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DIVINE LOVE.

BY HARRIET M. KIMBALL.

How can they live when earthly hope takes wings

Who have no hope on high!
Who in life's desert find but bitter springs;
Who never see their woes to blessings turn,
Nor feel their yearning hearts within them burn

Because thou, Lord, art nigh!

How can they live through days of loneliness
When friends, however dear,
Seem far away; when loss and grief oppress,
And human sympathy is all in vain
To help us bear the burden or the pain,
If thou, Lord, are not near!

How can they live, who sinning, never seek
To have their sins forgiven,
Who, knowing that the strongest yet are weak,
Ask not thy grace and never know thy peace,
The gift unspeakable of thy release,
The pardon sealed in heaven!

How can they live, who never, never fed—
Poor starving souls—on thee;
Needing so much who will not own their need;
Who empty go from barren year to year,
When thou compassionate dost draw so near
Our daily bread to be!

My heart makes moan for them; how can they live!

It must be, dearest Lord,
Because thou art so gracious thou dost give
Even to those who ask not, and dost show
Pity for all; blessing thy very foe;
Sheathing in love thy sword.

So gracious, Lord! and yet to such as I
Art thou less gracious? Nay!
The cry that should be theirs must be my cry;
Have mercy, Lord! They strangers are to thee;

Not so am I! Have mercy, Lord, on me,
Lest I be cast away!

While thou with me so patiently dost plead,
How soon my strivings end!
While thou dost pardon, strengthen, solace,
Feed,

How cold I am to all thy tenderness!
O crown of love, that thou shouldst spare and bless,
And treat me as a friend!

Bishop Taylor as Peace-Maker.

Malange, the Easternmost station yet planted by Bishop Taylor in the original line across Central Africa, is on the borders of the Portuguese possessions. It is seldom visited by Europeans. The way to it from Pungo Andongo is across a wild country, greatly diversified by hills and woodlands, but not particularly mountainous. It is situated on the right bank of a small stream that is supposed to flow into the Coanza River, but where nobody knows, as it is not navigable, and no one has yet followed it down to the end. The Bishop has tramped for two days through this wilderness without adventure of a serious nature. About 9 o'clock in the morning of the third day he was met by two natives bearing spears. They stopped the party for a moment and conversed with the carriers in the African tongue. Then they set off in advance of the party at a high rate of speed. The Bishop saw that this manœuvre meant something out of the usual course, and made inquiries of his carriers.

"Those men" one of the carriers replied, "are from the town of Mambalungo, which we shall presently come to. It is the chief town of a tribe that inhabits this region. One of the neighboring tribes has recently declared war upon it and the people of Mambalungo are expecting a battle any day. The men we met were pickets sent out to warn the King of the approach of a hostile party."

"They will not report us as hostile, will they?" asked the Bishop.

"Oh, no! The good white man has been heard of here and the people of Mambalungo will take his visit most kindly. The pickets have gone back to apprise the King of your approach and you will be met on entering the town with ceremony."

THE KING'S VISIT.

In about half an hour the King came.

He was attended by a body guard of 100 soldiers armed for combat. The introduction was unceremonious because the two men could not speak a common language. The Bishop relieved the situation of any awkwardness by stepping forward quickly and extending his hand to royalty, saying as he did so, "I am glad to meet you." The King received the proffered hand with dignity, and when the Bishop's words had been translated to him he responded:

"I have heard of the old white man, well digger, long walker, who speaks kind words. What would the old white man do in Mambalungo?"

"I am on my way," exclaimed the Bishop, "to Malange, where friends will follow me and stay."

"You are welcome to Mambalungo," continued the King. "Why not stay here with us, rather than journey on to Malange?"

"I have many places to visit, O King, but my friends who will follow me will visit you. You are now at war; when there is peace again you may see much of us."

The answer was not well understood by the African, but he made no objections. In a moment he continued: "Tell me what it is that the old white man, well digger, long walker, and his friends would do in this land?"

"We come to live among you, to bring you peace and to tell you of many good things."

The King was impressed deeply with the idea that the Bishop and his friends had come to stay and to work for themselves upon the soil instead of trading. As he talked with the Bishop he grew to like the "old white man" more and more, and at last he said: "We have heard that the men of Kumbua are coming to make war upon us. They lie between here and Malange. You will not venture to continue your journey before we have defeated them and brought about a peace?"

"Yes, O King," replied the Bishop. "I shall go on as soon as I can. I am a friend to the people of Mambalungo and their king, but I am also a friend to the Kumbuans and their king likewise. There is no danger for me from them any more than there is danger from you. There is One above me to guard and protect me."

"The white man's God is indeed very powerful," assented the king gravely, "and the white man speaks bravely and frankly. None other would I permit to pass from our town to the arm of the Kumbuans. I believe you are my friend and I will show you that I am yours."

"BLOOD BROTHERHOOD."

He therefore summoned his chief lieutenant, and after a brief talk with him, sat down on the floor of the hut and beckoned the Bishop to sit beside him. The lieutenant then did some talking, the purport of which was that the King desired to cement the friendship he had formed for the white man by having the ceremony of blood brotherhood performed upon them. The Bishop consented, although he knew little of the ceremony. The lieutenant produced a sharp pointed knife, highly polished, which he touched upon his tongue, whether to test its sharpness after the manner of barbers, or to give proof that it was not poisoned, the Bishop could not be certain. Then, standing up before the King and Bishop, he made an impressive address, which

the Bishop learned later was about the relations that ought to maintain between brothers. Then he knelt by the King, who raised his robes slightly so as to disclose his leg bare to the knee. The lieutenant pricked the calf with the point of his knife so that a few drops of blood ran. He caught them in his left hand and turned to the Bishop, who comprehending the situation, rolled his trousers part way up his legs. The lieutenant made a similar incision upon the Bishop's calf and caught the dropping blood in the same hand that held the King's blood. Then he stood up again and rubbed the palms of his hands together, so that the blood was thoroughly mixed, after which he spat both hands violently upon the ground, rubbing off all traces of the blood with dust, saying as he did so:

"Let a dragon spring forth from the mingled blood upon the ground and destroy him who first shall break the ties of brotherhood here formed."

The King arose, reached out his hand to the Bishop, who extended his own hand, and they shook solemnly, and the ceremony was over.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY.

The next day Bishop Taylor pushed on without seeing any signs of the Kumbuans until after 11 o'clock. Then he met a small party of warriors who proved to constitute an outpost of the advancing enemy. At first sight of the Bishop's carriers the warriors fired a volley of arrows at them. One poor fellow fell with a shaft sticking into his breast. The other carriers dropped their light baggage instantly and turned to run. The Bishop made a grab for them and seized one around the waist, and in their struggle both fell to the ground and rolled over. The enemy viewed this evolution with much astonishment and they came running up with shouts, but without offering to shoot again. The sight of the white man had changed their purpose. The natives of Angola have just about enough respect for the Portuguese Government to keep their petty wars to themselves. The Kumbuans formed about the Bishop and trembling carrier and looked on in silence while the white man calmed the fears of his companion and told him to explain to the warriors that they were friends and not foes.

"But you come from Mambalungo," was the comment of the officer in charge of the Kumbuans.

"Yes," was the Bishop's reply, "we have come from Mambalungo, but we are the friends of the Kumbuans and their king, and here you have killed one of our men and driven away others."

The captain was disturbed. He thought a moment and then ordered two of his men to look after the wounded native and two others to run after the retreating carriers and bring them back.

"White man," he said, "it may be as say. If it is so, our king, the mighty Kumbaloo, will be grieved to hear that he has injured you. I will send a messenger to the King to inform him of your presence, and presently I will take you to him."

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

A walk of about two miles brought them to the Kumbuan camp. The party was received by a detachment of perhaps two hundred men, and escorted silently to the King's tent. It was evident at once that the war upon Mambalungo was more of a foraging expedition than

an attempt at conquest. The camp had been pitched several days, and on every hand were evidences of good living and the accumulation of contraband goods of various descriptions. There were heaps of ivory, utensils taken apparently from villages that had been destroyed, a few captives, articles of food, and the like. From appearances the whole army might muster a thousand men. The Bishop was conducted, after a short pause, into the presence of the King. The Bishop stood with folded arms and awaited advances.

"White man," said the King, "you are welcome, although you come from Mambalungo."

"Kumbaloo," responded the Bishop, coldly, "I came from Mambalungo, it is true, and I came as a friend to the Kumbuans. See what your men have done to me," and he pointed outside where the wounded carrier lay on the litter. The King was evidently disturbed.

"White man," he continued, "if what you say is true, then it is a bad day for the mighty Kumbaloo and his nation. If, indeed, we have injured a friend, it bodes little good for our war. But tell me, what do ye in this land?"

Then the Bishop explained, as he had to the King of Mambalungo, the purposes of his mission. Kumbaloo was gravely impressed. He gave an order to an officer who stood by, and then addressed the Bishop.

"White man, I believe that you come as a friend to Kumbaloo. It is a bad thing that we have done to you and we must atone for it or withdraw from our war upon Mambalungo."

He stood for some moments in thought. The Bishop was inclined to argue that the war be abandoned, but he considered it best to wait developments. Presently the officer returned leading a large detachment of men and in front was the party that comprised the outpost that had attacked the Bishop. The King looked up and said: "See, white man, there are the men who injured you. They shall all be put to death."

The Bishop raised his hand quickly and exclaimed: "No, Kumbaloo, the mighty, not so. The death of these will not atone. I want no one killed. Let them live, and do you and your army go back to your own country and live in peace."

KING KUMBALOO'S DIPLOMACY.

"Tell me," he said, "did the people of Mambalungo seem prepared for war?"

"They are thoroughly prepared," replied the Bishop, "and will meet you with a great force."

"We could destroy them utterly," insisted the King, "but one can do nothing against the desires of the gods, especially if the white man's fetish has been offended. Be it so; we will go to our own country and wait a year. But for you, white man, we will supply a strong guard to take the place of your man. Men will carry you and him also to Malange."

The rest of the day accordingly was spent in the camp of the Kumbuans, and on the following morning the Bishop set out again, this time with a large party of attendants. He refused to be carried, however, and walked as before. When we arrived at the borders of Malange the escort stopped and bade him farewell. They went off to the Northwest towards their own district and the Bishop made his way into Malange with

the assistance of some natives, who were working in banana field near by.

Dr. Sumners was in the town waiting for the Bishop's arrival. Arrangements for the mission station were soon completed and eventually Mr. Samuel J. Mead and his two daughters, Bertha and Aida, and Mr. Levin Johnson and Mr. C. W. Gordon were established there. The Bishop stayed in the town, working hard on the buildings and the land of the station until they came. They reported that the people of Mambalungo had disarmed and gone about their ordinary occupations and that they gave the most extravagant praise to the Bishop for bringing the little war to an end. No sign of the Kumbuans had been seen except the marks of their old encampment.—*Phila. Press.*

What a Smile Did.

A lady of position and property, anxious about her neighbors, provided religious services for them. She was very deaf—could scarcely hear at all. On the occasion one of her preachers managed to make her understand him, and at the close of their conversation asked, "But what part do you take in the work?"

"Oh," she replied, "I smile them in and smile them out." Very soon the preacher saw the result of her generous, loving sympathy in a multitude of broad-shouldered, hard-fisted men who entered the place of worship, delighted to get a smile from her as she used to stand in the doorway to receive them. Why do not the working classes attend the house of God? They would, in greater numbers, if self-denying Christ-loving Christians would "smile them in and smile them out."—*London Christian.*

The following interesting document has been found on file in the probate court in Washington: "I, Thaddeus Kosciusko, being just on my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend, Thomas Jefferson, to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any others and freeing them in my name, in giving them an education, in trades or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or mothers, husbands or wives, and in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful, and I make the said Thomas Jefferson executor of this."

Rev. Dr. Earl Cranston appears not to have lost his liberal spirit toward the semi-official press by reason of his official character as agent of the book concern. Writing to the *Rocky Mountain Methodist*, a new Colorado Journal, he congratulates the editors on the excellence of their work, says that the paper is entertaining and refreshing, that it must do good, and feels sure it will supplement and not hinder the circulation and influence of the official paper in that region. It would be impossible, he adds, for the official paper to contain from all its field such details of local work as the *Methodist* gives. A sensible view of a very large question.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Temperance.

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

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

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is not a temperance paper, but see what it says: There are to-day 200,000 saloons in the United States, which is equivalent to saying that we have 200,000 places of business which are so many stumbling-blocks in the way of our national safety and welfare. After all possible arguments have been made as to the right of these institutions to exist, the fact remains that they are in no sense beneficial to the country, but that, on the contrary they are a positive and continuous detriment. They may be excused on one ground or another, but they cannot be justified. No man who cares anything for his reputation will undertake to defend the saloon as an agency of civilization, or to show that the liquor traffic is in any way conducive to material or moral progress. The enlightened judgment of mankind condemns the business as a business; and no amount of sophistry can hide the truth that if all the saloons on the planet should be suppressed it would be a great gain for human comfort and happiness."

The grand jury of Burke County, Georgia, make a most favorable report of the good effects of prohibition, and refer especially to the improved order and sobriety manifested by the colored people.

Prohibition is the sole remedy for the liquor traffic. The people of the country are rapidly coming to recognize this fact. In all parties there are thousands of good men and true longing for the overthrow of the saloons, and waiting for the issue to be joined in a practicable way, when their votes will be cast against the stupendous wrong which has so long held sway under direct or implied legal sanction. In order to be successful, the interdiction of the traffic must go into the constitutions of the several States.—*Bishop Merrill.*

Floyd County, Ga., in an election held July 9, gave an overwhelming majority for prohibition. Floyd County is the most populous white county in the State, the county seat being Rome, a city of 12,000 inhabitants. Georgia has now only fourteen "wet" counties.

Nothing that has occurred in along time in politics has so incensed the temperance people of Nebraska as the refusal of the Legislature to submit to the people the question of prohibiting the sale of liquor by constitutional amendment. They say that the vote clearly shows that the dominant parties are wholly controlled by the liquor power, and there is likely to be a widespread throwing down of party fences by and by.

A glance at the list of applicants for license in Syracuse, N. Y., reveals the singular fact that about one in five or six is the name of a woman.

King Humbert of Italy has always been an abstainer from liquors and almost a total abstainer from wine. He has smoked cigars quite freely if not excessively. About three months ago he noticed that something in his habits was hurting his health. Physicians said it was the cigars and hinted at more moderation. The King at once declared against all use of tobacco and has done so since. His health has shown gratifying improvement.

In the recent great prohibition struggle in Michigan forty-six counties voted for the amendment and thirty-seven against it. In the thirty-seven were the large cities and the fraudulent votes which cheated the people of their rights.

Youth's Department.

A Poor Bargain.

"Don't put your fingers in the dish, dear, and don't pick at the cake," said Roy's mother.

"Don't take an apple without leave from a tree belonging to any one else," said his father.

Roy was a good little boy in most things, but he took no pains to correct himself of this habit of picking and pilfering in a small way.

And as a bad habit, like a great many other bad things—and good ones, too—grows very fast, it was not long before he would take an orange or a half-dozen macaroons from a dish waiting for desert; and if a marble or a pencil belonging to another boy came in his way, he would slip them into his pocket if he was quite sure that nobody would see him.

His mother sometimes came to know of his ugly tricks and talked to him of the sin and meanness of taking anything belonging to another.

"Will you go down town and get some Berlin wool for me, Roy?" asked grandmother, coming into the room.

"Yes, ma'am," said Roy.

"That is one of the things your hands can do," said mamma, as he took up the half dollar and the bit of paper on which grandmother wrote the errand, although he insisted he could remember it without writing.

"Two ounces like sample," said the man at the store. "Yes, that's right," as Roy laid down the money. "It's twenty-five cents an ounce."

The man put the wool into a paper bag, which he shoved toward Roy, and then turned to wait on another customer.

Roy began looking at the marbles which stood in the little round wooden boxes on the counter. He had never seen so many in his life before. There were comies and chinies and potteries and brandies and crystals and agates, and if there is any other kind of marble it was there too. They were all colors of the rainbow, plain, and steaked and shaded and spotted.

He felt almost like buying some of them. But he had been for weeks saving up his half-dollar to buy a fishing-rod, which he could not do without, for he was going home with grandmother and they always fished there.

He began to think it very unfair that Mr. Pike, the storekeeper, should have so many marbles and he so few. He took one out to look at. What a beauty it was with its red and white stripes, with a delicate twist of blue inside.

His paper bag of wool lay near as he gave the marble a soft little roll on the counter. The paper had become unfolded and the marble rolled toward it. With another little touch it actually rolled in—all of itself! Roy was sure it was none of his doing.

He glanced quickly up to see if Mr. Pike was looking, but no, he was still busy with somebody else.

There were such lots of marbles, Roy said to himself:

"What harm could it do to let it stay in the bag, as it would roll there? Just one, when Mr. Pike had so many."

He had never taken anything from a store before and his fingers—the fingers alas! which his mother thought good for so much better work—trembled as he began folding up the opening of the bag.

"Let me see," said Mr. Pike, turning suddenly toward him. "I wonder if I got the right weight on that wool? It was two ounces, wasn't it?"

"Ye-es sir," stammered Roy.

His face turned red, and he felt hot down to his feet, as Mr. Pike took the bag from his hand.

"Why, I've made a mistake!" said Mr. Pike, putting it on the scales. "Sure as the world, I've given you four ounces. I must take some out."

"Oh, no!" said Roy in great fright, taking hold of the bag.

How could he bear to see that marble found there? In a moment it flashed upon him that, by paying for the extra two ounces, he could prevent it.

"I—I believe grandmother would just as lief have four ounces," he said.

He took his own half dollar and offered it to Mr. Pike.

"That'll be all right," said Mr. Pike, dropping Roy's half dollar in his change drawer.

The poor, naughty little boy set his lips tightly together as he went out of the store, carrying his paper bag.

His half dollar was gone, and with it his fishing rod—the beautiful bamboo rod with which he had expected to astonish all the little country boys, who had nothing but saplings cut in the woods.

He took out the marble, and looked at it as he walked home. It was a finer one than any of Johnny Pringle's there was no mistake about that. But he had paid half a dollar for it, and he knew it was worth just about five cents.

He could not bear to look at it. He carried the wool to grandmother, and then went and hid the crystal in an old box of rubbish in farthest corner of the tool house.

"Hi, there!" called a voice to Roy a few days afterward.

Roy was walking along the street, having just taken a sorrowful look at the window inside of which were the fishing rods, and settled upon the one he would have bought, if he could have bought any.

It was Mr. Pike who called; and Roy went toward him with cheeks again turning red, and wondering as he had wondered the hundredth time, if Mr. Pike knew.

"Here's your half dollar," said Mr. Pike. "Did you think I meant to make you pay it for one marble?"

Roy hung his head, and held back his hands.

"Take it," insisted Mr. Pike, taking the small hand, and putting the coin into it.

"But let me tell you, my little man," he added, in a more serious tone, "you'd better face right about in this matter of being sneaky and deceitful. You've got a long life ahead of you, and if you go through it paying away truth and honor and manliness for every trifle you want, it will be a much worse bargain than paying fifty cents for a marble."

"I'll remember, sir, and thank you," said Roy, in a very humble tone. "I'll run and bring back the marble."

"No," said Mr. Pike. "You can keep it."

"But I hate the very sight of it," said Roy.

"Never mind that. Put it among your other marbles, and play with it. Don't trade it or give it away, but let it always remind you to stand by fair and honest dealings as long as you live."

It was a good lesson for Roy; and I hope he profited by it, don't you?"—*Golden Days.*

Honesty Rewarded.

When I was about ten years old, my father died, after a lingering illness. He had been very unfortunate in business ventures, and his sickness had entirely exhausted our funds. I left my school, and felt that as I was the oldest, I must help mother to support the family.

Poor mother! It grieved me greatly, to see her patiently stitching away on the coarse work, she received such a pittance for from the shops. I tried to get a place in some store, but could not succeed. My efforts in that line, and my many rebuffs would astonish you. I concluded I would sell papers, but at first it was very hard work. I did not mind the fatigue. I sold the evening papers, but I could not call papers out loud and clear, and then some other boys would get ahead of me. I was better dressed than the other 'newsies,' and so they looked upon me as

an interloper, and tried to run me out of the trade; but I thought of my mother at work at home, and determined I would succeed. One evening I jumped on a car crying my papers in my best style. I sold several; and was just leaving the car, when a gentleman who was busily talking with his neighbor, while both occupied uncertain standing room called me: 'Here, boy—a *Chronicle*.'

I gave him one, and he put his hand into his pocket and drew out and gave me what he supposed was a three-cent piece, but I saw it was a gold piece. I jumped off the car in a hurry, and soon went home. I felt a little uncertain about how my mother would view the matter, but I never had any secrets from her, so I told her all about it, adding that I considered it a rare piece of luck, for we did need the money, more than you people can imagine; but mother argued that morally I had no right to any more than the price of the paper, unless it was given me; that it was a mistake. I insisted that any man so careless as he, ought to lose his money, and that it was intended to relieve our necessities. But mother said: 'My son, He in whom I put my trust has never deserted me yet; and I cannot distrust him now. I would rather starve, than have my boy become dishonest.'

I believe there comes to every one some supreme crisis in life, when good and evil strive for his soul, and that night was the crisis in mine.

My dear mother finally got me to promise that if I saw the man again, I would return the money. No fear of my not knowing him; his face was before me all the time. Next evening, I began my work as usual. I had been through several cars, and almost hoped I could not find my generous (?) patron; but at last I came face to face with him. I spoke quickly, for fear my courage would fail.

"You bought a paper of me last evening, sir," I exclaimed.

"Well," said he, "I suppose I did. I bought one from some boy. What's wrong? Didn't I pay you?"

I told him what was the matter, and his astonishment was great. He looked at me as if I were a curiosity, and asked my name, and where I lived. Others heard the conversation, and my papers were soon all sold at double their price, the gentlemen laughingly telling me that they knew what they were about. I fairly flew home that night, and I never felt so proud and happy as when I poured that money into my mother's lap, and heard her say: 'Thank God for having kept you honest, my boy.'

The next day mother had a call from the gentleman, and the result was that my career as a newsboy ceased, and mercantile life began—very low down, to be sure, but I worked away. I attended night school, too, and by degrees I rose, till, as you know, I am a partner in the house.—*Kind Words.*

MOTHER'S GIRL.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands
The little maiden flies,
Now she is washing dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy,
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
Oh, were she only tall!
Fushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl;
Stepping around so briskly,
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,
Petting old Bridgie's calf,
Riding Don to the pasture,
With many a ringing laugh,
Coming when o'er you call her,
Running wherever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

—*Central Christian Advocate.*

What Shall We Talk About.

There are certainly topics enough, one would imagine, without our endlessly discussing trivialities, or talking unkindly of our neighbors. If the higher education is to do anything for the woman

of the future, let us hope that it will free her from the bondage, which makes the trimmings of a gown or the cut of a mantle the most interesting topic under the sun; from the everlasting small talk, the continual dropping on a rainy day of chit-chat about servants; from the paltriness of unkind gossip about her neighbors.

In our presence not long ago a young girl inquired, airily, concerning a young man, "Has he gotten over his convivial habits?"

"I never understood that he had any,"

was the reply. "Indeed!" rejoined the maiden, with a toss of the head and a set of the mouth, which led her listeners to infer that there were depths of depravity of which she could tell if she chose. The scene was in shocking taste, not the less so, that the girl evidently thought herself quite justified in stabbing the reputation of the absent, by a careless thrust of cruel censure.

The art of conversation, like any other, even more than any other, is susceptible of cultivation. We may envy the facility with which our friend entertains a party in her drawing-room, fancying that such ease and tact can never be ours, yet the secret of grace in conversation is not far to seek.

Forget yourself—self-consciousness is at the root of nearly all the social awkwardness in the world. Have something to say. The talk of well-informed men or any topic about which they converse is nearly always worth listening to. Women equally can be bright, gay, ready, charming, if they are thoroughly furnished.

It would be well to establish a family conversation hour, where something beyond the mere daily happenings might occupy the minds and tongues of the different members of the household.—*Rose Egbert, in the Christian Intelligencer.*

Missionary Apportionments to Charges.

The Committee for apportioning Missionary money, to be raised by the several charges in this conference, have done some strange work, and certainly cannot claim that they have equalized the burdens, either on the ground of past contributions or of present ministerial support. Of course, it is utterly impossible for any four men, to correctly weigh the relative financial ability of the several charges on any District, much less can one man, its Presiding Elder do so. For instance: Newark which paid its pastor last year \$850 in cash, is only apportioned \$175; while Zion, which paid its pastor \$50 less, is assessed \$250. Newark met the demand last year, but Zion fell short \$60.

Zion has been bereft this year, of more than one fourth of its financial strength, by taking off Union, and uniting it with Cherry Hill charge; in consequence of which, the pastor's salary had been considerably reduced, and that of the Cherry Hill pastor made \$100 larger; and yet the Missionary apportionment of Zion is kept at \$250, which is \$60 more than it ever paid, in its fullest financial strength. At the same time Cherry Hill whose pastor, in consequence of the transfer stated, is promised \$100, more than Zion's pastor is promised is only apportioned \$125,—just one half as much as is demanded of Zion. Now the parties who made the change in the work are those who made the apportionments and, hence, they are responsible for these embarrassing blunders, and unequal burdens.

Chaplain McCabe has been warned in sending a special pledge, that he may expect a very large deficit on Zion charge this year, unless the people can be induced to give nearly twice as much, as they did last year, when they raised \$55 more than they did the year before; or, unless the Lord will enable the pastor to give \$110 more than the pastor did last year.

The Sunday School.

Jesus in Galilee.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, AUG. 14, 1887.
Matt. 5: 1-16BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.
[Adopted from Zion's Herald.]

THE BEATITUDES.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (John 1: 17).

1. *Seeing the multitudes.*—He was apparently coming down from the mountain, after spending the night in prayer, and occupying Himself in the early morning hours with the formal appointment of the twelve apostles; meeting the great multitudes eager for healing and teaching. He went back to find an elevated spot from which to address them. *A mountain* (R. V. "the mountain").—Tradition has singled out the square-shaped hill with two tops, about three miles from the Sea of Galilee, and seven from Capernaum, known as Kur'n Hattin, or the Horns of Hattin, as the Mount of Beatitudes. It is about sixty feet high. The multitude probably gathered on the plateau between the two "horns." *Was set* (R. V., "had sat down")—was seated, following the custom of the Jewish teachers. *His disciples came*—the newly chosen twelve probably, who formed a sort of inner circle near Him.

A striking historical illustration, by way of contrast, is connected with the Horns of Hattin assuming that ridge to be the Mount of Beatitudes. On the spot where Jesus has described the kingdom of heaven, and pronounced the meek and the peace-makers blessed, the most bloody battles have been fought. On July 5, 1187, the celebrated battle of Hattin took place, in which the last remnant of the crusaders was destroyed on the height of Tell Hattin, after the army had been beaten by Sultan Saladin in the valley. Again, on the plain of Jezreel, Bonaparte defeated, in 1799, with 3,000 men, an army of 25,000 Turks (Lange).

2. *He opened His mouth*—indicating that He was about to make a deliberate and important utterance. *Taught them*—in a tone of loving authority (unlike the scribes) the fundamental truths of His kingdom.

3. *Blessed.*—Purely; permanently; divinely happy are they, etc. "Happiness may come from earthly things; blessedness comes from God" (Schaff). Note on the beatitudes, that though they are eight in number, they really embrace but seven distinct characteristics, the eighth—"being persecuted for righteousness' sake"—being really included among the features of character previously depicted. The sevenfold blessedness is a complete, or perfect, blessedness. Critics have found, further, an ascending gradation in the beatitudes, and various arrangements have been attempted; in that of Lange, for example, the first four represent the "inner life towards God," the last three "its outward manifestation towards man." Schaff remarks: "The same thoughts are found in the Old Testament, but only since Christ has been found." "The Poor in spirit—the humble and spiritual who, therefore, consciously want to be made rich with the fulness of the Gospel; the exact opposite of Pharisaic pride and self-sufficiency. *Kingdom of heaven*—the reign of righteousness, joy and peace, the rule of Christ; and not the temporal worldly kingdom which the Jews expected.

4. *They that mourn*—because of their poverty of spirit, or because of their sins, or infirmities, or sufferings, or bereavements. *Shall be comforted*—by the Comforter, who will bring appropriate and satisfying consolation.

5. *The meek*—the gentle, the mild, the submissive, the patient; opposed to the self-seeking and ambitious. *Inherit the earth*—see Psa. 37: 11. This was quite contrary to the common Jewish expectation, that the earth was to be conquered by war and bloodshed.

6. *Hunger and thirst*—the language of intense and imperious yearning. *Righteousness*—the righteousness; "that is, God's; something without us, given to us; not merely imputed to us, though that is included, but made ours, part of our life, as food is assimilated" (Schaff). *Befilled*—feasted, abundantly satisfied, the craving fully met.

7. *The merciful*—those who have pity for the sufferings of others, and do what they can to relieve them—the actively benevolent. God is "rich in mercy," and the truly merciful are like Him. All through the Scriptures the unmerciful are spoken of in terms of the strongest rebuke. "He shall have judgment without mercy who hath showed evil to his neighbor." *Obtain mercy*—shall be paid in kind and with heavenly coin. See Psa. 18: 26; Prov. 3: 34. Mercy both from God and man is included in this promise.

"The quality of mercy is not strained
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven

Upon the earth beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

8. *Pure in heart*—those who "regard not iniquity" in their hearts; who are free from double-mindedness and hypocrisy and everything that is false; who have made clean with in by the Spirit divine. *Shall see God*—Purity sees purity. "The impure, the bad, cannot see Him, much less enjoy Him. It is a moral color-blindness" (Peloubet).

9. *The peacemakers*—those who heal quarrels, reconcile differences, carry about with them an atmosphere of repose and serenity, and sow the seeds of peace wherever they go. The loving, the humble, the forgiving, the generous as peace makers; while the selfish, the covetous, the ambitious, the revengeful, the contentious, are peacebreakers. *Called the children of God* (R. V., "sons of God")—shall bear such a likeness to the "God of peace" that they shall be recognized as His children.

He is the true Christian peacemaker, who endeavors, like Christ, to implant the divine Spirit of peace in men's hearts (Whedon).—It is this peace-giving quality, which, above all others, is counted among men as saintliness (Abbot).

10. *Persecuted for righteousness' sake.*—A positively righteous life is a rebuke to the spirit of this world. The world hates it and will fight it. Those who live godly in Christ Jesus, who are poor in spirit, humble, meek, merciful, peaceable, and hungering not for this world's gifts, but for righteousness, will suffer persecution of some sort from those who are governed by the maxims of the world. *Theirs is the kingdom of heaven*—the same beatitude as that of the "poor in spirit." In the world tribulation, in Christ peace.

11. *Blessed are ye*—More specific than "blessed are they;" He is probably now addressing His disciples, but in the hearing of the multitude. *Shall revile you* (R. V., "reproach you")—shall utter reproaches and abuse openly, to your face, and not merely behind your back. *All manner of evil*—The Jews called Jesus a Samaritan, and declared that He had a devil. *Falsely for My sake*.—Notice the two limitations: The evil epithets and abuse would (1) be false, untrue; and (2) be spoken because they were Christ's followers.

12. *Rejoice*—exult, or leap for joy; a very difficult precept this, to be exuberantly happy when one is openly insulted, or secretly slandered, for Christ's sake. It is hard to be meek even, harder still to rejoice. *For—telling why.* *So persecuted they the prophets.*—Christ's reviled followers have reason to rejoice because by their endurance they become identified with "the goodly fellowship of the prophets," and "the noble army of martyrs," who "obtained a good report" on earth, and now enjoy their "reward in heaven."

Jeremiah was scourged (Jer. 20:2); Zechariah son of Jehoiada, was stoned (2 Chron. 24:21); Isaiah, according to Jewish tradition, was sawn asunder by Manasseh, etc.

13. *Salt*—Invaluable in the East for preserving flesh, etc., from corrupting; thus a fitting emblem of the mission of Christians to preserve truth and goodness among men, and save the world from utter corruption. *Lost his savor.*—The rock salt of Palestine loses its savor when in contact with the ground, or exposed to the rain and sun. "The sweeping out of the spoiled salt from houses where salt is stored, and casting it into the street, are actions familiar to all men" (Thomson). It is not only "good for nothing" itself, but it destroys all fertility, and hence is cast not into the fields, but into the street; a solemn warning this to the disciples to be true to their calling, and to guard with extreme care their own purity and godliness.

The truth which our Lord inculcated was, that if they, the salt of the earth, lost the power and savor of godliness, they would not only be worthless so far as the enlightening and sanctification of others were concerned, but would also be cast out themselves (Lange).

14. *Ye are the light.*—"The influence of salt is internal, of light external. Light is opposed to darkness, and dispels it. It is the symbol of truth and holiness. Christ's disciples became 'the light of the world,' because He is 'the true Light,' and makes them partakers of His light" (Schaff). *A city set on a hill.*—Our Lord is supposed to have pointed either to the fortress of Safed, 2,500 feet above the sea, and "commanding one of grandest panoramic views in Palestine," or else to the village and fortress of Tabor. Like such a city, conspicuous and shining from afar, must the church of Christ be not hidden, but visible and prominent.

15. *Candle*—rather, "a lamp," shaped like a saucer with sides turned up and fed with olive oil. *Bushel*—literally, a modius, holding about a peck. *Candlestick*—a lampstand.

16. *So shine.*—even so, like the lamp, like the city on a hill, let your light radiate forth. *Good works*—not empty professions merely.

Glorify your Father—not yourselves.

The praise and glory of a well-lighted feast would be given, not to the light, but to the master, of the house; and of a stately city on a hill, not to the buildings, but to those who built them. (Alford).

MR. EDITOR:—By your leave I will, through the PENINSULA METHODIST, make mention of some statements made by a preacher, during the delivery of a missionary sermon. The many excellent things said I have not room to notice, and it is only just to say that the sermon was well received, and doubtless did good. There were many things said either erroneous or recently discovered to be true.

1. The preacher declared the definition of missionary to be "sent," "thrust out," including the opposition of those to whom he was sent. An effort was made to show that Ethiopia was not stretching out her hands, but rather was doubling her hands to resist. This elaborated statement was used to urge the Christian to be vigorous in "thrusting out" the gospel. An illustration to make forceful the application to us in the United States, was the unparalleled action of the Conference in England, where and when a small company of Methodist preachers, with all England to evangelize, with but few chapels, and they heavily in debt, originated the inquiry after the brethren in North America, and subscribed 40 pounds towards defraying the expenses of two brothers ready to be "thrust out." Now, while we, the grateful sons of our evangelized fathers, are ready to "thrust out" most any one to the heathen anywhere, it would seem a difficult task to make us believe that the passengers on the Mayflower were heathen, or did so soon lapse into such a heathenish state as to actually resist the hearing of Jesus. The definition of the subject in hand by the preacher, and the illustration, fight. Then, too, some readers of Methodist history have an idea that the people of North America, during the colonial days, were acquainted with Jesus, and the origin of the inquiry as to who will go to North America to preach Jesus according to Methodist interpretation and faith, was in response to an earnest invitation of Capt. Webb and others in North America, where Methodism was outgrowing the ability of busy laymen, and needed the care of regular itinerants.

2. This same sermon contained the statement that there were no heathen in the United States, and that the devil originated the sentence "charity begins at home." Those who believe that charity should begin at home, consider the devil too shrewd to divide his kingdom against itself, and the above assertion a slander on his satanic majesty. If there are no heathen in this country now, there must have been wild times when they were here.

3. This same sermon asserted, and stoutly maintained, that the question as to when the heathen natives would be evangelized was one of money. God would do the work at once if he had the money. It does seem to me that God prefers gold in the missionary to gold in the missionary treasury. I think the need of the hour touching missionary matters is dispassionate and accurate statement, with a Christian community willing to be "called of God" to go to the ends of the earth with the gospel, money or no money. The preacher mocked the self-supporting plan of Bishop Taylor, sustaining his effort by declaring that Paul had no desire to make tents, and was not allowed long thus to waste his time, by a wise provision for his wants; and to colonize men and women of God in Africa was a waste. Money might help Bishop Taylor and his noble band, but if I was in charge of the evangelization of the world would rather have the company, small though it may be, that Wm. Taylor has and will have about him as instruments, than all the \$1200 a year "thrust out" men that ever set their faces, for a season, toward

the hills of the grand old countries of the East. All honor to the men and women who go to Africa, or elsewhere, to live and die with the people for whom they are happy to sacrifice; all honor to Bishop Taylor, their heroic big brother and chief in toil; all worship to Jesus their friend in solicitude and burden, their consolation in loneliness and grief, their companion in victory. Let us sing "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Letter from Holland's Island Md.

DEAR EDITOR:—Passed peacefully away about 3.30 o'clock P. M. July 16, the soul of our noble Christian brother, Capt. Peter H. Parks of Holland's Island. It was a privilege appreciated by the writer, to see him on the day of his departure, before losing his consciousness. As we entered, he seemed breathing his life away unconsciously, but, to the glory of God and the joy of his friends he awoke, and recognized me, he said he had a strange feeling, never felt so before, but seemed delighted to find death so different from what he had anticipated. As we spoke of the pleasant hours we had spent together, he said he should soon be gone, and his Companion would not be long behind. We referred to their meeting in that glorious heaven, which it has been a delight to live for and urged his friends to prepare for; quoting from that beautiful hymn

"I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,"
and saying the war will soon be over and then will come the reward. He was not in the least terrified by the prospect of his early dissolution; but calmly welcomed that which is a terror to many. He was a hero in church work, and in matters of his own church was a leader. He took delight in all church work was very liberal himself, and lived to prompt others. He was not only leader in spiritual matters but in temporal, likewise. He will be greatly missed. He was as a father to his Pastor, and there is no one in his Island home, that will not miss him. We are praying that his mantle will fall on others, so that the work and interest may be kept up to record it has already attained, and even advanced. One noble act was that in disposing of his estate he willed, five hundred dollars to the church he loved so well. This is made payable, at the death of his wife. May others emulate his example. I am glad to state his worthy wife is a devoted Methodist, in whom I verily believe the Church will find a true friend. "May our last end be like his!"

Rev. Bro. Reese, with Brother Mason of Tilghmanns Island made us a visit in that attractive cute yacht, known as the Ada R. Bro. Reese preached a very good sermon for us and spent quite a pleasant little season with us. Our people raised about \$200 on their parsonage debt of \$400.

Bro. Ayres, our Presiding Elder has been with us and presided over our second Quarterly Conference, which was a pleasant and harmonious occasion. He is a very pleasant officer.

Yours

H. S. DULANY.

Methodism in Wilmington.

It has already been stated in these papers, that the status of Methodism in the Metropolis city of our Conference, will compare favorably with that of the denomination elsewhere, both with regard to individual piety, and the collective church influence upon society. Nor can I believe that the influence of any other denomination, in these respects is more salutary, I am quite sure that in a doctrinal point of view, none can challenge a higher correspondence with the gospel code. Nor are any in my opinion better prepared,—if so well—in church arrangements for planting "the seed of the Kingdom," and for training the fruitage in Evangelical development with the individual, the family and the

people in private and public life. This being the case "the people called Methodists" ought to maintain as high if not a higher example of personal religion, than is found elsewhere, but what if in practical piety as a whole they are found deficient? In doctrinal truth and in conventional methods, Methodism may be above criticism from the Scriptural stand-point, and yet those who entertain them and are entrusted with them may be sadly delinquent, in the virtues and graces of "pure and undefiled religion." And here the case of the Jews of the Savior's day may be cited for our admonition. They believed in the true God, and were blessed with his revealed world and were even zealous to defend and propagate the claims of their glorious Theocracy and yet their virtue was of a grade that often made the heathen blush, and called for severe censure from the divine Teacher. Oh it is a fearful responsibility to "hold the truth in unrighteousness."

Christian integrity is needed everywhere, but in cities its influence, for reasons that all thoughtful persons will admit, is in highest demand. The population of cities increase in a greater ratio than elsewhere; people from the country flock to the larger towns and cities, especially those of manufacturing interests, nor is the aggregation usually of the better class in morals. The contact and intercourse is for the most part pernicious, "evil communications corrupt good manners," and the agencies of temptation and the opportunities and enticements to sin everywhere abound.

Now then, while it is pertinent to ask, are the Christian people of the city measuring up to the claims of the duty? Is Methodism doing her part in this matter, and exerting as wholesome an influence upon public morals as the situation requires? This is the great question; and let Methodists as individuals and churches consider it. In solemn earnestness I appeal to you—look well to yourselves and to your vows, "come up to the help of the Lord," and meet your high responsibility, that Methodism be not blamed, nor the Lord's cause suffer reproach.

HEPER.

A MILLION FOR MISSIONS.—And there are hundreds of ways by which each member and probationer in our church can contribute at least "just a little" toward this round million by collections only. A Presiding Elder in the Central New York Conference says there are hundreds who are planting what they call "Missionary Potatoes." They cut up a large Irish potato into as many pieces as possible, plant it in good soil, till it their best, and give the yield to the missionary cause. The increase may not be large for this planting, but it will count so much in the Lord's Treasury.

Some have a "missionary hen" and all her eggs are converted into missionary money. This yields a better increase and costs less of labor than the potatoes.

Then some have a brood of "missionary chickens." A certain young lady had \$2. for the missionary collection last winter which she received for her brood of missionary chickens. We know several who are this year laying aside a tenth of their gross earnings, for the Lord's treasury; and the missionary cause will get its full share of this "Lord's tenth." It is not hard to take a penny out of every ten, and ten cents out of every dollar. But if the Church would do it, our great benevolences would henceforth suffer no lack of funds. At least, let every one lay by in some way as "God hath prospered him" and pay it over to the Lord's cause when the call is made.

June 14, 1887.

G. W. BURKE.

A Hen.

An humble and self-sacrificing follower of Christ, who was very poor stood before the Treasurer of a certain church and offered to pay seventy-five cents for the support of the gospel. The Treasurer knew her to be very poor and said to the woman that is too much for you to give. No, said she, it is not too much that is the Lord's money. I sat a hen, and took the Lord into partnership with me, and promised to give him half. I have just sold the six young chickens for twenty-five cents apiece, and seventy-five cents is the Lord's part, you must accept it. The Treasurer took her money, surprised at her story and also at her liberality. The woman went away with a shining face, rejoicing that she had given something for Him who gave himself for her.

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The Color Line in Schools.

So many changes have been rung upon what is termed by some, *caste* distinction in schools established in the southern portion of our country, always in vindication of the right of negroes to be admitted with white pupils, that it is somewhat of a relief to have the subject come up in a new aspect, not a little amusing to find the shoe pinching the other foot. This time it is the white brother, upon whom this dreadful hobgoblin of caste is invoked. Our Presbyterian friends, it seems, have a college in North Carolina, to which only colored students are admitted, and no matter how loudly their pale faced brothers may clamor for equal rights with them, they can't get them, but must rest content to see their dusky brothers of African descent, enter the classic halls, of what is said to be the finest educational building in that State, while they are shut out, and this *stupendous* enormity, forbidding white students to enjoy equal privileges with colored students, in this college in the old North State, has been perpetrated by no less a body, than the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, and this was done at its late session, in this year of grace, 1887.

So many tears have been shed over the temporary exclusion of a few colored students from our new University at Chattanooga, that it is a question, if there are any left to pour out in sympathy for these similarly ostracized whites. We wonder if the *Independent* will denounce its own kith and kin, as it did the Methodist Episcopal Church, on this line of caste.

To our thinking, a little common sense would relieve the situation. Let facilities for education and for religious interests be provided as far as possible for all our people, and let this matter of mixed or separate schools be relegated to the several communities where these schools and churches are located. If any such community prefer separate schools, let them have them—separate, yet equally good; if any prefer mixed, let them enjoy such preference. This outside pressure is as unwise as it is unwarranted, and can but hinder the advancement of those, in whose interest, it is professedly advocated.

The *Northern Christian Advocate* of the 14th inst., has these appreciative words for Bishop Taylor and his great work.—

"To us it appears as an occasion of devout thanksgiving that, whatever differences of opinion may exist concerning Bishop William Taylor's episcopal status, there is unanimity of faith and hope concerning the nature and importance of his work. Visions of the future rise before the imagination, which a modest prophet would be reluctant to describe, when the possibilities of his field and the most reasonable interpretation of providential leadings are considered.

However much of trembling the most careful observers and counselors of missionary enterprise may have felt in the contemplation of his methods, the faith of the Church at this hour accepts him as God's chosen instrument for a great work, perhaps the greatest and boldest evangelist movement of our times. As we read in the Editorial Miscellany of the *Methodist Review*, William Taylor, engaged in projecting Christian missions among the pagan savages of Africa, is a spectacle of the sublime interest. . . . It is wonderful to see him moving unscathed under tropical skies and among death-dealing miasmas of African rivers and estuaries, threading their marshes and sleeping in their jungles, unharmed alike by the elements and the beasts of prey and fierce savage men, apparently in a literally realized fulfillment of the Scripture which tells of deliverance from 'destruction and death,' of a 'league with the stones of the field,' and which says that "the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee." To turn from the contemplation of such a picture to examine the technical significance of his appointment and ordination, seems like stopping the train to examine the structure of the link between it and the ponderous steaming engine that draws it—and that, too, because somebody has asserted that if the link is a genuine coupling it must have been made after a certain ancient pattern."

Our esteemed brother of the *Northern* will not deny that "the structure of the link" is an all important matter in the availability of the ponderous engine's power.

The practical point in this *Status* discussion is that this heroic Bishop is doing this grand work, under orders of the General Conference while he is refused support as a bishop by the Book Committee on the assumption, that he is not included among the bishops of the church for whose support they are to provide. Some, at least, of those who admire the bishop, and his work deeply deplore this great wrong, and being thoroughly convinced, there is no difference between him and other bishops, except that, for the time being, the exercise of his functions are restricted to Africa, they deem it imminently right and exceedingly important to vindicate his interests, and his claims.

"No Other Recourse."

In an editorial note, the *Philadelphia Ledger* of a recent date, makes the following comment upon the action of the Prohibitionist of New York. Coming from so conservative a journal, and one that has had some strong things to say about the impracticability of Prohibition, we think this is a very suggestive admission.

"The Prohibition Party in New York has arranged for a State convention in August, when a full ticket is to be nominated. It has more reason for existence as a separate party now than usual, for at the last session of the Legislature the Democrats opposed temperance legislation and the Republicans made a mere pretense of passing remedial measures. It is not good politics to form a party on every point of difference of opinion, and, generally speaking, temperance men have accomplished more by supporting the party which most nearly represented their views than by independent action; but when both Republicans and Democrats openly oppose or secretly undermine and defeat their efforts, they have no other recourse than to act independently."

PERSONAL.—From the *Philadelphia Methodist* we clip the following interesting reference to the venerable widow of the Rev. John Henry, formerly an able and effective preacher of the gospel in the old Philadelphia Conference. Some of Mr. Henry's eccentricities are portrayed in Rev. R. W. Todd's "Methodism of the Peninsula;" but a more devout and successful minister of the Word has seldom been found in the ranks of the itinerant army. While stationed on North East Circuit in 1840-42, his labors were attended with great revival interest.

Many children of the village were hopelessly converted, among them, the writer, one of his sisters, and two brothers. The lambs of the flock were gathered into a class, and the preacher's wife placed in charge as leader. Tender and grateful memories are awakened, as these scenes of the long ago are recalled by the mention of the name of this venerable saint, Mrs. Jane Henry.

To have the credit of organizing such a charity is no small honor, and one that will shine brighter, as the years go by, in which aged Methodists, who while rich in faith, may be poor in this world's goods, shall find in this "Haven," the comforts and attentions that Christian love so generously furnishes. Here is our extract.

"BRO. McCULLOUGH:—The idea of this Home was born in the heart and brain of that most excellent Christian lady, Mrs. John Henry, an aged, helpless invalid, now living at 1018 S. 4th street, where she would be happy to meet any of the friends of the Home. By her patient, persevering efforts a few ladies from each church were brought together and organized into a board of managers, of which Mrs. Henry was elected the first president."

"Dickinson Day."

AT OCEAN GROVE.

The many friends of "Old Dickinson," among our readers, will share our gratification, in hearing that it has been decided to hold an all day meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J., in the interest of this grand old College. Next Tuesday, Aug. 16th, has been fixed upon for that service. Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D., LL. D., of national reputation as an eloquent orator, a graduate of the College in 1844, has been engaged to deliver a discourse in the morning, on the College and its work. Rev. George R. Crooks, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Church History in Drew Theological Seminary, a graduate of the College in 1840, has promised to make an address in the afternoon. General Clinton Fisk, a trustee of the College, and other representatives are expected to be present and participate in the exercises. In the evening there is to be a social gathering of alumni, under-graduates, and friends of the College, at which refreshments are to be served, with toasts, and impromptu speeches. The leading theme will be the claims and advantages of higher education, with special reference to Dickinson College. All friends of education under religious direction, who purpose visiting this unique and famous seaside retreat, will do well to lay their plans so as to include "Dickinson's Day."

Rev. Dr. Pierce, Editor of *Zion's Herald*, thus pithily puts the present status of the "Missionary Bishop" debate, in his issue of the 3d inst.

"The discussion in reference to Bishop Taylor has about reached this point: The General Conference proposed to elect him a missionary bishop, and did so by a remarkable vote. He was then as verily ordained bishop as any of the honored brethren upon whom the chief office of the church was bestowed. Nothing more could be done by the church to make him in every respect a bishop. The administration of his office only was limited to Africa. A simple vote to remove territorial restrictions, and the bishop of Africa would be a "general superintendent" without a thought of further ordination or consecration."

This is precisely the position taken by the PENINSULA METHODIST from the start, and leaves nothing to be added except an earnest protest against the indignity and indefensible wrong perpetrated upon this grand veteran in the Church service, by the Book Committee, in refusing his application for support from the fund contributed by the Church specially for the support of her bishops.

It is amazing, that these brethren should have presumed to go outside their Disciplinary orders, and assume that one of our regularly "constituted" bishops was not to be included in their

provision for Episcopal support, because, forsooth, that bishop was charged with Episcopal work in a foreign field. It is true that in the case of Bishop Burns, the General Conference of 1856 directed that his salary should be paid out of the Missionary Treasury, and the same direction was given when Bishop Roberts was appointed in 1864; but in 1884, not only were no such directions given, without which neither Burns nor Roberts could have received a dollar of missionary money, but a missionary bishop was constituted precisely as any other bishop, and a man selected for that post, who, it was known, could not conscientiously receive his support from that treasury. Were there ever so broad a distinction in the Restrictive Rule between "bishops," and "missionary bishops," as there is now, (the only difference being as to the bounds of jurisdiction,) even then there is not a word in their bill of instructions, to justify their discrimination against Bishop Taylor; they are directed to estimate for "the effective bishops," without the slightest qualification; and no man in his senses will affirm that our "Missionary Bishop" is not a bishop.

Though late, it will be to the credit of these brethren, as well as to the honor of the church whose servants they are, if the Book Committee will even yet reconsider their action, and at their annual meeting next February, estimate for thirteen bishops, instead of the twelve.

"Take Heed How Ye Hear."

A correspondent in this issue reporting his impressions of a missionary sermon to which he listened, indulges in some criticisms. This case strikingly illustrates how differently the same discourse may impress different hearers; for we have from another brother who listened attentively to this same sermon, the assurance, that it was "an earnest and faithful presentation of the cause of missions along all lines," without "reflecting in the least on Bishop Taylor or his work."

We hope this brother's impressions are correct, for it would be a matter to be greatly deplored to have anything said or done to awaken suspicion that there was not harmony among our leaders in the great missionary operations in the Church. Bishop Taylor with his usual sagacity has carefully guarded this point, most explicitly and emphatically maintaining in speech and print, that there was no necessary conflict between his Pauline methods of self-support, and the usual methods of our missionary society, since the church has seen fit to approve both methods, by commissioning William Taylor as her bishop to Africa, to manage her missionary work in that continent according to his methods, and has not withdrawn her sanction from those hitherto pursued by her missionary society, loyalty to the church and fidelity to our duty as Christians demand that there be no strife, but the heartiest sympathy and co-operation, on both those lines.

The sad destitution of uncounted millions of our fellow beings for whom Christ died appeals to every one of his disciples for help not only by these two methods but by any other possible method which can furnish the bread of life to their starving souls.

The Sermon of the Future.

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons and exhortations are not interesting, and practical, and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The religious discourse of the future, the Gospel sermon to come forth and shake the

nations and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the wants and the anxieties of the people.

There are in all denominations ecclesiastical mummies sitting around to stialed mummies sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America, to try to awe them down. They stand to-day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there that hold a hundred present, and if they cannot have the world saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at all.

The religious discourse of the future will be an awakening sermon. From altar rail to the front door step, under that sermon an audience will get up and start for heaven. There will be in it many a staccato passage. It will not be a lullaby; it will be a battle charge. Men will drop their sins, for they will feel the hot breath of pursuing retribution on the back of their necks. It will be sympathetic with all the physical distresses as well as the spiritual distress of the world. Christ not only preached but He healed paralysis, and He healed epilepsy, and He healed the dumb and the blind and ten lepers.

That religious discourse of the future will be an everyday sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plough, how to do any work he is called to, how to wield trowel and pen and pencil and yard-stick and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households, and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam and Esther and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy, and Mary, the mother of Christ; and those women who on Northern and Southern battlefields were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy fresh from the throne of God.

A dying Christian took out his watch and gave it to a friend and said: "Take the watch I have no more use for it; time is ended for me and eternity begins." Oh, my friends, when our watch has ticked away, for us the last moment and our clock has struck for us the last hour, may it be found we did our work well, that we did it in the very best way, and whether we preached the Gospel in pulpits or taught Sabbath classes or administered to the sick as physicians or bargained as merchants, or plead the law as attorneys or were busy as artisans, or as husbandmen, or as mechanics or were like Martha called to give a meal to a hungry Christ, or like Hannah to make a coat for a prophet, or like Deborah to rouse the courage of some timid Barak in the Lord's conflict we did our work in such a way that it will stand the test of the Judgment. And the long procession of the redeemed that march around the throne, may it be found there are many there brought to God through our instrumentality and in whose rescue we are exultant.

The Executive Committee of Cornell University Trustees has sold the pine timber on about 25,000 acres of land in Ashland County, Wis. The amount received for this timber is over \$500,000, and the university will now have an income from that sum. The university has received from A. S. Barnes, of Brooklyn, a gift of \$40,000, to erect a building for the Students' Christian Association.

The curious and splendid dagger carrier during all his campaigns by Hernando Cortez, is likely to be bought by the British Museum, which has long been trying to secure this interesting relic.

Mrs. J. R. Roberts, the widow of the first president of Liberia, is collecting money for a general hospital, to be located at Monrovia, the capital of the republic. Mrs. Roberts was very kindly received by President Cleveland, who became the first contributor toward the proposed hospital.

Conference News.

TAYLOR'S ISLAND:—A good work is being done here, 20 conversions to date and the revival continues. We believe the Lord has opened the door to us. and Brother G. W. Bounds of the Conference Academy is in charge of the work. Our Presiding Elder Brother Wilson, preached the first sermon in a tent erected for the purpose July 14, and Brother Bounds has done nearly all the preaching since.

G. F. H.

Just returned from Hurlock Camp under the management of the Rev. R. T. Coursey. It cannot be counted a failure in any respect but rather a great success. We cannot tell how much so. The "Good seeds" have been scattered abroad in abundance. Twenty-three have professed faith in Christ, and the Church greatly strengthened.

We learn from Dr. Hanlon that the prospects are flattering for a very large school at Pennington Seminary in the fall. Among the preparations going on is the building of a Mansard story on the Ladies Wing, which will furnish very convenient and handsome suits of rooms for the young ladies. The school opens Monday Sept. 5. See elsewhere in this paper advertisement.

Camden Camp-Meeting.

The meeting began July 26th and closed on Friday, Aug. 5th. During the ten days of the meeting the following ministers of our Conference were present and participated in the services, viz: Revs. J. H. Howard, C. W. Prettyman, E. L. Hubbard, Jacob Todd, D. D., J. H. Caldwell, D. D., J. H. Willey, Vaughan Collins, W. J. Duhadway, Wm. H. Hutchins, Alfred Smith, J. O. Sypberd, Wm. M. Warner, and J. T. VanBurkalow. Besides these the following were tented on the ground and labored earnestly in the meetings: Revs. Jno. A. B. Wilson, D. D., E. H. Hynson, Wm. M. Green, Geo. L. Hardesty, and T. E. Terry, who was in charge. Never, perhaps, in the history of this time-honored place, was a meeting held there under more unfavorable circumstances than the one just closed; the heat was almost unendurable, the thermometer ranging up in the nineties a good part of the time, and the mosquitoes aggravating beyond our power to describe, and yet, through it all there was a good degree of religious interest. The preaching was of the true gospel type throughout, and although the meeting will not be noted for the number of conversions witnessed there, though there were several of them, the influence of the meeting will, doubtless, be seen and felt, especially in the adjacent charges, in the days to come, for surely such earnest and honest work as was here done cannot be without its results.

The whole plan of the encampment was changed from what it has been heretofore, and, to many, this made it look odd, but nearly all joined in saying that the change was an improvement, and the managers and trustees are to be congratulated upon the improvement they have thus made, and the excellent regulations under which the meeting was held. The tents, numbering about one hundred, were mostly of wood, and presented a neat and tidy appearance.

Socially, the meeting was a blessing to all who were permitted to enjoy it, and while this is not the object sought in holding camp-meetings, it is a feature that cannot be ignored, and will be prominent in these annual gatherings in the forest temples as long as the custom of holding camp-meetings continues, and the good that results to us from the cultivation of this element under proper restraints, is a matter the extent and importance of which we have no means of determining. The important thing to learn is how to improve this without abusing it, and this we think was about as nearly demonstrated this year at Camden, as we have ever seen it anywhere.

Second Quarterly Meeting for North East charge was held last Sunday and Monday. Rev. J. H. Payran of the New Jersey Conference, now stationed in Bridgeton, preached a most interesting and cheering sermon from the words, "And I will give him a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written, which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it." Rev. 3-17. An impressive communion service followed, in which the pastor, Rev. J. B. Quigg, was assisted by Revs. Bros. Payran, T. S. Williams and T. S. Thomas.

Rev. W. L. S. Murray, Ph. D., Presiding Elder, preached in the evening, the third time for the day. His text was, "We are laborers together with God." 1 Cor. 3-9.

Mr. Payran has been visiting his wife's sister, Mrs. Rachel Simpers, whose first husband was a member of the Philadelphia Conference, Rev. William Campbell,

Woodlawn Camp began Tuesday evening, with a most excellent sermon by Rev. John D. Kemp, on the words, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," Rom. 12-1. Wednesday morning, Rev. J. B. Quigg preached impressively on the duty of Christians to be fellow laborers with God. The afternoon sermon, by Rev. J. T. VanBurkalow, was in his usual earnest style, upon the text, "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come into thee, the uncircumcised and the unclean." Isa. 52-1. Rev. W. R. Sears was detailed for the evening service, and Rev. T. B. Hunter for the prayer meeting preceding it. The meeting has begun with a very devout and earnest spirit of consecration to soul-saving labor, and good success is confidently expected. Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of Philadelphia, has been engaged to preach to-morrow (Sunday) morning.

Whom Shall We Send to the General Conference?

MR. EDITOR:—I object to sending bodies to the General Conference, it is too long for a mother to stay from home. I object to seniority selections, for we usually elect our senior men. I object to your leaving the Presiding Elders home—poor dears, if the Eldership is better than a pastorate, it is not so much better as to rob the Presiding Elders of the privilege of going to the General Conference. I object to your refusing to let the rich laymen go—they are awful nice and clever in our eyes when we want some of the Lord's money, for the Lord's use. I agree with you in refusing a salaried "Official" place—even standing room while they report. I agree with you in turning the self-seeker aside—He ought to be caught and branded—Once get a such a man there and the Leopard will not change his skin.

Let's send vigorous, fearless, able, true men to the General Conference. Men competent to deal intelligently with such questions as the Status of William Taylor of Africa as the rights of a Bishop and conference to force an effective man into the supernumerary relations, "The proper work a Methodist preacher," and hosts of kindred, but perplexing questions.

What is the difference about age? Is the Old man most vigorous? send him. Do we find the young man best qualified? send him.

TIMOTHY.

PERSONAL.

Rev. W. M. Ridgway has just returned from a brief visit to Ocean Grove. His health, we are glad to learn, is improving. He expects shortly to go to his cottage at Chester Heights, where he will remain for some weeks under the care of his physician and in the enjoyment of the good water, clear atmosphere and health-giving surroundings of that elevated and beautiful locality. —*Philadelphia Methodist*.

Bishop James T. Shorter, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Xenia, Ohio, July 1. Though he was aged seventy, his death was unexpected. Bishop Shorter was an honored, useful man, and his departure will be widely lamented.

Mr. Morris Sharp, the Prohibition candidate for governor of Ohio, is a banker of Washington, C. H. He was born in Brown County, O., in 1838. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for more than a quarter of a century has been a prominent Sunday-school worker in Ohio.

Queen Victoria's salary is more than five thousand dollars a day. The village of Cokemouth has petitioned Her Majesty to donate her jubilee salary to some charity.

Mr. Walter T. Mills, the Prohibition candidate for lieutenant-governor of Ohio, was born in New York in 1856. He is of such small stature, and of such ability as a speaker that he is widely known as "the Little Giant." He is a graduate of Wooster, (O.) University.

Mrs. Bishop Simpson and daughters are spending the Summer vacation in their cottage at Long Branch.

The Rev. Dr. D. A. W. Smith, president of the Karen Theological Seminary, Rangoon, is visiting his father, the Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," at Newton Centre, Mass.

The death of Dr. Mark Hopkins, President of Williams College over sixty years, has called out many notes of appreciation from religious and secular papers. He was a great man in the truest sense, a teacher of men, a guide of youth, a pure and just man, a simple, learned, honest Christian of the highest type. —*California Christian Advocate*.

George Lansing Taylor, D. D., will read his poem, "Elijah," at the Wesley Park Assembly, Niagara Falls, on August 20th. He is regarded as the Bickersteth of America, and second to none in attracting and securing an audience. He is to preach at the same place on the Sunday following, at the International Camp Meeting.

Kali Churu Chatterjee, a Brahmin from India who was present at the recent Presbyterian General Assembly held at Omaha, attracted much interest. He is a native preacher, and is undergoing great social trials for the good of his country, which he hopes to see converted to Christ.

Rev. E. F. Staats, a probationer of the first year of the Wilmington Conference, has been transferred by Bishop Mallalien to the St. Louis Conference and stationed at Willow Springs, Springfield district. Mr. Staats is a graduate of McKendree College.

The retirement of President Bascom from the Wisconsin State University is the direct consequence of mixing politics and educational management. The State Board of Regents got into a political tangle and President Bascom was aware that his time had come to go.

Dr. Abel Stevens has reached California, and nearly completed his tour around the world.

A new translation of the Bible has been made by Helen Spurrell, of London, which is highly praised by scholars, and is said to be far more enjoyable to the English reader than the "Revised Version."

John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, recently declined a dinner which the editors and publishers of Philadelphia proposed to give him, saying: "I would not feel it to be right at this time to accept it, since I am yet on the scaffolding of an incompleting building in the sphere of my proper life-work. I do not consider that I have yet attained to that which is in any large degree commensurate with the truest purposes and plans of my life."

Prof. Young, of Princeton, will observe the total eclipse of the sun in August next at Kireshana, in the government of Kostroma Russia. His companions will be the scientific representatives of Russia and England.

Rev. C. H. St. John, of Beloit, Kan., has donated to the Kansas Wesleyan university at Salina his law library, valued at about \$2,000. This will be placed in the university, and known as the St. John alcove.

A LADY in the *Sunday Magazine* says: "A woman's influence is worth very little unless the woman is worth something. It nearly drives me wild to hear her selfish little mixxes, who leave their mother to bear all the household burdens, and who have not an idea above their own vanities and levities, being exhorted to reflect on 'their incalculable influence,' instead of being told to study their own duty and leave their influence to take care of itself."

ITEMS.

All the housework of Wellesley College is done by the students, who devote to it forty-five minutes out of the twenty-four hours. There are 300 girls, and every girl is trained to do one kind of work, and to do it well.

In Lutheran Sweden, ninety-eight out of every hundred of the people can read and write. In Roman Catholic Italy, Austria, France and Spain, only twenty-five out of every hundred can read or write.

Edinburg is probably the most Presbyterian city in the world. Out of its 181 churches, not fewer than 124 are Presbyterian.

Zion's Herald has purchased the *Christian Messenger*, the organ of Vermont Methodism.

A Pittsburg merchant as an advertisement offered a prize of \$20 to the first person solving the following problem: "Take these figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, add them together, and make 100 without using any figure twice." There were a great many answers, but the only correct one received was sent in by a young lady, and was as follows: 59 1-2 and 40 58-76 equal 100.

Macon, Georgia, Methodists hold monthly union lovefeasts, and they think it is a very fine thing. Promotes connectionalism and brotherly love.

The latest conclusions of science show that the sun is still cooling down, and the scientific man can figure out that yesterday was a cold day and that during these two July weeks we should have had furnaces going and put on fur mittens and ear muffs. A man has only to fill himself up with conclusions of science in order to correct the notion that the weather is warm. —*Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel*.

A Chicago man says he never saw a cat with blue eyes, and offers \$250 for one. Cats with blue eyes may be scarce, but if he wants a score or two of cats with yellor voices, let him visit this town. —*Norristown Herald*.

The private accounts of the late Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, England, show that his charitable expenditures amounted every year to more than half his salary.

The general Missionary Committee will meet this year at the Mission Rooms in New York, Nov. 9th, at 10 A. M.

Mrs. J. J. Astor has sent another party of 100 boys and girls from New York to Western homes through the Children's Aid Society, making 1,413 of city waifs whom she has placed in good homes at the cost of \$20,656.

A church census of Troy, N. Y., was taken on a recent Sunday by the reporters of the *Times*. It was found that on that special morning 30,000 of the population attended church. Of this number the very large proportion of 2,116 were Roman Catholics, 1,956 were Presbyterians, 1,484 were Methodists, 1,215 were Episcopalians, 1,045 were Baptists, 110 were Universalists, and 85 Unitarians.

The national young men's Christian association has purchased a lot at the university of Virginia, upon which, it is said, the association will erect a \$40,000 building.

Seven American girls are studying at Cambridge university, England, at Newnham college. Four are graduates of Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley.

The Pittsburgh *Advocate* makes a plea for Saratoga as the place of holding the next general conference, instead of New York.

A wealthy citizen of Thomasville, Ga., surprised the several white pastors of that city by presenting each of them with a house and lot. What about those who are not white? —*Michigan Christian Advocate*.

The Bishop Taylor Transit Fund.

In the *California Christian Advocate* of a recent date we find the following note in relation to "The Taylor Transit Fund" and the collection for the steamer "Anne Taylor": "Mr. Richard Grant sends us the balance-sheets of his accounts for these objects. They show the utmost business accuracy, and are no doubt correct. Sixty-one thousand and thirty-six dollars and thirty-six cents have been received for the Transit Fund, and \$19,010.47 for the steamer, making in all \$80,046.83. Besides this, Mr. Grant has received from the friends of the missionaries and forwarded to them \$2,799.18."

This statement shows that Bishop Taylor and his work have a strong hold upon the sympathies and the liberality of our people in all parts of the country. They evidently believe him called of God to open up benighted Africa to the gospel, and are ready to respond to any call he may make upon them for aid in the accomplishment of his heaven-appointed work. —*Philadelphia Methodist*.

Of Writing to Absent and Home-sick Scholars.

That teacher who wins a warm place for himself in the affections of his class secures "right of way" for his instructions to the consciences of its members. To win that place one must convince them that he cares about them, is in sympathy with their best interests. Among their innocent and judicious methods of doing this is the writing of letters, to such of them as may happen to go from home for a time on long visits to relatives, on distant journeys, or perchance to a boarding-school for a term or two. To every youth such going from home gives occasion to more or less of home sickness.

At such times, says Cowper, "With what intense desire he wants his home!"

And with what intense delight he then reads a letter from his friends at home, not expecting his Sunday teacher! Could he speak his feelings he would say, as the late Dr. J. B. Mozley did when from home in his boyish days, "I don't want to hear any news; it is not that I want, but there is something in a letter from home that would cheer me."

This confession of childish need may show a Sunday teacher a simple means of linking a pupil's heart to himself and thereby giving him an influence by which he may persuade him to enlist in the army of Christ. A grand result this, from a simple and by no means costly effort. —*Sunday School Journal*.

Preserved Game.

In an open sunny space, in Hampden Park, not far from the road, standing among the thick grass, we see two handsome birds as large as our ordinary poultry. They are pheasants, and do not appear to be in the least disturbed at seeing us. They probably know that no one will be allowed to harm them except in game season, which will not arrive for several months. The laws regarding game are very strict in England, and even in the shooting season no one who does not "preserve" game, as the rearing and care of it is here called, is allowed to kill a rabbit, a partridge, or a pheasant, even on his own property. All such game is considered to belong to those persons in the neighborhood who have "preserves." If a rabbit should come into the garden of the house where we are staying, and be found eating the cabbages, it may be driven away, but if the owner of the garden should catch or kill it, he would be subject to a penalty.

It must not be supposed that the great proprietors are always stingy about their game. On one of the estates of the Prince of Wales each poor man is allowed to come to the house every day in the shooting season, and get one rabbit. He is perfectly welcome to the animal, now it is dead, for the Prince and his friends could not possibly eat all they shoot; but if he should presume to deprive the owner of the pleasure of killing it, he would be a poacher and be put in prison. —*St. Nicholas* for July.

Some years ago a wealthy citizen of Bahrenfeld, in the duchy of Holstein, promised a worthy married man of that town that he would give a house to the man's twelfth child, if he should have that many. In due time No. 12 arrived, and the proud father asked the wealthy citizen to make good his promise. This he refused to do, saying that the whole thing was a joke. The father then went to law about it, and although the promise was only a verbal one, the court not only decided in favor of No. 12, but authorized the plaintiff to choose whichever one of the defendant's houses he liked best. —*New York Tribune*.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT for August has come hand. "The Conservation of Spiritual Force" by Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., is a vigorous lecture, intelligent, broad and explicit, and will demand by its forceful thoughts, the attention of the scholar. The second article is written by Charles B. Warring, Ph. D., and called "A Literal Genesis I. in the Light of Present Knowledge." It is intensely interesting. Among the attractions of this sterling bi-monthly, is a reproduction of Rev. Joseph Parker's "Job's Comforters," under the title of "Scientific Sympathy." It will amply reward careful perusal. "Views and Reviews," is replete with good things. "Law and Miracle" repays study. "Faith" presents the thoughts of Mr. William B. Noble of Washington, D. C., on the theme as they were delivered at the Commencement, at Harvard University in 1885. The whole number is a valuable contribution to the elucidation of those great subjects which engross the best thoughts of the best minds. Dr. Deems is doing a good service in maintaining this strong magazine. We have repeatedly advised clergymen and theological students who wish to keep abreast of the times in religious philosophic thought, to secure the back volumes of this able and indispensable magazine. The price is \$3.00 a year; Clergymen, \$1.50. Single copy, 40c. Wilbur B. Ketchum, Publisher, 71 Bible House, New York, or this Office.

PRESCONING CHURCHES.

Send for designs and estimates, without extra charge, to Nicholas F. Goldberg, 223 Shipley St., Wilmington, Del.

FOR RENT.**Ocean Grove, N. J.**

An eight rooms furnished Cottage, most eligibly located, near the foot of Wesley Lake, two squares from Ross' bathing grounds, and convenient to Auditorium and Post Office. Having Thomson Park on the west, an open lot on the east and the Lake in front, its surroundings are far less restricted than the most cottages in the Grove, and is correspondingly desirable.

For terms apply to Rev. T. Snowden Thomas, North East, Md.

WANTED.—A young man to take work immediately, on Salisbury District. Address Rev. T. O. Ayres, Salisbury, Md.

Hints to Amateur Photographers.

An important fact to be remembered in making portraits at close quarters is that the professional photographer uses for portraits a special portrait lens, but the amateur generally does this work with a lens made for taking views. These view lenses "condense very much"; that is, they exaggerate the perspective by taking in so wide a field.

Sometimes in taking a simple profile, if the head is placed too near the camera the visible ear of the sitter, not having a chance to get so far off as the nose,—which has, let us say, two and a half inches of an advantage,—is given an alarming size. Then, in a full-face view the poor nose has the worst of it. On this account, a "three-quarter" view is the best for an amateur working with a view camera; though if a fair distance is allowed between the sitter and the lens there need be no difficulty of either sort.

Do not hesitate to make experiments. Many of the advances in photography have resulted from the seeming blunders of amateurs.

To those who, at college or at home, are engaged in scientific studies, the camera will afford a means of interesting experiment. The camera has been one of the greatest teachers of this century. It has, for instance, taught Meissonier, the great French painter, that the horses in his "1807" are not galloping as horses actually do gallop. It has taught the scientist who photographed a flying bullet that the reason the best of marksmen can not hit a suspended egg-shell is that a cushion of compressed air precedes the bullet and pushes the shell out of the way. And in a thousand other ways it has been confirming or upsetting scientific and artistic theories. Let the amateur therefore pursue his investigations freely in his field of experiment, and see what discoveries he may take therein.—*St. Nicholas for July.*

A Mother's Talk to Girls.

You would not be surprised if I were to ask your brother what he intends to make of himself, but if I put the query to you perhaps you might open your eyes in astonishment. You expect to go to school until you graduate and then become a young lady in society and to have a nice time. Do you intend to go to parties and to have beautiful costumes? Who will foot the bills? "Oh, papa, of course," and in return you will embroider him handsome slippers on material for which he pays and have them soled at his expense at figures three times as great as would pay for a pair ready-made and then you will think yourself very dutilful. You will make banners to hang on every spare wall space, and crazy quilts for yourself and friends at an enormous expenditure of time and money. You will dust the parlor furniture and take care of your own room and fancy yourself industrious; you will help the dressmaker plan elaborate garments for your new dresses, and call it being economical. Perhaps you practice the piano an hour daily, belong to a reading club, and call yourself studios, but what is to be your life-work? If called upon to-day to earn your own living is there any one thing you could do so well that some one would pay you to do it? You don't expect to have to work for a living yet your brother does. He would feel ashamed to calculate on being supported all his life. Why should not your brother be supported as well as you? But what is the use of a girl's learning a business when the chances are that she will get married and never have an opportunity of following the vocation which has cost her so much time and labor? To maintain her self-respect, if for nothing else.

Why should you live an aimless life? The world needs workers; why not be one of them? If you have a talent—and who has not?—why not cultivate it so as

to make it of avail to you? Why not be ambitious to do something and to do it well? The time you put upon it will not be lost, for it will develop you, it will make you stronger, more worthy of living.

True worth is in being, not seeming; In doing, each day that goes by. Some little good, not in the dreaming Of great things to do by and by.

Learn a trade, a profession, a business. Find your work and make a place for yourself in the world. Then, if you are promoted to the dignity of wifehood and motherhood, and must lay aside your less important business, you will not be less worthy, less the woman, or less the mother. The very knowledge that you can support yourself will perhaps relieve you of much dreadful foreboding. Many a woman has found use for her skilled hands in the support of an invalid husband and helpless children.—*Mary A. Allen, M. D., in the American.*

Obituaries.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Died Aug. 2nd at the residence of her sister, Winchester Md. Miss Sarah A. Bright aged 75 years. Sister Bright was converted and united with the M. E. Church when a girl, on Kent Island where she held her membership until death. Her remains to be interred in the family burying ground on Kent Island, August 4.

Mrs Eleanor Evans Price was born March 12th, 1813. She was the daughter of Capt. Severn Myster, who figures conspicuously in the "The Parsons of the Islands," and was one of the "Parsons' closest friends." In her early life she gave her heart to God and her hand to the M. E. Church. She was devoted to the church of her choice through all her life. The Methodist itinerant and her own class leader were always gladly welcomed to her home. For many years she had been by reason of bodily affliction, confined to her home, and thus cut off from sanctuary privileges; but her interest in her church was not thereby abated. Although her children were buried elsewhere, she made a request, that her body should be laid to rest in the M. E. Church yard. Mrs Price was a woman of indomitable energy, and showed great patience amid the severest bodily anguish. For a long time she had suffered with cancerous diseases in various parts of her body; but with unflinching patience, calmly say, I am awaiting the Lord's will. I would be glad to be well again, but am willing to suffer or to die, I am ready to go when I am called. The last day was one of comparative ease, and at least, she passed away without a struggle.

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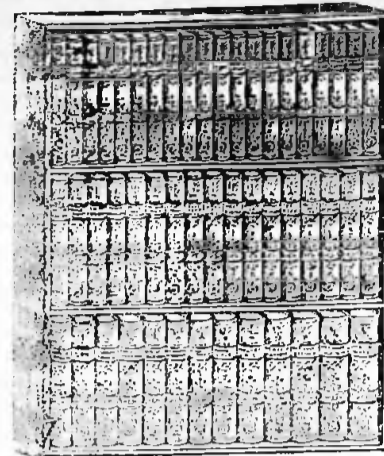
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