christian Statesman.

How to Teach the Lesson.

An answer to this question involves the entire theory of the art of teaching. To discuss it with anything like completeness would require a volume. All that can be done in this article is to touch briefly upon one or two of the most practical points.

The first and most obvious thought that arises here is this, that the teacher should aim to get from his class what has been suggested as the primary demand from himself, namely, to commit to memory the verses which form the basis of the lesson. If this memorizing is important for the teacher, it is no less for the scholar, and the task for the scholar is ordinarily much easier. As we advance in years the act of committing to memory becomes, for the most part, more and more difficult. The fact

is an additional reason why in early life the memory should be stored with these precious selected passages of Holy Writ. It may require some tact and persistent ingenuity to bring a class up to the discharge of this first duty. A positive demand is seldom expedient. But by suitable persuasives, persistently followed up, the end is almost sure to be gained. Suppose the teacher, after having told the class the week before what he desires in this matter, and how he will be pleased with their doing it, should begin the lesson on this wise: "You heard my request last Sunday about committing the verses to memory; which of you are prepared to recite them now? I see that three of you are ready. I am delighted. Are there any others that know part of the verses? It seems that almost all of you know one verse or more. That is an excellent beginning. Now let us try an experiment that I am sure will interest you. We will all close our books and listen to William while he recites the verses. No one must interrupt him while he is reciting, and no one must look in the book; but after he is through, let us see if you or I, any of us, have noticed any mistakes that he made, any word misplaced or left out. Now, William, go on."

But, as will often occur, especially at first, suppose no one of the class is ready to undertake the recitation. Then, let the teacher say: "Well, perhaps some of you may be ready next Sunday; if you can not at first come prepared to say the whole, try and say a part, if it is only a verse or two; make a beginning. Today, as some of you seem willing, I will try and say the verses myself, and while I do so, all of you open your Bibles, and see if I make any mistake. I dare say I shall, for it is difficult for me to commit to memory. But I have studied the verses a good deal, and think I have the words by heart. Do not interrupt me while I am reciting, for that would confuse me; but note carefully every word as I proceed, and at the end let me know every mistake that I shall make."

Suppose considerable number of the class, but not all know the words. The teacher might vary the exercise in this way: "William, and Joseph, and Thomas, and Theodore, and myself think we know the words, the rest of you, who do not, open your Bibles and watch for mistakes while we recite the passage verse about. I will take the first verse, William the second, and so on."

Now, if I know anything of child nature, it is not possible but that exercises like these will gradually take effect. There will be a healthy excitement about it; the minds of the scholars will be stirred up to exertion in the way of committing to memory. Let the teacher, however, always identify himself with the class. Say "we," instead of "you." In all our efforts to get work out of others, it makes a great difference whether we say, "Come, boys," or "Go boys." Words of commendation also should not be wanting where one class succeeds better than usual in repeating the words.

In regard to the class committing to memory the parallel passages, the case is not so clear. One thing, however, is very desirable, and to some extent practicable. The teacher, on the Sunday previous, might give the class a list of the parallel passages which he intends to use in teaching the lesson, and show them where each passage is found; he might

then say: "Now, if any of you, besides learning the verses of the lesson, will learn any or all of these parallel passages, I shall be much pleased. But, if you cannot do that, please to learn where each is found, and mark it in your Bible, and remember the chapter and verse, so that when I recite it to you, as I intend to do, you can at once, without opening your Bible, tell me exactly where the passage is found." To carry out this plan, the teacher would, of course, have to make a part of his preparation, that is, the selection of his parallel texts, a week in advance.

In connection with this part of the exercises, it would be well for the teacher, after giving the class a list of the texts which he has selected, to say to them: "It is important for you to learn to study the Scriptures by yourselves, and not be dependent on me or on any other teacher. I shall be exceedingly gratified, therefore, if next Sunday besides preparing yourselves on the parallel texts which I have selected, you will each see if you cannot find one or more passages of your own, that you think parallel and illustrative of the lesson." Suggestions of this sort, sooner or later, will be responded to, and you will find your class gradually taking the greatest relish in this kind of exercise.

In this connection, also, I may remark that no inconsiderable part of the teacher's work consists in directing the attention of the class the week beforehand to the points to be studied in the lesson for the following Sabbath. In the week-day school the experienced teacher always does this. Before beginning the lesson of the day ask the class to open their Bibles to the lesson for the next Sabbath, and point out to them the words and phrases that are likely to present difficulties, and, if practicable, tell them where to look for the explanation.

As you have stimulated them to hunt up parallel passages of their own, so if possible, excite among them the ambition to discover for themselves practical lessons to be derived from the subject, similar to those which you are in the habit of giving them. Remember that one thing that you can get a scholar to do for himself is worth twenty things that you may do for him. Your chief aim, indeed, in exerting your own mental activity, should be to stir up his. Only so far as you do this do you teach at all. Teaching is not telling, is not pouring out knowledge, but is doing whatever may be necessary to get the scholar to put forth his own powers, and to take up and make his the knowledge that you pour into his own lap.—*John S. Hart, in Sunday-School Times.*

THE little cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, has grown till the whole heaven is overspread, and there is a sound of abundance of rain. During less than one hundred years the number of translations of the Word has increased fivefold—from fifty to two hundred and fifty; of Protestant Missionary Societies, fourteenfold—from seven to one hundred; of male missionaries, eighteenfold—from one hundred and seventy to three thousand; of contributions, fortyfold—from two hundred and fifty thousand to ten millions of dollars; of converts, fiftyfold—from fifty thousand to two and a half millions; of mission schools, two hundredfold—from seventy to upwards of fourteen thousand.

Youth's Department.

Christine's Word.

"Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

Christine Wilson stopped at that verse in her morning reading, closed the Bible, and sat for a long time looking thoughtfully out of the window.

"I wonder," she said at last, slowly to herself, "I wonder if ever I have told any friend of mine what 'great things' Christ has done for me. I don't believe I have, I do not remember doing it, and yet why ought I not to, as well as the healed demoniac? I have been healed." There came into her face a look of reverent thankfulness as she remembered that for His sake her sins were forgiven, blotted out. Then she rose and put away her Bible, but all the while she was dressing to go down the street there was an absent, pre-occupied look on her fair young face.

"O dear!" she said at last, half impatiently, as she knotted the dainty lace tie at her throat, "I don't see why that verse haunts me so, I'm sure. Yes, I know I ought to tell my friends. And I will, too," she added suddenly and decidedly. "I will not be obliged to say again that I have been less grateful than the demoniac of old. But whom shall I tell? I know; I will speak to the first friend I meet."

The cloud lifted from her face, and with light heart she went out into the bright spring sunshine. The verse and the impression it had made upon her had almost slipped her mind when there came quick step just behind her.

"Christine," spoke a familiar voice, and there was Tom Wayland. The instant she heard him, and met his merry, quizzical glance, she remembered her resolution to tell "the first friend she met."

"But I didn't know it would be Tom. If only it was Ella Bailey, or any of the girls. Why should it be Tom, of all persons?"

Then, just there, a bit of Spencer flashed through her mind—"It chanced eternal God that chance did guide."

Christine involuntarily shivered. What if it were of God's special ordaining that she had met Tom? And after all, why could she not tell him as well as any one? questioned conscience. Had she not known him from her childhood up? They had studied the same books, played the same games; why should she hesitate to speak of this one thing to him?

"Why, because no one thinks of speaking seriously to Tom," she pleaded; "and he was never known to speak seriously himself."

Christine knew full well how mercilessly this self-same Tom could ridicule a thing when he chose.

"I cannot," she said decidedly to herself. "And besides, the street is no place to speak of such things."

"But you presented your friend, Miss Denham, to him on the street only yesterday, and why not present Jesus today?" urged conscience, to which reasoning Christine had no answer.

They had been walking along together, chatting of this and that all the while that Christine had been parleying with her conscience.

They had now come to the corner, Tom was going one way, Christine the other. He lifted his hat gracefully, and waited for her to pass, but Christine suddenly came to a standstill.

"Tom," she said hurriedly, "it occurred to me this morning, and I am so sorry and ashamed about it, that I never said one word to you about my best friend. O, Tom, you've no idea what a friend He is, nor how He helps and comforts me. I cannot tell you how much happier I am since I found my Saviour. Won't you let Him be your friend?"

Then she waited almost breathlessly. Would he turn it off with a laugh, as she had so often heard him? She looked up, and found, instead of a laugh an entirely new expression for Tom Wayland's face to wear; and something very like unto a tear glistening in his merry brown eye.

"Thank you Christine," he said gravely: "I have no one to speak to me of these things at home, and by the utter silence of my friends who profess to know about them I had begun to think there was nothing in it. I am very glad to find there is."

Then he was gone, and Christine hardly knew whether she most thankful to think that she had spoken, or ashamed that she had been so long silent.

Christine," said her brother, coming into the sitting-room where she was at work, a few days after, "there has been a dreadful accident. The Western express was run into by a freight, and a good many lives were lost; and they say Tom Tayland was on board."

Christine remembered that he had told her he should probably go away on the train on business; he had spoken of it, because it would oblige him to be absent from their church social meeting.

The report proved only too true; he was not only on the train, but was fatally injured. But there had been a few moments of consciousness after the accident and tearing a leaf from his note-book, Tom had painfully written a few lines, which he sent to Christine by one of the passengers who had escaped unhurt.

"Dear Christine," it read, "I cannot tell how I thank you for those words of yours. I think I found Him yesterday, and He has done great things for me in this dreadful time.—Tom."

"And to think," said Christine to herself, with a sob, "how near I came to not speaking it. How strange I should read just that verse that morning, and meet Tom! I suppose God knew all," and again that one little fragment came into her mind—"It chanced eternal God that chance did guide."

—The Watchman.

Methodism in Wilmington.

The regime of the Methodist Episcopal Church is unremitting in all its departments. The absence of the pastors at the Annual Conference creates no interregnum in church work, or in the pastoral jurisdiction of the charges. The Sabbath School, the class and prayer meetings, and even the pulpit, are all provided for by organic law. The interval is seldom longer than a week, including one Sabbath. And when a pastor's time limit expires, his successor is at once installed by Episcopal authority.

Our Methodism in Wilmington, with regard to all constitutional matters, is at least, in its usual working order; and judging by the annual reports of its several charges, it is better prepared than ever for its great mission of spreading "Scriptural Holiness" and saving souls. Care ought to be taken to fulfill the entire obligation of the Saviour's words in both directions. "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." A premium grade in one department of duty has no merit where the cases are equally binding, to atone for delinquency in other things. There ought surely to be no abatement in giving; indeed what is called giving is only the payment of claims that are just; and in this, there should for the most part, be an increase. But the multitude of offerings in the way of financial contributions, however much they may be magnified by some, is like "sounding brass" in the "eloquent orator," and "profiteth nothing," when the grace of charity is wanting. Nor must we forget that it is more important to convert a rich man's soul, than to inherit a bequest of millions from one who has died unsaved; and a Lazarus to be fed under the care of Christian charity, going to heaven when he dies, is a greater trophy to

the Lord's cause than the life-long patronage of Dives, whose soul is lost.

I am of the opinion, after ample opportunity for observation, that the Methodism of Wilmington will compare favorably with the religious status of the denomination in any other city or locality. Its history from the day Asbury, that the mother of churches, was organized, has been progressive, and like the vine of the gospel it has extended in many directions. But there is a difference between church extension by the erection of houses of worship and spiritual life—a "building up upon our most holy faith." Yet, both these factors may go together, and have gone together, and do coexist in our Methodism in Wilmington. But is there not room for improvement? And are not some things more excellent than others? And if I have not lost my reckoning, I think it is far better to sing hallelujah with the angels over the conversion of a sinner, than to shout with all the secretaries of our ecclesiastical body, "we are building two a day," and have "passed the million line." Let churches be built and furnished in the best artistic taste, but let it not be forgotten that "God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth."

If the sermon of Dr. Todd on class-meetings was prompted by the promptness of his church and our other churches of Wilmington in class attendance, it is at once a compliment and vindication that deserves to become monumental; but if it was prompted by the prevalence of delinquency in his own or other churches of our denomination, it is a reproach they keenly deserve. And, if after we have passed the first century of Methodism, it becomes necessary with our people, who are responsible enough to become church members, and intelligent enough to read "King James' Bible," to prove to them that class meetings are at once in harmony with the letter and spirit of the Scriptures, a fast ought to be proclaimed throughout all our Methodist borders in christendom and heathen lands, that our people may find favor with God, and come to the knowledge and practice of "the truth as it is in Jesus." And will it be contrary to the logic, or evangelism of the case to say, that every spiritual believer of our church who has the opportunity, will attend the class meeting, and every such one will be a cheerful and generous contributor of his means to the Lord's cause.

HELPER.

Letter from Bishop Taylor.

Mrs. Anne Taylor, wife of Bishop Taylor, sends us the following. We read it with deep emotion, and we ask our readers to pray for this heroic missionary, now on his way to the Congo. Bishop Taylor writes from Cape Palmas, March 12th, and says:

"I have arranged for six new stations among the heathen tribes in this part of Africa since the adjournment of Conference. I expect to leave here for the Upper Congo, May 8th tomorrow I start for the Cavalla (Canalla) river, which is the largest in Liberia to open more stations. I will on my return go up into the Krao country and open a few more. We have not the men to man them all; but will have the natives clear the ground, grow a crop and build houses, so that by December we may put in missionaries on a basis practically self-supporting. This is to me the most delightful, tropical climate I ever visited. I seldom see a house-fly, or hear the buzz of a mosquito. Good sail and good seasons, and a great field for missionary work and success. I go in May to the Upper Congo, leave ship at Banana, take a river steamer to Matada, then walk 230 miles to Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, taking with us in 1250 man-loads, on foot, the *Anne Taylor*, the new steel steamer which is to help me reach the inland tribes of this dark continent. As

to returning for General Conference, I have two or three years of ordinary hard work planned, and if the Lord enable me to do it in about eight months I shall be at General Conference. Stanley has his work, and he is a wonderful worker. I have my work by divine appointment on a different line, and involving greater issues."—*California Christian Advocate*.

Letter From Africa.

MALANGE, SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA, Feb. 28, 1887.

All is well! Bless God for pure love, that brings us into fellowship with angels and saved men. The Father's love was manifested to us in a wonderful way a few weeks ago, in raising to health my niece (Bertha Mead). She was near death's door, far out of our reach. We cried to our Lord for her, and He heard us and raised her up; but we were brought very low, and we felt our weakness as never before. The promises of God came to us with great comfort. We felt the presence of the Spirit and the love of Jesus, but our faith seemed to come short. Our cry was, "More faith!" faith to bring her to Jesus' feet. While we were praying, the Scripture written in James V. came to us. We went to her bed and complied as near as we could, anointing her with oil in the name of the Lord. After this, the burden seemed to be taken from us. All had been done, and we now felt that she lay at Jesus' feet—come life or death. He had the power, and all was well. We were watching by her bed. We thought all would be over soon. I took a spoonful of water; put it to her lips. She swallowed for the first time. We took great courage, and said, "The Lord is going to raise her up." The next morning she opened her eyes and knew us, and seemed surprised to think she was here. She continued to improve. In one week she was at the table with us. Her sickness has proved a blessing to her soul. All glory to Jesus!

So we move on by the hand of our God. The industrial school is in its infancy. We do what we can in teaching, etc. The mission work has been delayed for the want of a teacher, but I hear there is help on the way. Thank God, and may His blessings rest on them! The farm has yielded plenty of potatoes, corn, beans, etc., this season. We are now preparing the ground for the next season, which ripens in June and July. My sugar-cane is looking nicely, but it takes about fourteen months for it to mature, which gives me plenty of time for building my houses and furnaces for making sugar. The work does not show much yet; but the words of our dear Bishop comfort our hearts, "You are to work for a thousand generations to come." May God's children remember Malange in their prayers.

Your brother in the work,
SAMUEL J. MEAD.
—*Christian Witness*.

The Ideal Family.

The first great essentials of the ideal home and the ideal family are constant love, confidence, devotion, unselfishness, willingness to spend and be spent in the service of one another. The ideal home is one where the children shall say, "When we marry and have homes of our own, we wish to love and be loved as our father and mother love each other." It is where the sons are taught respect for all women, by the deference and kindness of their father to their mother; it is where daughters learn from their mother's patient example how beautiful a thing wifely and motherly affection is, learn the beauty of daily, unselfish devotion to the good of all. It is one where the atmosphere of love and kindness is so all-pervading that it softens every privation, ennobles every humble duty, and stimulates constantly all noble and unselfish aims.

This ideal can never be attained where there is not a fairly equal reciprocity in devotion, labor and self-denial between the different members of the family. Here is the rock on which many a family is wrecked after it has had propitious launching. It is possible for devotion on the part of some one to breed selfishness on the part of another. Sometimes it is the wife whose every wish is anticipated by the devoted husband, who learns not only to take all this attention and love for granted, without realizing any particular need for reciprocity of duty and affection on her part, and who, in consequence, develops a selfishness in consequence that will inevitably, in future years, mar the best home-life. Sometimes it is the husband, taking for granted the affectionate attentions and labors of his wife, accepting at her hands services and sacrifices entirely out of proportion to her share of matrimonial duties, who becomes in the end exacting, imperious and tyrannical. Sometimes—nay oftenest of all,—it is the children who absorb the time, attention and deference of their parents to a degree that develops them into little tyrants, reverses the law of parental rule, and makes everything and every person about the home subservient to their undisciplined tempers and immature desires.

Nor can that family ever attain to an ideal comfort and happiness, when the wishes, comfort and convenience of any one member of the family are allowed unreasonably to dominate the rest. In many a family one person may have the power to make all the rest so uncomfortable by his irritability and crossness if his wishes are not obeyed, that merely to escape this discomfort, the rest will hasten to yield anything demanded.

To eliminate all these "little foxes which spoil the vines" is especially the task and care of the mother, in which, however, she should be assisted by the precept and example of the father. It is not completed till every child has come to the full measure and stature of manhood and womanhood after the model of Christ and his teachings.—*Helen E. Starrett, Weekly Conference*.

A Rare Example.

Exactly sixty years ago a youth who had spent the first seventeen years of his life on a Connecticut farm, turned his face towards this city, as a place of employment and usefulness. He entered as office boy and runner in a charitable institution, which carried on a manufacturing establishment, at that time in its infancy. The institution grew apace, and he grew with it and rapidly, and soon became one of its most cherished workers. Within eight years he was chosen Assistant Treasurer, to which office he was elected yearly, and eventually was elected Treasurer, which position he holds to-day.

There have passed through his treasury during these sixty years above seventeen million dollars, and so far as known not one dollar was ever lost in connection with his department. No note ever went to protest, and his bank account was never overdrawn. During these sixty years he has been out of the office from illness but once for any length of time, and for only three months then. Nor has he taken, during these three-score years, on an average, one week's vacation per annum, and he is as hale to-day, apparently, as he was twenty years ago.

Not a little of the untarnished reputation of the house with which he is connected is due to his calm judgment, clear view of financial questions, incorruptible integrity and high Christian character. Taking into view the multiplicity of interests involved, the amount of money total absence of loss or failure in payment of notes, and the length of unbroken service given, is there a parallel in the city of New York, in religious or financial institutions, to the career of O. R. Kingsbury, Treasurer of the American Tract Society?—*Christian Weekly*.

The Sunday School.

The Manna.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1887.
Exod. 16: 4-12.

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

GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life" (John 6: 35).

4. *I will rain bread from heaven*—known as the "manna," and described, more particularly, in verses 14, 15, and 31, as a small grain, fine as hoar frost, resembling coriander seed in shape, and tasting like wafers made of honey. So similar was it to a natural product called "manna," well-known in Egypt—the sweet, gummy exudation of the turfa, or tamarisk tree, caused by the puncture of an insect—that the Israelites, when they saw it, immediately called it by name. But the points of difference between the natural manna and the miraculous are so numerous and striking, as to prevent any identification. Thus, the tamarisk manna is gathered in June, and the product is scanty—at present only between 600 and 700 pounds a year; whereas the manna given by God to the Israelites was gathered daily, the Sabbaths excepted, throughout the year (a double quantity falling every sixth day) for forty years, and in quantities sufficient to feed a nation of at least one million, six hundred thousand persons.

The natural manna was gummy, and could not therefore be ground and made into cakes—could only be used as a condiment; whereas the supernatural manna was farinaeous, and could be ground, baked, or boiled. The natural manna will keep for years. The supernatural became putrid in a night. Another theory is that the manna of the Bible was the "edible lichen," which has fallen in showers in various parts of the earth at certain times, and which, according to Stanley, agrees more nearly with the Mosaic account than the tamarisk manna; but after the closest study of all the theories advanced, "nothing remains but to regard the manna, as a miraculous gift for the support of the chosen people." Gather a certain rate (R. V., "a day's portion") every day.—They were to receive every day their daily bread, taking no thought for the morrow. *That I may prove them.*—The desert was to be a training school for the nation—a training in faith and obedience. (See Deut. 8: 3). They were to be fed with manna daily, that they might know, that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord, doth man live."

As the abundance of Egypt vanished away before the indignation of the Lord, so the very barrenness of the wilderness gave way to the bountiful hand of the Lord supplying their daily wants. In all this He was continuing the process of their probation. Their patience, faith, dependence, and thankfulness of spirit, were constantly put to the test in their present experience.

5. *On the sixth day*—the day before the Sabbath. On this day a double quantity of the manna was to be gathered; it is assumed that the supply was doubled on this day. *They shall prepare*—by grinding or bruising it, so as to adapt it to the purposes of cooking. Incidentally, from this command, we learn that the manna required preparation, to make it fit for food, and also that the obligation of keeping the Sabbath holy, antedated the precepts of Sinai.

"Notice some points of analogy between the manna and Christ: (1) It was indispensable, Israel would have perished without it. Compare John 6: 53. (2) It was a free gift, "without money and without price." Compare Isaiah 55: 1; Rom. 6: 23. (3) It had to be gathered; had the Israelites refused to gather it, or not thought it worth while to do so, what use would it have been to them? Compare John 5: 40. (4) It had to be gathered daily, that the people might not lose the sense of their sole dependence on God. So we need to come to Christ every day for fresh grace, not trusting in what we did yesterday, or felt last week. (5) It had to be gathered early, before the sun melted it. So gathered early, before the sun melted it. So to secure our spiritual food we must seek it in the morning of life, and in the literal morning of each day we live, before business morning prevents our getting it at all, or pleasure prevents our finding it." "Those that seek Me early shall find me." (6) There was enough for all. See the "every one" of Isaiah 55: 1; the "all ye" of Matt. 11: 28; the "whosoever" of John 3: 16, and Rev. 22: 17."

6. *Moses and Aaron.*—They now proceed to still the murmurs of the people against themselves and against God, by communicating the divine plan for their sustenance. *That the Lord hath brought you.*—A proof was to be given that very evening, in the miraculous supply of quails, that no merely human leaders had accomplished their deliver-

ance, and were directing their movements; that their true leader was Jehovah.

7. *Ye shall see the glory of the Lord.*—Referring, probably, to both the manna, which appeared the next morning, and the unusual appearance in the cloudy pillar by which he demonstrated His presence, in some awe-inspiring way; See verses 9, 10. *He heareth your murmurings.*—This was a pertinent and important lesson for the people—that to murmur against the servant was to murmur against the Lord Himself.

"When we begin to fret and to be uneasy, we ought to consider that God hears all our murmurings, though silent, and only the murmurings of the heart. Princes, parents, masters, do not hear all the murmurings of their inferiors against them, and it is well they do not, for perhaps they could not bear it; but God hears, and yet bears."

8. *In the evening flesh to eat*—the quails, a migratory bird, resembling a partridge. "The miracle consisted in bringing the quails at the stated time to the required place, and in sufficient numbers for the supply of a large host, and in announcing beforehand their arrival." *Your murmurings are not against us.*—This was a lesson that would bear repeating. It needed to be constantly impressed upon them, that to distrust and complain against the leaders appointed by God, was to rebel against God.

"Some people are always 'out of sorts.' The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men awhile ago, a farmer, who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said, 'Mr. Naylor, this rain will be fine for your grass crop.' 'Yes, perhaps; but it is bad for the corn, and will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop.' A few days after this, when the sun was shining hot, I said, 'Fine day for your corn, sir.' 'Yes, but it's awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather.' Again, on a cold morning, I met my neighbor, and said, 'This must be capital for your rye, Mr. Naylor.' 'Yes, but it is the very worst weather for corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward.'"

9, 10. *Moses spake unto Aaron*—who was his mouth-piece, in dealing with the people. *Come near before the Lord*—that is, before the visible symbol of His presence, the pillar of cloud and flame. *The glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud.*—The Shekinah appeared in a new aspect. An unwonted glowing fiery brightness appeared in the guiding pillar, which on ordinary occasions presented to the eye merely an opaque, towering mass of cloud, in which the divine Majesty was supposed to dwell, and did dwell."

11, 12. *The Lord spake unto Moses.*—"He made known his ways unto Moses; his acts unto the children of Israel." He promises now not to punish them for their murmurings, but to relieve their hunger. *Ye shall know that I am the Lord.*—"The instruction of His people is a primary object with God. He has gifted them with reason, and He expects to be served with the understanding and the will. This can be done only so far as they know Him to be God, the Eternal and Almighty, to be Jehovah, the Creator and Upholder of all things, and to be their God, to whom they are reconciled through His pardoning, redeeming, and quickening mercy. It is manifest that every event in His gracious dealings with them is a step in the process of their spiritual training. This alone will explain the various preparatory steps in this miraculous interposition."

The Conference Missionary Society Stirred-up

J. P. OTIS.

On an inside page of the PENINSULA METHODIST of May 21st, appeared an article on the history and plans of our Missionary Society, with editorial comments, which the present writer, with all deference to the editor, deems should have been on the first page. It seems to me to be a step, if not toward a new departure, at least toward correct methods in the working of that Society, which is worthy the careful attention of all our ministers and people. If that former article calling for a "stirring-up" had any influence in procuring the writing of Bro. Hutchins' excellent report, then it accomplished more good than was expected. It does really look as though, to quote Bro. Mudge of the New England Conference, our Conference Missionary Society is about to be "taken from the supernumerary list and made effective." Bro. Hutchins closes by asking, "What can be done to increase the efficiency of our Conference Missionary Society?" And the editor makes a suggestion in reply. It is to aid in drawing attention to the article

above referred to, and perhaps to "help just a little" in the way of suggestion, that I write again.

I will make bold to reiterate the substance of a former communication. It seems to me clear that the Conference Missionary Society is an organization well adapted to aid in the work of "stirring-up" the people on the subject of Missions, not only by taking a fresh and stronger grip on the Conference Anniversary, but by holding local conventions, or mass meetings, not spasmodically but systematically, year after year, all through our territory. In each District the Presiding Elder would of course, act as the "corps commander," but the Missionary Society would be, after the fashion of the German armies, the General Staff, by which the plan of campaign would be drafted. Many advantages would accrue from this course. There would be less temptation to unwholesome rivalry, for the various sections of the Conference would be brought into cooperation, we would think less about winning a "banner," or a place on a "roll of honor" and more about bringing this great cause in the best manner before the people. Such a system, worked by an organization that represents not a section of the Conference, but the whole of it, would, of itself, be a most influential appeal to the people, but in addition to this, it would have peculiar facilities for securing speakers of ability and reputation from abroad, the expense of which is too burdensome for single churches.

Moreover, an opportunity, and a stimulus to prepare for it, would thus be afforded to brethren of our own Conference. The remarks of the editor on the infelicity of inviting one of our own brethren to prepare an address, and at the same time inviting some noted man from abroad to speak at the same meeting, are felicitous. Were a series of such mass meetings or conventions to be held, each with several sessions, and speakers invited to discuss particular phases of the great subject, no such infelicity would occur. Moreover, these conventions could be so arranged, as to reach "those who need them most," whereas, Conference Anniversaries, as a rule, reach those who need them least. There ought to be a missionary service at every camp-meeting, not in the middle, when there should be no thought but the salvation of those there present, but in the beginning. As to the next Conference the Society has a clear field, for, along with a good number of other things, the last Conference forgot to appoint any committee on anniversaries, or R. R. fares. At least I do not remember any, and repeated search through the Minutes fails to reveal such committees. No doubt, however, Bro. Stenge will overlook this, and help to provide some "speakin'." Now that the Society is "stirred-up" it will also, no doubt, avail itself of a forgotten law of the Discipline, (¶289), which says, "The President of the Conference shall appoint one of its members, . . . to preach a Missionary sermon . . . at such time and place as the officers of the Conference Missionary Society shall designate; and said officers shall cause timely notice of said sermon to be published abroad." The plain truth is, that the Discipline makes the above imperative, and says nothing about an anniversary, and that outside influences have caused the latter to usurp the place which belongs to the sermon, till now, it has a place, much like that of the last man who hails a street car on a wet day.

Snow Hill District, 1861-1865.
No. 83.

BY REV. A. WALLACE, D. D.

Referring to my last letter, I find in its closing sentence a promise made, which I now proceed to fulfill. Doing so will probably wind up what I may term my "Peninsula Campaign," and terminate, what some of the readers of the METHODIST, may have begun to fear would prove an attack of interminable continuity.

If I dare tax their patience farther, I feel that I am not quite done. My relations with the District, unofficial, but intimate and pleasant, have not yet been entirely severed to this day. Particularly, during the year or two after my term expired, I was frequently called upon to take a hand at dedications and camp-meetings, or to perform an act, which entitled some clever young preacher to carry off, with the pride of a Spartan, one of the sensible and sweet girls of that region to initiate her into the sunnysided life of the great Itinerancy.

What is on my mind especially, if the good editor should be in the mood to extend my privileges in his columns, is to draw some pictures of a city pastorate, in contrast with ministerial prerogatives in the rural regions of Delaware and Maryland; to discriminate a little, on the topics of success and failure, as related to laziness, selfishness and sham, which sometimes develop in pastoral pomposity, and run their course to moral ruin.

Would you allow me to talk right out in meeting about such things? You know, we editors ought to be making foot prints in the sands of time, and setting up for the guidance of younger men who are to follow us, admonitory signals, by which they may escape the shoals and quicksands, where some of their predecessors have stuck fast, and some have, on the other hand, by industry and goodness, become illustrious.

Well, I shall probably have your answer in due time, and meanwhile, I must proceed to recount what I remember of the Laurel Jubilee, over the capture of of Richmond, and "breaking the back bone of the Rebellion."

It was the evening of April 5, 1865, and as I have before intimated, the preliminary arrangements were under the direction of Rev. James Hubbard.

James, in disposition was as pacific as a Quaker, but on the line of intense loyalty, he never would show the white feather. In all my tribulations, as partially narrated in this series of letters, he was a trusted adviser, and I was comforted and helped by his unflinching sympathy. I had just commenced my pastorate at Salem M. E. Church, Philadelphia; and returned to Laurel to move my family to the city, when I was prevailed upon to remain, and help the jubilee through with a speech, as there was nobody else on hand, for that part of the programme.

We had a village band, whose practice for a twelvemonth back had often nearly driven me to distraction, by their execution of two or three tunes, in which they had not yet attained proficiency. Their political fibre was rather too promiscuous, to tackle "Hail Columbia," or any of the loyal pieces allied to the "Star Spangled banner." Several of the number were partial to a score called "Dixie," but while they would not play "Yankee Doodle" for us, we wouldn't allow them, with our patriotic enthusiasm at high pressure, to blow a solitary note that savored of secession.

The illumination was gotten up in a simple way, with an extra supply of lighted candles inside the windows of those dwellings and stores, where Union people happened to live. I think it was a fact, that two thirds of the town remained that night in the gloom of disappointed ambition.

A larger squad of the merchants, the tavern loungers, and I regret to say, the ladies, seemed to be mad, than of those who rejoiced in victory to the Union armies. It was an unpleasant pill too, that among the first regiments to enter Richmond, were some of our colored troops, men who a few years before, had been at the mercy of rebel regulators, in that very community.

For this class especially, I had so often been brought into trouble and accusation, that the above fact was not ignored, when my time came to stand on an empty dry goods at Sirman's corner, and

harrangue the town's people on the glorious termination of the war. This was my opportunity to crow a little. For three years I had lived there, with my life almost in my hand; and in reviewing those years, I had plenty of living illustrations to refer to, that the way of the transgressor is hard. My audience was diversified. All the black faces in town were shining with exultation, but their behavior was habitually modest. They hardly ventured to raise a cheer, although, with hat in hand, when I run out of everything else to say, I kept calling for "three cheers." In the shadows of the hotel porch, opposite where my "grand stand" was improvised, the opposition mustered in force and evinced their derision by groans, and emphatic silence.

Taking up the line of march, we formed a straggling procession, and cheered every house which dared to show a light. I think I made four set speeches, at different angles of the town; the last being in front of Bro. Hubbard's store, where, among the decorations in his window, he had the temerity to exhibit the portrait of a colored bishop of the M. E. Church. Ordinarily he would have been the last man to do anything of set purpose to anger his neighbors, but this was enough to make "Rome howl."

An episode of the evening with myself was, almost as a matter of course, a fight. I do not take any particular self-gratulation, in recurring so often to events of this unpleasant character; but I believe this was the last I ever had. At the most public spot in the town the illumination took the form of fire balls, which in the absence of rockets, Roman candles and other pyrotecnics, made a fine display. A ball of yarn or rags, dipped in coal oil and set blazing, was quickly thrown into the air; this followed by scores of others, soon made the scene lively—the first up with the ball when it fell, seized it and threw it again.

This rough sort of amusement was going on, when I observed a man quite active running to catch the fire balls, who always threw them directly into the faces of the colored people, who were in a crowd huddled to themselves. I couldn't stand this, and appealed to the fellow not to do so; but without success. At length I ran close to him, saying, "Sam, you must stop it. If you throw another, you shall take the consequences. He was not be scared, and soon threw another; but the next instant he heard something drop. He was on the broad of his back in the middle of the street.

A sudden push, with a little applied science in the art of tripping, did it, and it was so sudden he couldn't collect his faculties for some moments, or discover the cause.

I slipped away amid the laughter, and got to bed about midnight, so hoarse I could hardly speak above a whisper. Next morning, however, I found him in a very bad humor. He wanted to settle up the matter with me. "O," said I, "it is all settled. We settled it finally last night. You were told what would happen, and it came out just so."

He thought he ought to whip me, and would have done so at the time, had he known it was me. I persuaded him not to be ugly over it; for any man doing as he did was mean and cowardly, and ought to be knocked down every time, without ceremony. He then let me off.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Evangelist says in reference to the recent struggle in Michigan over the prohibition amendment: "Several Churches strong in Michigan were arrayed against it—the Catholic, Lutheran and Episcopal. On the side of prohibition are the Methodists and Baptists, en masse. Against it were the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, though the first less than the latter, not being so strong in the cities. . . . Large numbers of the first business men, members of the Presbyterian Church, voted against it, and many who voted for it did so simply that they might not seem to be joined with the liquor-selling and liquor-drinking hosts; not that they believed in the propriety of the amendment."

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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.

The announcement was made on Decoration Day of the payment of \$63,034.45 to the widow of General Logan, as a free will offering of her husband's friends.

The exercises of the one hundred and fourth Annual Commencement of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., will take place in the J. W. Bosler Memorial Hall, June 26-30. Rev. Dr. Tiffany of Philadelphia, will preach the sermon before the Society of Religious Inquiry, Sunday morning the 26th inst., and the President, Rev. Dr. McCauley, will preach the Baccalaureate sermon Sunday evening. The graduating class numbers thirty-three, one of the three largest classes that has been graduated in the long history of the institution. In 1792, Rev. Dr. Charles Nisbet, the first President, graduated a class of the same number; and in 1858, under the Presidency of Rev. Dr. Charles Collins, a class of thirty-five was graduated. We trust the present class, numbering but two less than the highest of any in the history of the College, will prove to be the prophecy of still larger classes in the future.

THESE ARE wise words from the *Christian Instructor*: "It will not do to assume that when an evil in society is recognized by a political party as a proper subject of its action the church should have nothing to do with it. The church in this land will be long in recovering from this false position, occupied by so large a portion of it in reference to the question of slavery. No evil by clothing itself in a political garb can thereby be rightfully shielded from the condemnation of God's word, or place itself beyond the sphere of recognition by the church. It may become her duty even to organize and shape political machinery to overthrow it. It is an error to assume that political parties have nothing to do with moral issues. The party that ignores moral questions will come to ignore simple justice. The party that fearlessly grapples with great moral questions, as involving the true interests of society, has in it the elements of purity and preserves its own integrity and, as far as its influence goes, is a conservator of the purity of society."

Memorial Day was very generally observed throughout the country. Among the most impressive services were those at the grave of General Grant. A grand civil and military procession, 15,000 in line, carrying many battle flags, was reviewed by Governor Hill at Madison Square, N. Y. A platform seating 1000 persons, in front and on one side of the tomb, was filled with Grand Army men and their friends. The tomb was covered with flowers, some of the offerings having been sent from Europe, and some from Mt. Powell, Montana, gathered 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Along the cornice, upon a ground of white immortelles, was an inscription of violets in relief, "in war a foe, in

peace a friend." The floral designs were most elaborate. Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Cramer, Mrs. Dent, Col. Fred Grant, his wife and two children, and Ulysses jr., visited the tomb. It was estimated there were 20,000 persons present at the services. Rev. Dr. John Rhey Thompson of the M. E. Church, delivered the oration.

In Richmond, Va., the day was very generally observed, business, public and private being suspended after midday. The graves of both the Federal and Confederate dead were decorated with flowers, and for the first time since the war, the Federal Decoration Day and the Confederate Memorial were jointly celebrated. At the National Country Finis Point, New Jersey, where are buried a number of Confederate soldiers who died while prisoners in Fort Delaware, the graves of Union and Confederate dead were alike strewn with flowers.

Our readers, who have followed our sprightly correspondent, Dr. Wallace, in his graphic portrayal of interesting incidents in his "Peninsula campaign," through his serial letters, now past four score in number, will be glad to learn by a "bit of a hint" thrown out in No. 83, which appears in this issue, that the end of this "interminable attack of continuity" is not yet.

An itinerant experience of forty years certainly entitles our brother to rank among the fathers; and, as in his case it may be said with eminent propriety, "His long experience made him sage," his counsels, admonitory, directive, and inspiring, will be welcomed by our young people with great zest, and in their heeding, we shall find profit for ourselves and for our people.

"Speak out in meeting!" Yea verily; that is just the kind of speaking that is wanted. This "interminable" sugar-coated, apologetic, namby-pamby style of speaking, that is so largely the fashion of these times, makes sensible people long for something crisp, clean-cut, definite and honest. The readers of the PENINSULA METHODIST are not of such a lackadaisical type, as not to welcome the truth, however trenchant its blade. By all means let us have your "discriminations," my dear brother; and in them we shall hope to find light upon the path of duty and privilege, intermingled with characteristic scintillations of native humor.

As to the Snow Hill series, considerable interest is expressed in having them republished in book form. What say you, Doctor?

Judicious Planning.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be, as to the methods and *criteria* by which Rev. J. W. Young, the Newark Conference Statistician, determines the rank of the churches in the matter of liberal giving, all must concede the importance of having some definite plan, by which "the various benevolent enterprises of the church" may be laid upon the consciences of both pastors and people.

The Presiding Elder of Wilmington District, Rev. W. L. S. Murray, has prepared and sent out to every pastor on his district, a circular dated May 17, '87 with the apportionments for each collection. This statement is preceded by the following stirring appeal:

DEAR BROTHER:

We are called of God to preach the word for the salvation of souls. Christ says "Lo, I am with you alway." Every Christian in the wide world is praying for you. Let us ask for a revival in every Church. In this as well as in our benevolences, NO BLANKS. Would not Christ be honored, if we should ask him in faith, to give us two thousand souls this year, on the Wilmington District? Plead with every member of your Church to lead one soul to Christ, and to give a free will offering to each of the Conference Benevolences.

If you desire to put your charge on

the roll of honor, I shall be glad to help you do so. The standard is for every member and probationer, for Missions 40c., Church Extension 8c., Freedmen's Aid 7c., Bible 4c., Tract 2c., S. S. Union 2c., Education 2c., and no blanks in the seven collections.

Begin early; give your people the facts; adopt the best methods; ask all in Christ's name and for his sake.

In the copy sent to the editor, Bro. Murray shows his appreciation of the PENINSULA METHODIST as a co-worker, by apportioning for it, "a good name in every appointment for its devotion to the cause;" and adding, "may your subscription list continue to increase!"

The Potential Woman, a book for young ladies, by J. F. Willing, McDonald & Gill, Boston, J. Miller Thomas, Wilmington, Del., cloth, 220 pages, price 50cts.

This is a live book, on a live topic, by a live woman. Was there not a slip of the pen when "young ladies" was written in place of young women? Mrs. Willing the accomplished sister of Bishop Fowler, herself a "potential woman," writes *con amore*, and outlines touchingly and skillfully the conditions of woman's power. She begins with a vivid picture of the great need of women bread winners. "However we might choose to have it, the fact holds that millions of women have to earn their own living, and at a disadvantage." The absolute necessity for physical health is set forth with emphasis, and some admirable hygienic hints are given, as to diet, exercise, dress, and occupation. "The animal has not been made that could be well, if its breathing apparatus were compressed into the smallest possible compass by boards of whalebone and steel lashed down with ropes, while heavy masses of woolen and cotton goods were hung upon that part of the body that was least able to carry the weight." The curse upon Eve and her daughters, because she was first in transgression, is interpreted, as a woman's sorrowful experiences under the prevalence of sin in the world, which the gospel proposes to counteract, rather than as a punitive infliction upon the sex.

Mrs. Willing treats as forcibly and wisely of the matter of mental culture, and the practical use of its results. On the all-important subject of "Getting Married," our author writes very sensibly. Recognizing the fact that their most of necessity be some "old maids," she says, since marriage is not absolutely essential to immortality or happiness, usefulness or respectability, one need not break her heart, if it is not for her in God's plan. Let her find some royal service for the Master, make herself a home, "minister," rather than "be ministered unto," and she may live a blessed, well rounded life." She warns against marrying a drunkard, or incurring a similar risk with a reformed man, unless after a long and thorough probation. The spendthrift, the niggardly, the egotistical, and the amiably tyrannical are to be tabooed. Love must rest upon a solid basis of esteem. Physical health is an important consideration, but mental and spiritual fellowship is indispensable. Above all, Divine guidance should be sought to direct in this matter which so largely involves the happiness and usefulness of life. Some wise counsels as to how to make the home and how to work for God, conclude the volume. Its pages show plainly, how a woman may become beneficently "potential."

A large mass meeting of ante-saloon Republicans was held in the great Cooper Union Hotel in New York city, Wednesday of last week. Ex-Chief Justice Noah Davis presided. Among other distinguished persons on the platform were Mr. Windom ex-Secretary of the U. S. treasury, ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James, Rev. Dr. Dorchester and Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, late candidate for Mayor. In his address, Judge

Davis said, "Nothing can be truer, than when a party in a country like ours, allies itself with a great evil, its days are numbered." Referring to the saloon as a great moral evil that threatens the safety of the country, he said, "the liquor saloon, that agency of hell itself, has become an agency not only for the destruction of individuals, but an agency also for the control of parties." "There is but one duty before us, and that duty is what the national ante-saloon committee proposes to bring the Republican party up to, open and uncompromising hostility to the saloon, and when the time comes, to stamp it altogether out of existence." "The drinking saloon," said ex-Secretary Windom, "is a moral, political, social, and unmeasurable evil, and an unmitigated curse. The sum total of its results in poverty, debauchery, wretchedness and death, cannot be estimated by any man. We propose to draw any weapon against it, that under the circumstances of a given locality will prove most effective." Mr. Roosevelt said, "It is perfectly natural that the whiskey sellers are against us; for we are against them." These are certainly significant utterances, coming as they do from such prominent political leaders. The lines are being drawn between those who are for home protection against the saloons, and those who are willing for sordid gain to play into the hands of the liquor sellers, and this great question of the suppression of the liquor traffic, and the rescue of our people from the vortex of intemperance is rapidly becoming the one supreme issue in the politics of the states, and the nation. What other issue can compare with this in view of its vital relation to the true welfare of mankind?

Letter from Presiding Elder of Wilmington District.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—Since my last letter, I have visited Port Deposit, where we have the Tome Memorial Church, one of the finest on the District. I could not meet with the members in Love Feast, but found the official brethren ready for the Quarterly Conference, where they transacted business in good style. A large card on which all the Church services, and all Quarterly Conference committees, and local Church societies were printed took my attention, and seemed to me to be a good thing. The Sunday School work is carried forward earnestly. Brother Barrett has endeared himself by earnest work in the pastorate, and superior efforts in the pulpit, to all. There are many regrets that his partial term will so soon close.

Hopewell is more than hopeful, it is confident of success, under the leadership of Brother Sears. Sunday School, beginning at 9 a. m., preaching at 10½ a. m. and followed by a Love Feast of unusual power, filled three hours and a half with earnest church work. This appointment enters upon its second year as a station, and it is so well pleased, that it does not intend to go back.

Rising Sun, one of the highest points on the District, is also in its second year as a station. It will be remembered how our people at this place bore for a number of years, the burden of an ugly debt upon their beautiful church, but through heroic effort, assisted by their friends, they cancelled the debt. When Rev. I. Jewell became their pastor a year ago, he began at once to talk parsonage, and now Rising Sun has, through the efforts of Bro. Jewell and wife, a splendid parsonage, which they hope to finish paying for this year. The Sabbath at this place was one of unusual interest, the services of the day opened with a Love Feast of great power. Of the one hundred and seven members, the pastor stated only about eight were absent, and they were infirm or distant. No wonder we had such interest, when the pastor had been into nearly every home since Conference, making over one hundred pastoral visits.

Rowlandsville and Mt. Pleasant have been supplied by the appointment of

Rev. Elam Kirk a local elder, who has returned to his first love happy, as he stated in the Quarterly Conference that he had saving faith in Christ. Notwithstanding nothing had been done financially until Sunday afternoon, the brethren went to work and raised money to pay all salaries, and District furniture apportionment to within about twelve dollars, and came to their Quarterly Conference on Monday morning greatly encouraged. Through the kindness of Bro. McCullough of Rising Sun, mess of Bro. Jewell and myself were taken to Bro. Rowlandsville, where we have a beautiful church building which has been but little used for sometime, but Bro. Kirk will preach there every Sunday afternoon. We look for better days for this place.

In Wales recently, an auctioneer was prevented from selling certain property, seized for rent on account of tithes claimed by Christ Church, Oxford, in a novel way. A dissenting mob succeeded in drowning his voice by singing Moody and Sankey hymns.

"Rev. John Crawford, pastor of the M. E. Church at Morristown, N. J., writes:— 'I learn from the columns of *Gospel in All Lands*, that ZION'S HERALD has had the boldness to criticize our Bro. Young's 'Roll of Honor.' To have done this, away off in New England, may not have called for so much courage after all, some may think. But to us Newark Conference men, who have had that Roll of Honor whistling about our ears and stinging our weak points for years, your criticism seems to be a piece of great temerity. The 'great official' and many of our mighty men, and of our bondmen not a few, have steadily supported this thing. Our men have grown restive under it, however, and at the last session of the Conference, they voted it out of the Minutes. You should have been present when the matter came up for a final discussion and vote. It was at an afternoon session. The hour was late. There had been much wearisome discussion. Various tactics were resorted to, in order to keep the statistical idol in its place of honor in the Conference temple. But all in vain. I never saw our men so patient and steady in their determination to squelch a thing, as on that afternoon. They were willing to hear all that might be said in favor of continuing to print the roll, but refused to let the matter lie over, or dodge behind an adjournment, or otherwise get out of the way; and when the vote came, by an overwhelming majority, is shoved the idol from its place. It no longer appears in our Minutes, although it still grins at us from the *Manual*, and will probably continue to do so from the columns of the *Christian Advocate*. We hear it whispered hereabouts that Rev. J. W. Young is to be made a General Conference officer next year, and is to be placed in charge of a Bureau of Statistics.'

Bishop Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who has been widely reported as opposed to State Prohibition, has addressed a letter to his people in Texas. Among other things he says: "First of all, I wish to deny emphatically the widely published statement that, while favoring local option, I oppose prohibition—a position so logically absurd and flagrantly inconsistent I could not be induced to assume such a doctrine. I have never advocated it by a single syllable, either in oral or printed utterance. I believe in local option as the next best thing to prohibition, and in local option as a means of securing constitutional prohibition."

A Springfield paper says that 'Mr. Phineas P. Mast is a man who has long been honored and loved by the people of Springfield. He is a millionaire; he earned his money honestly, and is putting his surplus where it will do a great deal of good. He invested about \$30,000 in St. Paul Church, furnished the larger portion of the money used in the erection of Grace Chapel; has invested largely in the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, and has now subscribed \$10,000 for a new Methodist Episcopal Church, which is to be built in the southeastern part of the city.

Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, now on a tour around the globe, was at Madura, India, Jubilee. He astonished the Christian natives in his address to them when he said that he was in London when the young Queen came to the throne, and heard the heralds proclaim, "The King is dead! The Princess Victoria is Queen!"

Conference News.

DEDICATION.—The new M. E. Church at Edge Moor, was dedicated last Sunday. Each of the services were well attended, and the Trustees felt highly elated at the generous contributions that were made towards paying for the new building. It is a frame structure, 28x42 in its main part, and 21x16 in the rear addition, which is to be used as an infant Sunday school room. It is one story high, has slate gables, a becoming turret, and stained glass windows. It will seat 160 persons. The Edge Moor Company gave the ground, 60x100 feet, on which the church stands.

The services were directed by Rev. Julius Dodd, pastor of the charge. The Rev. Jacob Todd, D. D., of Grace M. E. Church in this city, preached in the morning. His text was Jeremiah vi, 16: "Inquire for the old paths." Presiding Elder W. L. S. Murray preached the dedicatory sermon in the afternoon on Zachariah x, 4: "Out of him came forth the corner, out of him the nail, out of him the battle bow, out of him every oppressor together."

The Rev. E. L. Hubbard of New Castle, who organized the Edgemoor congregation on January 28, 1885, preached the sermon in the evening. His text was Psalms xxxiv, 6.

The trustees of the new church are John T. Bradbury, James B. Coleman, Robert Biddle, Alfred W. Young, Robert Shipley, and Thomas Steele. To these men is chiefly due the erection of the beautiful new building. They dug the cellar in the evenings, after doing a day's work for the company, and contributed by hand and purse to its further erection. The building, when completed, will cost about \$2,300, of which almost \$1,800 has been raised.

DuPont Post attended St. Paul's M. E. Church, last Sunday, and listened to a sermon by Rev. R. C. Jones, pastor of Mt. Salem Church, the chaplain of the post. Smyth and Grant Posts attended Delaware Avenue Baptist Church in the morning and Asbury M. E. Church at eight.

The trustees of the Presbyterian Church of Dover have decided to expend about \$1,200 in enlarging and improving their church.

The commencement exercises of the Onancock, Va. Academy, will be held on the nights of June 15th and 16th.

A special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Woodlawn Camp Meeting Association will be held on Monday, June 6th, on the Camp Ground.

The trustees of the M. E. church at New Castle are making improvements in that edifice in the way of frescoing the walls of the Sunday-school and literary rooms. They also propose to carpet them and have a reopening on Sunday, June 4th. When completed the church will be one of the handsomest in the Wilmington Conference.—*Delaware Democrat.*

A camp meeting to be held on the Camden (Del.) Union Camp ground, will commence on Tuesday, July 26, and continue until August 4th.

The trustees of the M. E. Church of Dover have resolved to erect a chapel at the corner of Governors' Avenue, and Mary street, at a cost of about \$2,500.

Rev. E. L. Hubbard and Rev. W. L. S. Murray have just completed a two years' post graduate course in philosophy, in Grant Memorial University, and the University has conferred upon them the degree Ph. D. for their work.

This University is one of the growing institutions of learning in this country. Thirty thousand dollars have been added, this year, to its endowment, through the efforts of its President, Dr. Spence. Its catalogue shows an enrollment of 303 students. Among them are three post-seniors: C. M. Coburn of Detroit, Mich., E. L. Hubbard of New Castle, Del., and W. L. S. Murray of Wilmington, Del. Among its Trustees are Bishop J. M. Walden, L.L. D., and Bishop W. F. Malla-lieu, D. D.

There will be a strawberry festival held on the day set apart for laying the corner stone of the new M. P. Church, at the "Sign Post," two miles above Horntown, Va., on June 10, the proceeds to go towards the helping to building the new church at that place.

May collections on Salisbury District.—Rev. E. H. Derrickson has reported on May collections, and is up to apportionment. Rev. C. S. Baker has reported on May collections, and is in advance of last year. Let them come brethren.

T. O. AYRES.

The Grace M. E. Sunday School, of this city, will give their annual excursion to Cape May, on Thursday, June 16, on the steamer Republic, to leave 4th St. wharf at 7 A. M. Tickets \$1.

Children's Day services will be held at Parksley, Sabbath, June 12, at 10 A. M., and at Crowson at 2 P. M. Our P. E., Rev. A. D. Davis, will be with us, and speak at each place.

All the friends of the contemplated camp meeting are requested to meet on the Parksley camp ground, Saturday, June 11, at 8 A. M., for the purpose of preparing the ground, selecting tent sites, and other business. Please bring carts, hoes, forks, axes, &c., prepared to work. Will assign tent sites in the evening.

W. K. GALLOWAY, Pastor.

Rev. L. C. Andrew is holding revival services on Hooper's Island, in old Mt. Zion Church, and is having a glorious time, ten having already been converted, and many more at the altar. Many of the brethren will remember the old church, and doubtless rejoice that the Lord remembers Zion. The names of those who ministered to this people in former years are often mentioned. They are always pleased to see their old pastors.—**SUBSCRIBER.**

SCOTT CHURCH, of this city, named for our late honored and universally respected, resident Bishop, has since its completion, in 1869, suffered the embarrassment of a mortgage debt. The interest paid to the present time, has amounted to more than the principal. Last year a thousand dollars was paid, greatly to the relief of some who had carried this burden on their hearts for many years. It was determined at an official meeting some time since, that an effort should be made to pay the debt, and give the house to God and his worship, the purpose for which it was originally built. After completing some necessary repairs upon the exterior of the building, special services were fixed for the last Sunday in May. Accordingly Revs. Vaughn S. Collins and Stephen M. Morgan were invited to preach. The Friday night previous, special prayer was made for the success of the movement, and especially that the divine blessing might attend the word to be preached. Sunday morning opened with every appearance of rain, and to timorous souls came doubts. But the attendance at the 9 o'clock services was an omen for good, and when the morning congregation gathered, and the divine anointing came upon Bro. Collins, as he unfolded the truth, based upon Gen. i, 3: "God said let there be light," the light of hope came to many trustful souls; and as he put before mind and heart, the superior brilliancy and power of the divine to the natural and artificial light, we felt that God was lighting the way out of this bondage of debt, and by the time he had finished his sermon, there was such a blessed influence abroad in the congregation the church felt her opportunity had come to move out from beneath the fogg and mists of financial embarrassment, where the clear light of God's favor abounded. At this service \$1300 was given and subscribed. The Sunday School, addressed by Rev. S. Roop and the speaker of the morning, followed by the inspiring strains of sacred song, led by Mr. J. D. Aldred, made an offering of \$150 toward the liquidation of the debt. The Family Gathering, at six o'clock, under the leadership of Dr. W. L. S. Murray, Presiding Elder, who though having preached twice before during the day, stood among the people to inspire with fresh courage for the final attack at night. His presence was a benediction to these noble people, who at the close of this service, moved up to the audience room, and listened with wrapt attention to Bro. Morgan preach, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord." The speaker, in a masterly manner, as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, put the congregation in spirit again for aggressive work. It seemed as though the presence of certain friendly faces from Grace Church, some of whose voices had been heard in the love-feast a few moments before, indicated a purpose to help us over the difficulties. When their princely offerings were made, we felt confident of a triumphant success, and felt assured we would reach the goal. When sure of our footing, pastor and people seemed dazed at the fact that God had so wonderfully interposed for their relief. One man, who helped in the work of the day, and who from the beginning of the enterprise, many years ago, had witnessed the struggles, and knew the tears and prayers of the past, when the last share was taken, wept like a child, for joy over what had been achieved, and that Scott Church had been freed from her long and sore burden. Many thanks to Bros. Collins and Morgan, who preached so finely;

to Dr. Murray, who stood by us in the hour of need; to the friends from other churches, who helped so nobly, and our own people, who stood a unit in purpose for victory, and to God our father, whose blessing came so full to all our hearts.

A private letter from Bishop Taylor to the editor of the "Baltimore Methodist," says: I am as usual in good working condition, and expect to be ready for any work the King has for me to do, and as long as he wishes to use me—probably for 20 years yet; at any rate, till every obstruction to the planting of self-supporting missions shall have been remove, and the status, responsibilities and rights of a Missionary Episcopacy are clearly defined and recognized. God bless and prosper you in your work!

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

RISEING SUN, MD.—Presiding Elder Murray was with us last Sunday week, preaching with great acceptability, both morning and night. He also preached at Mt. Pleasant at 3 p. m. Our love feasts was one long to be remembered. To describe the glory that filled our souls, would be impossible. No wonder it was a glorious time; for we had been privately and publicly praying for three weeks, that it might be a time of refreshing. The glory came like a mighty subburst; all were filled. Out of a possible 107 members in attendance, 92 were present and received the baptism.

Plans are laid for the coming year, to meet all financial claims, both for conference collections and payments on our new parsonage. A revival of God's work is the great objective point, to which we are aiming. Our prayers are going up to God, like the unwearied fire of the Epic Prophet.

X.

EDITOR OF PENINSULA METHODIST:—As the "Roll of Honor" by Bro. Young is one of the live questions in the minds of Methodist preachers, and has been a subject of discussion in the Preachers' Meetings of Philadelphia and Wilmington, I would be glad if you would publish the following clipping from *Zion's Herald* of last week.

SIGMA.

A Straw Worth Noting.

At the recent session of the Newark Conference, the committee appointed at the preceding session, to confer with J. W. Young concerning the tabulation of statistics, made the following report:

"The committee appointed to confer with J. W. Young respecting the publication of his tabulated statistics in the Conference Minutes, have had a free and full conference with him respecting the nature, design, and results of his method. They have also made diligent inquiry of various persons concerning the practical working of the system. After much deliberation, your committee have arrived at the following judgment: We it inadvisable to continue the publication of the tabulated benevolences in the Minutes of our Conference."

Rigned, J. J. BOSWELL, Pres't.
CHAS. E. LITTLE, Sec.

J. W. Marshall presented a minority report, advocating the continuance of the publication, but after discussion, the majority report was adopted by a count vote of 31 to 34.

Does not that sound a little like "Mene, mene, mekel, upharsin?" Wouldn't a little "conference" about "tabulations" be useful down here?

WATCHMAN.

A Forgetful Conference.

Our Conference at its last session forgot:

1. To appoint any committee on Anniversaries;
2. To appoint any committee on R. R. fares;
3. To appoint any one to preach the temperance sermon;
4. To appoint any officers for the Conference Temperance Society—at least no notice of it is in the Minutes;
5. To appoint any Board of Church Location, though ordered by the last General Conference;
6. To receive any certificate of ordinations.

Query: What were we thinking about?
WATCHMAN.
[What matter, so long as the "Honor Roll" was not forgotten?—ED.]

Letter From East New Market, Md.

DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—Our people at Salem are painting the inside wood-work of their church, and calcimining the walls; this will add much to its appearance. We are also preparing for Children's Day service, which we hope to make interesting and profitable. Our congregations are large at all the appointments, and quite attentive. The Sunday Schools have increased in interest and

attendance, with opening spring. Our classes are fairly well attended; but many of our members do not seem to appreciate class and prayer meeting service, as they should.

The death of Sister Anna Davis, wife of Tustine Davis, of Salem, Dorchester Co., Md., Sunday morning, March 14th, 1886, was a serious loss to the M. E. Church at Salem. Though well advanced in life, and feeble in health for some time, she was always in her place at church, and ready to do her part for the advancement of its interests, whether spiritually or material. For more than fifty years she had answered to its roll-call, and gone in and out before the people, bearing testimony to the powce of the gospel to save. She left behind her a devoted husband, with whom she had lived happily for many long years, and who in great bodily feebleness, awaits the call of the Master to join those who have gone before; also one son to whom the memory of his sainted mother is like "ointment poured forth." The older members of the church, a few of whom still remain, recall her life of piety and deeds of loving kindness, and cherish them as precious legacies. Following close after her to the glory land, was sister Lucinda Covey, a notice of whose death appeared in the papers soon after. She also was a member at Salem; and it can truthfully be said of her, that she loved the courts of the Lord, and delighted in His service. The 3rd of April of this year, after a very brief illness, another of our dear sisters, at the same place, was called away, to join the company of her promoted class-mates. This was sister Sallie Hicks, wife of Joseph Hicks. She was but forty-one years of age, and there were many reasons, why she should desire to have lived longer. Besides her husband, to whom she was devoted, she has left behind her six children; some of whom are too young to realize their loss. She loved the church, and was ready, as opportunity offered, to labor for its advancement.

Again we mourn on the account of death's doings. This time one of our chief men has been taken from us; a man, whose influence for good was felt throughout the entire community. Thursday morning, May the 5th, Henry White Houston, M. D., was stricken down with paralysis, and remained speechless till the end, which came Monday the 23rd inst. He was born in Lewes, Del., Oct. 2, 1809. His father, Liston Alexander Houston, of Scotch Irish ancestors, who settled near Milton, Del., about the middle of the 17th century, conducted mercantile business in Lewes, Del., and died there in 1813. The Doctor's mother was Miss Mary Prettyman, daughter of Shepherd Prettyman of Sussex Co., Del. Both of his parents were consistent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and he was named for one of the noted preachers of his day, the Rev. Henry White. After educational training in Milton, he spent one year in Philadelphia, learning the drug business, and soon after commenced the study of medicine, with Dr. Wm. D. Wolf of Milton. He graduated from the University of Maryland in 1832, and entered upon the practice of his profession in Lewes, where he continued for eighteen months, and then removed to Federalsburg, Md., succeeding to the practice of Dr. Phelps. Two years later he removed to East New Market, and began a practice which grew to large proportions. From this he retired in 1871, and for four years resided on his farm, in the vicinity. In 1875 he returned to the town, where he has since conducted a drug store.

Early in life he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued in its fellowship and communion, till called to from the church militant to the church triumphant. He has long been one of its office bearers, and at his death, was treasurer of the Board of trustees, and a steward of the church. For many years his Christian experience has been deep and abiding; and he often spoke of his unwavering faith in God, and the blessed peace he enjoyed.

Sabbath morning, May 1st, he was able, though in much feebleness, to be at church for the first time for near two months. It was our communion day, and he regarded it as a great privilege to remember his Lord again, at the sacramental table. His heart was filled, and as he gave utterance, at the close of the service, to the gratitude of his heart, and spoke of the bright prospect before him, his countenance shone with beams of rapture, and we all felt that the spirit of the Living God was indeed upon him. We little thought it was the last time he would meet with us; but so it was. The following Thursday morning he was stricken with paralysis. He lingered more than two weeks unable to speak; but, as often as he was asked if he realized the presence of Jesus with him, a radiant smile would light up his countenance, and his eyes would sparkle, while he would invariably nod his head in reply.

Dr. Houston was a man with many noble traits of character. No man ever lived in this community, of whom all men speak in higher terms. He was a friend to all, and all were his friends. In all the relations of life, he was mindful of the welfare of others, and discharged his duties in the fear of God. The church has lost a faithful member. He loved her heavenly ways, and helped as he was able in her benevolent enterprises. As husband and father, he was tender and attentive to his loved ones. true to every obligation, and seeking in every way to promote their welfare.

His funeral was held at his late home, the 24th inst. Services were conducted by his pastor, who was assisted by Rev. A. Smith of Cambridge, and Rev. Mf. Bebee of the Baptist Church; after which, his remains followed by a large concourse of people were borne to the cemetery, and deposited in the tomb.

P. H. RAWLINS.

May 25, 1887.

It will gratify those who have followed the fortunes of Bishop Taylor's missionary enterprises to learn that his advance guard has reached the goal in the depths of Africa toward which he has so long been struggling. Before his pioneer band of missionaries left this country, the bishop declared his ambition to plant his stations among the remarkable tribes that Wissmann had described. Toward this region, along the upper Kassai and its tributaries, his chain of stations from the sea has been steadily lengthening. Next week his new steel steamer will start from England for the Congo, to take the newly discovered water route to the populous street villages of which Wissmann and Kund have informed us. Meanwhile Dr. Harrison, one of the party that Bishop Taylor led up the Congo in July last, has reached Luluaburg, the new station of the Congo state. He is one of the two physicians who have followed the bishop to Africa, and he is now established among natives who fully justify Wissmann's enthusiastic description. The Balubas are certainly among the most remarkable savages in the world.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

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MISSIONARY RIDGE.—One of the most brilliant battles of the war was the storming of Missionary Ridge. General Fullerton tells the story of it in the *May Century*. The battle was fought and won without orders. Certainly no military officer having a regard for the lives of his men would have sent them on so desperate an errand. General Bragg felt secure enough on the heights, which were bristling with cannon. It was late in the afternoon of Nov. 25, 1863. There had been an artillery duel all day long. An order was given to move forward and take the rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge. The signal-guns were fired, and 20,000 men leaped forward carrying all before them. The rifle-pits were taken. Pausing a few moments for breath, as if by common impulse, the men began to climb the mountain. Not a commanding officer gave the word. The soldiers who carried the muskets took things into their own hands, the officers followed, then led. A wave of wondrous enthusiasm swept through the hosts. On they went fighting their way. The bitter rain of musket-balls rained in their faces. Shells burst by hundreds among their torn and bleeding ranks, but on they went. There was no thought of protecting the flanks, although the enemy's lines stretched beyond on either side. There was no thought of reserves or support. Grant saw the movement, he comprehended the danger of disastrous repulse. Turning to Gen Thomas, who stood beside him, he said:

"Thomas, who ordered those men up that Ridge?"

"I don't know," said Thomas. "I did not. Granger, did you order them up?"

"No," said Granger. "I did not. They started without orders."

Grant ordered Fullerton to ride over and ask Wood and Sheridan if they ordered the troops up the Ridge. They both said "No, they are going up without orders." So mounting from rock to rock those veteran legions reached the summit, drove the enemy from their guns, and the battle was won. Then followed a wonderful scene. Some shouted; some cried for joy; some danced in wild delight, and now the wounded forgot their pain to join in the general hurrah. General Granger rode along the lines and playfully said: "Boys, you are going to be court-martialed every one of you. You took this Ridge without orders. You were ordered to take the works at the foot of the mountain, and you have taken those on top. You have disobeyed orders, and you know you ought to be court-martialed."

Some day, some glorious day, the soldiers of Christ will sweep over the world in obedience to such a divine impulse. A mighty wave of enthusiasm will sweep over the sacramental host. "It can be done! It can be done!" will suddenly become the creed of the Church, and thenceforward she will have the "swing of conquest" and the war of the ages, of which all other wars are only battles, will be over forever, and the nations shall learn war no more, and then,

"Some sweet bird of the South
Will build in every cannon's mouth
Till the only sound from its rusty throat
Will be a wren's or a bluebird's note"
and then "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Self-Knowledge.

Self-knowledge is the starting point for all true religion. A man must know the truth concerning himself, must realize his alienation from God, his spiritual poverty, the enmity of his heart to the fountain of all good. Illumination is the first stage in conversion; when the light of divine truth reveals to the sinner his moral nakedness, the great length to which he has wandered from his heavenly Father, and the dire wretchedness in which he is involved by his violation of divine law, the dawn of a new life begins to glow in his breast. The voice of

God is becoming effectual within him. A conviction had been wrought in him that all was not well, that all was not safe, that all was not right between him and his God. The sacred bond was broken. His soul could have no peace. He saw, he knew, he felt, that he was a sinner. He may not have known the magnitude of his sins, the awful depth into which he had sunken, or the terrible heinousness of an ungodly life. He probably understood but little of the philosophy, or the theology of sin, of its classification into original and actual, venial and mortal, omission and commission. He simply realized that he was lacking true righteousness, that he had been disobedient to his Maker, a transgressor, an offender against a holy God, and that he now stood condemned before the Supreme Judge of all the earth.—*E. J. Wolf, D. D., in Homiletic Review.*

Obituaries.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Emma E. Gregg, daughter of Rev. W. B. Gregg, of the Wilmington Conference, was born in Middletown, Pa., Oct. 20, 1860, while her father was pastor there, and died peacefully, in hope of a blessed immortality, Friday morning, March 27, 1887, in Wilmington, Delaware.

Under the care of Miss Rachel Snavely she attended public school in Middletown one year, and then entered the Female College in Mechanicsburg, Pa., from which she graduated with honor, at the end of four years' study, receiving a gold medal for proficiency in scholarship. She excelled in instrumental and vocal music, having displayed special talent in that line when but seven years old, in her father's Seminary in Smyrna, Del. After leaving College, she taught music and Latin in a Seminary at Perysburg, Pa., one year, and the next year, in Prof. D. S. Boyer's Conservatory, Snyder Co., Pa. Her singing was much admired, and her services in concerts and musical conventions were in great demand. As a soloist, her voice was specially pleasing. In the conventions held by Dr. Perkins of Boston, she sang, at his request, before large audiences, and received most hearty applause. An attack of illness temporarily injured her voice, and permanently impaired her health. She taught two and a half years in Wilmington, having a large class of young ladies under her care.

Her failing health confined her to her home four months; eight days only was obliged to keep her room. Though suffering with a severe cough, and difficult breathing, she was patient and uncomplaining. Entirely resigned to the will of God, she spoke of his goodness to her, and of his special Providence over her. Among her last utterances was the question, "don't you see the angels?" and with a smile, she fell asleep. Her funeral was held in Grace M. E. Church, Wilmington, Rev. Dr. Todd officiating; after which her remains were carried to Harrisburg, Pa., and laid to rest beside those of her mother and brother, to await the resurrection summons. They live long who live well. "To depart to be with Christ, is far better."

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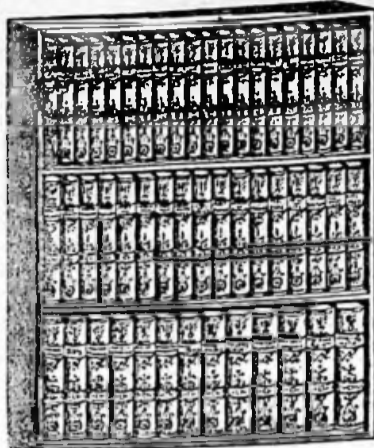
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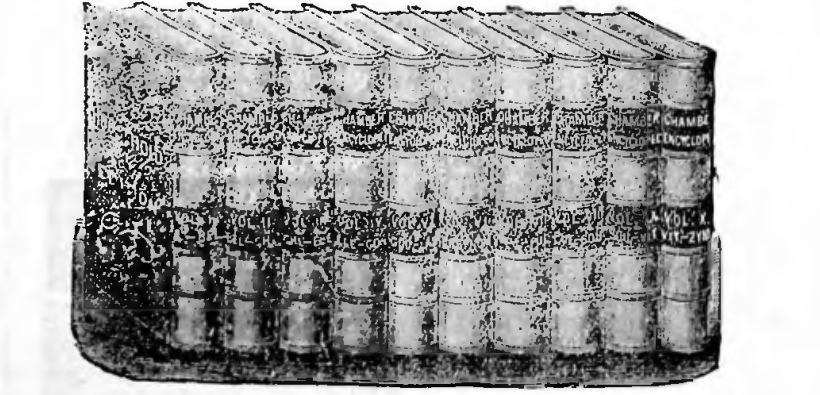
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