

# THE Peninsula Methodist

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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

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The Peninsula Methodist will be sent from now until January 1, 1892, to new subscribers for only one dollar.

## Dr. Buckley's Surrender.

That one so sagacious, so alert, so practiced in debate, and so self-possessed, as the able editor of our "Great Official," could possibly be caught napping, or even inadvertently make a concession that breaks the force of his chief argument in an important discussion, will doubtless challenge the credulity of most of his readers. And yet, we think we have a case.

Of all the arguments against the admission of women to the General Conference, he so zealously elaborates, the Scriptural one, we may suppose, he regards as the most decisive.

If the admission of women to the General Conference is, to use his own language, to "make void the Law of God," and to disregard "the plain teaching of the Word of God," there certainly can be no room left for further argument. This would settle the question.

But what will be thought of this accomplished editor, when it shall appear, that he waives this strong argument entirely, in determining his own course of action?

In a recent discussion, to emphasize the fact, that the five "elect ladies" were refused admission to the last General Conference, solely on legal grounds, Dr. Buckley said, that "I would have voted for their admission myself," but for the legal barrier. Will the Doctor please inform us, how he could have done so, with the Scripture barrier still in his way?

If it makes "void the law of God," and is in violation of the "plain teachings of the word of God," to admit women to the General Conference, how can Dr. Buckley or any other intelligent Christian "vote for their admission," under any circumstances, whether there be a legal barrier, or not?

If it is such a sin, to vote that way in 1890, would it have been a less sin, in 1888?

As we have not the shadow of a shade of doubt, that the Scriptures, quoted by our esteemed brother and distinguished friend, are wholly irrelevant to

the present question, we are equally sure, that every voter may deposit his ballot in favor of "the admission of women to the Electoral and General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church," with as conscientious loyalty to Christ and his apostles and their teaching, as Dr. Buckley or any one else may vote on the other side.

Our queries may suggest a dilemma, in which the editor of the *The Advocate* has involved himself, neither of whose horns offer a very comfortable resting place; but, as he is an adept in passing through tight places, we presume he may possibly devise some way to escape both of these sharp protuberances, and slip between.

We hope, however, he will enlighten our darkened understanding, as to how women could have been admitted, without "making void the law of God," in 1888, and yet cannot be, in 1892?

## Rev. John S. Porter, D. D.

A prince and a great man in our Israel has fallen by the hand of death. After an earthly pilgrimage of fourscore and five years, our beloved brother, the senior member of the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, in his home in Burlington, New Jersey, Monday morning, Oct. 2, in the 62nd year of his itinerant ministry. He was a remarkably well-preserved old gentleman, physically and intellectually, while his ripe maturity in spiritual graces made his presence a rare benediction to all who were favored to have intercourse with him. It was only the last Sabbath of his life, that he was unable to attend the sanctuary. The two immediately preceding, he took an active part in the services; the first, in holding the quarterly love feast, and the second in administering the holy communion. Very literally did he

"His body with his charge lay down,  
And cease at once, to work and live."

The seventeen years of his superannuation, Dr. Porter spent in this beautiful city on the Delaware, in which fifty years ago, his pastoral labors had been most signally successful, in the conversion of over two hundred souls.

Here, in a quiet and pleasantly comfortable home, which he suggestively called "Pilgrim's Rest," he spent the evening of his life; and here he heard

the welcome summons of his Divine Master, to exchange mortality for life eternal.

John Sterling Porter was born in Snow Hill, Worcester County, Md., Aug. 23, 1805. His parents were among the early Methodist converts in that region, and in their home the Methodist itinerants ever found a hearty and generous hospitality extended to them. As early as November 1784, Francis Asbury visited Snow Hill, and preached in the Court House; "the judge himself" opening the building, and "a large congregation of different denominations" attending.

In early youth, young Porter was converted, and at nineteen he received license to exhort. A few years later he was charged with the responsibilities of a class-leader, and in April 1829, was received on trial in the Philadelphia Conference, which then covered the territory now included in five large conferences, and parts of others. His appointment was Cambridge circuit, with William Leonard, as preacher in charge. The next year, he was appointed to Dorchester circuit, with Asa Smith as his senior colleague. In 1831, he was ordained deacon, and appointed to Lewistown (Lewes) circuit, as junior preacher with John Bayne. The next year he was returned, with Daniel Lamdin as preacher in charge.

In 1833, he was ordained elder, and was appointed to St. George's station, Philadelphia, with Henry White, Robert Gerry, and Thomas McCarroll. The next year he was appointed to Newark, New Jersey, and in that State, his ministry was exercised for the rest of his life.

In 1837, the New Jersey Conference was organized, and Dr. Porter was one of its original members. Twenty years later the Newark Conference was organized, and Dr. Porter became a member of that body, continuing such to the end of his life.

In the New Jersey Conference, Dr. Porter was a presiding elder eleven years, and in the Newark Conference he held the same office seven years; both Conferences repeatedly honoring him with an election to the General Conference; in which high council of the Church, Dr. Porter displayed

the finest qualities of wise and successful leadership. In one instance he received a very complimentary vote, for the office of bishop.

He was a born leader, and such were the qualifications of his head and heart, that his brethren instinctively and with cheerfulness accorded him that place.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., recognized his worth, by conferring on him the honorary degree of *Doctor Divinitatis*.

Dr. Porter was a man of remarkable physical appearance. Not one in thousands had so dignified, noble, and truly venerable an aspect. His Christian character and life was of the highest type.

The 85th anniversary of his birth occurred, during the recent Camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J. When Dr. Stokes, the president of the Association, presented him before the audience, over five thousand white handkerchiefs were waved, in congratulating the veteran man of God, on the auspicious event.

Is it not more than fancy, to think of a still grander ovation to this hero of so many spiritual victories during his long and useful earthly life, when upon his entrance within the pearly gates, he was welcomed by the thousands of saints whom he had here led to Christ by his faithful ministry?

Very impressive funeral services were held in the Broad St. M. E. Church, Burlington, Monday, Oct. 6th. Representatives from the New Jersey and Newark Conferences were present. The Philadelphia Preachers' meeting appointed Rev. Drs. T. C. Murphey and J. Walker Jackson, and the writer, to attend the obsequies, and prepare a suitable minute expressing the appreciation of the Philadelphia preachers for the eminent character and life of Dr. Porter.

Dr. Buttz spoke a few words in behalf of Drew Theological Seminary, of which Dr. Porter had been so long a valued trustee. Dr. Atkinson read an interesting life-sketch of the lamented deceased, and several others added brief words of eulogy.

Dr. Porter leaves a widow in her 90th year, and three children, a son and two daughters; besides a sister, in her 92nd year, who resides in Berlin, Md.

**"HE IS DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN."**

Thou Blessed King, whose arm of love,  
Reached from the glory of the skies,  
That we might have a home above,  
Can we Thy saving power despise?  
Shall we refuse to let Thee in,  
And still pursue our way of sin?

'Twas not alone those wicked Jews,  
Brought sadness to Thy loving heart,  
But we, who all Thy love refuse,  
And will not know Thee as Thou art!  
Thou knockest at our hearts in vain!  
The door is shut! Wilt Thou remain?

Can we reject the Prince of Peace,  
Whose wondrous love for you and me—  
A love that cannot, will not cease  
Until the troubled soul is free?  
Oh, can we drive our Lord away,  
When He within our hearts would stay?

Too long, Dear Lord, this hardened heart  
Has slighted Thine all-saving grace,  
Too long have we remained apart!  
Oh! Show just now Thy loving face!  
Come in! Come in! And come to stay,  
And wash my many sins away.

Joy and gladness, peace and light,  
Thou bringest to the contrite heart.  
Thou drivest out the shadowy night,  
Thou bringest love, for love Thou art.  
Thy peace is like the flowing river,  
That sweetly flows and flows forever.

Glory and honor to Thy name,  
The vilest sinner may lay hold  
Of all Thy mercy. Jesus came  
To lead us to the Streets of Gold.  
Of all our friends, Christ is the best,  
Come, weary one, oh, come and rest.

EBEN N. BALDWIN.

Claymont, Del., Oct. 6, 1890.

**A Wonderful Visitor.**

For a year or more there has been a "stranger within our gates," whose story of life in her native land is so fascinating and wonderful that had she dropped from some cold, starry planet in the Northern skies her presence would be hardly more marvelous.

Olof Krarer, a young Eskimo woman, now visiting this country, is probably the only educated Eskimo lady in the world.

There have been one or two women who have accompanied Arctic voyagers upon their return to this country, but they were the wives of hunters, women who knew little more than the strange dogs which were their companions.

All except Olof Krarer have been natives of West Greenland, a region of which we have read and learned much within the last two decades. It has been left to this one little Eskimo lady from the far distant, almost unknown region of the East Coast, to tell to us the pathetic and curious tale of home life and child life in the frozen North.

Of this little explored portion of the globe, Captain Holm, the Danish explorer, who recently returned from the Arctic seas to Copenhagen, says:

"I found the east coast of Greenland to be the coldest and most dismal region of all the Arctic lands I ever visited; and here, isolated from the whole world, is a race of people who have never known of the great civilized nations of the earth!

"They differ entirely in language and physical from the Eskimos

of West Greenland. From the meager traditions they have, it is to be supposed that they are descendants of early Icelandic Norsemen, who, centuries ago, were wrecked off that perilous coast, and, unable to return to their native land, became the founders of this strange people who to-day inhabit this little-known portion of the land.

"They have been cut off from communication with the outer world, by reason of the great masses of ice, sometimes hundreds of miles wide, perpetually piled up against the shore, which have kept explorers from the east coast of Greenland, long after all other Arctic lands were fairly well known. Within the past two centuries ten or twelve expeditions have been sent out in search of the lost Norsemen, who, it is supposed, settled here, but only one ship has ever been known to reach the coast.

"The people of this country live in little hamlets or settlements; and, aside from their ignorance and the suffering caused by the intense cold, they seem to be a happy, contented, honest people."

In this dreary land, some thirty years ago, was born the little woman who to-day tells us her wonderful story.

Her first recollections are of the snow-hut which was her home, and the bitter cold and frequent hunger from which every one about her suffered. Fuel there was none, there being no vegetable life in that latitude; and to make the feeble fires which served to keep them only half warm, the dried flesh of the reindeer, with the bones of walrus and of fish, were ignited by means of a piece of flint.

Flints are rare in Eskimo-land; and sometimes there is only one in a community of several families. The flint-owner is the rich man of the place. He does not hoard his treasure, however, for the flint is freely borrowed and generously offered at all times.

There appears to be little true affection in the care which an Eskimo mother gives her babies; she never fondles and pets them, and when they are peevish or ill she neglects them—not unlike some of the lowest brutes.

As soon as they are able to sit alone they are put upon the fur covered floor to take care of themselves; and there they sit, muffled in their little seal-skin jackets—the fur side turned inward—with their little arms folded about their bodies to keep warm. The girls grow deformed by being constantly in this constrained position. The boys, who are more active and go out of doors, escape such deformity; but all Eskimo women have the upper arm short and crippled from disuse.

An Eskimo girl has an indolent

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time of it; there is no housework to do. There are no household utensils of any kind; no brooms with which to sweep; even no water for washing. The blubber of the whale, the flesh of the polar bear, and fish—their only articles of food—are eaten frozen and raw. Only the very sick or old, or infants, ever taste heated meat. As for washing, an Eskimo does not understand the term.

When an Eskimo baby is born, a bag of skins is fashioned for its sole use, and in it a record is kept forever after. Into this bag, a little bone is put once every year, and it is considered a kind of sacrilege either to take out or put in a bone except at the proper time. The year is reckoned from the time the person first sees the sun appear upon the horizon—for that luminary is not a daily visitor in the land of the frozen north. Four long months of continual night, lighted only by the stars and moon; four months of daylight without rest from the blinding sun; two months of glimmering twilight before, and two after the coming of the sun, make up the Arctic year.

They have no register or notation of time, nor routine of daily life, as we understand it. They eat when they are hungry, and sleep when they are sleepy.

There is no outdoor occupation or amusement for the women. Occasionally a man will take his mother or wife out in a sledge for an airing; and if a little one goes, too, it is carried inside the large fur hood of the woman's coat, and dangles down her back.

There is no mode of government, as we understand it in these communities; no laws; no written language; no one man holds a higher place than any other—the man who owns the flint is perhaps the millionaire of the hamlet, but he shares his riches with the rest. All are equal and meet on common ground.

Custom is the highest law of their bare, rude lives; and their customs are prompted and regulated mainly by the first great instinct of self-preservation.—From "The Frozen North," by Augustus de Bumbo, in ST. NICHOLAS for August.

The Avenue M. E. Church Milford Del., R. Watt pastor, was well filled Sunday morning, Sept. 21. Mrs. N. M. Brown, President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Wilmington Conference, delivered a very interesting address.

Clement G. Morgau, the colored graduate of Harvard, is lecturing in Connecticut on the educational needs of the South.

### Our Book Table.

(The books we notice may be had of J. Miller Thomas, Methodist Book Store, Wilmington, Del.)

*Life with the 49th Mass. Volunteers*, by Henry T. Johns, Washington, D. C. This is a volume of 435 pages, printed in clear, bold type, giving interesting sketches of the War of the Rebellion, in a series of 38 letters. The author was a private in Co. C, serving from Aug. 29th, 1862, to Sept. 1, 1863. A unique feature is the memorial notes the writer makes of his brave comrades, who were slain in battle, or died through disease.

Sent postpaid, on receipt of \$1, by H. T. Johns, Box 473, Washington, D. C.

*The Atheist Shoemaker*, by Hugh Price Hughes, Hunt & Eaton, N. Y. This is a small volume of 87 pages, giving "a page in the history of the West London Mission." It "is a true story, and not fiction," and its subject, "a typical representation of the noblest type of English workingmen." The author's name is ample guaranty as to the interest and value of this book. Price 40 cents.

*Revival Tornadoes*, McDonald & Gill. This is an octavo of 327 pages, giving an account of "Life and Labors of Rev. Joseph H. Webber, evangelist, a converted Roman Catholic," by Rev. Marten Wells Knapp, of Albion, Mich. In a brief introduction, Dr. Potts, editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate* says, "the life and labors herein chronicled, have been blessed of God to the salvation of many souls;" and the author, "like his honored subject, is an effective toiler in the Master's vineyard," and "can distinguish a genuine revival tornado, from a sound of wind and fury, signifying nothing." This is good endorsement, and warrants confidence, that this book will promote revivals. Price \$1.

From Hunt & Eaton, N. Y., we receive the following.

*Our Own Church*, by Bishop John H. Vincent. We quote from the Bishop's preparatory note; "The words that fill this little volume, are for young Christians—for young Methodist Episcopal Christians—and have been written to promote among them a thoughtful and lovely and growing interest in their own Church; its history, doctrines, government, polity, and usages." In eight chapters, the Bishop treats didactically of "The Holy Catholic Church," "The Antiquity of Methodism," "The Church and the World," "Broad and Narrow," "The Classmates' Meeting," "Our Settled Itineracy," "Earnest Christians," and "The Holy Communion;" and then, in narrative style gives us five additional chapters, on "True Church Loyalty," "The Story of Work," "Harry," "Ethel," closing with "The Story of a Revival."

In an Appendix, quotations are given from eminent authorities, in proof of our *Scriptural Episcopacy*, and in refutation of "Apostolical succession" as claimed by the Anglican churches.

This is a timely and very helpful manual and ought to be read by every member of "Our Own Church," young and old; nor would its perusal fail to make many Christians of other folds more intelligent, and less bigoted. Price 60 cents.

*One Little Life*, by Mary Lane Dickinson; a sprightly story for young people, inculcating lessons of trust and virtue. Price 75 cents.

*Aunt Chloe and her Young Friends*; by Mrs. E. J. Richmond, a bright and interesting volume of 263 pages. Price 90 cents.

*The Sunnerville Prize*, a story for girls, by Mrs. George Archibald, 266 pages. Price 80 cents. This story shows how "the early impressions of gentle teaching and influence survive, in spite of the stern lessons that lie between." It illustrates the beneficent results, that are the reward of the lovingly faithful teacher.

*The Book Divine*, or how do I know that the Bible is the Word of God? by Jacob Embury Price: 194 pages, price 75 cents. This volume is composed of a series of six Sunday evening lectures, intended as "a popular presentation of some of the results of reliable scholarship in the field of Christian evidences, with a view to help the honest doubter to a vision of the truth, that shall prove his eternal enrichment."

## Correspondence.

### Our Jaunt to Brooklyn.

Leaving home, Sept. 23, my wife and I rode with friends in a private carriage to Stanton; took the cars to Wilmington; thence by steamboat to Philadelphia; there we took the train for Jersey City, reaching Brooklyn by the annex line, and by a street car making our way to the home of one of my son's, in time for supper. His two brothers soon after arrived, and the trio were hailed with paternal delight. With them and other friends we spent over a week of varied activity and rest in this great island city and its greater metropolitan comrade across the East river.

Although on vacation furlough, our calling was not forgotten. We administered the rite of baptism to two children, one, a grand-son and name sake of the writer, in the home of his parents; the other a grand-daughter of members of the writer's charge, whose son resides in Brooklyn. We visited the Methodist Book Concern, corner 5th Ave. and 20th St. New York, but will not attempt to describe it, only to say, it is well situated, and although distant from former site, and in the northern direction, it is yet below the centre of the island. Every thing in the building seems to have been arranged to facilitate order, business, and economy. The chief curiosity is the printing press, simple in appearance, yet wondrous in contrivance for dispatching complete work. We met with two gentlemanly clerks on the first floor whom we knew in the former establishment, with whom we had some pleasant converse; and up stairs we met the long standing and faithful octogenarian of the house. We shook hands with Dr. Buckley, editor in chief of *The Christian Advocate*, who introduced us to Dr. Clark his assistant. We had the pleasure also of conversing with the former assistant editor Dr. R. R. Dougherty, now chief in the office of the Epworth League. We also had some pleasant talk with Dr. Hurlbut, of the Sunday School union.

But with all this pleasure there came a sense of sadness, as we missed the presence of certain men of former days, who have passed from the post of duty here to their final reward, whose names belong to history, and of whom "the world was not worthy." The portraits of some of them grace the walls of the building, and look down upon their successors as if to cheer them to deeds of noble fame.

With some of these successors it was our privilege to meet, and talk of old langsyne and of current events. We regretted the absence of the senior publisher, but found his associate genial

and courteous. We were also disappointed in not seeing the gifted editor of *The Review*, who was absent on duty.

It is a pleasure to record the fact, that we met with a number of clerical brethren dear at once to both the Philadelphia and Wilmington Conferences; Drs. J. A. Roche and T. L. Poulson, of the New York East Conference; Bro. John Allen, a superannuate of the Wilmington Conference, residing in Brooklyn; Prof. W. L. Boswell of Philadelphia, and his brother, Dr. J. I. Boswell of the Newark Conference; T. Snowden Thomas of THE PENINSULA METHODIST; and Bro. E. L. Hoffecker, also of the New York East Conference; with each of whom we exchanged words of brotherly greeting.

Sunday, if not "a great day in Zion," was a good day to us. We had the privilege to sit as an auditor in the congregations, unknown to the speakers; in the morning at Grace Church, on 6th Ave., Brooklyn, and in the evening at the chapel, corner of 8th St. & 6th Ave., of the same city. The morning discourse was full of gospel truth, forcibly delivered to an attentive audience. The evening discourse was a written treatise on the "woman question," from the negative standpoint—a strong and interesting paper, and listened to with attention. The speakers were pastors of their respective congregations.

I am sure it will be endorsed by all my ministerial brethren, that it is a luxury to be situated as I was, to occupy a seat as a worshipper in a strange congregation, to listen to the gospel word with our identity unrecognized by the preacher. When occasion serves, this is to me a great pleasure; but at the post of duty, especially on the Lord's day, it is a privilege—surpassing words to tell—to be able to distribute the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

B. F. PRICE.

### Shall Women be Admitted to the General Conference?

BY L. H. NOCK.

The time for casting the decisive vote on this important question, is near at hand, and yet there has been comparatively little or no discussion of it by ministers or laymen, within the bounds of the Wilmington Conference. It is true, *The Christian Advocate* of New York has given considerable space to its discussion; but *The Advocate* don't reach the masses of the people in this section of the country. If they are to be reached, it must be through the columns of THE PENINSULA METHODIST, and other local papers, and by special lectures by the ministers and laymen.

I would suggest that one evening in the week during the months of October

and November be set apart for a meeting of the members of the several churches, at which meeting fifteen-minute speeches be given by ministers and prominent laymen. I feel certain that such a method, if adopted, would result in awakening interest and disseminating information, which the importance of the subject demands.

Many members of the church do not know as yet, that they are expected to vote on the question. Many who know this, are on the fence, simply because they are without the proper information necessary to form an intelligent opinion. I agree with Dr. Buckley, that we ought to "let in the light," so that all may have an opportunity to form a correct and unbiased judgment.

To the question, "Shall women be admitted to the General Conference?" I unequivocally answer, *yes*.

Why not? Have not women used the power already given them, *wisely and well*? Even the conservative editor of *The Christian Advocate* does not say they have not. Why not then, extend their power, when we have such good reason to believe they will use it for the elevation of the race, and the bringing in, more speedily, the new kingdom which Jesus Christ came to establish? Does not the Church exist for this purpose? What are mere technicalities, when precious souls are dropping into hell every moment? The business of the Church is to save men; and to do this most effectively, she needs the potent influence and brain power of women, in her highest councils.

It is no small injustice, that she has been deprived admission therein, in view of the fact, that she has been doing so large a portion of the hard work of the Church, during its entire history.

The writer is superintendent of a Sunday School, in which 14 of the 19 teachers are women. On more than one occasion, has he called the teachers together to transact business, involving not only the religious growth and success of the School, but, also important pecuniary interests, where it would have been impossible to have made a single motion, or secure a vote, but for the presence of godly, consecrated women. Who can measure their value to the church? How can we properly characterize the members of the last General Conference in refusing to admit the duly accredited women delegates? What are we to think of those in that Conference, who opposed the motion to have Miss Frances Willard address the Conference on the question of their eligibility? I can command no language, more expressive of my own feelings, than what was used by one of the distinguished members of the Wilmington Conference not long since, in writing upon the at-

titude of the Church to the liquor traffic, said: "One of two things will happen; either it will recede from its testimony against this "diabolical conspiracy", or it will repudiate some of its conservative leaders."

In my opinion the time is not far distant, when the latter clause of this quotation will be fulfilled. But, lest I make this article too long, I will close by saying that I congratulate you, Mr. Editor, most heartily, that you are found on the right side of this important question. I hope before very long, you will also be found on the right side of the Temperance question; that is, the voting side.

Salisbury, Md., Oct. 8th, 1890.

(Our good brother evidently misunderstands us, as regards "the voting side" of the Temperance question. The attitude of THE PENINSULA METHODIST, toward the liquor traffic for more than six years, has been that which the Discipline affirms to be "the only proper attitude for all Christians—that of relentless hostility."

As to how we may, by our votes, make that hostility more effective, we claim in the language of that same Discipline, that "the judgment and conscience of every citizen must be left free, to determine what course he will pursue."

In Cecil County, Md., all duly qualified voters are to cast their ballots, November 4th, either for continuation of the prohibition policy, or for a return to the license system." THE PENINSULA METHODIST has made an earnest appeal to every friend of good morals, of humanity, and especially to every Christian, not only to vote for Prohibition, but also to do everything in their power to prevail upon others to do the same. We always mean "to vote as we pray." Ed.)

### The Great Explosion.

About 3.25 p. m., Tuesday, October 7th, occurred one of the most frightful explosions, that ever happened in the history of the extensive powder works of E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., near Wilmington, Del. There were six reports heard in this city, but ten mills were destroyed, and perhaps a hundred tons of powder exploded; nothing being left of the massive masonry but great piles of stones, and in one or two instances, great holes fifteen feet deep marking the places where the buildings stood. About 50 families were made homeless; some finding shelter elsewhere, and many roaming about the ruins all night.

Immediately after the explosion the air was filled with missiles of every description, flying in all directions. There was a literal shower of stones, spreading over everything, and falling

with a violence that tore up the earth, into which they buried themselves. It seemed as if none, who had withstood the shock, could escape these deadly missiles; and, that there were less than twenty killed is a mystery to every one. Cows and horses in neighboring fields were felled to the ground by the shock, and poultry were killed by the terrible concussion.

While every surviving member of the little community sustained the loss of their homes and household possessions, they were so grateful that their lives had been spared, that no voice was given to bewailing the loss of property.

Shortly after the explosion a spark fired the roof of the refinery, but by getting the dazed men into action, and putting the fire apparatus into effective service, the battle for life, home, and family was waged with a will. It required bravery almost to desperation, to fight such a dangerous enemy, as was in the refinery; but the battle was short and decisive, and the brave men won.

There were ten killed outright; nine men, and one woman, Mrs. Rose Dougherty. Two have died since—a baby, two years old, and Daniel Harkins, an old man over seventy.

As to the cause of the explosion, the theory is, that William R. Green was soldering boxes of prismatic powder, used by the U. S. Government, and that his soldering iron becoming too hot fired the box which he was soldering. This caused the magazine to explode, and this in turn fired the other buildings. Mr. Green was a very careful man, and had the perfect confidence of the company, as the only man to whom this dangerous work was intrusted. His assistant, William McGarvey, was also killed.

The scene about the village after the explosion beggars description. One of the worst wrecked houses was that of William Haley, which stood on the top of a hill, overlooking the mills that exploded. The shock demolished the porch, tore out the doors and windows, clear and clean, knocked off the roof and chimneys, and literally wrecked all the furniture, constituting a scene of utter desolation and ruin. Lizzie F. Anderson, youngest daughter of Mr. Haley, was in the house at the time. She had come home to take charge, in the absence of her mother who was in Boston, and was busy with her household duties when the awful shock came. She heard two reports and then lost consciousness, for awhile; but recovering in a few moments she escaped from the ruins, with her right arm broken, her head cut, and her body severely bruised. In the rear of the house was the home of Frank E. Haley, son of

Mr. Haley. This also was wrecked; the sides next the powder yard being torn out, and an immense stone going crashing through the back of the building. Fortunately Mrs. Haley and her little boy were away, at Rockland. The homes of David Curlett and William Hetherton were also badly wrecked.

Mr. Haley and family are members of Mt. Salem M. E. Church, whose pastor, Rev. W. E. Avery, was soon on the ground, to render what assistance and consolation was possible, to the injured people and their friends.

The country around showed signs of the awful explosion, and it will be long before the traces will be obliterated, or the shock is forgotten by the people who felt it.

J. H. HALEY.

#### A Cremation.

Mr. Editor:—Wednesday night, the 8th of October, was a memorable night in the history of the M. E. Church in St Michael's Md. The ladies of the Mite society have been a potent factor in church work, in this town. The society was organized in 1863. Its first president was Mrs. Sallie Baggs, and her successors in office have been Mrs. Belle Thomas and Mrs. H. C. Dodson. Its first and only treasurer was, and is, Mrs. Susanna Harrison. The noble women of this society have been firm in all the vicissitudes that have beset the church never swerving from their purpose, until the end was reached. They afford an excellent illustration of the "Perseverance of the Saints." Their history is an eventful one. They knew they were for a purpose, collecting money and paying debts as they occurred; and when the brethren were at their wits end, these women came to their relief.

When the old church was scarcely fit for worship, these godly women renovated it, and kept it respectable, with money they raised; they bought the lot on which the new church stands, and made it a present to the trustees. They bought the laths for lathing the new church, and raised about \$700 to furnish it. They bought the lot on which the parsonage stands and built a handsome house upon it suitable for any minister, costing \$1700, besides the lot, and in innumerable ways have sought to make the pastors, their wives and children, comfortable, as all the pastors and wives may testify and no doubt many prayers and songs of thanksgiving have arisen within its walls, on account of the loving labors of these women.

Altogether these women have collected and disbursed about \$4,500. Last Wednesday, the 8th inst., at night, they had a jubilee. Every member was invited to Harrison Hall, and all the old pastors; Rev. Thomas Bell, Dr. Wilson, of the M. P. Church, and Rev. R. H. Adams were present. After music by the band, Rev. Dr. Wilson offered prayer. Rev. R. H. Adams of Easton, who was so conversant with the working of the society when he was pastor here, made the principal address, after which the pastor escorted Mrs. Belle Thomas, the oldest living president, to the platform, where the last note, of \$500 against the parsonage was cremated by her,

in the presence of all. As the last flicker of the blaze died away, the Doxology was sung by the audience. After which, refreshments were served by the ladies; and so passed away a very pleasant evening. The parsonage is now free from debt. But we have a debt on the church of \$1,000, which I think the ladies propose to attack next. Taking them all in all, I doubt if there is a nobler set of women in the bounds of the Wilmington Conference. We pray that their kind may never cease from the M. E. Church. S. J. MORRIS.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

THE PRICKETT COLLEGE OF COMMERCE, Philadelphia, Pa. The 33rd graduating exercises of this flourishing school, will be held in the *Academy of Music* of that city, Thursday evening Oct. 23rd. 1890.

Hon. John Field, Postmaster, Philadelphia, will preside; Rev. L. Y. Graham, D. D., will make an invocation; Miss Lillian Miller will deliver a salutatory; Rev. Dr. Geo. K. Morris, of Cincinnati, will make the annual address, after which, Thos. J. Prickett, President of the institution, will present the Diplomas.

Col. A. K. McClure, editor of The Philadelphia Times, will address the graduates, and Hon. Isaac A. Shepard, President, Phila. Board of Public Education, will award the prizes.

William G. Stoffer will deliver the valedictory. Music by the Mendelssohn Male Quartette.

#### Sam Small.

This popular evangelist, a convert under the preaching of Sam Jones, is now the Rev. Samuel W. Small, D. D., President of Utah University, in Ogden Utah. This enterprise is *in posse* rather than *in esse*; but the plans and preliminary arrangements are such, as promise large results in the way of Christian education among that people.

On his election to this position, Dr. Small transferred his membership from the M. E. Church South, to the M. E. Church, and has been received on trial in one of our Western Conferences.

During the Ocean Grove camp meeting, he surprised the people by appearing upon the platform, and delivering a most thrilling address, in which he told the sad story of his degradation by drink, and his marvelous rescue from utter ruin, by the power of the Gospel.

The writer heard only his graphic delineation of his terrific struggle with an ungovernable thirst for liquor, which occurred the next morning after his conversion. The same afternoon in which he was converted, he began to preach, by telling the people of Atlanta, where he lived, the story of his salvation. The next morning, for two hours he wrestled in agonizing prayer,

for deliverance from the power of his old appetite for drink, which threatened to master him, and drag him down again into hopeless bondage. His devoted wife was in prayer down stairs, while her husband, in his locked bed room up stairs, was pleading for help. At last help came, and from that hour to the present, he has been entirely free from any desire whatever, to drink the accursed draught.

Saturday, the 20th ult., he lectured in Educational Hall, Asbury Park, in the interest of the W. C. T. U. His theme, "Is our Civilization a Failure?" he presented very forcibly; sketching our past achievements, and raising a voice of warning against the perils that threaten us.

Sunday afternoon, in the same place, he delivered a stirring temperance address to a crowded house.

In response to the question, "what have Prohibitionists accomplished?" he said, there are now seven states of the Union under Prohibition laws, with a good prospect of adding Nebraska to the number, next November. Besides this, the official figures at Washington show that the last fiscal year, ending June 1890, there was a reduction of 28,000 in the number of men receiving United States permits to sell liquor.

He is a very fluent speaker, abounds in humorous illustrations, and usually closes, after an hour's discussion, with a most eloquent peroration.

We heard him preach in Spring Garden Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, some weeks ago, and enjoyed his earnest and eloquent words, very much. His text was, "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." 1 John 2-1.

He held the pleased attention of that city congregation, that summer evening, for a full hour, when most of them had expected their pastor, Dr. Hulburd to preach a special sermon on an advertised topic. His manner and language was dignified and appropriate, and only once did he introduce the humorous.

His mission East is to awaken interest and raise funds for his rising University.

The enterprise certainly deserves liberal encouragement, as it will doubtless prove to be a most efficient factor in solving the Mormon problem.

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate

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of all schools, for the brain, nerves and stomach.

Lyman Abbott remarks: "Some one has said that some theological students lose their religion while they are getting their theology. It is not an uncommon exchange."

## The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1890.  
Luke 22: 24-37.

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

### THE SPIRIT OF TRUE SERVICE.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 2: 5).

24. *There was also a strife* (R. V., "there arose also a contention").—Says Farrar: "The word, *philoneikia*, 'an ambitious contention,' occurs here only. It is probable that this dispute arose while they were taking their places at the couches, and may possibly have been occasioned by some claim made by Judas for official precedence. He seems to have reclined on the left of our Lord and John on the right, while Peter seems to have been at the top of the next mat or couch, at the left of Judas, across and behind whom he stretched forward to whisper his question to St. John (John 13: 23, 24)." This was not the first contention of the kind among the disciples (Luke 9: 46; Matt. 20: 20-24). *Which of them should be* (R. V., "which of them is") *accounted the greatest*.—The prospect of the Messianic state which they believed was near at hand sharpened jealousies and provoked strife. Peter, James and John regarded themselves as nearest their Lord, and therefore greatest. To Peter had been promised "the keys;" but then, John was evidently "the beloved" disciple. Judas was "treasurer," and, of course, his prospects were good. It is pitiable to see how little the disciples understood the coming crisis and the true nature of Christ's kingdom.

25. *Kings of the Gentiles have lordship*—"lord it over them" (1 Pet. 5: 3); play the despot; use their high office arbitrarily and selfishly. *They that exercise authority*.—Schaff thinks that these are rulers below the rank of kings. *Are called benefactors*.—The Greek title, *Euergetai*, was often inscribed on Syrian and Egyptian coins. Sometimes the bloodiest despot insisted upon being regarded as a "benefactor." "How worthless and hollow the title was, the disciples knew from the instances of Ptolemy and Euergetes, and other Syrian tyrants" (Farrar).

26. *Ye shall not be so*.—Not such shall be your type of rulership at all. How perfectly Peter learned this lesson, can be seen from the most cursory reading of his Epistles. His followers, however, have not been so docile. "Of how little has this condemnation of lordship and vain titles been against the vanity of Christian ecclesiastics!" (J., F. and B.) "These words do not condemn a true ecclesiastical order; but they do condemn all ecclesiastical ambition, and all aspiration after selfish power" (Whedon). *He that is greatest* (R. V., "the greater")—either as respects aspiration or natural endowments. *Let him be*—R. V., "let him become." *As the younger*.—With the Jews, age entitled a person to consideration and attention. The aged occupied the chief seats. The younger, on the other hand, younger sons in families, performed menial duties from which their seniors were exempt. Our Lord teaches the would-be aristocrats in His kingdom that they would reach distinction by going down instead of up, by competing for the lowest duties, rather than by enthroning themselves for ministration by

others. *He that is chief as he that doth serve*. "All office should be service. Every man should abdicate and disuse every authority over another which is not for the best good" (Whedon).

27. *Whether is greater?* etc.—The master of the house was regarded as holding a position more honorable than a servant, because the latter waits upon the former. *I am among you* (R. V., "in the midst of you") *as he that serveth*.—He "took upon Him the form of a servant." He made no claim to the honor and ministrations which were rightfully His. Luke omits the acted parable of washing the disciples' feet.

28, 29. *Ye . . . have continued with me*—"affecting evidence of Christ's tender susceptibility to human sympathy and support" (J., F. and B.) *In my temptations*—persecutions, rejection, "trials from Satan, men, and earthly things." This was a tender acknowledgement, following a needed reproof. *I appoint unto you*—more exactly, "I bequeath unto you." *A kingdom*.—"Who is this that dispenseth kingdoms, nay, the kingdom of kingdoms, within an hour or two of His apprehension, and less than a day of His shameful death? These sublime contrasts, however, perpetually meet and entrance us in this watchless history" (J., F. and B.) "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." *As my Father hath appointed unto me*.—This kingdom was to be His by covenant promise of the Father.

30. *That ye may eat and drink at my table*—royal fellowship and festivity. *In my kingdom*—"first of grace, and then of glory" (Whedon). *Sit on thrones*.—Who occupy a higher place in honor and influence than do the apostles? *Judging the twelve tribes*—possibly referring to some future day when rulership shall be committed to the apostles over the gathered outcasts of Israel. "These, the great men of the ages, were the mighty souls, luminous and instinct with truth, so that their torches gave life and light to other souls. They have ruled the world from invisible thrones, because at bottom it is a spiritual world, and they are spiritual sovereigns" (I. M. Atwood).

"Instead of Messianic glory such as they may have at first thought of, they had witnessed only contradiction, denial and shame, and they had "continued" with Him. But the kingdom was also coming. When His glory was manifested, their acknowledgement would also come. Here Israel had rejected the King and His messengers, but then would that same Israel be judged by their word. A royal dignity this, indeed, but one of service; a full royal acknowledgement, but one of work (Ederheim).

31. *And the Lord said*—omitted in R. V. *Simon, Simon*.—Note the earnestness implied by the repetition, and the use of the old name. These words are supposed to have been spoken after the Supper, and while on the way to Gethsemane. Our Lord had declared (Mark 14: 27) that they all would be "offended" that night, for the prophecy would be fulfilled, "I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Peter had impulsively replied that though all should be "offended"—staggered in their faith—"yet will not I." To this arrogant self-confidence our Lord replies. *Satan hath desired* (R. V., "asked") *to have you*—literally, "outasked." "obtained you by asking;" he has received the privilege to test you. The "you" is plural and refers to all the apostles. Judas has been

tested and has fallen; you will all be sorely tried this night. *Might sift you as wheat*.—"As wheat is shaken in the sieve, so Satan would try their faithfulness" (Schaff); "expecting to find chaff enough in their religion, if indeed there was any wheat at all" (J., F. and B.).

32. *I have prayed* (R. V., "I made supplication") *for thee*—as being in greatest danger, next even to Judas. *That thy faith fail not*—that is, "not utterly fail." Says Schaff: "Our Lord prays, not that Peter be not tried, but that his faith should not utterly fail." *When thou art converted*—R. V., "when once thou hast turned again." *Strengthen*—(R. V., "establish") *thy brethren*—"who will have been shaken and enfeebled by thy apostasy. Alford says that the use, three times, in Peter's epistles, of this word 'strengthened' is at least remarkable. He who by sin disgraces the cause of Christ, should doubly honor it by a redoubled effort to prevent others from a like folly" (Whedon).

33, 34. *Ready to go with thee . . . to death*—the strongest terms Peter could use, and he was doubtless honest in his belief at the time. His whole nature revolted at this prediction of his fall. Says Abbott: "There is a right Christian confidence, but it rests upon the presence and power of the Lord (Phil. 4: 13; 2 Tim. 1: 12); and upon a consciousness of personal weakness (2 Cor. 12: 9, 10). Peter's rested on his own courage and fidelity, and failed him in the hour of trial." *Cock shall not crow . . . thrice deny*. What divine presence and what a humbling declaration! Within four or five hours Peter, in spite of his present vehemence of loyalty, would repeatedly deny that he ever knew Christ.

35. *He said unto them*—with the purpose of forewarning them that a great change was coming. *When I sent you without purse, etc.*—See chap. 9: 1-6. *Lacked ye anything?*—On that peaceful mission their temporal wants were cared for without effort on their part, and their personal safety was not endangered. Things would be different now.

36. *He that hath a purse, etc.*—The attitude of the world had changed. They must expect hostility now rather than receptivity. *He that hath no sword, etc.*—The words must not be strained to the point of contradicting the explicit declarations of the sermon on the Mount. The words simply teach, as it appears to us, that they should take all proper means for their own defence—should not expose their lives. The disciples obeyed these words when they gathered in the upper room, "with the door shut through fear of the Jews," and when they dwelt in the Catacombs.

37. *He was reckoned among the* (R. V., "with the") *transgressors*—from Isa. 53: 12. "Hence, clearly the sword could not be for His defence, as they carelessly assumed" (Farrar). *The things concerning me have an end*—R. V., "that which concerneth me hath fulfillment." *My course on earth has come to an end; your careers are still before you. I shall be smitten; you will be scattered. Therefore make all proper provision for your own care and defence.*

Rev. John E. Cookman, D. D., who recently left the Methodist Episcopal Church, to unite with the Protestant Episcopal Church, was ordained last Sunday week at St. Philip's, in the Highlands, by Bishop Potter.

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### Temperance.

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

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

#### A Fraudulent Cry.

The following is from the Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis Mo.

The opponents of prohibition are mostly confined to two arguments, or correctly, to two statements, by which they attempt to cast distrust on the Prohibition movement. The first and most common is: "Prohibition does not prohibit." The second consists of an effort to establish the proposition that prohibition is disastrous to the material prosperity of the state or community where the experiment of prohibition is being made.

As to the assertion that "prohibition does not prohibit," the only thing to be said of it is, that the use which is made of it by the secular and whiskey press, is deceptive, and conveys a falsehood.

Surely, he is a simpleton of the first water, who believes that the liquor men and the saloon politicians are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in Kansas and Iowa and Nebraska in opposition to prohibition, if prohibition did not interfere with their business more than anything else which has ever been devised. They prefer high-license, because it does not prohibit as much as prohibition does. Prohibitory laws against murder and stealing and gambling, do not actually prohibit murder and stealing and gambling, but no intelligent person believes, that to license them—let the license be ever so high—would be a greater restraint against crime. There is nothing more ridiculous, than this fraudulent cry of the liquor men and their tools, that prohibition does not prohibit. So far as the political papers are concerned in it, it is made for no other purpose, than to retain the support of the saloons and their disreputable methods of securing votes.

No one, who has studied political economy and the statistics of crime can doubt, as to the uniform testimony of all police commissioners, of the courts and students of political economy, has been that the use of intoxicating liquors is the cause of three-fourths of all the crime and poverty in this country. This statement was never disputed until recently, since prohibition became a political question, and is now only called in question by the liquor interest and their subsidized agencies.

Kansas is probably the only state that has had sufficient experience of the effect of prohibitory legislation to furnish any statistics of value on this subject. No complete compilation has been made to ascertain the facts that should have a bearing on the settlement of this question. But a series of statistics, including the last ten years, has been given to the public by the chief officer of the Kansas State Agricultural Department which throws some light on the subject. The increased value of the field crops of 1890 over those of 1880 is no less than \$41,480,854, a gain of 90 per cent. in ten years. In live stock the gain has been 88 per cent. The total assessed valuation of the state in 1880 was \$160,570,761; in 1890 it is \$360,813,901, a gain of 116 per cent. The gain of investments in manufacturing enterprises has reached 159 per cent. There has been a gain of 43 per cent. in the value of school property; a gain in the number of school children of 56 per cent. There has been a gain of 103 per cent. in churches, the number now reported being 1,956; the present value of church property is \$6,415,937, a gain of 164 per cent. in ten years.

Prohibition may have made it hard on some of the whiskey towns and is a terrible trial for the toppers, but it certainly has not injuriously affected the prosperity of the state. We know that this statement is not in accord with the statements made by the Republican Submissionists at their State Convention, last month; but no one can read their platform without suspecting that it was not the product of honest, sober men. The only honest statement that can be made about prohibition in Kansas is, that it has made the state so uncomfortable for men who love whiskey that it would be a wholesome charity on the part of the Legislature to appropriate a sum to assist them in emigrating to some high-license state.

THE PENINSULA METHODIST to new subscribers for 15 months, for \$1. cash.

#### THE SONG OF THE CRICKET.

Yes, the world is big; but I'll do my best,  
Since I happen to find myself in it;  
And I'll sing my loudest out with the rest,  
Though I'm neither a lark nor a linnet,  
And strive toward the goal with as tireless  
zest,  
Though I know I may never win it.  
For shall no bird sing but the nightingale?  
No flower bloom but the rose?  
Shall little stars quench their torches pale  
When Mars through the midnight glows?  
Shall only the highest and greatest prevail?  
May nothing seem white but the snows?  
Nay, the world is so big that it needs us  
all  
To make audible music in it.  
God fits a melody e'en to the small;  
We have nothing to do but begin it.  
So I'll chirp my merriest out with them all,  
Though I'm neither a lark nor a linnet?  
—Independent.

#### The Speaking Leg.

Have you ever heard the story of the crossing-sweeper with the wooden leg? No? Well, here it is;

He was quite an old man, with white hair, and a pleasant twinkle in his eye. He limped about on his wooden leg and kept his crossing as clean as possible. A gentleman passing by one day looked at him with interest and entered into conversation;

"Am sorry to see, my friend, that you have a wooden leg."

"Yes, sir, I have, and a good thing, too. So don't be sorry."

"A good thing to limp about like that?"

"Yes, sir. Years ago I was overseer in a large factory, but it did not prevent me from drinking. One day, when I had taken more than I should, I had to climb up an awkward staircase to overlook the workmen above. My head being unsteady, I slipped and fell. My leg was so badly broken that I was taken to the hospital. It was soon found needful to cut it off, and I was there a good while. The nurses were very kind to me—especially one good lady, to whom I shall be forever grateful. She first showed me the evil of drink, and got me to sign the pledge. Yes; and she did more than that; she taught me who could give me strength—poor weak wretch that I am—to keep it; and He has helped me so far, using this old wooden leg as an instrument, more than once."

"I suppose that is why you feel grateful to your wooden leg. Do you mind telling me about it?"

"Shall be glad to, sir. Well, this leg is a talking leg. When I pass a public-house and the smell of liquor tempts me, my wooden leg calls out, 'Don't go in! don't go in!' and I obey. Once, though, I nearly broke my pledge. It was very cold, and I felt badly in need of the old grog; so I put my leg on the first step of the public-house door. Down it slipped, and I with it, of course. That was saying as plainly as a wooden leg could, 'I won't go in there, and you can't go without me; so you'd better stop out.' So I have, ever since. It's an old saying but a true one, that the best side of a public-house is the outside.

'Thank you, kindly, sir. Good-day.'  
—The Young Reaper.

Rev. Dr. Scott, father-in-law of President Harrison, now ninety-one years of age, assisted in the administration of communion at the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Sunday, Sept. 21.

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or overeating, or the partaking of too rich and indigestible food, is a common cause of discomfort and suffering. To immediately relieve the stomach and bowels from such overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects.  
If the too free indulgence in such intemperate eating has deranged digestion, causing dyspepsia and biliousness, attended with a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in mouth in the morning, on arising, drowsiness after meals, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity and hypochondria—then you need to follow up the use of the "Pellets" with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to tone up the stomach, invigorate the liver, and set all the processes of digestion at work. While curing indigestion, it purifies the blood, cleansing the system from all humors and blood-poisons—no matter of what name or nature, or from what cause arising. There is nothing similar to it in composition or approaching it in results. Therefore, don't be duped and induced to take some substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit.

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## Peninsula Methodist,

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WILMINGTON, DEL.

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WILMINGTON, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

The Peninsula Methodist will be sent from now until January 1, 1892, to new subscribers for only one dollar.

### A New Hymn Book.

The publisher of the PENINSULA METHODIST will soon issue a choice collection of Hymns, suitable for revival services and other religious social meetings.

In order to make it the more valuable, and the more fully adapted to the popular demand, the compiler desires that those among our readers, who are interested in this part of religious worship, shall send to this office, a list of at least ten hymns, each, which the sender considers most appropriate and most prized by the people.

We want to include only the best, the most popular, and such as are most in harmony with the great end of all worship, the uplifting of the soul into closer communion with God, and its more complete renewal in the divine image.

Please send in the lists, as early as may be convenient.

### Another Call.

Our churches abroad seem to look with covetous eyes upon our *Peninsula*. Evidently, some of them know a good thing when they see it. Rev. J. H. Willey, Ph.D., pastor of our church in Chestertown, Md., has been complimented with a call to an important charge in New York. Last summer he preached in the University Avenue M.E. Church of Syracuse, and two weeks ago, he received a letter from the presiding elder of Syracuse district, informing him, that the quarterly conference of that church had given him a unanimous call to be their pastor, and that Bishop Ninde favored the appointment.

This call is from the University Church; Chancellor Sims, Drs. French, Codrington, and Little, being members of its quarterly conference, and most of the Professors and their families attending its services, as well as a majority of the students. It is a very large church, seating about 1200, and within view of the University.

Dr. Willey's people in Chestertown are very much opposed to his removal, and it is yet uncertain, when the transfer will be made.

The *Kent News* says: "Under his able ministry, the congregation in Chestertown has largely augmented, and his departure would cause universal regret."

While we do not wonder, that our brethren in Syracuse desire to have the services of Dr. Willey, we must put in a plea for his present charge, where he has been less than one year, and where our church needs so much, an able, faithful, and successful pastor. If the "powers that be" decide to remove him, they will surely take care that Chestertown receive no damage.

### Those Women.

In view of the evident trepidation, with which the gallant editor of *The Christian Advocate*, New York, regards the prospect of having the bars taken down, so that the sisters may have an equal chance with their brothers, in the race for General Conference honors, Dr. T. A. Goodwin employs some decidedly sharp irony, which we think our readers will enjoy. Here is one specimen from *The Northern Christian Advocate*, of last week:

#### ONE WORD MORE ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

It is never prudent to have a controversy with an editor in his own paper, hence I shall not attempt a reply to the late editorial favoring the admission of women into the General Conference; but I hope I may be permitted to talk back a little, at the two women who so mercilessly assailed me in the paper of September 24th. The initials in one case may apply to a man; but the way the argument runs indicates a woman's method of treating a controversy—it goes straight to the mark. And now I have no additional arguments to offer against her admission. In my former paper, I gave the only good reason against it that I can think of. I admit that it sounds very much like the old arguments against the emancipation and enfranchisement of the Negro. But there is this difference; those arguments related entirely to the question of Negro equality; mine relate to the question of woman supremacy. If I could be convinced that she would call a halt, when she got up even, as the editor suggests she will be likely to do, the case would be different. I have no sympathy with the fears expressed by one editor, that her admission to the General Conference is to be only a stepping-stone to things beyond. In the language of Scripture, on another subject, I say, "let her drive," if she must. Neither do I take any stock in what are called the Scripture arguments; for they are a sword that cuts two ways, and the sharpest edge is against us, more than against the women. Still I must insist on the men's attending the election, and voting solidly; if for no other reason than to save something from the wreck. May we not secure at least a proviso—

a compromise, as it were? If the worst comes to the worst, can we not get in a proviso like this: "Provided that in no case shall the women outnumber the men," or words to that effect? Remember "the prudent man foreseeth the evil," and provideth for himself. As there is no mistaking the trend of this question, this is our last chance, unless the very remote probability, suggested by the editor, that after the first excitement is over, she will play fair, shall prove true. Did she ever?

T. A. GOODWIN.

(Dr. Goodwin's irony has been taken literally, in some instances. This will serve as a key to his views.—ED.)

## Conference News.

WILMINGTON PREACHERS' MEETING met in *Fletcher Hall*, at 10 a. m.; Pres't. W. E. Avery in the chair; devotional exercises conducted by Rev. J. E. Bryan.

Ministers present: Revs. L. E. Barrett, E. L. Hubbard, W. E. Tomkinson, J. D. C. Hanna, A. Stengle, T. C. Smoot, W. W. Campbell, J. E. Franklin, T. N. Given, D. H. Corkran, V. S. Collins, A. T. Scott, C. A. Grise.

Bro. Bryan reported improvements on the church property at Newport.

Bro. Hanna reported an interesting revival at Asbury, with 18 conversions to date.

Bro. Atkins reported the revival at Madely as increasing in interest; 56 conversions to date; 17 penitents last night, and 12 conversions.

Bro. Avery reported the revival at Mt. Salem growing in interest; 7 stood up for prayers, Friday evening.

Bro. Smoot reported the revival services still in progress at Newark Union; 8 conversions to date.

Rev. A. J. Dolbow, evangelist, was present, and spoke of six weeks revival work on Salisbury District: Onancock, 7 conversions; Asbury, near Crisfield, 56; Cokesbury, on Pocomoke circuit, Rev. J. E. Graham, pastor, 55 ranging from 9 to 65 years of age.

Order of the day was taken up, and Rev. E. L. Hubbard preached a sermon from Matt. 27: 55, "You have a watch; go your way, make it as sure as ye can."

An interesting discussion followed. Committee on Sabbath desecration submitted a report, which was laid over for one week.

Dr. T. A. Fernley, of Philadelphia Conference, Cor. Sec. of the Society for the suppression of Sabbath desecration, was introduced, and addressed the meeting. He also read a paper, which was adopted.

Curators reported for next Monday, a paper on the "Divinity of Christ," by Rev. J. T. VanBurkalow.

Benediction by Dr. Fernley.  
E. C. ATKINS, Sec.

THE RE-OPENING at Wesley Church, Newark charge, was a great success. The unpropitious weather interfered but little, except to prevent holding service at night. This society, with not more than thirty members, showed the true Spartan spirit. Undertaking to reconstruct their church, which had been damaged by fire, they have succeeded in making it a most beautiful temple of worship; the entire cost being more than thirteen hundred dollars.

Almost the entire amount was raised in

our financial effort; leaving a balance of less than fifty dollars, which can easily be arranged for by the official members. The spirit of liberality abounded; the prompt and cheerful giving being a prominent feature of the service.

Rev. T. E. Terry preached a sermon in the morning, the spirit of which seemed to pervade the entire congregation, which listened with deep interest to the close reasoning and beautiful diction of the speaker. The people were delighted with the sermon, the preacher, and the music.

Dr. W. L. S. Murray preached a strong, clear, and convincing discourse in the afternoon; the people endorsing the faith of our presiding elder, in the power and immutability of the inspired word.

Rev. R. C. Jones was with us, and was to preach at night, but the rain deprived us of the pleasure of hearing him. Prof. H. S. Goldey greatly aided, in the spiritual and financial work, by his counsel and his liberal giving; and with his wife, favored us with some charming music.

The day was one of blessing to all hearts, of wonderful victory in the cancellation of the cost of repairs; and now we look and pray for a gracious revival.

A new Bible for the pulpit was secured by Mr. John M. Singler, and a finely bound copy of our Church Hymnal was presented by J. Miller Thomas, of THE PENINSULA METHODIST; to both of whom we extend our sincere thanks.

Job H. Jackson, Esq., delivered a lecture before the Epworth League of Newark, Friday night of last week, on which occasion a large and appreciative audience enjoyed his description of the Paris Exposition and Eiffel Tower, as seen by him. The large and beautiful photographs, with which the speaker illustrated his subject, were examined with great interest.

KENT ISLAND, MD. W. W. Sharp, pastor. Up to date, there have been 55 conversions, in the revival at Stevensville. Forty-eight have joined the church there, and others elsewhere. The services have nearly all been preceded by 15 or 20 minutes singing. Every Friday night has been observed as a general experience or praise meeting, and Friday night, the 10th inst., was the best of that kind; old and young testifying to the love of Christ. A little boy, who has been converted during the meeting, stirred the soul of the writer in relating his experience. 49 testified. Praise the Lord. May the work go on until every soul on the Island shall be saved.

FOR WOMEN.—The first vote on Salisbury district, on the admission of women to the General Conference, was taken at SMITH'S ISLAND, and stood; For, 42; against, 14; majority for, 28.

Yours Respectfully,  
T. O. AYRES.

REV. T. A. H. O'BRIEN of Cecilton is wide awake to the Local Option issue, and is holding a meeting, Thursday evening of each week, at which invited speakers make addresses. Rev. Alfred Smith, Dr. W. L. S. Murray, and Rev. L. E. Barrett, have already spoken on this burning issue, and public interest is increasing. These meetings are held in the open air, and numbers have thus an opportunity to hear the truth unobserved, who probably could not be induced to enter a hall or church.





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OUR NEW SERIAL.

**Fetters Broken;**

OR,

ELWOOD EARL'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF BLANCH MONTAGUE.

CHAP. XV.—INCREASING CALAMITY.

Elwood Earl finished the work of writing Major Arnold's will; and after an early tea, took a horse and went down to communicate to his father and mother the purpose he had formed, of leaving Arnold Hall and removing to a city down the river, a resolution that was not in the least affected, by the last act of the Major, for Elwood felt that no amount of money could compensate for the absence of the one great essential of a married life.

No nobler man ever lived, he thought than my father, yet see what he has proved himself capable of becoming, without the restraining grace of Christ. If one so noble by nature as he, could be so influenced by temptation, and tossed about so helplessly, what reason have I to hope that Lillian Arnold will be any stronger to resist evil, without the help of God?

As he rode on, thinking of the past, and laying his plans for the future, he was almost at the door of his home before he was aware of it.

Dismounting, he threw the reins over a post, and ran into the house with the happy spirit of boy-hood again coming into his heart; for now that his mind was fully made up concerning Lillian Arnold, he felt happier than he had for many days. It had cost him a mighty struggle to give up his hopes respecting this beautiful girl; but when once he had determined it was best, he resolutely refused to think of retracing his steps. Knowing that, if like a moth he continued to flit around in the light of Lillian Arnold's bright eyes, the wings of his resolution would soon be burnt off, and he would fall at her feet a helpless victim to an influence he would no longer have the power to resist, he determined not to take any risks. The course he resolved upon was right; and from the first his victory was complete.

Entering the house, he passed into the sitting-room, and there upon a lounge lay his mother, in a state of mental excitement that had quite prostrated her. Kneeling by her side he pressed a kiss upon her hot brow, and anxiously inquired what was the cause of her distress.

In broken accents she told him that a party of hunters had come to the house early that morning, and his father had gone away with them into the mountains. She then told him that four of the men had returned near

night, and said that Mr. Earl had remained behind, with one of their party to hunt in the evening; "but I know, I feel, that something is wrong; for I am sure that your father would not remain away, knowing that I am here alone, if there was not something wrong."

Elwood tried to comfort his mother as best he could; but it was with a heavy weight on his heart, for there had come over him a presentiment of some great evil at hand.

As quickly as possible he wrote a brief note to Mrs. Wentworth, telling her what had happened, and of his mother's condition. This he sent at once by the servant, and in less than an hour, kind Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter, Miriam Russell, were at the cottage.

Leaving his mother in their care, the young lawyer set out at once, to look for his father.

The full moon was in the heavens, and he required no torch, or lantern. Hour after hour he searched the woods and listened for the sound of the dogs, but all was silence, save the murmuring of the night wind among the trees, and the occasional flutter or screech of a bird, or some animal, as it was startled by the intruder.

It was near day when Elwood at last returned to the cottage, heart-sore and weary with the fruitless search. He found his mother, who had spent a sleepless night, quite ill, and decided at once to accept Mrs. Wentworth's invitation, and remove her to the home of that kind lady, where she could be properly cared for. He did not wait for breakfast, but mounting his horse, rode as fast as he could over the rough road to Arnold Hall; and hurriedly explaining the situation to the Major, asked that he might have the family carriage an hour or two, to take his mother to Mrs. Wentworth's.

The kind-hearted old man was ready to do all in his power to help his prospective son-in-law, and the carriage, with its soft cushions, was soon at the door. Lillian insisted upon returning with Elwood, to see his mother, and render any assistance in her power.

Kind and thoughtful as she always was, she put a few of the softest pillows into the carriage, and thrusting a few restorative remedies into her satchel, was soon ready for the trip.

She seemed to feel very keenly the sorrow that had come upon Elwood, and attempted some words of sympathy. They were well chosen, and tenderly expressed, but seemed to lack that fervor, and intensity which comes from a full heart; seeming to be the fruit of a bright intellect, and a generous nature, rather than the overflowing of a warm sympathetic soul; but it was not Lillian's fault; for she was wholly sin-

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The beautiful Scotch and Zephyr Gingham, former prices 16 and 20 cents, now going at 12½ cents.

The nice things in Sateens and Outing Cloths going at 12½.

Carpets and Matting.

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Prints, Prints.

Best Calicos now going at 6½ cts.

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

The men and boys want bargains as well as the ladies, so we have made the same low prices for them.

How about shoes. You will want them, look at our men's fine dress shoes at \$1.50, \$1.95, \$2.45. Can't be beat, and the ladies fine Dongola Kidd at \$1.65. Never sold before for less than \$2.00.

Queens Ware.

Just received direct from Liverpool, England, lot of English iron stone china and Porcelain tea and dinner sets, and chamber sets, plain, white and gilt banded etc. Prices very low. These are just a few hints we have to offer. All that is wanted to verify the fact is a visit and an examination of goods and prices.

TERMS CASH.

J. M. C. C.

A. C. C.

cere in her effort to comfort the man, in whom she had come to feel such a deep interest, and during all that transpired in the next two hours she did all she could, to help the sick mother, and comfort her friend.

From the first she had admired Elwood, but like the sensible girl she was, had refused to allow her heart to go out to him fully, until she had some reason to believe her love was returned.

It was the fatal blunder of Augustus Arnold's life, when, after Elwood had left that evening, he took his daughter into his arms, and told her what he had done, and of the property he had conveyed to her; and finally, of all that Elwood had said to him of his love for her, and of his wish to make her his wife; and further, of Elwood's purpose to leave Arnold Hall, and to enter upon his profession elsewhere; as he believed for the sole purpose of procuring the means to justify him in seeking her as his wife.

Lillian listened to all this, while her bosom rose and fell with the emotions that the recital of these facts awoke in her heart.

From that hour, this impulsive, warm-hearted girl gave the reins to her affections, and her whole heart went out to Elwood, in deep, passionate love. It was to her, as if Elwood had spoken himself, and every word went to her heart; and from that hour, she looked upon him, as in some way her own.

Of all this the young lawyer had not the slightest knowledge, and as he rode back with her to Arnold Hall, he thought nothing of the way she clung to his arm, and talked to him of the sympathy she felt with him, and of her earnest hope that he would soon find his father.

He remained at Arnold Hall until after dinner, and then set out in quest of his friend, Martin Smith. He told him what had occurred; the two, after consulting as to the best method of search, set off in opposite directions, to seek for the unfortunate man, whom they now had but little doubt had been, in some way, betrayed into sin.

All that wretched day they had spent in the woods, searching for him; and at night-fall returned to Mrs. Wentworth's cottage, without having found a trace of the lost father.

*To be continued.*

### The Holy Stairs.

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

One bright morning in April we turned our steps toward the Basilica of St. John Lateran, in Rome.

As we entered upon the north side we stood before the Holy Stairs, or "Scala Santa," as they are called.

A monk, with shaven head, handed us a slip on which the pretended his-

tory of the stairs was given. We were told that they were the very steps down which the Savior came from Pilate's Hall, after he had been insulted and beaten and crowned with thorns; that they were brought from Jerusalem in a miraculous way; that, in accordance with the decree of Pope Pio VII, any one who would go up these stairs "on their knees with a contrite heart, meditating on the passion of Christ, would get out of purgatory nine years sooner for every stair thus passed over."

From what I saw many appeared ready to believe all this; for there were men and women, boys and girls all going up on their knees, some hurrying up, occasionally hopping with the foot, others devoutly stopping and saying their prayers with great rapidity.

The marble steps, twenty-eight in number, are protected by planks of wood which have been three times worn away by knees of the thousands who, for hundreds of years, have gone up them.

The topmost, middle, and lower of the marble steps were left uncovered, that each one, as they passed, might stop and kiss the stones on which our Lord had "fallen or fainted," as he came down them from "Pilate's Hall."

I shall never forget how reverently a beautiful Italian child, by the side of her mother, went up those stairs. How I longed to tell her that Jesus had finished the work of her salvation on the cross, and that no penance of hers was now needed.

One day the Saxon monk, Martin Luther, hoping thus to make himself fit for heaven, was humbly crawling up "Pilate's Stairs," when suddenly he heard a voice saying to him, "The just shall live by faith."

He at once sprang to his feet, and from that moment he saw the way of salvation as he had never before, and that nothing he could do would make God more willing to receive and forgive him. He said those words startled him from his false hope, and brought peace and joy to his soul.

Some of you, my friends, have been going up Pilate's stairs even here in America, but they will never lead you to heaven.

But I hear you say, "How have I been doing such a strange thing as that?" I will tell you.

Often your sins have troubled you, and you have said, "Now I will try and do better."

I can remember when I was a boy making all these resolutions again and again. Yes, I often had the feeling that if going on my knees all the way to New York would make me sure of heaven, I would be glad thus to purchase a title to "mansions in the skies."

May the Lord help you with all the heart to say—

"In my hands no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling."

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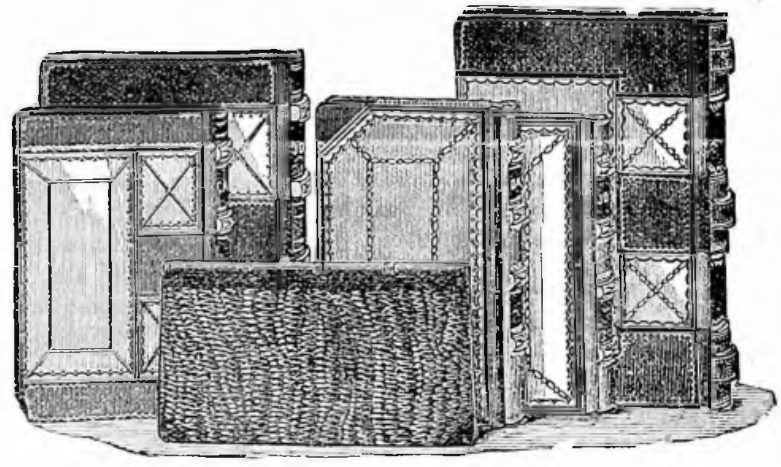
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"THE QUEEN" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.



## Youth's Department.

### How Rod Was Led.

Two ladies stood by Sue Ingram's counter waiting for change.

"What delightful meetings we are having!" Mrs. Walker said.

"Indeed, we are," responded Mrs. Currier. "It does my heart good to see the young people so thoughtful and earnest. I've been feeling so anxious all day about one in particular—Rod Carter."

Sue gave a little start as she caught the name, but neither lady noticed it.

"He used to be in my Sunday-school class, you know," continued Mrs. Currier. "But he has not been much, lately; he has gotten in with a set who do not help him much, I fancy. Some of our boys coaxed him into one of the meetings, however, and he is really very much interested. I hoped he would decide the question last night; I could see he was just halting between two opinions, but he was not quite ready to decide. The worst of it is he said he could not come to-night, as he had a previous engagement."

Sue started again at this, and looked a trifle conscious.

"I'm so afraid he will be drawn back again," she heard Mrs. Currier say next. "Somehow I have a feeling that if he wilfully stays away to-night, and puts off deciding until a more convenient season, the Spirit will cease to strive with him—now, any-way. I am so anxious about it!"

"Here's your change, madam," said Sue just then.

There were tears in gentle Mrs. Currier's eyes as she turned to take it.

"My dear," she said, obeying a sudden impulse as she glanced at Sue's saucy, piquant face; "my dear, don't forget your responsibility in influencing your friends and associates. It will be a dreadful thing at that last day to have any one say we led them astray, away from the right; will it not?"

Sue had no answer ready for this query, and the ladies passed out.

"So Rod is interested in religion, is he?" she thought, as she put things to rights. "Wonder what Mrs. Currier would have said if she had known his engagement was to take me to the theater. I suppose she would have besought me to let him off and send him to the meeting. Perhaps I ought; but I don't get very much fun, and I don't see why he can't decide before or after just as well. "Still," and Sue fairly shuddered at the thought, "it would be awful if he should get over it at the play and then blame me for it."

All day long Sue was perplexed and troubled, and as unlike her usual merry, saucy self, as possible.

"Whatever in the world am I to do?" she thought as she started for home at night. "I wish Mrs. Currier had gone somewhere else shopping. I don't see what earthly difference it makes; the meetings last a week longer, and Rod can go every evening for all of me, but if I give up the theater to-night the dear knows when I'll get another chance to go. I guess if Mrs. Currier had to work as I do, and didn't have any more fun than I do, she wouldn't think it such a simple matter to give it up. It's all nonsense, any way. I'm not responsible for Rod's not deciding. He has had time enough this week, but he hasn't improved it, and very likely he wouldn't to-night, even if he went to the meeting. I'm not going to give up my good time unless he asks me to; so, now!"

And having come to this decision Sue hastened her steps and tried to think no more about it. But in spite of her best endeavors she felt anything but comfortable as she made preparations to go. She even kept Rod waiting fully ten minutes while she stood in her own room, hat and jacket on, and thought it all over again. It ended, however, in her coming down with a half-reckless look, and they started out.

But Sue found her companion very sober and absent-minded; yet, while it increased her own disquiet of mind, she apparently did not notice it, but laughed and talked incessantly.

"We've lost our car and will have to wait a few minutes," said Rod, as they reached the corner. "What got into you, Sue? I never knew you to keep anybody waiting before, especially when there was a good time on hand."

"Didn't you? Well, there always has to be a first time, you know," was Sue's only reply; and then for a few minutes neither of them spoke.

Sue seemed to see Mrs. Currier's earnest face, and to hear her saying, "Don't forget your responsibility; it will be a dreadful thing to hear any one say we led them away from the right."

Rod was trying in vain to quiet his troubled conscience.

"There's no use in my feeling so uncomfortable. I'll go to the meeting to-morrow night, and decide one way or the other and be done with it."

But, suggested something within, suppose something should happen before then; things do to people, many times when they least expect them. What if it should be too late to-morrow night?

Rod shook himself impatiently.

"Here's the car," he said with a look of relief; but just then they both heard the church bell. "Don't forget," it said to Sue; "Come now," it seemed to Rod to plead.

For an instant their eyes met, and Sue, with quick intuition, read the struggle in Rod's face. "It will be a dreadful thing, to hear any one say we led them astray." How those words rang in Sue's ears!

"Yes," she said to herself, "It would be horrible, and I will not run the risk of it for all the fun in the world; if Rod goes away from the right, it shall not be my fault."

The car was close to them, and Rod put out his hand to help Sue, but she drew back.

"We won't go to the theater to-night; we will go to the meeting, and if I were in your place, Rodney, I wouldn't hesitate any longer. I'd make up my mind for the right, to-night."

Rod turned and looked at Sue, too surprised to speak.

"How did you know?" he asked presently.

"Oh, I found it out," she answered, as they went up the church steps. It was an intensely solemn meeting; the text was, "Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve." It came to Rod like a command.

After the sermon, when the minister came down from the pulpit, and, looking anxiously into the faces before him, asked if there were not some who would choose now whom they would serve, Rod was one of the first to rise.

"I have chosen Christ for my Master," he said, and there was a real ring of joy in his voice; "and, God helping me, I will serve him faithfully all the rest of my life."

Two heads bent suddenly as he spoke. "Thank God!" said Mrs. Currier, softly to herself; but Sue said never a word; only a sudden rush of tears blinded her eyes.

"I can never thank you enough, Sue, for your help to-night," said Rod, as they walked home together. "I cannot tell you how happy and thankful I am, that I have decided."

"I am very glad, also; but you need not thank me, Rod; for I think, I helped myself to decide, as well as you," answered Sue. "I did not do anything worth mentioning for you; yet it made me happier than I ever was before, I think, that I had helped even the least bit. If God will only accept and help me, I want to serve him, too.—Kate Summer Gates, in *Our Youth*."

THE PENINSULA METHODIST to new subscribers for 15 months, for \$1. cash.

Rev. Thomas Craven, for nearly twenty years a devoted missionary of our church in India, has given to Bishop Thoburn for use at his discretion, 1,100 acres of land in Dakota, valued at \$4000. Bro. Craven returns to India this month.

## IN HIS PAVILION.

BY THE REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

I journey through a King's domain  
A distant palace home to gain,  
A pilgrim oft in grief's surprise  
With bread of tears for sacrifice;  
And ah! So frail, the world's rude touch  
Distracts and pains me overmuch.  
O'er arid sands the feet must know,  
Through floods oft-times in overflow,  
Then as a bird that seeks her nest,  
Or as a child that loves the best  
The mother's bush with folded arms  
To soothe its sobs and its alarms,  
I turn with instant prayer, if I  
May find a place of refuge nigh  
In his pavilion.

Lo! at a vestibule I stand  
Within a fair, enchanted land;  
I enter, and the place besseems  
The fond ideal of my dreams.  
Above, in beauty, I behold  
The pillars and the lights of gold,  
The specious dome and arches high.  
Ah! more than these that greet my eye,  
The Lord our Righteousness is there;  
His beauty fills the tranquil air,  
And whispered to my ear alone,  
I hear a voice from His dear throne,  
"Child, tarry here, abide with Me,  
And I, thy hiding-place will be."  
With storm outside, sweet rest and calm,  
Possess my heart with prayer and psalm  
In his pavilion.

O, wonderful! He serveth me,  
Though Lord of all and King is He;  
A pilgrim harbored, cheered and fed,  
I go again, duty led,  
To find myself oft as I may  
Securely sheltered in the way,  
In his pavilion.

—*Christian Advocate*.

## The Golden Gate Tours of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Preparations for the inaugural series of personally-conducted tours to the Pacific Coast, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad are progressing, and a detailed outline of their scope, routes, rates, and conditions will be published at an early day. In the meantime sufficient headway has been made to indicate that the tours will surpass any similar pleasure trips heretofore enjoyed by the people of the Eastern States. The special trains of Pullman Vestibule, Sleeping, and Dining Cars will exemplify the latest and best work of the Pullman shops. They will run through to California on quick time, delivering their passengers at desirable points in the Golden State, and picking them up at the appointed rendezvous for the return trip. Tourist Agents and Chaperons of wide experience will conduct the party and minister to their comfort in every possible way. Peculiarly favorable concessions will be granted them by the railroads of the Pacific Slope, so that their movements may be productive of the fullest pleasure at the lowest cost.

These tours are the most ambitious attempts yet projected by the Pennsylvania personally-escorted system to provide tours of the highest grade, and the traveling public may depend upon securing in them the most perfect service.

The first tour will leave the East late in January. It will be limited to one hundred persons, and those who anticipate an early spring outing to the shores of the Pacific should place themselves in correspondence at once with Mr. J. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia.

The question of the site of the Columbia fair or world's exhibition is settled at last. It is to occupy three parks on the lake front; but as these parks are divided from each other in name only, the site is really one piece of land comprising 1,000 acres.

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Bishop Thoburn was one of the speakers at the Young Men's Christian Association Camp at Lake Geneva, Wis. A correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean* says, in reference to him: "It seems not too much to say nor to be speaking lightly of the great men and the good men who have preceded him, that it has been given to this simple, modern little man, to make the deepest and more lasting impression upon those who have heard him here."

Commencing Monday, the 13th inst., the **PULLMAN BUFFET PARLOR CAR** service on *through day express trains* in both directions, will be re-established between Philadelphia and Cape Charles.

## Marriages.

**FLETCHER-MARSH.**—Oct. 3, 1890, by Rev. James T. Prouse, Oscar Fletcher and Susie Marsh, both of Rehoboth, Del.

**LANK-SHEPHERD.**—Oct. 5, 1890, at the Nassau M. E. Parsonage, by Rev. James T. Prouse, Robert W. Lank of Milton, Del., and Maggie W. Shepherd of Milford, Del.

**HINKSON-TALLEY.**—Oct. 8, 1890, at the home of the bride, by Rev. A. P. Prettyman, G. Albert Hinkson of Delaware Co., Pa., and Lydia A. Talley, eldest daughter of Wm. A. Talley.

## Obituaries.

Mrs. Sallie A. Marvil was born near Laurel, Del., April 3rd, 1826, and died September 28th, 1890. She was married to Joshua H. Marvil, Esq., December 23, 1846. Converted in her 14th year, she united with the M. E. Church, in which she lived a most devoted Christian life, until summoned to the Church triumphant. Her disposition was modest and retiring; and her quiet, gentle spirit, recommended the religion of Christ to all with whom she came in contact. In her family, her life was a benediction; her constant concern and ambition being to bring cheer and comfort to its various members. She was a real "Martha," anxious to give direction to everything, a model housekeeper; a noble and loving wife; an affectionate mother, untiring in devotion to her children.

Her spirit was not selfish, but broad and catholic. She was ready to distribute to the necessities of the poor, as many can testify. Just before she died, she requested her husband to be very liberal in benevolent work, assuring him that he would never miss it. Her last illness was of but a few days. A part of the time she suffered much, but bore it with Christian fortitude. Almost from the beginning she was impressed, that her sickness was unto death, and talked of her departure with as much calmness, as though she were about to make a visit. She had indeed set her house in order. Death had no terror for her. There were many things to bind her to this world. She and her husband had walked the road of life together, for nearly forty-four years. Starting out in life with nothing but honesty and industry, prosperity attended them. Her husband embarked in manufactures, some thirty-five years ago in which unprecedented success attended his efforts, bringing them large wealth. They had just moved into their new and elegant home, in the town of Laurel in which they had lived for forty-three years, which he had built after her plan and for her especial gratification. She had everything of a worldly character to live for, and yet was perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord.

Seldom has it been our privilege to meet with one, whose assurance for the future was stronger than hers. She seemed as confident, as though she had already entered. Her reasoning faculties were undisturbed to the last; and when the power of speech failed her, she lifted her hand in token of victory.

Thus passed away one, whose works will follow her. "She being dead, yet speaketh," and many will be constrained to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

Funeral services were conducted by the writer, her pastor, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the presence of a crowd of sorrowing and sympathizing friends.

J. OWEN SYMPHERD.

Laurel, Del.

Jesus never performed a miracle for the gratification of those who were continually clamoring for a sign. The Bible has no message for any but earnest, willing minds. When you would have God for a teacher you must seek him as a teacher.—*The Ram's Horn.*

## Quarterly Conference Ap- pointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	Quarterly Conference.	Preaching.
OCT.		
Grace,		19 10.30
St. Paul's,		19 3
Union,	18	19 7.30
Perryville,	21 9	21 7.30
Hopewell,	22 9	22 7.30
Rising Sun,	23 9	23 7.30
Mt. Pleasant,	24 9	24 7.30
Elkton,	27 2	26 10.30
Elk Neck, (Wesley)		26 3
North East,	27 9	26 7.30
Delaware City,	30 9	30 7.30
Port Penn,	31 9	31 7.30

	NOV.	
Red Lion,	1 7.30	2 10.30
St. George's (Summit)	1	2
Christiana, (Salem)	3	2 3
New Castle,	3 7.30	2 7.30
Kingswood,	5 9	5 7.30
Wesley,	5 9	5 7.30
Cookman,	7 9	7 7.30
Swedish Mission,	6 9	6 7.30
Asbury,	8 7.30	9 7.30
Stanton,	11 7.30	9 3
Newport,	10 7.30	9 10.30

W. L. S. MURRAY, P. E.

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	OCT.	
Deal's Island,	19	10
Somerset,	18 3	19 3
St. Peters,	20 10	19 7
Princess Anne,	20 3	26 10
Nanticoke,	25 3	26 10
Mt. Vernon,	25 10	26 3
Chincoteague,	31 7	26 10
Stockton,	oct 26 10	nov. 1 10

T. O. AYRES, P. E.

## Through to Boston by Daylight. —Comments on the Pennsylvania's Railroad New Train.

With the new day train from Washington and Baltimore through to Boston, which made its initial run on Monday, the 13th, these cities have a service for which there has been a long-felt want, and which is bound to receive liberal patronage from a people who appreciate a good thing when they have it. The train will leave Washington on week-days at 8.10 A. M. and Baltimore 9.05, with an equipment of parlor cars and day coaches. It will arrive at Jersey City at 1.30 P. M., when a most delightful deviation from the usual monotony of railroad journeying is experienced, as the entire train is transferred to the huge steamer "Maryland," which glides out from its dock into the harbor of New York, dotted with the craft of every nation, commanding a view of all the buildings, landmarks, and shipping of this metropolis, and, in fact, making a complete water circuit of the city to the Harlem River, while the most tempting of dinners is served en route. From Harlem River, via the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, the train then leaves at 3.10 P. M. and arrives at Boston 9.00 P. M. South-bound the train leaves Boston, Park Square Station, Old Colony Railroad at 9.15 A. M. week-days, arriving at Jersey City, 4.43 P. M.; again from the deck of the "Maryland," and reaching Baltimore 9.52 and Washington 10.55 P. M. This service certainly is attractive to our people, who so often visit New England, and have planned, but never realized such a schedule, as is now in effect.

Prof. L. T. Townsend, of Boston University, has been granted leave of absence till January '91. This, says *Zion's Herald* is his first respite from his faithful labors, for twenty-two years. He will visit Mexico, and perhaps South America, to study Romanism on its own soil.

## WHERE OUR LORD DIED.

DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES HIS VISIT  
TO MOUNT CALVARY.

Jerusalem the Holy City—Scenes of Past Splendor—The Twenty-Three Mighty Sieges—A Crusade of the Nineteenth Century.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 12.—This morning Dr. Talmage delivered his third sermon on his recent tour in Palestine in the Academy of Music in this city. The large building was crowded and numbers went away disappointed. This was the more significant because it had been publicly announced that the same sermon would be preached in the evening at the New York academy, which *The Christian Herald* had rented for that purpose. In spite of this fact, unprecedented since the days of Chalmers, both buildings were crowded to excess, and many were turned away from the doors, both morning and evening. Dr. Talmage must have preached today to ten thousand different persons. The doctor spoke as follows from the text: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Psalm cxxxvii, 5.

Paralysis of his best hand, the withering of its muscles and nerves, is here invoked if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeur of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm, and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm of soul, cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates, or the Hudson, or the Thames, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!" You see it is a city unlike all others for topography, for history, for significance, for style of population, for water works, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for literature, for tragedies, for memorable birthplaces, for sepulchers, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats.

ZION, OLIVET AND CALVARY.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem, and on a housetop, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Where is Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand." "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull, and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the inside of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Besides that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Saviour's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads" and there is the ancient thor-

oughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mold of that skull hill, made by the late Gen. Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, 80 years of age, and imposed upon by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was, without doubt, the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

#### A VISIT TO CALVARY.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December, and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, and sickness or accident might hinder us seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else, we must see that and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of the hill we first went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high, and its top and sides are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and gray.

Coming forth from those pictured subterranean passages we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up we see cracks and crevices in the rocks, which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock, white, but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sacrifice that I said: "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, how significant of the law and the gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long after all our living lips have uttered their last message." So I rolled it down the hill and transported it.

When that day comes for which many of you have prayed—the dedication of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult, being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake—we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a memorial wall containing the most suggestive and solemn and tremendous antiquities ever brought together—this, rent with the earthquake at the giving of the law at Sinai, the other rent at the crucifixion on Calvary.

#### OVERCOME BY CHRIST'S SACRIFICE.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered, a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Calvary, just wide enough to contain three crosses. I said to my family and friends, "I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the miserant, and here between, I think, stood the cross on which all our hopes depend." As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the

spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emotional Christian man sitting upon Golgotha to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John of which these sentences are a fragment: "They took Jesus and led him away, and he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified him and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst;" "Behold thy mother!" "I thirst;" "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;" "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." What sighs, what sobs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what surging oceans of agony in those utterances!

While we sat there the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides and the foot of the hill a mob raged. They gnash their teeth and shake their clenched fists at him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd, his mother and his aunt, and some whose sorrows he had comforted and whose guilt he had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, and by a stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done its work.

#### THE HEAVENS BEREAVED.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen; it was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker! until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and he sighed with this last sigh the words, "It is finished!"

As we sat there a silence took possession of us, and we thought, this is the centre from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. To this, with foaming execrations, perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with this scene painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras roll their grandest oratorios, and churches lifted their greatest doxologies, and heaven built its highest thrones.

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene we moved on and into a garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is full of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulcher." I think this was the garden and this the sepulcher. It is shattered of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it and found it about eight feet high, and nine feet wide and four feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I

think that there once lay the king wrapped in his last slumber. On some of these rocks the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the first Easter morning the angels rolled the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the conqueror, and from these heights he looked off upon the city that had cast him out, and upon the world he had come to redeem and at the heavens through which he would soon ascend.

#### THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeremiah, thirty-first chapter and fortieth verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes, people have been asking. Were those ashes just put into the prophecy to fill up? No! the meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to a chemical analysis, and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple, ashes of the wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices. It has taken all these thousands of years to discover what Jeremiah meant when he said, "Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes." The people of Jerusalem are at this very time fulfilling that prophecy. One handful of that ashes on which they are building is enough to prove the divinity of the Scriptures! Pass by the place where the corner stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon.

Explorers have been digging, and they found that corner stone seventy-five feet beneath the surface. It is fourteen feet long, and three feet eight inches high, and beautifully cut and shaped, and near it was an earthen jar that was supposed to have contained the oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the corner stone. Yonder, from a depth of forty feet, a signet ring has been brought up inscribed with the words "Haggai, the Son of Shebnaiah," showing it belonged to the Prophet Haggai, and to that seal ring he refers in his prophecy, saying, "I will make thee as a signet." I walk further on far under ground, and I find myself in Solomon's stables, and see the places worn in the stone pillars by the halters of some of his twelve thousand horses. Further on, look at the pillars on which Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, and so they built the mountain out on pillars, and I saw eight of those pillars, each one strong enough to hold a mountain.

#### THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Here we enter the mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism, where we are met at the door by officials who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further, lest our feet pollute the sacred places. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted as well as we could we are led to where

we see a rock with an opening in it through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast expense the mosque has been built, but so somber is the place I am glad to get through it and take off the cumbrous slippers and step into the clear air.

Yonder is a curve of stone which is part of a bridge which once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. Here is the wailing place of the Jews, where for centuries almost perpetually during the day time whole generations of the Jews have stood putting their head or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham with tears rolling down their cheeks, and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor! Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that, century after century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them, and saw that they were reading from the mournful psalms of David, while I have been told that this is the litany which some chant:

For the temple that lies desolate  
We sit in solitude and mourn;  
For the palace that is destroyed  
We sit in solitude and mourn;  
For the walls that are overthrown  
We sit in solitude and mourn;  
For our majesty that is departed  
We sit in solitude and mourn;  
For our great men that he dead  
We sit in solitude and mourn;  
For priests who have stumbled  
We sit in solitude and mourn.

I think at that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence. It may not be precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw.

#### A MILITARY CITY.

But I must get back to the housetop where I stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. Standing here on the housetop I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches—compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles journey round, and the three ancient towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, Marianne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

As I stood there on the housetop, in the midst of the city, I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world, that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zerubbabel's temple, but something more gorgeous than

that. It was Herod's temple, built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and 10,000 workmen had been forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticos and ten gateways and double arches and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus.

Masonry beveled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps pure as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a panel of the door of heaven let down and set in, the facade of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and higher, and walls wherein gold put out the silver, and the carbuncle put out the gold, and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple! The temple! Doxology in stone! Anthems soaring in rafters of Lebanon cedar! From side to side, and from foundation to gilded pinnacle, the frozen prayer of all ages!

#### THE KING'S PALACE.

From this housetop on the December afternoon we look out in another direction, and I see the king's palace, covering a hundred and sixty thousand square feet, three rows of windows illuminating the inside brilliance, the hallway wainscoted with all styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside. Banisters over which princes and princesses leaned, and talked to kings and queens ascending the stairway. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Mountain city! City of God! Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol! Surely it never could have been captured.

But while standing there on the housetop that December afternoon I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fell. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they were leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital, and coming up from the south at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops he captures it. Look, here comes another siege of Jerusalem!

The Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign; Phœnician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon, under Nebuchadnezzar, come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of

the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy they break up—the brazen sea and the two wreathed pillars, Jachin and Boaz.

#### ASSAILED BY THOUSANDS.

Another siege of Jerusalem, and Pompey, with the battering rams which a hundred men would roll back, and then at full run forward would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead, and the city in the clutch of the Roman war eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus, with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballista arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great bowlders against walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galleries of beams underground, which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that unharmed, but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time, and ninety-seven thousand captives were taken, and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead.

#### GLORIOUS SALADIN.

But looking from this housetop the siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England and France and all Christendom wanted to capture the Holy Sepulcher and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans under the command of one of the loviest, bravest and mightiest men that ever lived, for justice must be done him though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard, Cœur de Lion, king of England; Philip Augustus, king of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey and other valiant men, marching on through fevers and plagues and battle charges and sufferings as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem, seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem.

At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence, and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatred among themselves were given up, and raymond and tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the battering rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey of Bouillon is the first to mount the wall, and the Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city, march bare-headed and barefooted to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulchre and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom! But Saladin retook the city, and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism!

#### WITH ONLY THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this Nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march.

A crusade without weapons or armor, but only the sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of gospel peace! And may the cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship.

Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who started with them dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman, exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said, "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look and said, "Now I die content, I have seen it." Some of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in his beauty," will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen!

#### Plaster Houses.

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"Stay," cried he, anxious to have witnesses for this nuncupative testament; "I'll call in the family."

When the family had assembled the old lady resumed:

"Father—I've—given—you—a great—deal of trouble."

And exhausted with the effort she fell back and expired.—All the Year Round.

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Table with columns for Southward and Northward routes, listing stations like Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, and Baltimore with corresponding times.

Table for Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, listing stations like Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore with times.

Table for CRISFIELD BRANCH, listing stations like Princess Anne, King's Creek, Westover, and Hopewell with times.

Notes regarding passenger stops, Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars, and sleeping car regulations.

Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad.

Trains will leave Wilmington as follows: PHILADELPHIA (express) 1.55, 2.52, 4.20, 6.30, 7.50, 8.50, 9.10, 9.47, 10.07, 10.40, 11.33, 11.51 a. m., etc.

B. & O. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 22, 1890. Logo of the railroad.

Trains leave Delaware Avenue Depot: EAST BOUND. \*Express trains. NEW YORK, week days, \*2.13, \*7.05, \*7.45, \*10.31, etc.

PHILADELPHIA week days, \*2.13, 6.05, 6.50, \*7.05, \*7.45, 7.50, \*8.44, 9.00, \*9.52, \*10.31, \*11.10, a. m. 1.00, \*2.40, 3.00, 4.10, \*5.38, 5.25, 6.45, \*7.25, 8.30, \*9.26, 10.00 p. m. CHESTER, week days, \*2.13, 6.05, 6.51, \*7.05, \*7.45, 7.50, \*8.44, 9.00, \*9.52, \*10.31, \*11.50 a. m. 1.00, \*2.40, 3.00, 4.10, 5.25, \*5.38, 6.45, \*7.23, 8.30, \*9.06, 10.00 p. m. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., week days, \*6.05, \*7.05, \*7.45, \*8.41, \*11.50 a. m., \*2.40 p. m. WEST BOUND. \*ALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON \*4.59 7.20, \*8.45, \*9.51 a. m. \*12.10 2.51, \*5.06 \*6.27, \*8.07 daily all hours and principal stations on Philadelphia division 9.50 a. m. daily. PITTSBURG \*4.59 a. m. \*5.06 p. m. daily. CHICAGO \*4.45 a. m. \*3.27 p. m. daily. CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS, \*12.10 p. m., and \*8.07 p. m. daily. SINGLERLY A. ACCOMMODATION 7.20 a. m., 2.51 7.35, 11.10 p. m. daily. LANDENBERG ACCOMMODATION, week days, 7.00 10.50 a. m., 2.51 and 5.06 p. m. Trains leave Market Street Station: For Philadelphia week days, 5.50, 6.35, \*7.30, \*8.27, \*9.40, \*11.35 a. m., \*2.43 2.45, 3.55 5.00 9.45 p. m. For Baltimore week days, 5.35, \*8.27 \*9.40, \*11.35 a. m. 2.45, \*5.00 p. m. Baltimore and principal stations on the Philadelphia division 9.40 a. m. daily except Sunday. For Landenberg and way stations week days 6.50, 10.45 a. m., 2.45, 5.00 p. m. Chicago \*8.27 a. m. daily except Sunday. Pittsburg \*5.00 p. m. daily. Cincinnati and St. Louis \*11.35 a. m. daily except Sunday. Trains leave Philadelphia for Wilmington daily \*4.24, 6.15, \*8.15, \*9.15, 9.50, \*11.35 a. m. 12.00 noon 1.51; 3.00, \*4.31, \*5.35, \*5.55, 6.30, \*7.32, 8.10 10.10 11.30 p. m. Daily except Sunday. \*6.10, 7.35, 8.40 a. m. \*1.50, \*4.00, 5.30 p. m. Rates to Western points lower via any other line. Telephone Call No. 193. C. O. SCULL, Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. T. ODELL, General Manager.

Wilmington & Northern R. R. Time-Table, in effect June 22d, 1890.

Table for Wilmington & Northern R. R. GOING NORTH. Daily (except Sunday). Stations: Wilmington (French St.), B. & O. Junction, Montchanin, Winterthur, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lenape, West Chester (Stage), Coatesville, Waynesburg Junction.

Table for Wilmington & Northern R. R. GOING SOUTH. Daily (except Sunday). Stations: Reading (P. & R. Sta.), Birdsboro, Joanna, Springfield, Warwick, St. Peter's, Waynesburg Junction, Coatesville, Lenape, West Chester (Stage), Chadd's Ford Junction, Montchanin, B. & O. Junction, Wil., (French St.).

ADDITIONAL TRAINS. Daily except Saturday and Sunday, leave Monchanin 7.13 p. m. B. & O. Junction 7.30 p. m. Arrives Wilmington 7.40 p. m. Saturday Only. Leave Reading 12.00 noon. Arrive Birdsboro 12.30 p. m. Leave Montchanin 1.10 p. m., Newbridge 1.30 p. m. Arrive Wilmington 1.33 p. m. Leave Newbridge 7.15 p. m. Arrive B. & O. Junction 7.30 p. m. Arrive Wilmington 7.40 p. m. For connections at Wilmington (with P. W. & B. R. R.) at B. & O. Junction (with B. & O. R. R.), at Chadd's Ford Junction (with P. W. & B. R. R.) at Coatesville and Waynesburg Junction (with Penna. R. R.), at Birdsboro (with P. & R. R. and P. R. R.) at Reading (with P. & R. R. and P. R. R.) see time-tables at all stations. BOWNNESS BRIGGS, Gen'l Pass. Agent A. G. MCCAUSLAND, Superintendent.

Western Maryland Railroad, connecting with P. W. & B. R. R. at Union Station Baltimore.

Take effect June 14, 1890. Leave Hillen Station as follows: DAILY. 4.10 A. M.—Fast Mail for Shenandoah Valley and Southern and Southwestern points. Also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Blue Mountain, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, and points on B. & C. V. R. R., Martinsburg, W. Va., and Winchester, Va. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. 7.06 A. M.—Accommodation for Gettysburg and all points on B. and H. Div. and Main Line east of Emory Grove Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle. 8.05 A. M. Mail for Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippenburg, and points on Main Line and B. & C. V. R. R. also Frederick and Emmitsburg. 10.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, Gettysburg, Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle. 1.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Arlington. 2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. 3.32 P. M.—Express for Howardville, Owings's Mills, Glyndon and all points on B. and H. Division. 4.00 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikeville, Green Spring Junction, Owings's Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finkburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmitsburg and B. and C. V. R. R., Shenandoah Valley R. R., and points South. 5.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 6.28 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 11.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN. Daily 6.28 P. M.; daily (except Sunday) 6.50, 7.30, 8.42, 11.10 A. M. 12.12, 2.40, 5.10, 6.14, 6.52 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office 205 East Baltimore St. All trains stop at Union Station, Pennsylvania Avenue and Fulton Stations. J. M. HOOD, General Manager. B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

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