

THE Peninsula Methodist

FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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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.

Bishop William Taylor presented his annual report to the General Missionary Committee, this week, and expects to sail for Africa next week.

Historic Notes.

Six miles south from Elkton, the capital of Cecil county, Md., and fourteen miles west from Delaware City, on the Delaware & Chesapeake Canal, is a locality of great historic interest to "the people called Methodists."

One of the affluents of the Elk River a tributary of the Chesapeake Bay, is known as Back Creek, an upper branch of which, a hundred and fifty years ago, was called Broad Creek. A Presbyterian church supposed to be the first in the county, was built on this branch as early as 1723, but survived only about twenty-five years.

Oct. 27, 1771, Francis Asbury and Richard Wright, two young men, under appointment of John Wesley, to serve his "societies" in America, landed at Gloucester, N. J., and walked up to the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Wright being "left at his own discretion," moved southward, and spent the fall and winter preaching on Bohemia Manor, in the southern part of Cecil county. In April, 1772, the little band of seven itinerants was re-arranged; Wright being appointed to New York, and Asbury to Philadelphia.

Wright was very popular on the Manor, and did good work for Methodism. That marvelous evangelist, George Whitfield, had preceded him there, some thirty-two years before, and the fruits of his eloquent and unctuous ministrations were seen, in the hearty welcome extended to our pioneer preachers.

There is good reason to believe that Capt. Thomas Webb and Robert Strawbridge itinerated in Cecil county, as early as 1768, and '69.

In reference to his first visit to the Manor, April 10-14, 1772, Asbury says, "I found some mischievous opposers had thrown the people into confusion." He preached Saturday evening and on the Lord's day, "at my friend H's" (Solomon Hersey). "The house was

filled both before and after dinner. The Lord gave me great liberty and power; and I humbly believe, that some trembled under the word." Asbury was then in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

The next day, he visited Ephraim Thompson, and saw his father, "who," he says, "is now a hundred years old or more."

In October following, Asbury visited the Manor a second time; traveling in company with Robert Strawbridge, the co-pioneer of Methodism in America, with Barbara Heck and Philip Embury.

"Thursday, the 29th, we reached Bohemia," says his Journal, "where we found Solomon Hersey, a man hearty in the cause, and of a good understanding; but his spirit is too warm and easily moved."

This is an early hint of the ardent temperament which has ever been characteristic of Methodist experience, among the people of the southern portion of our country.

The next day he visited Ephraim and Robert Thompson, and their centenarian sire, who was "eating, drinking, smoking, and talking, apparently as forgetful of eternity, as if he had been at the most secure distance from its brink. I think," continues the Journal, "he told me that his father lived to be one hundred and nine, and never used spectacles."

"Lord's day Nov. 1, after preaching at H's (Hersey's) in the morning, I intended to preach in the school-house in the afternoon; but it would not contain half the people; so I stood at the door, and the people without."

Asbury's next visit to the Manor was early the following month, on his way back from a tour through Western Maryland as far as Baltimore. His companion this time, was the zealous John King, the pioneer of Methodism in Baltimore. Their route was through Charlestown and Elkton to Robert Thompson's, "where," Asbury says, "we lodged, and I spoke closely to the poor negroes, who took some notice of what was said."

"I went to Solomon Hersey's, and after preaching to a few people, I spoke to them, one by one, concerning the state of their souls." This looks like

an old-fashioned class-meeting, and indicates the existence of a society at this point, at this date, Dec. 7, 1772.

In these references we find the germs of Methodism in Cecil county. The two societies, at Hersey's and Thompson's school-house, subsequently developed respectively into "Bethesda" known for a century as the Manor church, and "Bethel," whose centennial was celebrated the last Sunday in October, 1890.

Nineteen years after Richard Wright's first visit to Bohemia Manor in October 1771, Bethel church was erected, near the site of the old Presbyterian church of 1723, upon a lot of ground donated by Richard Thompson, one of the brothers, who welcomed Asbury and his fellow-itinerants, to their hospitality at their first visits to the Manor. In 1849 the present neat, and commodious brick structure was built, to take the place of the original edifice.

Although this society and congregation have been greatly reduced in numbers, by removals and the transfer of membership to modern business centers yet it still shows signs of vigorous life, and justifies the hope of a still prosperous future.

Our Presbyterian Brethren.

The 25th annual session of the Synod of Baltimore, representing the churches included within the Presbyteries of New Castle, Baltimore, and Virginia, was held in this city, from Tuesday evening, Oct. 21st, till Friday noon, the 24th.

New Castle is the historical Presbytery of the Synod, having within it, the churches of Rehoboth and Snow Hill, which were planted by Rev. James MacKemie, over two hundred years ago.

The last session of the Synod held in this city, was in 1870, soon after it was newly constituted by the General Assembly.

Tuesday evening, the retiring moderator, Rev. W. W. Simonton, of Emmitsburg, Md., preached the opening sermon from the words, "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away," 2 Tim. 3-5; after which the Synod was formally constituted; the moderator offering a prayer of thanksgiving and

supplication for Divine guidance and blessing, after which the stated clerk called the roll; about 50 members responding.

On nomination of Rev. Drs. S. A. Gayley and L. Marks, Rev. Dr. A. N. Keigwin, of the West Church, this city, was elected moderator, by acclamation.

New Castle Presbytery reported 51 churches, 6,317 members, 42 ministers, 182 ruling elders, 1 licentiate, and 5 candidates for the ministry; Baltimore 53 churches, 7,954 members, 49 ministers, 190 ruling elders, 126 deacons, 1 licentiate, and 10 candidates; Virginia 27 churches, 32 ministers, 5,454 members, 127 ruling elders, 68 deacons, and 5 candidates for the ministry.

The stated clerk was instructed to transmit to the Commissioners of the Columbia Fair, the request of the Synod that the exhibition be closed on the Sabbath.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered Thursday evening.

Dr. James L. Vallandigham is the oldest member of the New Castle Presbytery, having served the Whiteley Creek church, thirty-nine years.

After final roll call, and approval of Minutes, the Synod adjourned.

It is said, that among the probable changes next spring in the appointments of the Wilmington M. E. Conference, Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, presiding elder of Dover district, will succeed Rev. Charles Hill, as pastor of the Elkton M. E. Church, and Mr. Hill will become presiding elder of Dover district.—*Morning News*.

The above, which has been copied in a number of our Peninsula papers, we consider only an *on dit*, that is likely to attract more or less attention, according to circumstances. We think there is little, if any foundation for the report. It is by no means certain, that our good friends in Elkton, who so highly appreciate the faithful and successful labors of their present pastor, who was appointed to their charge three years ago, would willingly consent to a change, even if it were to secure the services of the presiding elder of Dover District. And then, it is doubtful if Rev. Bro. Hill would himself consent to exchange the home comforts and social advantages of the pastorate, for the exhaustive cares and labors of the presiding eldership, unless it should appear to be a clear call of duty.

Our vaticinators will have to try it again, before they forecast satisfactorily the conference appointments of 1891.

Communications.

It Cannot Be Converted.

"When an evil has demonstrated the fact that it is not of a convertible character, that no palliations, modifications or mutations, are efficient to change it from an evil into a good, then the only treatment of it that is logical and effectual, is prohibition. The liquor-traffic is such an evil, no process has ever been found, by priest or publicist, whereby it can be transmuted from a curse into a blessing.

Rev. Sam. W. Small D. D."

The above quotation is our text, and is a truth, as solid, as are the teachings of Holy writ that produced the seed thought. The whole business, from the wine-glass in the hand of "the sweet girl-graduate," to the rum-glass in the hand of the besotted, debauched, burned-out, old drunkard whose days are numbered, because his sin has placed the gallons under him and the rope about his neck, is written in blood, whose crimson stains defy the tears of its helpless victims. Its heart is hard as stone, and its "mind is fixed." There is but one cure, but one ground of hope, and that is, *Prohibition*, backed by heavy fine and long imprisonment.

All moral suasion movements have died, drunk. Law, backed by pains and penalties, is the only cure. The rum-traffic, like the swine, enjoys a gentle scratching, and thrives on it; and like the swine, it squeals when you begin to take the hide off.

The rum sellers and their customers, as well as their political friends, have always resisted the enactment of prohibitory laws.

The traffic can stand moral suasion; it ridicules sermons, prayer-meetings, essays, any thing and every thing, except *Prohibition*. It has learned how to argue, and lie; how to thrive on scratching; how to look upon its shame, its ruining of property, state, church, soul and body, and to stand unmoved. It has long since signed its covenant with death, and entered into its league with hell. It knows how to defy God and spurn Christianity, but it can't stand prohibition. It is ready for "high license," and don't object to being "regulated," but to be *prohibited*, is more than it can stand: and the fight begins just there, and must end just there.

There is no compromise, because none is possible. The moderate use of intoxicants is an *immorality*; the excessive use of them is a *crime*. The moderate leads to the excessive, and the excessive ends in death. Righteousness can take but one stand, because there is only one to take, and that stand is prohibition by law; just that, and only that. Let us ask, which is doing the

most danger, the use of intoxicants or the use of profane language? We will suppose the reader to be able to answer. Now let us, if we can, imagine, how big a fool and laughing stock, a great political party would make of itself, if it was to act toward profanity, as it is now acting toward rum-selling!

There is one tremendous fact, that must be taken into consideration, namely, that the saloon has sought and found shelter in the political parties of our times, and is driving the two old parties before it. The saloon has marshaled its vote, and is using it to intimidate the old parties; and it is intimidating them; and this fact leaves the temperance people of the old parties but one refuge, namely, to combine, just long enough to be the balance of power, and then use that power to destroy the saloon. If the saloon would quit domineering the old parties, by the threat of using its vote against them, and just put itself on its own moral and social elements and so stand before society and the state, the indignation of an outraged people would sweep it from the face of the earth; and do it quickly, too.

The cause we espouse is that of the people against the saloon, and we shall use the means that give promise of victory, whatever those means may be. We are not wedded to this, that, or the other plan; but hold ourselves free to choose and wield any weapon, that seems to be a means to the end we seek, namely, the destruction of the saloon. I hope THE PENINSULA METHODIST will say, that while it is not responsible for all the views of its correspondents, it will hold its columns open for the debate of the temperance question in all its bearings; reserving to itself the right, to hold all parties to a proper use of language and space.

For my own part, I would be willing to have some saloon-man answer this article, and to do so in this paper; or I would be glad to have some one give an article, telling why it is the old parties protect the saloon; or denying that they do, and asking for proof.

T. O. AYRES.

W. F. M. S.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Among the things past must be counted the nineteenth annual meeting of Baltimore Branch: not so its benefits and blessings; they are fruit that will abide. It would almost seem that in the history of these annual gatherings, Excelsior had been reached; the very best has been given, but we know not what developments lie within the future. Certain it is that its business was never transacted with such method, dispatch, and thoroughness; and the high spiritual tone, struck in the preparatory service Wednesday evening

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was not lowered till the last moment of the Friday evening session. "It was good to be there!" There was a large representation from the auxiliaries though but three were present from the Eastern Shore. The Branch president, Mrs. F. A. Crook, being detained, the devotional exercises Thursday morning were conducted by the secretary for Wilmington Conference; her remarks being based upon, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." At the close of the devotions Mrs. Crook took the chair. Royal was the welcome extended by Mrs. Roach and Dr. Naylor pastor of the church and responded to in fitting words by Mrs. Hartsock. Reports from conference and district secretaries showed progress, and when the treasurer reported increase of receipts above those of last year, to be \$1,100, the doxology that all the time lay in our hearts rolled off our lips. Valuable papers were read, their subjects discussed and by unanimous vote ordered printed and put in circulation. These were the topics; "The peculiar and commanding claims of the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, on the women of the Church;" "The influence this work has had on educating and developing the women at home;" "Young People's Work—its advantage to themselves and others." Dr. Rudisill was there to help on the good work by his strong testimony to its value, both in the evening anniversary and Friday morning session. Miss Sites, our missionary-elect soon to sail for Foochow, came in with the beautiful grand-mother, over eighty years of age upon her arm; and rarely have we seen so attractive and impressive a picture. The words and bearing of Miss Sites throughout the meeting bound her to our hearts still more closely, and we shall follow her to her distant home and field of labor, with prayerful, loving interest. Through their letters we were introduced to the missionaries supported by the Branch, and caught fresh glimpses of their daily life and work, its obstacles and successes, its defeats and its triumphs. The children were not overlooked; and the best methods of organizing and sustaining their Bands were ably presented by Mrs. Sheaffer of Philadelphia.

By ballot, the former officers of the Branch were re-elected; and Mrs. E. B. Stevens, Mrs. R. R. Battel were chosen delegates to General Executive Committee; reserves Mrs. S. M. Hartsock, Mrs. H. E. Eaton.

After the closing devotional service, conducted by Miss Hart, the ladies, by invitation, repaired to the White-House, to be received by Mrs. Harrison.

The next annual meeting will be entertained by Madison Avenue Church, this city. May we come to it with rejoicing, bringing rich sheaves with us!

E. B. STEVENS.
Baltimore, Md., Oct. 25, 1890.

The Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

In some places we find Methodist churches withholding their contributions from this Hospital, because they are specially interested in local hospital work, and prefer to make their contributions at home. This conflict between a home charity and a general charity, is like the historic conflict between home and foreign missions, with which we are all familiar. As a general and "foreign" charity, the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia appeals for aid to the neighboring churches outside of our city and conference, on the same grounds that foreign missions make their appeals. Neither charity nor evangelism can be excused from "foreign" effort, on the plea, that there are sick to be healed, and sinners to be saved at home. This Hospital, however, can appeal to the neighboring communities for aid, because it will be open to patients from all sections, and because it can offer better facilities for the treatment of difficult cases, in the *medical metropolis* of the country, than neighboring hospitals outside the city can command.

As a matter of fact, patients are brought to Philadelphia for treatment, from all the neighboring communities, and many will doubtless, gladly avail themselves of the home like comforts, which a Methodist Episcopal Hospital will be able to furnish.

This Hospital, moreover, has special claims to favorable consideration outside of Philadelphia, because it is a *Methodist* hospital, and represents a most important, and hitherto neglected form of church work. The *Brooklyn* and the *Philadelphia* Methodist Episcopal Hospitals, mark a new departure in Methodism, and they are amply justified, by Christ's command to "Heal the sick", a command which stands side by side with his command to preach the Gospel. The Church Hospital, by its ministry of healing, becomes an evangelistic agency, and its importance as such is abundantly indicated by the parable of the good Samaritan; by Christ's own healing ministry; by his specific appeal to his miraculous cures, as a proof of his Messiahship, and of his authority and power to forgive sins; by the miraculous "gift of healing," with which the Apostolic Church was endowed, along with the pentecostal "gift of tongues;" and finally, by the phenomenal success of medical missions in heathen lands today. The medical missionary has carried the Gospel message into regions utterly inaccessible to the ordinary missionary agencies, and even Mahomedan prejudice readily yields under the healing touch of the Missionary physician.

The healing ministry of the Christian physician and the Christian hos-

pital, is a greater achievement than the miraculous cures wrought by Christ, and his apostles: just as the preaching of the gospel among the nations in our day, in the absence of the "gift of tongues," is a greater achievement than the miraculous witnessing on the day of Pentecost. "Greater works than these, shall ye do," says Christ in reference to his own wonderful works. To cultivate a "grace" is better than to exercise a miraculous gift.

The grace inwrought into the character, will abide forever, while the gift continues only for a time, and is valuable chiefly, because it meets an emergency. "Covet earnestly, the best gifts," says Paul; "and yet I show unto you, a more excellent way." Greater than the gift of prophecy, or tongues, or knowledge, is the charity of the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, and the Christian Hospital is a noble illustration of this grace.

The command of Christ to heal the sick, rests upon our Church, as an organized body, like the command to preach the gospel; and the healing function of the Methodist Episcopal Church requires for its efficient exercise the Methodist Episcopal Hospital, just as the preaching function requires the Methodist Episcopal ministry, and the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society.

We have a charitable work to perform, which cannot be delegated to others. Notwithstanding the excellent institutions created by the state, the city, and the medical schools, there must be *Methodist* homes for the aged, *Methodist* orphanages for the children, and *Methodist* Hospitals for the sick and maimed; and woe betide us, if we excuse ourselves from this work, on the plea that others will do it for us.

This Hospital is now in need of additional funds, to render fully available for the dependent sick, our liberal endowment fund. We need money *now*, to finish and furnish our present buildings; to grade, beautify and enclose our ample grounds; and to provide suitable curbing and pavements on two of the adjacent streets. *One Dollar* annually, will constitute a person a *Contributor* in the Hospital Association; *Ten Dollars* a *Member* of it; \$250, a *Life Member*, and \$500, a *Patron*. \$365 will support a bed for one year, and \$5,000 will endow a bed in perpetuity; and this bed may bear the name of its donor, as a lasting memorial of his charity.

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Items.

Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the same dark journey with us. O be swift to love, make haste to be kind.—*Amiel*.

I shall not save myself. Christ is a savior. That is his business. I will trust him to attend to it. He came here to save, and I give myself up to be saved by him.—*Luther*.

It was said in the days of French wit that the Jesuits were people who lengthened the Creed, and shortened the Commandments. There are many people in these days who shorten both Commandments and Creed.

God's treasury where he keeps his children's gifts, will be like many a mother's store of relics of her children, full of things of no value to others, but precious in his eyes for the love's sake that was in them.—*Fenelon*.

The *Central Christian Advocate* asks: "What has become of the Anarchists in this country?" Well, some went off from Chicago in a blaze of glory as it were, and some are in the penitentiary, and the rest are still thinking of the American method of treating Anarchists.

That Epw League meeting makes one think a new era is dawning upon us. The primitive type of Methodism is to be preserved; for the new life that the league promises is not an engrafted life, but one that springs from the original root itself. The league has in it the swing of conquest.

The position of the Church to the world is one of separation — a separation so sharply defined as to have in it all the elements of antagonism. The world, the flesh, and the devil are the trinity which oppose the Church. The world leads the van, and is the covert for the deadly assaults of the others.

There is not a college or university in Maryland, supported by the state, for white or black. The state supports and owns a white normal school; it appropriates a few thousands toward the support of a colored normal school in Baltimore. The City of Baltimore is just completing a very large building, within a few squares of our Library, for the colored high school, which has been in existence for some years. It has also ordered the erection of a large grammar school, with the unfortunate requirement that its entire corps of teachers shall be colored. The progress is slow toward colored education, but it is progress and possibly in a healthy form. It excites no opposition, and that is a great thing.

Correspondence.

The Higher Life.

BY REV. ALFRED SMITH, B. D.
Second Paper.

It is hardly necessary to say, the remarkable experience which came to me on that ever-memorable day in August, 1889, proved an epoch in my religious life. But the inquiry naturally arises, in what respects did that experience differ from other religious uplifts I had received in the past? It is true, that many times during the twenty years of my religious life, I have had delightful seasons, even rejoicing with great joy. But these seasons were so fleeting and evanescent. I was happy at church, while participating in the means of grace, but almost before I would get home, darkness and doubt would sometimes overtake me. And, then too, I was often painfully conscious, of the existence of remains of the carnal mind; not overcoming me, except in rare cases, but still existing and clamoring for supremacy. Thousands of times did I ask myself the question, am I saved, if the Master should come quickly? Many times I could not answer *positively*, in the affirmative. These things grieved me exceedingly. I felt my need; my experience was unsatisfactory; but as yet, I had not been able to see, that there was anything better for me. Now I saw and realized, that the infinite merit of the blood of Christ was not only able to save from the *dominion* of sin, but also from the very *being* of sin; not only able to give victory over the evil, criminal propensities of our nature, but also, to cast out those criminal propensities.

Thus it will be seen, that this blessing might, with strict propriety, be called the *second blessing*; not second in its order, but second in its significance. Since the day of my conversion, twenty years before, I had passed through no such experience. The Spirit witnessed, with even greater power than at conversion.

More than a year has now elapsed, since that memorable experience. The first mile-stone has been passed. All that is sweetest, purest, divinest, still abides. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!

It could not be expected, that the thrill and shock of emotion would continue all the time; and yet for weeks, even this remained. But faith knows no doubt; peace flows as a river; God's blessed Word is an open secret—a priceless treasure. To do the will of God is the soul's meat and drink. Love so abounds, that the hands and feet and heart and brain can toil for Jesus all day, and ask no reward other than to sleep at his feet. O, this love, as

Fenelon says, "is deeper than emotion; below all the disturbances and currents of the surface, where eternal stillness reigns."

Nothing however, has so wonderfully characterized my new experience, as my faith, and the ease with which I am enabled to resist temptation. Every moment, as the days have gone by, faith has inspired the utterance, "The blood cleanseth." Not one time, as the test has been applied, has there been a shadow of a doubt, that "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." Temptations have come, but how different all has seemed! The war has still been going on, but it is no longer *civil war*. Foreign hordes overrun the soul, and beat down its sacred shrines; but within all is peace. No propensity within has clamored for unlawful gratification. If solicitation to wrong-doing has come, every occupant of the soul has arisen to bar the doors and shut the windows, to keep the intruder out. Not only has the Lord kept me from yielding to temptation, but let it be said, to the glory of his grace, there has not been the slightest desire or inclination to yield. An unspeakable loathing for sin, even the least sin, has taken possession of the soul.

No soul that is truly born of God will deliberately commit sin. And even the severest temptation, it may successfully resist, and thus avoid sinning; but, as I understand it, all hearts, simply regenerate, will at times, under temptation, be conscious of a desire or inclination to yield. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh;" and something in us, favorably responds to the solicitation without. For instance, there is a desire to go to the theater, when the invitation comes, but the tempted one will not yield, because it is wrong; the right carrying the election by a good majority, but not by the *unanimous* vote of the soul. Of this I speak from experience. The right conquered; but not without a severe struggle, sometimes, in which clamoring appetites and desires had to be choked down, and trampled under foot. This should not be so. "How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" But in this higher life, it is no longer so. Love, as an infinite monopolist, reigns without a rival.

"O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings."

It is indeed a higher life! It is pure, unmixed love, not only abiding, but also abounding; love, pushing its tidal waves up into the intellect and down into the heart, deluging the whole being with its delicious currents; love so

full, so boundless, so complete, so pure, that there is no room left for self or sin. Is this an hard saying to our hearts? I can only reply again and again, it is love, inimitable, perfect love

W. H. M. S.

The ninth annual convention of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 31-Nov. 5.

Delaware Avenue Church, in which the sessions were held, is a handsome brown stone structure, which is largely the result of a munificent gift of \$100,000 by Mr. F. H. Root, one of its members.

Every possible arrangement was made for the comfort and convenience of the delegates of the convention, two hundred and one being reported present, as follows: Of the General Executive Board, 24; delegates, 78; visitors, 99; representing 28 States, and 50 Conferences.

Mr. F. H. Root, for the members of Delaware Avenue Church, and Mrs. Dr. E. E. Chambers, for the Methodist women of Buffalo and the ministers of the Genesee Conference, extended a cordial welcome to the convention; and fraternal greetings with a hearty "God speed you in your noble work," from the Preachers' Union of the city, representing ten denominations, were presented by Rev. Mr. Clark of the Presbyterian church.

The address of the president, Mrs. John Davis, reviewed the history of the society, its early struggles, its present success, and its very favorable prospects; recommending more thorough organization, the establishing of training-schools for our missionaries, and that a plan be devised to make our industrial homes and mission schools, self-supporting, as far as possible; and expressing an earnest desire, that the spirit and presence of the Master, might be signally manifest in all our deliberations.

The report of the cor. sec., Mrs. R. L. Rust, showed that this society is no longer regarded as an experiment of doubtful success, but by its numbers and the character of its achievements, has won commanding influence and respect. We have now 74 Conference organizations; 2,028 auxiliaries; 55,338 members; 19 industrial schools; 3 immigrants' homes; 6 deaconess' homes; and 69 missionaries employed. There are 14 bureaus, eight of which include missions in behalf of the needy populations of the South, and in our Western territories; the others include those for Indians, Mormons, immigrants, supplies, local work, young people's work and deaconess work.

The treasurer, Mrs. A. R. Clark, gave the following statement:
Balance from last year, \$ 20,233.73

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CURE CONSTIPATION.

To enjoy health one should have regular evacuations every twenty four hours. The evils, both mental and physical, resulting from
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
are many and serious. For the cure of this common trouble, Tutt's Liver Pills have gained a popularity unparalleled. Elegantly sugar coated.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

1890 WINTER 1891
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ZION, MARYLAND.

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Never fails. Book free
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Receipts to Nov. 1, 1890 112,970.20
Expenditures to Nov. 1, '90 116,349.80
On hand, 16,854.13

This shows the remarkable gain of \$48,949.98 over last year. No wonder this report was greeted, with "cheers and tears."

The total value of supplies sent out during the year, to our frontier ministers and our industrial schools, aggregated \$53,538.90.

\$975.97 were collected through mite boxes; 200,000 pages of Home Missionary literature were distributed; and bequests amounting to \$7,295 were made to the society during the year. Thirty-four candidates for missionary work, passed the required examination, and twenty received appointments.

The superintendent of immigrant work reported 4,000 women and girls sheltered; 12,000 meals furnished; half-rate tickets secured for 400, going South and West, to their friends; and situations found for more than 500.

Miss Mary Bell Evans, publisher of "Woman's Home Missions," reported the paper in a most prosperous condition, with a subscription list of 15,000, and a cash balance in hand of \$500. Eight additional pages are to be devoted to our deaconess, and young people's work, and will add greatly to its interest and circulation.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society, desiring to perpetuate the memory of its first president, Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, contemplates the establishment, very soon, of a memorial deaconess home, or training school for missionaries, and an industrial school in which young persons may be taught the principles and industries essential to a pure and happy home-life. A fund of nearly \$20,000 is already in hand, and special efforts are being made to increase it, as rapidly as possible.

Washington, D. C., Columbus, Ohio, California, and New York City, have each asked that this home be located within their respective limits.

Invitations to entertain the next annual meeting, were received from Sal, Lake City, Sedalia, Mo., Washington D. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., and Anamosa, Iowa. It was decided to hold the tenth annual convention at "the Capital of our nation."

Among the many prominent persons who visited the convention, were Rev. Drs. Wentworth, Chambers, Odell, Rust, Wheeler, Nelson, and McLaughlin, Dr. and Mrs. Hatfield, Dr. and Mrs. Brodbeck, Dr. and Mrs. Smythe, Dr. and Mrs. Squiers, Rev. Messrs. Moody, and Sankey, Mrs. Bishop Simpson, Mrs. Bishop Morris, and Mrs. Bishop Walden.

The meeting was one of marked spirituality; the business sessions each day, closing with a devotional service.

The love-feast, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, administered by ten Methodist ministers, was a season long to be remembered. The proceedings and deliberations were models of dignity and good order; all differences of opinion being satisfactorily adjusted by the president in a diplomatic and courteous manner, and nothing occurred to disturb the quiet, and good nature characterizing both officers and delegates.

The report of the secretary of the Wilmington Conference, Mrs. Emma L. Weldin, was exceedingly gratifying, as showing a marked advance in interest, and in contributions, on all lines of Home Missionary work.

C. C. BROWNE.

Catarrah indicates impure blood, and to cure it, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood. Sold by all druggists.

1891.

Harper's Magazine.
ILLUSTRATED.

The important series of papers on South America, by THEODORE CHILD, will be continued in HARPER'S MAGAZINE during the greater part of the year 1891. The articles on Southern California, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARREN, will also be continued. Among other noteworthy attractions will be a novel by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK; a collection of original drawings by W. M. THACKERAY, now published for the first time; a novel written and illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER; a novelette by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS; and a series of papers on London by WALTER BESANT.

In the number and variety of illustrated papers and other articles on subjects of timely interest, as well as in the unrivalled character of its short stories, poems, etc., HARPER'S MAGAZINE will continue to maintain that standard of excellence for which it has been so long distinguished.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

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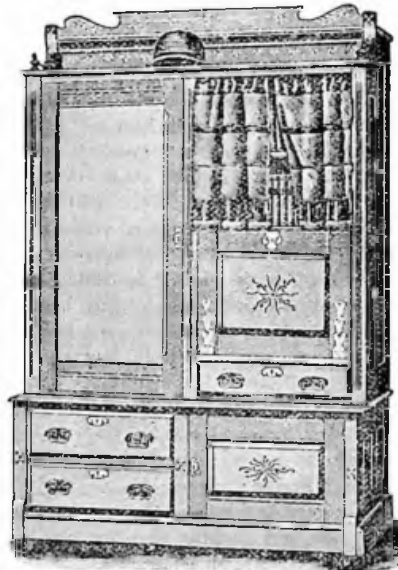
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The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1890.
Luke 23: 13-25.

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

JESUS CONDEMNED.

GOLDEN TEXT: "For the transgression of my people was he stricken" (Isa. 53: 8).

13. *When he had called together.*—As he was about to make a formal remonstrance and decide the case, he probably came forth from the Prætorium, and took his seat on a *bema* Farrar thinks that this was "perhaps the throne of Archelaus, set on the tessellated pavement called by the Jews *Gabbatha* (John 19: 13)." He adds: "Now was the golden opportunity which Pilate should have seized in order to do what he knew to be right." *And the people.*—Pilate must have known that Jesus had many friends among "the common people" who, unlike the rulers, had "heard Him gladly;" and he could not have been ignorant of the popular exultation which attended our Lord's entry into Jerusalem, a few days before. So he summoned "the people," and they doubtless would have lifted up a protesting cry in His defence, had not the priests previously won them over by plausible arguments.

14. *Said unto them.*—Luke dwells more at length upon the charge than the other Evangelists (see verse 2). *Ye have brought . . . I have found.*—You assert that this Prisoner is an enemy to the peace of the nation, perverting the people from their allegiance; and I, sitting in judgment do not find that your charge is substantiated. I find this Man innocent of the charge.

15. *No, nor yet Herod.*—His own tetrarch, and supposed to be able to weigh your accusations as an outsider cannot as well do. But Herod also acquits the Prisoner. *For I sent you to him.*—R. V., "for he sent him back unto us" (a more natural, satisfactory reading). *Done unto him.*—R. V., "done by him."

16, 17. *I will therefore chastise him*—or scourge Him,—the usual cruel punishment before execution. The blows were laid upon the naked back with knotted ropes, or plaited leather thongs armed at the ends with pieces of lead or sharp-pointed bones. The victim sometimes died under this awful infliction. Pilate evidently hoped that the Jews would be content, now that he had pronounced Jesus innocent, with this mode of punishment. "This was the point at which Pilate began to yield to the fatal vacillation which soon passed into guilt and made it afterwards impossible for him to escape" (Farrar). *For of necessity he must release.*—This whole verse is omitted in R. V. The fact expressed is true enough and is contained in the other Evangelists, but it does not belong to Luke's account.

He had just declared the Prisoner absolutely innocent. To subject Him therefore to the horrible punishment of scourging merely to gratify the pride of the Jews and to humble Him in their eyes (Deut. 25: 3), was an act of disgraceful illegality. . . The restless eagerness of his various attempts to secure the acquittal of Jesus is brought out most forcibly by St. John (Farrar).

18, 19. *They cried out all at once* (R. V., "all together")—a unanimity brought about by the priests who had now succeeded

in persuading the people to demand the release of Barabbas rather than Jesus, in accordance with the usual act of grace. *Away with this man*—"virtually a demand for execution" (Schaff). *Release unto Barabbas*—either Bar Abbas, "son of a father," or Bar-Rabbas, "son of a rabbi." His name is given as Jesus Barabbas in three MSS. of Matthew. *Who for a certain sedition* (R. V., "insurrection").—He was probably a zealot, who had gathered around him a seditious band and declared open resistance to the Roman rule. The insurrection involved bloodshed. John calls him a "robber;" Matthew, "a notable prisoner."

20, 21. *Spake again to them.*—According to Mark, he inquired "What will ye then that I should do unto Him, whom ye call the King of the Jews?" Pilate was determined to release Jesus if he could do so at no great cost to himself. "But men live under the coercion of their own past acts, and Pilate by his cruelty and greed had so bitterly offended the inhabitants of every province of Judea that he dared not do anything more to provoke the accusation which he knew to be hanging over his head" (Farrar). *Crucify him.*—The "wild-beast spirit had gained the ascendancy in the mob, and nothing now but the ignominious and accursed punishment of the cross would satisfy them. Jesus' friends were either overawed or absent.

22. *What evil hath He done?*—The third time the question had been put, and drowned in the torrent of angry invective and fierce clamor for punishment. *I will therefore chastise him, etc.*—I can't put an innocent man to death; I am willing, however, to yield so far as to scourge him before setting him at liberty. But the time had gone by for such a tame proposition.

23. *They were instant with loud voices*—in Mark, "they cried out exceedingly;" an uproar that would not be quieted. All Pilate's expostulations were unheard in the fierce outcry. The people were willing to take all the responsibility. His blood should be upon them and their children. Pilate might wash his hands, or go through any other farcical performance, if only he would yield. He must yield, or be reported to his own government for maladministration. *The voices of them and of the chief priests*—in R. V., simply "their voices."

24. *Pilate gave sentence*—in Mark, "willing to content the people;" not because Jesus was guilty, not because it was just to condemn Him, not because the people hated Him and thirsted for His blood.

St. Luke omits the flagellation (Matt. 27: 26); the derision and mock homage of the soldiers—the scarlet sash and crown of thorns; the awful scene of the *Ecce Homo*; the fresh terror of Pilate on hearing that He called Himself "the Son of God," and the deepening of that terror by the final question in the Prætorium; the "Behold your king!" the introduction of the name of Cæsar into the shouts of the multitude; Pilate washing his hands; the last awful shout, "His blood be on us and on our children;" and the clothing of Jesus again in His own garments. To suppose that there was a second scourging after the sentence is a mistake. Matt. 27: 26 is retrospective (Farrar).

25, 26. *He released . . . he delivered.*—Luke seems to dwell on the contrast. The guilty was released; the innocent was doomed to suffer.

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For The Peninsula Methodist.

"SING MORE OF HEAVEN."

[During a pause in the Sacramental service, our pastor exclaimed, "Sing more of Heaven! Talk less of your trials and cares."]

Sing more of Heaven, ye blood-bought souls,
And less of your trials complain,
With faith in Christ, the Father's own son,
Who for your redemption was slain.

Sing more of Heaven, and onward press;
Let the world have less of care;
With soul intent on Heaven's award,
All enemies bravely dare.

Sing more of Heaven, with souls aglow,
And with purpose firm and true,
Loved ones are there on the glory strand,
And Jesus will welcome you.

Sing more of Heaven, with its city fair—
Its streets inlaid with purest gold:
The pearly gates open night and day,
And mansions fitted of old.

Sing more of Heaven; sing and be glad;
Shout your triumphs full and clear;
We'll soon be there, in its victories share,
And reign with our Saviour dear.

Then, sing more of Heaven, ye blood-bought souls;
Of sorrow and woe ne'er think—
These savor of earth, are all of time,
And only reach to the river's brink.

October, 20, 1890.

Let Us Stick to the Text.

BY REV. EVAN STONE.

I have just arisen from reading the "Woman Supplement" to the "Great Official," with a feeling that we are confusing the issue. What are the historical facts in this case? Let us summarize:

1. Certain women were elected members of the General Conference, in due form, by qualified electors.
2. They presented themselves with proper credentials.
3. These credentials were not accepted, and they were not seated.
4. This action was held to be the only one possible, under our present constitution.
5. It is now proposed, to amend the constitution by a vote of the Church.
6. This vote can make it possible for women to sit as delegates. It can not make it obligatory.

If these are the facts, it follows as a logical sequence, that,

1. The question for men to decide is not, "Would a General Conference of women wreck the Church?" but, "Are not women coming with proper credentials entitled to seats as well as we?"
2. The question for women to decide is not, "Do I want to sit in a General Conference?" but, "Shall women, who are properly elected and do want this privilege, be permitted to exercise it?"

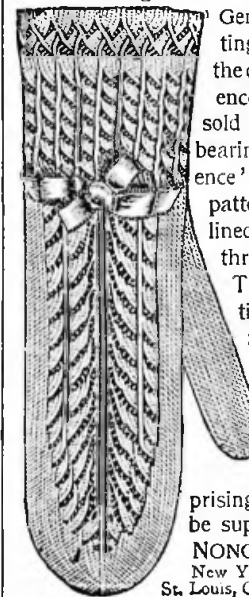
It is not a question of ethics, to be settled by quoting Scripture. It is not a question of dialectics, to be settled by the *ipse dixit* of ecclesiastical precedent. It is a question of Church government, to be decided by votes. It is not a time to throw dust or impugn motives. Let us not be drawn to discuss cor-

related questions of interest, but stick to the text.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

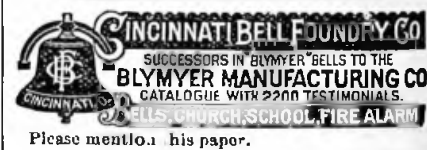
A great German defined the difference between socialism and Christianity in a very clever epigram—Socialism says, "What is thine is mine." Christianity says, "What is mine is thine." The difference is infinite; but the epigram needs correction. Christianity really teaches us to say, "what seems thine is not thine, what seems mine is not mine; whatever thou hast belongs to God, and whatever I have belongs to God; you and I must use what we have according to God's will"—*Dr. R. W. Dale.*

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The engraving shows a late style of these goods. They are made of Genuine Florence Knitting Silk. Whatever the design, all real Florence Silk Mittens are sold one pair in a box, bearing the brand 'Florence' on one end. The pattern shown here is lined in back and wrist throughout with silk. They are perfect-fitting, and in cold climates are far more durable, and quite as elegant and fashionable as the best of gloves.



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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 Report on Temperance was adopted by the Baltimore Synod of the Presbyterian Church, including the Presbyteries of New Castle, Baltimore, and Virginia, which met in Wilmington, Del., week before last. We give a summary of its emphatic deliverances:

The cause of temperance has the hearty support of all the ministers and churches within the Synod, as shown in frequent sermons and addresses, in Sunday-school instruction, in the organization of societies within the churches, and in co-operation with other denominations and societies. Diversity of methods seems necessary, to suit various localities; but the ministers and churches present a united front, in favor of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Temperance sentiment is evidently gaining; it is no longer necessary to hospitality, to offer the social glass.

Legislation becomes more and more stringent.

We have to contend not only with aliens from other lands, but also with those wealthy people of our own land, who return from residing abroad with social habits, more difficult to eradicate than those of immigrants who reach our shores in ignorance and poverty.

The fight is likely to be a long one; and the Church must expect to wage, not a temporary, but a continuous warfare against this foe of God and man.

We recommend: (1) That every pastor, continue to preach one sermon on this important subject, during the year.

(2) That fitting instruction be given in the Sunday-school.

(3) That pastors encourage the temperance movement, by distributing appropriate temperance literature, and by such co-operation in organized effort as they may deem wise and useful.

Epworth League.

The new edition of the Epworth Hymnal will not be issued before early winter.

A Canadian minister, Dr. H. Johnson, calls the Epworth movement the "Methodist missing link."

The Epworth Herald is to have a special Thanksgiving edition.

Epworth League anniversaries are now held at nearly all the annual conference sessions.

The Baptists have organized a young people's assembly, to correspond with our Epworth League.

Plans are executed for the proposed Epworth cottage, to be erected at Bay View. They have the idea so pleasantly carried out there—public buildings made home-like. On the first floor are the general parlor, the lecture room seating 250, the office, and broad piazzas. Above, on the next floor, are the Junior league room, pleasant balconies, besides eight sleeping rooms, which, like the building, are for the exclusive use of leaguers. On the third floor will be fourteen more sleeping rooms. The exterior will be ornate and beautiful; making one of the most attractive buildings at Bay View. It is believed that nowhere will the Epworth League have more practical and enjoyable summer headquarters. The cost of building and furnishing is estimated at \$3,000.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

"One of our leagues has this scheme in mind, for the meetings this season: An evening when one of its members shall tell about the locomotive, who is a workman in the railroad shops. Another is to be asked to speak of rubber in all its forms. Another will describe fireworks. Still another, piano-making. They are to ask a sea captain, who is a member of the church, to come some evening, and spin yarns. This will bring out the home talent."—Zion's Herald.

It is a Mistake

To try to cure catarrh by using local applications. Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the man's nose, but of the man. Therefore to effect a cure, requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, expelling the taint which causes the disease, and imparting health.

1891

Harper's Young People.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Twelfth Volume of Harper's Young People begins on November 1, 1890. This best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers presents a rich and attractive programme. In fiction there will be "Campmates: A Story of the Plains," by Kirk Munroe; "Men of Iron," a romance, by Howard Pyle, with illustrations by the author; "Flying Hill Farm," by Sophie Swett; "Moon Prince," by R. K. Mankittrick; and "Yellowtop," by Annie Bronson King. In addition to these five serials, there will be stories in two or three parts by Thomas Nelson Page, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Edwin Lassetter Bynner, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary E. Wilkins, Nora Perry, and others. Short stories, and articles on science, history, travel, adventure, games, and sports, with hundreds of illustrations of the highest character, will render Harper's Young People for 1891 unrivalled as a miscellany of the best reading for boys and girls.

"The best weekly publication for young people in existence. It is edited with scrupulous care and attention, and instruction and entertainment are mingled in its pages in just the right proportions to captivate the minds of the young, and at the

same time to develop their thinking power."—N. Y. Observer.

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For the Peninsula Methodist.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Oh! that saint and sinner might find, More and more of this wonderful mind— This lowly mind of love; Selfishness and jealousy, envy and strife, Can find no place in any such life, The Christ-life from above!

To live and to suffer for fallen men, To be taunted with hate, and even then To love instead of hate! Only Christ such a mind can give; At His quickening touch we begin to live, To watch, to pray, and to wait!

Each Christian goes through the lion's den, And through the fiery furnace; but then, The Saviour has been there too; And still in the Christian's heart He goes To conquer his fiery, flaming foes, And his weak strength renew.

His words were love. Forgive! forgive! And let the wicked sinners live; They know not what they do, 'Twas sinners Jesus came to seek, Only God such words could speak, And we know His words are true.

Oh! wondrous Lamb of Calvary, Do thou open our minds, that we may see That we may seek and find The hidden manna, rich and sweet, And, keeping lowly at Thy feet, Have more of Thy sweet mind.

Thus may we make Thy light to shine, That all men—(all are rightly Thine)— May find sweet peace and rest; We'll give all glory to Thy name, And to the world Thy love proclaim, Thou who art truly blest!

EBEN N. BALDWIN.

Claymont, Del., Oct. 18, 1890.

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CHORUS SOCIETIES and all MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS will do well to send for list and catalogues of our choruses, Anthems or Glee Books, Church Music Books, Singing Class Books, Oratorios, Cantatas, Quartets Chorus, Octavo Pieces, &c., &c. JEHOVAH'S PRAISE. (\$1, or \$9 doz.) Emerson. Is a large, first class Church Music book, full of the best Metrical Tunes, Anthems and Singing Class Elements and Music. EMERSON'S EASY ANTHEMS (50 cts., \$7.20 doz.) GABRIEL'S NEW AND SELECTED ANTHEMS, (\$1, or \$9 per doz.) EMERSON'S NEW RESPONSES (50 cts., or \$5 doz.) Palmer and Trowbridge. Are new and thoroughly good books. CARL ZERRAUN'S ATLAS (\$1, or \$9 per doz.) EMERSON'S CONCERT SELECTIONS. (\$1 \$9 doz.) Are excellent for Conventos. FOR THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS. CAUGHT NAPPING (30 cts., \$3 per doz.) Lewis. MARY'S STOCKING. (20 cts., or \$1.80 doz.) Shogren. JINGLE BELL. (30 cts., \$1 per doz.) Lewis. KING WINTER. (30 cts., \$3 per doz.) XMAS AT THE KERCHEIFFS 20 cts., \$1.80 doz. Lewis. CHRISTMAS GIFT. [15 cts., \$1.80 per doz.] Rosabel. KINGDOM OF MOTHER GOOSE. [25 cts., \$2.28 doz.] Any book mailed for Retail price

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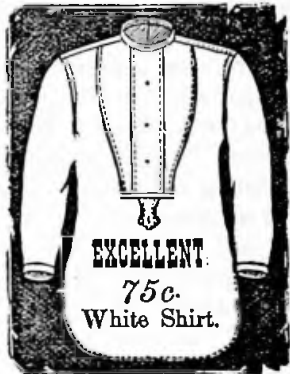


A LOVELY WOMAN

overheard one say of her, "By heaven she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she indignantly, "and by heaven only!" Ruddy health mantled her cheek, yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, and suffering from a dry, hacking cough, night-sweats, and spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians, without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again,—a perfect picture of health and strength. This wonderful "Golden Medical Discovery," now world-famed as a remedy for consumption, which is really lung-scurf, is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as White Swellings, Fever-sores, Hip-Joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments. All scaly, crusty, itching, troublesome eruptions yield readily to its curative powers. It invigorates the liver, enriches the blood and promotes all the bodily functions. It is the only liver, blood and lung remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will do all that it is recommended to, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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WILMINGTON, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

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

Bishop R. S. Foster will visit the conferences in China and Japan; and Bishop Walden, those in Europe. Bishop Mallalieu presides over the Newark Conference.

The Higher Life.

Our readers will find the articles we publish on this subject, from the pen of Rev. Alfred Smith, of Middletown, Del., very interesting and helpful. Such an experience of present conscious salvation, as he describes, is certainly greatly to be desired; and we doubt not, in its essential nature, as the result of an intelligent and obedient faith in the saving power of a risen Christ, it is an experience within the reach of all who believe.

Brother Smith has written these papers at our request, as he has stated; and we appreciate the favor he does us, in making the PENINSULA METHODIST the medium, through which he tells his interesting and stimulating story.

In his second paper, he attempts the delicate and difficult task of a clear and satisfactory differentiation between the moral state of "all hearts simply regenerate," and that of those hearts which have experienced the "uplift" he describes, and which he says, "might with strict propriety, be called the *second blessing*." We must confess to some regretful surprise, at finding our brother quoting a passage from Paul's epistle to the Galatians, which is shown by its context to be used by the apostle to differentiate between those who are "led of the Spirit," and those who "fulfill the lusts of the flesh." We are sure he would not have us believe the inspired diagnosis of the carnal mind, "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the spirit against the flesh," to be applicable to "all hearts that are simply regenerate." In writing to the *disobedient* Galatians, Paul lays down the broad line of demarcation, not between one state of grace and another,

but between those who are "Christ's", and those who are not; between "those who are led of the Spirit, and those who fulfill the lusts of the flesh;" those who have "crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," and those who do "the works of the flesh."

As the pending question is to be voted on in the Conferences, it is evident the preachers, are to withhold their votes, until their Conferences meet.

It is desirable the election should be held on a week day, in every case.

The following is from the last issue of *The Michigan Christian Advocate*, a non-official church paper, with over 16,000 subscribers, whose editor, James H. Potts, D. D., is one of the ablest and most loyal of our ministers who serve the Church in this responsible position. His calm and honest utterances are in strong contrast with the violent, not to say virulent tone of the conspicuous leader of the "resisting" forces.

"FACTS IN THE CASE."

"In bidding adieu to the discussion of the admission question in its relation to the popular vote, we are constrained to mention one or two simple facts which ought to be remembered for a life-time.

1. The movement from the beginning has been spontaneous in our Methodism, and has grown out of the practical trend of things for more than a century past. The right of women to speak in church, to prophesy, teach, lead class, serve as stewards and trustees, and to represent the quarterly conferences of which they are members in the electoral conferences, was conceded years ago. The election of women as reserve delegates to the general conference of 1884, and as delegates to the general conference of 1888, grew out of this concession, and was as natural an outgrowth as ecclesiastical history records. The five ladies who were elected delegates, and the eleven others elected as reserve delegates in 1888, did not seek their own election, nor was it instigated by others in their behalf. Miss Willard was in New York lecturing when informed by telegraph, to her own surprise, of her election. Mrs. Newman said in New York while waiting the action of the general conference as to seating the women delegates, that she had no more to do with her own election than had an angel in heaven, nor as much, and the same, we presume, was true of all the lady delegates. They were elected in response to the demands of the age in sections of the church wide apart and at different times. It was done as a matter of course because the people wished it.

2. The agitation now experienced in the church upon the subject is the result of *resisting* a movement which is as spontaneous as the atmosphere and as natural and normal as progress. We believe the excitement wholly unnecessary. It has come, not from aggressive arguments in behalf of the women but from strangely vigorous, not to say

violent, argumentation against them. The opposition of late at least has been the most active. The church papers favoring the movement have given it comparatively little editorial attention, and that little by way of challenging the ridiculous assumptions and assertions of the opposition which for several weeks has poured broadsides of words and phrases, figures and fancies, into the heart of the church. And wherefore? The proposition to submit the question to the vote of the church, if we mistake not, came from the opposition. Why have they sought to prevent an unbiased expression upon their own measure, ransacking all creation for arguments against it? We know not, but this we know, the men who have calmly defended the right of equal legislative privileges for men and women against the championship of the opposition, can view with complacency the result of the pending vote, conscious that they neither planned the vote itself nor struggled to subvert the free and unrestrained action of the people in rendering their decision. If the Church says No, we shall not weep; if Yes, we shall not lament. Common sense and simple justice are very good rules to be governed by."

The Local Preachers' and Exhorters' Association.

The 32nd annual meeting of the local preachers' and exhorters' association, of the M. E. Church, Wilmington Conference, will be held in the M. E. Church, at Harrington, Del.

Friday Evening, Nov. 21st.

Preaching at 7.30 o'clock, by Rev. W. T. Hammond; alternates, W. W. Morgan, R. B. Hazzard.

Saturday Morning, Nov. 22nd.

AT 8.30 O'CLOCK.

Opening service, followed by Address of Welcome, by the Pastor; response by Bro. Thos. Mallalieu.

The following programme will then be taken up:

FIRST.—Calm review and relation of labor and experience for the last six months, interspersed with singing and impromptu remarks &c., by the members of the Association.

SECOND.—Is vital Christianity increasing in this country in proportion to the growth of the population?

THIRD.—Who is to control the coming generations of our children—the Protestant or Romish Church?

FOURTH.—What can be done in order to secure and perpetuate the sanctity of the American Sabbath?

FIFTH.—Resolved, that we believe the class meeting just as necessary to the life and growth of the church now as ever before, and that to ignore or abolish the class meeting, would be to rob the Methodist Church of her prestige and power.

SIXTH.—Is there any reasonable or Scriptural ground for the belief that the justified spirits of our departed loved ones are cognizant of us here in the flesh, or that they are permitted to

minister to us in the hour of sorrow or need?

SEVENTH.—Has any brother any thing for the good of the Association? Evening.

Exercises open with religious service, and take such course as the Association may decide.

Sabbath Morning, Nov. 23d.

8.30 o'clock, Prayer Service. 9.00 o'clock; Love feast. 10.30 o'clock, Preaching by Rev. Herman Roe; Alternates, P. A. Leatherbury, Dr. J. H. Simms. 2.00 o'clock, P. M., Children's Meeting. 7.00 o'clock P. M., Prayer Service. 7.30 o'clock P. M., Preaching by Wm. Farrie, alternates, T. Numbers, Dan'l. Green.

The citizens of Harrington and vicinity are invited to attend all the meetings. All members of the Association, who propose to attend, will please give the pastor, Rev. T. L. Price due notice, so that he may arrange for their entertainment. Please send your remittances to our Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. J. R. Dill, No. 409 West 8th St., Wilmington, Del.

Brethren come! and make our meeting a subject of special prayer, that the presence and power of the Holy Spirit may be with us.

T. NUMBERS,

J. R. DILL,

J. H. SIMMS, M. D.

Curators.

Conference News.

THE PREACHERS' MEETING, at its session on the 3rd inst., elected the following officers for the ensuing six months: President, Wm. E. Tomkinson; Vice-President, V. S. Collins; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis E. Barrett.

Last Monday, 10th inst., the Association met at the usual hour. President, W. E. Tomkinson, in the chair. Devotional exercises conducted by Julius Dodd. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Bro. Pilchard of Delaware City, reported the condition and progress of his work. L. E. Barrett reported the results of his visit to Zion circuit, on Sunday, where he preached the annual missionary sermon, and assisted Bro. Wood, the pastor, in revival work. Bro. Sanderson reported having preached three times for Bro. Smoot.

Members present—Drs. Murray and Todd, Bros. Sanderson, Atkins, Smoot, Stengle, Dodd, Corkrao, Price, Koons, Given, VanBurkalow, and Barrett.

On motion, the order of the day was taken up, and Bro. B. F. Price read a paper on the "Divine Freedom." The paper was discussed by Dr. Todd, Bros. Stengle, VanBurkalow, Sanderson and Price.

Report of committee on Sabbath desecration was called up, adopted, and committee discharged.

Curators submitted for next Monday, "Eligibility of women as delegates to the Lay and General Conferences." Discussion to be opened by Bro. Grise.

Adjourned with benediction by Bro. Price.
 LOUIS E. BARRETT, Sec.

Wilmington District.

November 9th, was not only a fine day, balmy and beautiful as Indian summer, but also a good day spiritually; beginning with a love-feast in the morning, at NEWPORT, where the church property is being greatly improved; in the afternoon at STANTON, where the people are greatly encouraged. The collection for Church Extension was quickly taken, and in excess of the apportionment. The church at MARSHALLTON was crowded for the evening service. Conversions are of frequent occurrence, and enlargement is already being discussed.

ASBURY, Wilmington, is in the midst of a great revival; six were forward, Sunday night, and four converted. Bro. Hanna has had help from Utah, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; and a great many young men have been brought in, who are very earnest in the cause.

W. L. S. MURRAY.

Clarence T. Wilson, son of Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, is a student at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

George Stengle of Wilmington, Del., has taken the position of foreman of the Cecil Whig office.

Rev. George R. Kramer, formerly pastor of the Household of Faith Church, in Wilmington, and now in charge of a Baptist church in Brooklyn, N. Y., will visit Europe next spring, and will take his family with him.

Centreville, M. E. Church, C. A. Hill, pastor, is being improved preparatory to the session of Wilmington Conference, next March. The main room is being frescoed, and will be furnished with new pews and carpet, and the walls of the hall and stairway are being re-painted.

Rev. W. S. Robinson, D. D., and family, have left Watertown, S. D., and have come on to Baltimore, to escape the rigors of the Dakota winter, which was very severe on them. It is expected that Dr. Robinson will be furnished an appointment by the Bishop in some other conference.

Mrs. Jane Mills, the oldest citizen of Worcester county, Md., died at her home near Snow Hill, a few days ago, aged 101 years. She had always lived within the county, and had been a member of the M. E. Church for 87 years.

The extra meeting at Madeley, E. C. Atkins, pastor, has closed, for the present, with 82 conversions.

TOWNSEND, DEL.—Rev. Herman Roe of Smyrna, preached for this people, Sunday, Nov. 2; and for the present, we understand, the pulpit will be occupied by temporary supplies.

BISHOPVILLE, MD., G. T. Alderson, pastor.—Interesting re-opening exercises were held at this place last Sunday. Rev. J. D. C. Hanna, of Asbury, Wilmington, was the preacher for morning and evening.

In the afternoon, there was a Sunday-school rally, at which Bros. Hanna, Smith, and Wyatt were the speakers.

Ralph Bingham, the boy-orator, was to give an entertainment, Monday evening following.

We regret, the notice sent by Bro. Alderson did not "get in" last week.

TO THE PREACHERS OF EASTON DIST.—Two weeks ago the president and corresponding secretary of the District Epworth League, prepared a circular and leaflets, at the expense of time, effort, and money, asking you for certain information needed in the execution of their duties; also to enable them to make a report of the work of the District, to the 6th Gen. Conf. District Convention, to be held in Baltimore, 18-20.

So far one chapter has responded—Odessa. Will you not help, by replying at an early date, and oblige,

R. K. STEPHENSON, Pres. Easton Dist. League.

A chapter of the Epworth League was organized at Bethel, on Smyrna circuit, Nov. 10, with thirty-two members. This is the second chapter on the charge.

The trustees of the Delmar M. E. Church have decided to add fifteen feet to the length of the church, and a communicating class-room 18x28. It is hoped to have it ready for re-opening in five or six weeks.

The official board of Pocomoke City M. E. Church, have invited Rev. W. A. Wise, pastor of Berlin M. E. Church, to become their pastor next year. We understand Bro. Wise has consented.

RISING SUN, MD., I. Jewell, pastor.—Tomorrow, Nov. 16, we expect to have a great day in celebrating the forty-first anniversary of Methodism in our town. Rev. J. Lanahan, D. D., of Baltimore, will preach at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. The pastor will read a historical sketch in the morning; and at 2.30 p. m. there will be a grand Sunday-school rally; at which there will be special singing, recitations and readings. Prof. H. S. Goldey, of the Commercial College, Wilmington, will address the Sunday-school, and our young people's Epworth League.

Preaching will be continued through the week, at 7.30 each evening: Tuesday and Wednesday, Rev. Wm. B. Chalfant of Philadelphia Conference; Thursday, Rev. E. L. Hubbard, Ph. D., and Friday, Rev. J. P. Otis, M. A.

The revival at Wye Mills continues, 29 conversions to date, and penitents at each service. The pastor, Rev. J. D. Lecates, has been assisted by Rev. W. H. Williams, of Baltimore, Md.

When the revival at Wye closes, Bro. Lecates will assist Bro. Williams at his church in Baltimore, during the revival services.

The pastor of Kent Island charge, received a very large donation from the members and friends of Kingsley M. E. Church recently.

CHESTER-BETHEL, Rev. A. P. Prettyman, pastor.—Sixty-six of last winter's probationers have been already received into full membership, with more to follow.

The parsonage has been newly painted. The recent disastrous explosion at the DuPont mills did some damage to the windows of this old church.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Rev. John H. Willey, Ph. D., occupied the University Avenue M. E. Church pulpit for the first time yesterday, before large congregations, both

morning and evening. He comes from Chestertown, Maryland, to fill the vacancy caused by Dr. Congdon's transfer elsewhere. Members of the church express themselves, as being much pleased with Dr. Willey and his preaching. He will undoubtedly be one of the popular clergymen of the city.

He has a pleasing delivery, and a clear, incisive method of presenting his thoughts; and while not speaking without notes, is almost free from his manuscript.

He is a graduate of Illinois Wesleyan University, and of Drew Theological Seminary; and has also taken a post-graduate course in Syracuse University, receiving his degree of Ph. D.

He is about 35 years of age, and is unmarried.

An informal reception will be tendered to the new pastor, in the church parlors, by the Epworth League, next Thursday evening.—Daily Standard, Nov. 3, 1890.

1891.

Harper's Bazar. ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion-plates, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1891 AGNES B. ORMSBEE will write a series of articles on "The House Comfortable," JULIE CORSON will treat of "Sanitary Living," and an interesting succession of papers on "Woman in Art and History," superbly illustrated, will be furnished by THEODORE CHILD. The serial stories will be by WALTER BESANT and THOMAS HARDY.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Table with 2 columns: Periodical Name and Price. Includes Harper's Bazar (\$4.00), Harper's Magazine (4.00), Harper's Weekly (4.00), and Harper's Young People (2.00).

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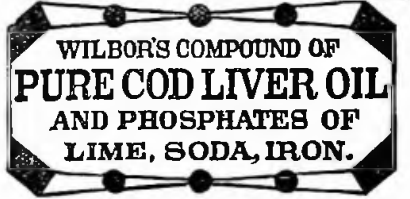


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OUR NEW SERIAL.
Fetters Broken;
 OR,
ELWOOD EARL'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF BLANCH MONTAGUE

CHAPTER XX.—ELWOOD EARL'S CHOICE.

Mrs. Earl had suffered much during her husband's absence.

The continued excitement which she endured had kept her in an almost constant fever; and now that the cause of her distress was removed, and the fever abated, she sank into a state of utter prostration, and for weeks was unable to leave her bed, and it was late in the fall, before she was able to go to her home.

During all these weeks Elwood remained at his own cottage, fearing to leave his father again for any length of time; but a part of each day was spent at Mrs. Wentworth's.

Here Elwood was brought in daily contact with Miriam Russell, and a strong friendship grew up between them; a friendship born of the purest esteem.

The young lawyer was not long in discovering, that Miriam was a girl of more than ordinary intellect, and that deep down in her heart there was a pure and sacred fountain of womanly sympathy and affection.

Her kindness to his mother, in her severe illness, won his deepest respect and gratitude; and day by day, as he watched her ministrations, he found himself being drawn toward her by a spell that was hard to resist.

When the invalid had so far recovered as no longer to require constant nursing, he often invited Miriam to walk with him, and was delighted to be alone with her. Somehow he always felt better after spending an hour with her, for she carried with her an atmosphere that was exhilarating, and to be near her was to feel the magnetism of her womanly soul.

He often wondered at the strangely fascinating influence which her presence always exerted over him; for no words of love had ever passed between them; and yet, he felt that she was almost a part of his own existence.

He was always happy when near her; and when compelled to be away, he found his chief joy in thinking of her.

"Miriam Russell is not beautiful like Lillian Arnold," he said to himself; "but then, her womanly worth more than compensates. Her features are plain, but her countenance is frank, open, and honest, and her face is strong and womanly. Yes, Miriam Russell is a true woman! What an atmosphere of love she carries with her! What a

fountain of pure unselfish affection is in her heart! I might bathe my whole life in blessings, if I could but touch the secret spring that opens that fountain's treasures.

"How happy I would be, with such a woman for my wife!

"It is true that she is but a poor girl as far as earthly possessions are concerned; but she is rich in the possession of woman's noblest qualities; and then, Miriam Russell is a *Christian*.

"I can never forget her words of comfort to my poor distressed mother. As I saw her bending in gentle ministrations over her couch, and listened to her words of sympathy and the precious Scripture promises that she quoted, and heard her speak of the love of that Saviour, whom she seemed to know, as a friend knows a friend, I could think of nothing but the angels of God. And yet, Miriam Russell is not an angel, but a human being, a woman, whose hand I have held in mine while it throbbed with warm life blood."

Thus day by day did Elwood Earl muse, as he watched Miriam Russell.

Finally his mind was made up.

"I will," he said, "seek to win Miriam Russell for my wife; for I know that in her I shall a treasure, more precious than all the wealth this world can bestow.

"I am not afraid to commit the future of my life, to the influences of such a spirit as hers; for she is one of whom Solomon wrote, *"She will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life."*

This resolution once formed, Elwood was not long in telling Miriam the story of his love.

He had calculated rightly, that a nature like hers was not to be impressed, by any silly sentimentality; so he told her in a frank and manly way of his estimate of her womanly character and moral worth, and how from an honest admiration, he had grown to feel for her a deep and pure affection.

Miriam listened to all Elwood said, with emotions that were easily discernible.

When he had finished speaking, she extended her warm hand, and looking up into his frank, honest face, with her whole soul in her large brown eyes, she said:

"Mr. Earl, I have known you but a few months, though it seems as if it was much longer; but short as this time is, I have learned to respect and trust you; and—and—I don't know what it is, that makes me so happy when I am near you, but I do know I am never so happy as when I am with you, and—and—if you want me—I—I—think I would like to stay with you always."

The sweet wistful face was upturned to his, and drawing her to him, he

pressed upon her full, rudy lips, a kiss as a pledge of their plighted troth.

Her dark head rested upon his breast for a moment; then disengaging herself from his embrace she took his arm, and the two, forgetful of the autumn leaves they had been gathering, walked away in the direction of Mrs. Wentworth's cottage.

Not fifty yards from them, stood Lillian Arnold, in the woods, an involuntary witness of all that had transpired.

CHAPTER XXI.—A CRUEL DEED.

Lillian Arnold's black eyes blazed, with a strange, unnatural light; and her cheeks flushed and paled by turns, as she walked toward her home.

"So this accounts for your strange conduct, Mr. Earl," she said to herself. "I have been left through all these weeks, to wonder why you did not come to my father's house, except to call there on business, and then leave without making an effort to see me.

"I have wondered, that you never offered to accompany me home when I have been visiting your mother, at Mrs. Wentworth's.

"I understand it all now. Miriam Russell is at the bottom of this. The vixen! I hate her! I do!" and she shut her white teeth, and clinched her little hands until the nails cut into the tender flesh.

"Yes, this is that girl's work. The mean thing! how dare she cross my path!

"But why should I care? Elwood Earl may like her as a brother, or a friend, but he has more sense than to marry a poor girl like that, when my thousands are laid at his feet. Besides, Elwood Earl admires me. Did he not tell my father, that he was learning to love me? and has he not won his consent, to ask me to be his wife?

"No; Elwood Earl is *mine*; and that impudent Miss Russell had better be careful how she crosses my path."

Lillian had not been able to hear a word that had passed between Mr. Earl and Miriam, but she had seen the young girl place her hand in his and look up into his face, with a sweet, shy expression. She had seen Elwood Earl draw Miriam Russell to him and kiss her, and that was enough.

All the fires of anger, pride, jealousy, hatred, malice, and resentment, were kindled in her worldly heart in a moment, and no pen can describe the commotion that followed. Her slight form shook, with the fierce struggle going on in her breast.

Only the heart of a Mary Magdalen, crushed under the hoofs of seven devils, could appreciate the feelings of Lillian Arnold, that day.

It was the first time in her life, that she had ever been crossed; and this spoiled child, who had always had

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everything her own way, could not bear the thought of being robbed of the love of Elwood Earl, by one like Miriam Russell.

The very suggestion of such a possibility was torture; and the more she thought about it, the more bitter and vindictive became her impulsive spirit.

"I won't stand it," she said, kicking the toe of her little boot into the gravel path. "Miriam Russell shall pay well for her impertinence and presumption. How dare she think, of taking Elwood Earl from me! She shall not do it. I will defeat her purpose, at whatever cost."

Having formed this resolution, the excited girl lay awake a long while that night, thinking over what she had seen, and laying plans to defeat what she supposed to be the designs of Miriam Russell.

"I know Elwood Earl well enough," she said, "to believe, that he would never hold friendship with one he did not respect; and my surest way to break off this friendship, that in some way has sprung up between them, is to destroy his confidence in her.

"I can easily do this," she thought, "and once that I have succeeded in separating them, I can manage the rest."

With this purpose fully formed in her mind, she rose at an early hour, and watching her chance, stole into the office, and taking one of her father's heavy pens, wrote in a bold manly hand, as follows:

"My precious Miriam;

"It seems an age, since I clasped you to my bosom. When can you meet me again, down by the cave? I shall never forget the hours I have spent with you there. I can almost feel your dear arms about my neck now, while I am writing. O, Miriam, my darling girl, say that you will meet me there to-morrow evening. I will go as usual, and wait for you. Lovingly,

ALBERT.

P. S. Be sure to burn this, as I always burn all your letters.

A.

Having finished this note she folded it; and writing across the back, the name of Miriam Russell, put it carefully in her pocket, and left the office.

That afternoon she went to Mrs. Wentworth's cottage.

The distance from Arnold Hall to Lakeview Cottage, over the mountain path, was not more than a mile; and the afternoon being bright and cool, Lillian induced her father to accompany her, and the two walked through the woods together.

Some weeks before, Miss Arnold had discovered a mail box on a post near the road, in front of the gate leading into the lawn.

This box Mrs. Wentworth had had

placed there, soon after her husband's death, so that the postman could leave her mail without coming to the house.

The stage driver was a kind-hearted old man, who for a small sum, brought the mail from the village every day, and put it in the box.

Lillian had not only noticed this, but she had also noticed, that Elwood always went down to the gate to get the mail, after the stage had passed.

"This is my best chance," she said to herself. "If I can get this note in that mail box without being seen, it will be sure to fall into Elwood's hands, and what then? I have taken particular care, that the note shall be half open when he gets it; and when he reads what I have there written, what will he think of Miriam Russell?"

"He would as soon embrace a corpse, as he would touch her, after he has read Albert's hypothetical letter. Ha! ha!" And Lillian Arnold laughed to herself, as she walked toward the gate.

It seemed as if the fates conspired to help her, for at that moment Miriam Russell was sewing, Mrs. Wentworth was with Mrs. Earl, while Elwood, and his father were somewhere in the woods back of the house.

While her doting old father was opening the gate, Lillian adroitly managed to drop the note into the letter box and join her father in the yard, without her act being noticed by any one.

Their call was a short one, for the Major's daughter was impatient to see the result of her scheme; and after a few moments, they left the cottage, and were climbing the hills, back of Arnold Hall.

An hour later, Elwood Earl unlocked the mail box, and the first thing that his eyes fell upon was the half-open note, addressed to Miriam Russell.

To be continued.

Potting Lily Bulbs.

A six inch pot is large enough for a single bulb; an eight-inch pot will hold three bulbs.

A proper soil is composed of a turfy loam, such as would be formed by decomposed sods, or if this cannot be had, some good garden soil, and add to it an equal amount of leaf mould and a little sand, and also about a fifth part of old cow-manure from a speat hot-bed. The pot should be well drained, by filling in at the bottom about two inches of broken potsherds, or if these are not handy, some coarse pebbles. Now fill in the pot, about half-full of soil and set the bulb on it, and fill the pot with soil to an inch of the top; press the soil down, as it is placed in, and afterwards give it a watering, and set the pot in a cool place in the shade, to allow the roots to start before top growth commences. During this time, give only sufficient water to keep the soil from drying out. When top growth commences, place the pot in a light place, and attend to watering as the plant appears to need it.—VICK'S MAGAZINE for November.

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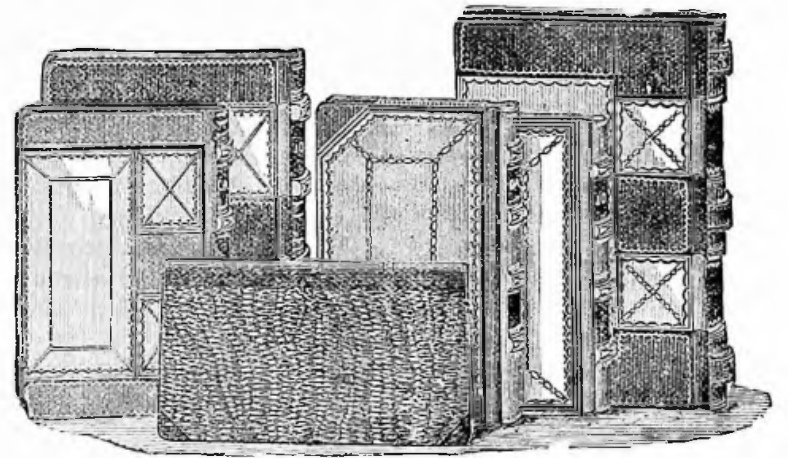
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Youth's Department.

The Story of A Bay Window.

ANNE PATTERSON GRAHAM.

It was such a beautiful window, to begin with, that is not strange it should have a beautiful story to tell. It was not architecturally beautiful, for it was plain and old-fashioned, and belonged to a little brown house over which the vines clambered lovingly, as though to hide the fact that it was weather-beaten and guiltless of paint; but it was filled with plants and pots of blooming flowers, with some delicate feathery festoons wreathing around the window and across the space where the soft crimson draperies hung. Those curtains were never drawn—which was very fortunate; for had they been, I fear, notwithstanding the beauty to begin with, the story of the window would not have been written.

There were two people who looked at that window a great deal, and thought it the loveliest spot in the world. The one looked down from the stately mansion opposite—a woman grown gray and cold through long years of lonely sorrow; the other looked up from the curbstone below the stately windows—a tiny woman, whose feet had already grown so weary, though they had come such a little way, as yet. Both were all alone in the world; and that, I think, was the reason they regarded the bay window of the little brown house with such longing eyes and hungry hearts; for to one it represented all she had lost, and to the other all she vaguely hoped for. For the window held more than the flowers and vines; the secret of its attractiveness lay in the glimpse of a cozy, home-like room, where fair-faced children played through the day around the sunny little mother, who moved to and fro among them until evening came and the lamps were lighted, when all the little faces peered through the vines until a tall form was seen striding up the narrow path to the brown house; and then what a joyful flurry there was for a bit, and what a pretty picture the window framed!

The lonely woman in her elegant home saw the chubby children tumbling over the tall father, while the merry-faced little mother with her baby in her arms looked on and smiled. The picture was not always the same in detail, but the warmth and love and joy were always in it; and the sad-faced watcher, who could not resist this evening glimpse, sighed and sometimes let fall a bitter drop or two as she drew her curtains and went back to her fire-side, oh, so heart-hungry! Outside, the tired "little woman" whose face was so pale and pinched and so pitifully young, shivered, and stamped her tiny

feet to keep warm, while she lingered, dully wondering why none of this beauty was hers.

One cold, chill November evening the window looked unusually bright. The shutters of the stately home opposite were closed, and the mistress of the mansion was not there as usual. She had driven away in her carriage, and had not yet returned. Slowly, wearily dragging her cold little feet along the street, came the little waif of the curbstone—hungry, footsore, and desolate. All day long she had begged for only a few pennies, and now she was afraid to go home, for hadn't old Mrs. Grimsby with whom she lived said last night that she "wasn't worth her salt," and that unless she brought in more, she shouldn't have her wretched corner of a wretched pallet, but be turned out in the street where "bogies and policemen would catch her?"

The child shivered with fear. Bad as was Mrs. Grimsby's hovel, and sharp as was Mrs. Grimsby's tongue, she had never known any better home or kinder tongue, and the threat had horrible terrors for her. She looked up and down the wide street. It was very quiet—surely it wouldn't be such a bad place to stay. Then the window, so bright and cheery; if she had to live in the street, she thought she could stay here. There might be some shelter in the shadow of the great steps or the flat broad stone below. Snuggling in the shadow of the steps as though to try the experiment, the light grew dimmer before the child's eyes, the sounds of the street grew fainter; she did not hear the rumble of approaching wheels, her eyes did not open to the broad glare of light which fell athwart her from the carriage lamps, she did not heed the half-smothered exclamation as some one bent over her.

When consciousness slowly returned, the little waif opened her eyes in vague terror, and with a stifled cry shut them again. Mrs. Grimsby's threat had come true—the bogies had caught her! But the evil spirits were certainly kind, for they spoke to her in soothing tones and forced something warm into the unwilling mouth, until by degrees, the trembling ceased, and the child breathed softly in a gentle sleep.

"Over-exhaustion, cold and starvation," was the laconic response of a portly, gray-headed gentleman, who beneath a stern professional manner carried a warm and tender heart, which accounted, perhaps, for the little quiver in his deep voice as he repeated, "Starvation!"

"Starvation?" echoed the lady, with white lips.

"Yes, and only one of hundreds dying so," was the terse reply.

"But she is not dying, is she doctor?"

"No, she will live; though, God forgive me! it is almost a pity to bring her back to the life she will have to live!" was the answer, as the physician took his departure.

"Starved! O Heavenly Father, forgive me! Starved and at my doorstep!" and the lady bent over the little form with all the pent-up yearning of a womanly heart.

And when the child opened her eyes again, it was to find herself in a loving embrace, from which shelter she never went forth again.

The little window still frames its beautiful picture, and the inmates of the brown house are on the friendliest terms imaginable with the occupants of the stately mansion who, no longer cold and lonely and heart-hungry, are never weary of telling the story, and thanking the Father for the blessing which came to them through the window across the way.

—Zion's Herald.

For Dyspepsia

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. LORENZO WAITE, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years' experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

Thanksgiving Day.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8, 1890.

By the grace and favor of Almighty God, the people of this nation have been led to the closing days of the passing year, which has been full of the blessings of peace and the comforts of plenty. Bountiful compensation has come to us for the work of our minds and of our hands in every department of human industry.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day of the present month of November, to be observed as a day of prayer and Thanksgiving; and I do invite the people upon that day to cease from their labors, to meet in their accustomed houses of worship and to join in rendering gratitude and praise to our beneficent Creator for the rich blessings He has granted to us as a nation, and in invoking the continuance of His protection and grace for the future. I commend to my fellow-citizens the privilege of remembering the poor, the homeless, and the sorrowful. Let us endeavor to merit the promised recompense of charity and the gracious acceptance of our praise.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this eighth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and of the independence of the United States the one hundredth and fifteenth.

[SEAL] BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President:
JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

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Anticipating its passage, we naturally availed of all our facilities, and in the interest of our patrons purchased largely abroad of those goods in our line most affected by the tariff, bringing forward the importations in season to escape the higher cost.

In consequence of the unsettled state of foreign markets because of the uncertainty, we made all our purchases there with great advantage, therefore for the next few months our huge stock will offer unusual advantages to buyers, as the benefits secured by us are all turned over to our patrons. In no instance have we, or shall we, while the present stock lasts, mark the goods at an advance based on present cost, but give our patrons every advantage of our preparations, always realizing that their interest is our own.

There has been, no doubt, some anticipation by other houses, but so far as known in Foreign markets, or in well informed circles here, there have been no preparations approaching ours, made by any American house.

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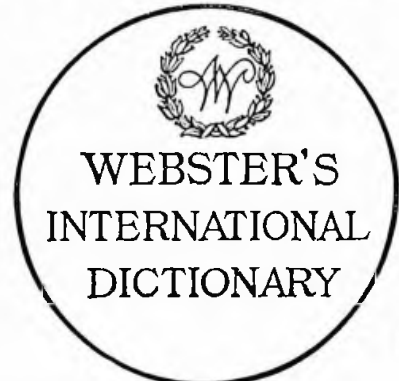
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METHODIST PIONEERS.

BY GEORGE JOHNSTON, A. M.

(The following Poem was suggested by the Centennial celebration of Bethel M. E. Church, Sunday, Nov. 24, 1890.)

They bade farewell to friends and home,
And boldly crossed the flood;
Preaching salvation as they came,
Through Jesus and his blood.
Their faith was great, their love was strong,
Alike for friend and foe;
These men of God who preached his word,
A hundred years ago.

Ah! nought to them was earthly love,
Still less the love of gold;
Their only joy, to preach the word,
Christ's message to unfold,
And thus, to save their fellow men,
From sin and endless woe,—
These pioneers of gospel truth,
A hundred years ago.

Through winter's cold and summer's heat,
With pilgrim staff in hand,
Obedient to their Master's voice,
They journeyed through the land,
Denouncing sin and wickedness,
Or in the high or low,
Like him who told of Jesus Christ,
Two thousand years ago,

The face of man they dreaded not,
Their trust was in their God,
Who safely brought them o'er the flood,
And marked the path they trod.
Their noble work will ever live;
Their fame will brighter grow,
While men believe the truths they taught,
A hundred years ago.

—Cecil County News.

Elkton, Md., Oct. 27, 1890.

Quarterly Conference Ap- pointments.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	Quarterly Conference.	Preaching.
NOV.		
Kingswood,	18 9	18 7 30
Asbury,	22 7.30	
Brandywine,		23 10.30
Swedish Mission,	25 7.30	23 3
St. Paul's,	24 7.30	
Mt. Lebanon,	29 7	30 10.30
Mt. Salem,		30 7.30
DECEMBER.		
Chesapeake,	6 7.30	7 10.30
Glasgow,	6 2	7 2 30
Newark,		7 7.30
Chester,	13 7	14 10
Claymont,	15 7.30	14 2
Mt. Pleasant,	15 3	14 7.30
Madeley,	23 7.30	21 2
Epworth,	20 7.30	21 10.30
Silverbrook,	22 7.30	21 7.30
Scott,	27 7.30	28 10.30
Wesley,	29 7.30	28 7.30
Grace,	26 9	

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

SALISBURY DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

	Q. Conf.	Q. Meeting.
NOVEMBER.		
Whitesville,	15 3	16 3
Gumboro,	10 3	16 3
Sharptown,	22 7	23 10
Bethel,	20 7	23 10
Laurel,	19 7	23 10
Concord,	19 3	23 3
Delmar,	18 10	23 10
Quantico,	29 3	30 10
Fruitland,	29 10	30 3
DECEMBER		
Salisbury,	1 7 Nov. 30	10

T. O. AYRES, P. E.

Excursion Tickets to Hot Springs, Ark.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has placed on sale at all of its principal stations round trip tickets to Hot Springs Ark., at greatly reduced rates. The going limit is thirty days and the returning limit three months, thus affording an opportunity to spend the winter in the genial climate of the Southwest. The route is via Cincinnati and St. Louis, with only one change of cars, and that is made in Union Depot at St. Louis. Pullman Sleepers all the way.

JOURNEY TO NAZARETH.

DR. TALMAGE BIDS JERUSALEM GOOD-BY AND JOURNEYS NORTHWARD.

"Where the Blue Waves Roll Nightly on Deep Galilee"—Last Look at Mount Zion, Mount Calvary and the Mount of Olives.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 9.—Today Dr. Talmage preached the seventh of his course of sermons on his recent tour in Palestine. As on previous Sundays the sermon was preached before two large audiences. In the morning it was preached in the Academy of Music in this city, and at night Dr. Talmage preached it again in the New York Academy of Music which The Christian Herald continues to rent for these services. During the six meetings thus far held in New York, 90,000 people have endeavored to hear Dr. Talmage preach. Of these 30,000 have been admitted and 60,000 have been turned away for lack of accommodation. Following is the sermon from the text, "So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north" (Ezekiel viii, 5):

At 1 o'clock on a December afternoon through Damascus gate we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Ho! for Bethel, with its stairs, the bottom step of which was a stone pillow; and Jacob's well, with its immortal colloquy; and Nazareth, with its divine boy in his father's carpenter shop, and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or flashed—

Blue Galilee, sweet Galilee,
The lake where Jesus loved to be;

and Damascus, with its crooked street called Straight, and a hundred places charged and surcharged with apostolic, evangelistic, prophetic, patriarchal, kingly and Christly reminiscences.

In traveling along the roads of Palestine I am impressed, as I could not otherwise have been, with the fact that Christ for the most part went afoot. We find him occasionally on a boat, and once riding in a triumphal procession, as it is sometimes called, although it seems to me that the hosannas of the crowd could not have made a ride on a stubborn, unimpressive and funny creature like that which pattered with him into Jerusalem very much of a triumph. But we are made to understand that generally he walked. How much that means only those know who have gone over the distance traversed by Christ.

We are accustomed to read that Bethany is two miles from Jerusalem. Well, any man in ordinary health can walk two miles without fatigue. But not more than one man out of a thousand can walk from Bethany to Jerusalem without exhaustion. It is over the Mount of Olives, and you must climb up among the rolling stones and descend where exertion is necessary to keep you from falling prostrate. I, who am accustomed to walk fifteen or twenty miles without lassitude, tried part of this road over the Mount of Olives, and confess I would not want to try it often, such demand does it make upon one's physical energies. Yet Christ walked it twice a day—in the morning from Bethany to Jerusalem, and in the evening from Jerusalem to Bethany.

CHRIST'S WALK TO NAZARETH.

Likewise it seemed a small thing that Christ walked from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But it will take us four days of hard horseback riding, sometimes on a

trot and sometimes on a gallop, to do it this week. The way is mountainous in the extreme. To those who went up to the Tip-Top house on Mount Washington, before the railroad was laid, I will say that this journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth is like seven such American journeys. So, all up and down and across and recrossing Palestine, Jesus walked. Ahab rode. David rode. Solomon rode. Herod rode. With swollen ankles and sore muscles of the legs, and bruised heel and stiff joints and panting lungs and faint head, along the roads, and where there were no roads at all, Jesus walked.

We tried to get a new horse other than that on which we had ridden on the journey to the Dead sea, for he had faults which our close acquaintanceship had developed. But after some experimenting with other quadrupeds of that species, and finding that all horses, like their riders, have faults, we concluded to choose a saddle on that beast whose faults we were most prepared to pity or resist. We rode down through the valley and then up on Mount Scopus and, as our dragoon tells us that this is the last opportunity we shall have of looking at Jerusalem, we turn our horse's head toward the city and take a long, sad and thrilling look at the religious capital of our planet. This is the most impressive view of the most tremendous city of all time.

On and around this hill the armies of the crusaders at the first sight of the city threw themselves on their faces in worship. Here most of the besieging armies encamped the night before opening their volleys of death against Jerusalem. Our last look! Farewell, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary! Will we never see them again? Never. The world is so large and time is so short, and there are so many things we have never seen at all, that we cannot afford to duplicate visits or see anything more than once. Farewell, yonder thrones of gray rock, and the three thousand years of architecture and battlefields. Farewell, sacred, sanguinary, triumphant, humiliated Jerusalem! Across this valley of the Kedron with my right hand I throw thee a kiss of valedictory. Our last look, like our first look, an agitation of body, mind and soul indescribable.

WHEN ISRAEL WAS IN ANARCHY.

And now, like Ezekiel in my text, I lift up mine eyes the way toward the north. Near here was one of the worst tragedies of the ages mentioned in the Bible. A hospitable old man coming home at eventide from his work in the fields finds two strangers, a husband and wife, proposing to lodge in the street because no shelter is offered them, and invites them to come in and spend the night in his home. During the night the ruffians of the neighborhood conspired together, and surrounded the house, and left the woman dead on the doorstep, and the husband, to rally in revenge the twelve tribes, cut the corpse of the woman into twelve parts and sent a twelfth of it to each tribe, and the fury of the nation was roused, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassins, and, the demand refused, in one day twenty thousand people were left dead on the field and the next day eighteen thousand. Where our horse today plants his foot in

those ancient times a corpse lay, and the roads were crossed by red rivulets of carnage.

Now we pass on where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rizpah, the mother of two of these dead boys, appoints herself as sentinel to guard the seven corpses from beak of raven and tooth of wolf and paw of lion. She pitches a black tent on the rock close by the gibbets. Rizpah by day sits on the ground in front of her tent, and when a vulture begins to lower out of the noonday sky seeking its prey among the gibbets Rizpah rises, her long hair flying in the wind, and, swinging her arms wildly about, shoos away the bird of prey until it retreats to its eyrie. At night she rests under the shadow of her tent and sometimes falls into a drowsiness or half sleep. But the step of a jackal among the dry leaves or the panting of a hyena arouses her, and with the fury of a maniac she rushes out upon the rock crying, "Away! Away!" and then, examining the gibbets to see that they still keep their burden, returns again to her tent till some swooping wing from the midnight sky or some growling monster on the rock again wakes her.

THE LONE WATCH OF RIZPAH.

A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September and October! What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvas the scene, and they succeeded in sketching the hawks in the sky and the panthers crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the earnestness, the supernatural courage, the infinite self sacrifice of Rizpah, the mother. A mother in the quiet home watching by the casket of a dead child for one night exerts the artist to his utmost; but who is sufficient to put upon canvas a mother for six months of midnights guarding her whole family, dead and gibbeted upon the mountains?

Go home, Rizpah! You must be awfully tired. You are sacrificing your reason and your life for those whom you can never bring back again to your bosom. As I say that from the darkest midnight of the century Rizpah turns upon me and cries: "How dare you tell me to go home? I am a mother. I am not tired. You might as well expect God to get tired as for a mother to get tired. I cared for those boys when they lay on my breast in infancy and I will not forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an eagle that I must drive back with my agonized cry. There is a panther I must beat back with my club!"

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American sea coast there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys that the rum saloon, that annex of hell, has gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of evil habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until twelve o'clock at night for the ruined boy to come home and, giving it up, he may say: "Mother, come to

bed; there's no use sitting up any longer." But another will not go to bed. It is one o'clock in the morning. It is half-past one. It is two o'clock. It is half-past two when he comes staggering through the hall.

Do you say that young man is yet alive? No; he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family altar where he was reared. Dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep; but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and before she turns out the light will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah!" she says, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain!"

THE POLITICAL JACKALS.

And what are the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the feelings of the jackals and buzzards that roost on the shelves of the grog shops and hoot above the dead. I am often asked to what political party I belong, and I now declare my opinion of the political parties today. Each one is worse than the other, and the only consolation in regard to them is that they have putrefied until they have no more power to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame scene upon which Rizpah looked! She looked upon only seven of the slain. American motherhood and American wifehood this moment are looking upon seventy of the slain, upon seven hundred of the slain, upon seventy thousand of the slain. Woe! woe! woe!

My only consolation on this subject is that foreign capitalists are buying up the American breweries. The present owners see that the doom of that business is coming as surely as that God is not dead. They are unloading upon foreign capitalists, and when we can get these breweries into the hands of people living on the other side of the sea our political parties will cease to be afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their conventions nominating presidential candidates will put in their platform a plank as big as the biggest plank of the biggest ocean steamer, saying: "Resolved unanimously that we always have been and always will be opposed to alcoholism."

But I must spur on our Arab steed, and here we come in sight of Beeroth, said to be the place where Joseph and Mary missed the boy Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going home now from a great national festival. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Mary. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem they thought that certainly he was walking on in the crowd. They described him, saying: "He is 12 years old, and of light complexion and blue eyes. A lost child!" Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirs folks as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when, in a great outdoor meeting, I was preaching, and some one stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our

minds were on the lost child.

After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little tot that looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, and said, "Here is that child." And I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder and said, "Here is the lost child, and the mother will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some cried and some shouted, and amid all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing and shoulders were nothing and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the temple of Jerusalem, talking with these old ministers of religion, Shammai, Hillel and Betirah.

THE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

I bear down on you today with a mighty comfort. Mary and Joseph said, "Where is our Jesus?" and you say, "Where is John? or where is Henry? or where is George?" Well, I should not wonder if you found him after a while. Where? In the same place where Joseph and Mary found their boy—in the temple. What do I mean by that? I mean, you do your duty toward God and toward your child and you will find him after a while in the kingdom of Christ. Will you say, "I do not have any way of influencing my child?" I answer you have the most tremendous line of influence open right before you. As you write a letter, and there are two or three routes by which it may go, but you want it to go the quickest route, and you put on it "via Southampton," or "via San Francisco," or "via Marseille," put on your wishes about your child, "via the throne of God." How long will such a good wish take to get to its destination? Not quite as long as the millionth part of a second. I will prove it. The promise is, "Before they call I will answer." That means at your first motion toward such prayerful exercise the blessing will come, and if the prayer be made at 10 o'clock at night it will be answered five minutes before ten, "Before they call I will answer."

Well, you say, I am clear discouraged about my son, and I am getting on in years, and I fear I will not live to see him converted. Perhaps not. Nevertheless I think you will find him in the temple, the heavenly temple. There has not been an hour in heaven the last one hundred years when parents in glory had not had announced to them the salvation of children whom they left in this world profligate. We often have to say "I forgot," but God has never yet once said "I forgot." It may be after the grass of thirty summers have greened the top of your grave that your son may be found in the earthly temple. It may be fifty years from now when some morning the towers are chiming the matins of the glorified in heaven that you shall find him in the higher temple which has "no need of candle or of sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof."

Cheer up, Christian father and mother! Cheer up! Where Joseph and Mary found their boy you will find yours—in the temple. You see, God could not afford to do otherwise. One

of the things he has positively promised in the Bible is that he will answer earnest and believing prayer. Failing to do that he would wreck his own throne, and the foundations of his palace would give way, and the bank of heaven would suspend payment, and the dark word "repudiation" would be written across the sky, and the eternal government would be disbanded and God himself would become an exile. Keep on with your prayer, and you will yet find your child in the temple, either the temple here or the temple above.

THE ROBBER OVERCOME.

Out on the western prairies was a happy but isolated home. Father, mother and child. By the sale of cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin, and the father was away. A robber who had heard of the money one night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed among other things for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed and entered the cabin, and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the prayer of that woman for prodigals reminded him of his mother and her prayers before he became a vagabond, and from that hour he began a new life. Years after that woman was in a city in a great audience, and the orator who came on the platform and plead gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairie as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on, for the muleteers and baggage men have been ordered to pitch our tents for to-night at Bethel. It is already getting so dark that we have to give up all idea of guiding the horses, and leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid mud cabins and into ravines, where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! Whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two more prominent, a theological seminary, where of old they made ministers, and for Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel Theological seminary were called "sons of the prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be grateful, and in the calendar of saints, which I read with especial affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care.

I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers, who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I hail their coming, and tell these young brothers to shake off the somnolence of centuries, and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and have its sorrows comforted. Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to church because they can not endure the technicalities and profound explanations of nothing, and found explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "eternal generation of the son," and the difference between

sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and about who Melchisedeck wasn't. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time as between a lightning express rail train and a canal boat.

Years ago I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door I saw the words, "No admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words, "No admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door inscribed with the words, "No admittance." Having entered this I found the people inside making pins, beautiful pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins. So over the outside door of many of the churches has been practically written the words, "No admittance." Some have entered and have come to the inside door, and found the words, "No admittance." But, persisting, they have come inside, and found us sounding out our little nice ties of belief, pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment-making pins!

THE LADDER FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face, and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural was used in the Bible story, and you find it was not a pillow of stone, but of stones, I suppose, so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such a hard bolster he would often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it morticed in the sky. And bright immortals came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us who have no wings to climb, and encouraging us to believe that if we will use what we have God will provide a way, and if we will employ the hand and the foot he will furnish the ladder. Young men, do not wait for wings. Those angels folded theirs to show you wings are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows, hard for sickness or hard for poverty or hard for persistence, know that a hard pillow is the landing place of angels. They seldom descend to pillows of cider-down. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John, with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it

He cried out in his dream, "I wish myself among them."

THE DREAMS OF GENIUS.

The next most wonderful dream was that of Washington sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillowcase of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weaver's pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he could see a new hemisphere. Demosthenes slept on a cutter's pillow, but on the ladder let down arose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England quake with the factories he set going. Akenside slept on a butcher's pillow, and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his scholarship.

John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow, but took the ladder up until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute in England to salvation and heaven. Nearly all those who are today great in merchandise, in statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature, were once at the foot of the ladder, and in their boyhood had a pillow hard as Jacob's. They who are born at the top of the ladder are apt to spend their lives in coming down, while those who are at the foot, and their head on a bowlder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise.

I notice that those angels, either in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung. Gradual going up from a block of granite to pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel I stood in front of my tent and looked up, and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But to-night God is in this place and I know it!

Pigeons Build a Nest Over an Altar.

Since Friday two pigeons have been engaged in making a nest for the winter above the altar of the Immaculate Conception church. Sunday the pastor, the Rev. P. McFale, preached for the first time since he returned from his visit to Rome, Paris and other European cities, and gave the papal benediction to the congregation. During the service the fluttering of the pigeons attracted the attention of the entire congregation, and in the parish it has been a subject of conversation ever since. One of the pigeons is white, with black spots, and the other is of a grayish color. It is supposed they found their way into the church through the choir windows, which, unlike the other windows, are not provided with screens. The pigeons thus far have not made themselves annoying to the priests or congregation. — Baltimore Sun.

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Table with columns for Southward and Northward routes, listing stations like N.Y., Phila., Balto., and Norfolk, with corresponding times.

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

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

Stops for passengers on signal or notice to conductor. Daily, except Sunday. Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars on day express trains between Philadelphia and Cape Charles.

Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad.

Trains will leave Wilmington as follows: PHILADELPHIA (express) 1.55, 2.52, 4.20, 6.30, 8.50, 9.10, 9.47, 10.07, 10.40, 11.33, 11.51 a. m., 12.19, 12.30, 1.39, 2.27, 5.50, 5.17, 5.56, 6.21, 7.08 and 9.10 p. m.

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

Trains leave Delaware Avenue Depot: EAST BOUND. NEW YORK, week days, *2.13, *7.05, *7.45, *10.31, *11.50 a. m., *2.40, *5.38, *7.26 p. m.

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

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

Additional Trains, Daily, except Saturday and Sunday, leave Wilmington 6.17 p. m., B. & O. Junction 6.28 p. m., Newbridge 6.41 p. m. Arrive Montchanin 6.59 p. m.

Additional Trains, Daily, except Saturday and Sunday, leave Montchanin 7.18 p. m., B. & O. Junction 7.30 p. m. Arrives 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. W. & B. R. R. and P. R. R.) at Reading (with P. W. & B. R. R. and P. R. R.) see time-tables at all stations.

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 Glynndon, Western, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanstown, 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, Shippensburg, and points on Main Line and B. & C. V. R. R. also Frederick and Emmittsburg. 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.—Express for Howardville, Owings's Mills, Glynndon 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, Glynndon, West Falls, Finksburg, Patasco, Carrollton, Westminister, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmittsburg 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. 11.35 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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